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Biography

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MY DIARIES

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt
1900

MY DIARIE

Being a Personal Narrative of Events 1888-1914

By

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

With a Foreword by Lady Gregory

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PREFACE WRITTEN FOR THIS EDITION BY LADY GREGORY

A few Sundays ago I was staying with Mr. Blunt at Newbuildings Place, that ancient and beautiful manor house which has been a best loved part of his inheritance, as I have been used to do perhaps once in a year when chance or business draws me from Ireland to London. We were out of doors all the morning, he in his pony chair, in the beautiful oak woods that cover some five hundred of his Sussex acres. Our midday meal was set out nearer the house yet still under blossoming trees. Peacocks came to be fed and among them a Spanish lamb, black-spotted, using its sprouting horns to butt at the watch dog in whose companionship it had been reared. And as we talked "the Squire," (for so he is known to his people) told me, and with pleasure in the telling, that these volumes of his "Diaries," being sold out in England were now being printed in America, an honour new to him, for his work is not yet so widely known there as at home. But he said, and he was a little troubled with regard to this, that a new preface had been asked of him that would give something more of a biography, even of a confession, than is to be found in the text of the "Diaries" and "I am not at present" he said "in a mood for writing this." I did not see him again, but after my return to Ireland not many days later, a home-coming hastened by news of troublesome events near by, a letter came from him reminding me of our talk and asking me to "do him a great kindness" and myself write the few needed words. I felt such a request from my friend of forty years an honour and not to be refused if I could but accomplish it, but there is much to say in a short space and it is sometimes harder to say less than more.

"I have lived my life in full" he said the other day and he had written, as I remembered, in the preface to the complete edition of his verse, "No life is perfect that has not been lived, youth in feeling, manhood in battle, old age in meditation," and that very same day someone said to me in London when I spoke of him "His life has been lived for freedom." That full life of his has, more happily than many, found its record not only in public action but in the intensity of lyrical expression — as an earlier poet has said "outward to man—inward to the Gods." He tells in these diaries

in vigorous prose of the circumstances that have in the last 30 years surrounded him, of talks with friends, and the gossip of Parliaments, of gatherings for shooting or for tennis or for the sales of his famous Arab Stud. They were written in early mornings not only where Eastern travel accustomed him to rise with the rising of the sun but through London seasons, and visits to great country houses in fine society, for he was many sided; a man of fashion, rider to hounds at home; rider also on the camels of the desert; attaché at the court of a King of Greece, a Queen of Spain, an Emperor of the French at the time of that Emperor's supreme vain glory, translator from the Arabic; painter, architect and sculptor (as is shown in his greatest effort, the beautiful monument at Crawley, the recumbent figure of his brother); politician outside Parliament; revolutionist and helper of revolutions.

A brief summary of his earlier history, before I knew him, has been given me by a friend of his and mine:

"The English books of reference tell us that Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was born at Crabbet Park in Sussex in the year 1840. His father was a squire possessed of some four thousand acres mostly of forest land; a justice of the peace, a Deputy Lieutenant of that county, and master of the local foxhounds, who had served in the Peninsular campaign and had carried the colours of the Grenadier Guards under Sir John Moore at the battle of Corunna where he was wounded, and remained through life a follower of the Duke of Wellington, the object of his political devotion.

"Mr. Blunt's sole hereditary connection with letters, it is interesting to learn, was that the family estates in Sussex lay closely adjoining those of the Shelleys and that his great grandfather was fellow justice of the peace to Percy Shelley's father and that they sat as Magistrates on the same Bench at the County town of Horsham, also that his father was a contemporary at Harrow School of that other great poet Byron, and acted as "fag" to him there according to English public school fashion for a year, memories that are cherished in the family traditions.

"Left an orphan while yet a child, he had been brought up a Catholic and had received his education under the Jesuits at Stonyhurst and later at Oscott, but pursued his education no further. He was never at an university, but at the early age of eighteen was given, by one of his guardians connected with the Ministry of the day, a post in the Diplomatic Service and was sent abroad the same year as attaché to the British Legation at Athens and afterwards by way of Constantinople to Germany, where he went through a mental crisis

connected with the Darwinian discussions of the day, allusions to which will be found in the diaries.

"From Frankfort he was transferred in 1863 to Madrid and in the following year to the Paris Embassy, just then at the full height of the short lived glory of the Second Napoleonic Empire. Here the romantic follies of his youth began and with them the first outpourings of his poetic faculty followed by a diplomatic exile to the remoter posts in the service — to the Legations of Portugal and the River Plate. On his return to Europe he married Lady Annabella Noel, the only daughter of William Earl of Lovelace and of Ada Byron, that child of romance to whom the poet Byron addressed those pathetic lines: "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"; and the year after on the death of his elder brother he left the diplomatic service and settled down to a country life on his ancestral acres. There he and his highly gifted wife busied themselves for some half dozen years, she with painting, he with sculpture, and in secret with those verses which afterwards were to become so celebrated as "The Sonnets of Proteus," and both in the rebuilding of their family home, Crabbet Park, a work for which they were their own sole architects.

"In 1875 tiring of too inadventurous a life at home, a sudden impulse started them on a series of romantic horseback journeys in Spain, Algeria and Asia Minor, and eventually in that still wilder wandering in Mesopotamia, Persia and the as yet quite unvisited regions of Central Arabia."

It was in 1881 that my first meeting with him and Lady Anne took place, at Cairo, when they were living in the garden they had bought on the desert edge of Heliopolis; and at that meeting my husband had told us how some years before at a bull fight at Madrid he had been struck by the extraordinary good looks of the young matador awaiting the rush of the bull in the arena and asking who he was heard he was an attaché from the English Embassy, Wilfrid Blunt. That fine poem of his on the dying bull fighter Sancho Sanchez shows perhaps the hidden root of that adventure:

"Meaning was there in our courage and the calm of our demeanour,
For there stood a foe before us which had need of all our skill,
And our lives were as the programme, and the world was our arena,
And the wicked beast was death and the horns of death were Hell.

"And the boast of our profession was a bulwark against danger
With its fearless expectation of what good or ill may come,
For the very prince of darkness shall burst forth on us no stranger
When the doors of death fly open to the rolling of the drum."

I will quote again from the summary: "At the time of his arrival at Cairo Mr. Blunt was still in the good books of the Foreign Office and in personal correspondence with Mr. Gladstone as an authority on Oriental matters and had just published his first prose work "The Future of Islam." But overborne by his strong natural sympathy for liberty he espoused the cause of Egyptian Nationalism, and when the quarrel between England and the Egyptians came to hostilities at the bombardment of Alexandria he refused to abandon the cause that he had taken up, with the result that when after the defeat of Tel el Kebir the Egyptian leader Arabi found himself a prisoner of war threatened with death at the hands of a court martial, he succeeded in rousing popular feeling in England to shame at their betrayal of an honourable cause, the first of freedom in the East, and secured his release and honourable exile.

"The public action taken by Mr. Blunt in opposition to the Foreign Office, his first appearence in English political life, brought him into close connection with the leading politicians of the day and amongst others Parnell and the other members of the Irish Party and he joined the new group of Tory Democrats founded by Lord Randolph Churchill at that time in opposition which eventually succeeded in overthrowing the Government at the election of 1885. His fearless action with regard to Egypt ended his friendly relations with the Foreign Office and resulted in his exile from Egypt and he was forbidden to enter that country for some three years; and came to be regarded as the *'enfant terrible'* in politics just as Samuel Butler was in art and literature."

I wrote to him a little while ago asking if he had any letters of mine written from or to Egypt at the time of Arabi's rebellion for, I said, it seemed to me I had made my education in politics there. And he answered "You talk of having made your political education in Egypt, and so too did I with you, for before that eventful year 1882 I had never played a public part of any kind or written so much as a letter to *The Times* with my name to it and we made our education together over it." All that story is told in his "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt"; and he records that among his most important supporters there were Lord Houghton "who in early life had been an enthusiastic advocate of freedom in the East, and Sir William Gregory, an old follower of Gladstone and well known Liberal and who sent more than one powerful letter to what was then the leading journal of Europe (*The Times*) giving the Nationalist side. . . It is hardly too much to say that Gregory's letters and mine, especially his, were largely the means of obtaining a respite for Egypt from the dangers that threatened her." But after the war had been formally declared and at London evening parties "everyone was rejoicing over the bombardment of

Alexandria" Wilfrid Blunt was almost alone in openly taking the part of the Egyptians; though Lord Houghton, while declaring himself for victory, characteristically told him that if he did go to Egypt he must bring back Arabi with him "and you must both come and dine with me." When after Tel el Kebir the short war was over, and Cairo had fallen and Arabi had surrendered, a rumor went round that he and his officers, prisoners of war in English hands, were to be put to death, and a private letter of Mr. Gladstone's confirmed this possibility, some men of honour and good feeling held up their hands in horror yet saw no way to compel the Ministry to abide by justice and custom and avoid this disgrace. But Mr. Blunt found a way and within two or three days he had engaged Counsel to act for the Egyptian rebels' defence. He wrote to me at the time, "I have taken the precaution of sending out a couple of lawyers to see what can be done. We are the rear guard of a beaten army where there are plenty of blows and no glory to be won. Egypt may get a certain share of financial ease but she will not get liberty, at least not in our time, and the bloodless revolution so nearly brought about has been drowned in blood."

When the expenses of the defence of the prisoner began to be very heavy some subscriptions were sent towards it by, amongst others, Lord Wentworth, Lord Wemyss, Frederic Harrison, Admiral Lord Mark Kerr, Lord Randolph Churchill A. W. Kinglake, George Meredith, and General Gordon (who wrote with his, "I suppose Government will not pay it. Arabi himself will repay it within a year's time"). But with a splendid generosity Mr. Blunt took the whole burden upon himself, paying if I remember aright a sum of £3,000. It was not his last service to Egypt, and that passionate denunciation of the Imperal Government in "The Wind and the Whirlwind," though it went past the ears closed to any but an official voice still stands as an indictment and a prophecy. Here are some of his lines:

Oh insolence of strength! Oh boast of wisdom!
  Oh poverty in all things truly wise!
Thinkest thou, England, God can be outwitted
  For ever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.
  What hast thou bought? The child within the womb,
The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
  Shall answer thee "An Empire for thy tomb."

Thou hast joined house to house for thy perdition.
  Thou hast done evil in the name of right.
Thou hast made bitter sweet and the sweet bitter,
  And called light darkness and the darkness light.

Thou art become a by-word for dissembling,
A beacon to thy neighbors for all fraud.
Thy deeds of violence men count and reckon.
Who takes the sword shall perish by the sword.

The Empire thou didst build shall be divided.
Thou shalt be weighed in thine own balances
Of usury to peoples and to princes,
And be found wanting by the world and these.

Thy Empire shall be parted and thy Kingdom.
At thy own doors a Kingdom shall arise,
Where freedom shall be preached and the wrong righted
Which thy unwisdom wrought in days unwise.

Truth yet shall triumph in a world of justice.
This is of faith. I swear it. East and West
The law of Man's progression shall accomplish
Even this last great marvel with the rest.

Thou wouldst not further it, Thou canst not hinder.
If thou shalt learn in time thou yet shalt live.
But God shall ease thy hand of its dominion,
And give to these the rights thou wouldst not give.

The nations of the East have left their childhood.
Thou art grown old. Their manhood is to come;
And they shall carry on Earth's high tradition
Through the long ages when thy lips are dumb.

The wisdom of the West is but a madness,
The fret of shallow waters in their beds.
Yours is the flow, the fulness of Man's patience,
The ocean of God's rest inherited.

I think when London fashion turned against him for his support of the Egyptians who fought for freedom, his good looks were a positive annoyance to his enemies. All had not the good humour of Lord Houghton who said to me in his whimsical way "The fellow knows he has a handsome head and he wants it to be seen on Temple Bar." Those good looks on the other hand and perhaps his love of horses softened the sternness of magistrates who visited him according to their duty when he was picking oakum as a prisoner in a cell of Galway gaol. For in the Land League days, turning from the East he had taken up the

cause of "the Westernmost of all European nations and the most Christian," and had held it an honour to be "the first Englishman put in prison for Ireland's sake." He was condemned to two months of that prison life for holding a meeting of protest "against the denial of the right universally claimed by our countrymen to speak where grievances exist." Lady Anne, devoted and heroic, Byron's granddaughter, Ada's daughter, lingered near the gaol until work on his behalf called her to England. He took his punishment with a gallant spirit. Bereft of books he found pleasure in watching the seagulls as they hovered overhead, and the jackdaws and sparrows on the look out for scraps of prison food; talking of horse flesh with the visiting justices, even finding a solace in the oakum-picking "the unravelling of an old tarred rope with a good healthy smell" — (I still possess a strand of this smuggled from the cell, and acting as a marker to my copy of his prison poems "In Vinculis"); even hiding a bit of rope on Saturday to begile the tedium of the unoccupied Sabbath; but finding his chief hardship in those January nights, being given but scanty covering as he lay on the plank bed that he found harder than the naked ground of any of his Eastern encampments. But with a hidden scrap of pencil he wrote sonnets on the blank leaves of his prayer book, and some of these are a cry from one who feels real suffering:

"God knows, 'twas not with a fore-reasoned plan
I left the easeful dwellings of my peace
And sought this conflict with ungodly Man
And ceaseless still through years that do not cease
Have warred with Powers and Principalities.
My natural soul, ere yet these strifes began,
Was as a sister, diligent to please
And loving all, and most the human clan.
God knows it. And He knows how the world's tears
Touched me. And He is witness of my wrath,
How it was kindled against murderers
Who slew for gold, and how upon their path
I met them. Since which day the World in arms
Strikes at my life with angers and alarms."

An "*enfant terrible*" of politics indeed, he has kept to the resolve recorded in the first page of these Diaries of "pleading the cause of the backward nations of the world" in and out of season. He has never given up his right of protest against injustice in Egypt and elsewhere, denouncing the floggings and hangings of the villagers of Denshawai in 1905; calling out against the hanging of Dingra, the Hindoo political assassin, in 1909; against the Italian massacres of Arabs in Tripoli

in 1911; against the hanging of Roger Casement in 1914; and against the "lawyers arguments" used in the British Cabinet to urge and justify the late war. An unusual and gallant record for a Sussex gentleman of many acres, of inherited wealth and ease.

The story told in these Diaries from year to year, sometimes from day to day, the "humour, the charming good temper that flickers into all corners of life" through its pages makes a richly woven background, a tapestry of rich colour, for the adventure of that personal life, the "life of love, the romance of travel, the delight in woods and fields and skies, the pride of ancestry and race" ascribed to him by one who knew him; the many gifts, the mastery of living, that seem to belong to the heroic ages of the world, that show him out as one of Plutarch's men.

JUNE 12, 1921. A. GREGORY.

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PART ONE
THE SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA

PART I

1888 TO 1900

CHAPTER I

A VISIT TO GREECE IN 1888

The year 1888 saw the close of my activities in English public life. How this came about was described in my volume, "The Land War in Ireland." It told how, having fought my battle for Nationalism there and lost it (for my imprisonment had failed to win me the seat in Parliament which alone would have justified me in English eyes for the part I had played in the Celtic quarrel) I resolved to look no more to action at home but to seek in other ways what I still felt to be my mission in life, that of pleading the cause of the backward nations of the world, and especially those of Asia and Africa, from their slavery to Europe. I knew myself to be regarded as a beaten man, and for the moment my depression was extreme.

Socially, as well as politically, I needed rehabilitation. My "unpatriotic" vagaries, for such they were looked upon, had estranged me from most of my personal friends, my blood relations and those I loved best; nor could I content myself with my new political acquaintances or, with the strong instinct I had of the claims of kinship, shift my heart at once to a new hold and break permanently with the society in which I had been bred. All my relations and nearly all my intimate friends were in the Tory camp, and I had no natural footing in any other. With the exception of the Carlisles and the Harcourts, I was at home in none of the great Whig houses, and in my own county of Sussex I stood absolutely alone in my opinions. Nothing can be conceived more dispiriting than the attempts at social entertainment made that Spring in London by the few Liberal peers who had declared for Home Rule, unwilling followers of Gladstone. I went with my wife to one of these, at Spencer House, but we found ourselves among strangers and did not go to another. At Crabbet it mattered less, for I was Lord there of my own Manor, cock on my own dunghill, yet I had been shocked by the incongruity of being met at my door on

my return from Kilmainham by a deputation consisting of three Irish M.P.'s and Langridge, our local cobbler and only Radical. It revealed the full nakedness of the land for me at home, on any lines but those of silence and abstention. And thus the summer passed. I occupied myself once more with my Arab horse breeding, I wrote verses and enjoyed my physical life in the green Sussex woods as in former days, but with the sadness a sense of failure brings. I left off keeping my journal, so little there was of happy interest to record, so much that was unhappy. An unfortunate family quarrel about this time, in which I was constrained, unwillingly, to take a part, added to my bitterness in regard to the public situation, and a gap of four months occurs in the entries. It was not till quite the end of the summer that I was able to rouse myself into any more profitable line of thought than that of vain regrets and hopes made void.

By the middle of autumn, however, tired of inaction, a longing seized me once more to visit Egypt and those desert lands in which so many of my winters had been spent. With the Arabs I had a second home, less estranged from me than the other, and I should find myself, I knew, in that "rut of centuries" which is so soothing to the Japhetic soul troubled with Europe's ephemeral ills. Thus, on the 9th of November my journal is resumed, and shows me on my way eastwards with my wife and my daughter Judith, now taken for the first time abroad with us, at Paris, enjoying, for a few days, something of my old life with my cousin, Francis Currie, whom I had not for some years seen.

"*10th Nov.*— Bitters and I breakfasted together this morning and took one of our familiar walks in the afternoon, visiting Richelieu's tomb at the Sorbonne and the Panthéon and the Hôtel de Cluny. The tomb is a fine thing in the best style of French sculpture. We also stopped and looked at the new monument to Gambetta [by Aubé, then an unknown name to me] which I like better than I could have thought possible. It has good proportion and a certain movement and originality which have merit. We could not have produced anything half so good in England. They are pulling down the sheds on the site of the Tuileries, leaving the Carousel open to the garden. This has a poor effect, but it leaves a fine opportunity of rebuilding to Boulanger, or whoever else succeeds to the French throne.

"*11th Nov.*— Hearing that Lady C. was in Paris, I called on her, and through her persuasion was introduced to her friend Lacretelle, the painter, whose brother, a prominent deputy, was intimate with Boulanger, and he invited me to call upon the *brave général*. Lady C. had already made Boulanger's acquaintance, and had spoken to me about him when I had seen her in London. Her description of him reminded me not a little of Napoleon III, 'very amiable, but rather

dull, not at all like a soldier, and with a hand the most disagreeable to touch of any she remembered. She could not explain in what the repulsion consisted.' Nevertheless, she seemed impressed with him. He is floated financially, she tells me, by Mrs. Mackay the American, and if war comes, he may yet achieve his fortune."

This resulted in my being taken (15th Nov.) by Lacretelle to see the General at his house near the Barrière de l'Etoile. The moment of our visit was that of the very height of his popularity, when it was believed in Paris that he was about to repeat the adventure of Prince Louis Napoleon in 1851, when France, tired of her constitutional *régime* and a Republic which had brought her no credit, was ready for "a Saviour of Society," who should restore to her something of her military glory. This might be effected either by a restoration of the monarchy, or by Boulanger's proclaiming himself Dictator. The thing seemed possible enough, especially in Paris, where the idea of a *guerre de revanche* against Germany had still many adherents. I, as member of the acting Committee of the Peace and Arbitration Society, was interested to find out how far the General, if he succeeded, was likely to prove a serious danger to the peace of the world, and it was with that view principally that I hailed the opportunity of an interview. Lacretelle, the deputy, though personally friends with the General, was a strict Republican of the Victor Hugo school, and opposed to ideas of war for any purpose, and he had assured me that the popular hero was in reality no swashbuckler, though he gave himself the airs of one for popularity's sake with his principal supporters, Royalists and Bonapartists, who affected to quarrel with the Republic for having agreed to a cession of the lost provinces when peace was made with Germany in 1871. England, however, was at that date regarded in France as the chief enemy, and Alsace-Lorraine was already beginning to be forgotten in favour of Egypt. The following is the account my diary gives of the visit, but I wrote a much fuller and better one to the "Times," which was published in it a few days later:

"*15th Nov.*— With Lacretelle at 10 o'clock to call on General Boulanger. He lives in one of the streets beyond the Barrière de l'Etoile, and we found the house crowded. Not only were the two anterooms full, but the staircase also, men of every rank of life, from the priest to the decayed soldier and the artisan, a few women, too. After waiting nearly an hour, we were let in by special favour, most of the suppliants (the mulatto button boy who did the honours of the waiting room told us) having no chance whatever of an audience. The General's reception room is on the second floor, a singular room, as you go down half-a-dozen steps to the level of the floor when the door to it is opened. It is a very large place with a single table at the far end of it and some Louis XIV chairs. The General, who was at

the far table in a snuff-coloured morning dress, not uniform, came forward to receive us (Lacretelle has just been painting his portrait for the Salon) and gave us each a hand, and when he heard who I was, led me with some pomp and made me sit on a gigantic Louis XIV chair beside him. Lacetelle began to compliment him as "l'homme du destin," a bit of flattery which the General took very much as a matter of course, saying that there were moments when people were obliged to act, and that the wave was rising now, and that whether he liked it or not it would carry him on to whatever was intended — just the same words of pleasant fatalism I remember in Arabi's mouth seven years ago at Cairo.

"The General is a man of about fifty, fair-haired, turning gray, a fresh complexion, a good but not especially military figure, a very pleasant voice, and a quite frank manner. He gave one the impression at once of simplicity and sincerity and of a sort of manly self-reliance which is doubtless his power. There was nothing of the *général de café chantant* in what I saw of him. After a little desultory conversation I asked him to allow me to put him a serious question. 'It has been much debated,' I said, 'in our Peace Societies, how the quarrel between France and Germany could be settled without war. Is it possible to arrange for the neutralization of the ceded Provinces?' To this he replied, that such a solution might possibly be in the future, but that he could not say now it was his own; the German Government had made it impossible by their policy in Alsace-Lorraine for any inhabitant of the Provinces to do otherwise than call himself a Frenchman; the only way one had of knowing the opinion of districts was by the ballot, and the Provinces had universally elected deputies who demanded restoration to France; while this was the case neutralization was hardly a practical question; still he did not say it might not become one. As for war, he, Boulanger, knew war too well to take the responsibility of rushing into it without absolute necessity. War is so largely a matter of chance, *chose aléatoire*, that a man must be a traitor who would risk the fortunes of his country on it; therefore I must not doubt him when he told me he was a man of peace. Lacretelle then explained to him my connection with Arabi and Egypt, and his manner became extremely cordial, and he told me that he had English or rather Welsh blood in his veins through his mother [her name, Lacretelle told me, was Griffiths] and begged me when I returned to Paris to come and see him again. I said I would do so and that I might be able to influence public opinion in England somewhat in his favour, at which he was much pleased and we parted the best of friends. Lacretelle tells me that he has never heard him talk so well or so amiably to a stranger, especially an Englishman, as he hates the English in common now with all Frenchmen. My impression of the General

is that he is honest, that he is able, and that, the circumstances of France being what they are, he will succeed."

I had called at the Embassy on arriving in Paris, hoping to find Lytton, who had just been named Ambassador there, but he was unfortunately away delivering his Rectorial Address at Glasgow. "Bitters tells me that Lytton is doing very well here, having made friends with the Press and leaving all real business to Austin Lee."

Another interesting new acquaintance whom I made during my few days at Paris was Louise Michel, then so popular with the extreme Socialists, almost as notoriously so as Boulanger with the army. This, too, I owed to Lacretelle and his wife and to a certain Madame Dorrian (*née* Princess Merstcherska), who took me with her to call upon Louise, with whom she is great friends — a most interesting visit. This is the account of it:

"14*th Nov.*— We drove to Neuilly where Louise lives in a miserable house on the fifth floor. Her apartment consists of two very small rooms only, without even an ante-room, and when we opened the door I thought we must have come to the wrong place. It resembled a concierge's box both in appearance and smell, crammed full with four people, three dogs, five cats, a cage of monkeys and a parrot, all screaming at the tops of their voices, and though the rest were silenced the parrot continued its shrieking the whole time we were there. The family party consisted of Louise and another woman, a young man and a fourth person whose sex I forget. They were engaged as we entered on a meal. A deal table, without cloth plates or utensil of any kind but a bottle of wine and some glasses, was covered with roast chestnuts which they were peeling and eating. Louise rose to receive us, a gray-haired woman of about fifty with a wild but honest and kindly face, dressed in a ragged gown of rusty black, guiltless of linen. Her forehead is retreating, her features large, her face colourless, its expression that of a 'believer.' It might have been a French country priest's. She spoke hurriedly, with an excitement which was evidently habitual and was not altogether coherent. She seemed not to hear the fearful screams of the parrot or the yelping of the dogs, or perhaps these excited her, as noise excites the hearing of some deaf people. The Princess kissed her, calling her by her Christian name, and Louise seemed pleased to see her. When Louise was in prison the Princess used to visit and read to her. She tells me Louise is the best of women, giving away everything she possesses to the poor, and serving as midwife to the women of her quarter. She is certainly not a prophet of the sort that goes clothed in purple and fine linen. The Princess explained who I was and how I, too, had been in prison in Ireland, and Louise began to talk about the prospects of Socialism. She said a revolution was certain and near in Germany, and next year would

see one too at Paris. She was under the impression that England was mined with Socialism and when I told her how little that was true was visibly distressed. She then read us one of her poems and tore out of a book and gave me the manuscript of one beginning 'Nul souffle humain ne se trouve sur ces pages,' and invited us to go with her to a meeting to take place that evening at Belleville, which we promised to do, but later I made the Princess explain to her that it was impossible I should really go, as I have no mind to be mixed up in a free fight, or to be arrested by the Paris police. But it was difficult to make her understand. She imagined that as I had been in prison I must necessarily be ready for everything. 'Why should he hesitate,' she said. 'There will be no danger, we shall all have revolvers.' I like the woman, as she is evidently honest and of an unselfish kindly heart."

This is the programme she gave me of the meeting:

Grand Meeting Internationale
a l'occasion de l'anniversaire de l'execution des anarchistes de Chicago.
Ordre du Jour.
Primo Les Crimes de la Bourgeoisie &c. &c.
Avec Le Concours d'Orateurs Socialistes Révolutionnaires.
Et de la Citoyenne
Louise Michel.

Here is also the full text of her verse:

BOUCHE CLOSE

Nul souffle humain n'est sur ces pages,
Rien que celui des éléments,
Le cyclone hurlant sur les plages,
Les legendes des océans,
Les sapins verts sous les nuées
Tordant les branches remuées
Comme les harpes dans les vents.
Sous les coraux ou sous les sables
La nature parfois ouvrant
Dans les tourmentes formidables
Un cercueil, ville ou continent,
Et l'être ayant la bouche close,
Feuille de chêne ou lien de rose
Tombant au gré de l'ouragan.

LOUISE MICHEL.

14 *Novembre* '88.
Souvenir à M. Wilfrid Blunt.

From Paris we travelled on by Marseilles to Greece, where my wife had a family interest through her grandfather Lord Byron's death there in 1827; how glorious in those romantic days! how disappointing

in its results to-day! We had interests, too, in a long promised visit to her relations the Noels in Eubaea, and I was curious to see the changes which should have come about in the thirty years which had elapsed since I first knew Athens as a member of the English Legation in the days of King Otho.

"*20th Nov.*— We arrived by night at the Piraeus and landed in the early morning, Frank Noel having come from Achmetaga to meet us. It is thirty years almost to a month since I first drove up the road to Athens, and I find little change. The suburbs have extended somewhat, and the olive groves have shrunk, and the hills are even barer than before, but nothing marks the progress of the age unless it be the overthrow of the fine old Venetian walls of the Acropolis. I regret these as much as if they had pulled down the Parthenon itself. I wandered in the town for a couple of hours, looking for houses I used to frequent, and for friends I used to know, but all of these last were gone. Our diplomatic set at Athens in 1859 was certainly a distinguished one. At the Russian Legation we had Ozeroff for Minister with Staal for First Secretary, now Ambassador in London, and Nelidoff for attaché, now Ambassador at Constantinople. Haymerlé, afterwards Prime Minister at Vienna, was Austrian Secretary. At our own Legation we had that good Irishman, Sir Thomas Wyse, with William Eliot, afterwards Lord St. Germans, for First Secretary. Drummond, Digby, and myself attachés. I was the youngest of all the Corps diplomatique, only eighteen years old, and a favourite on account of my youth. The Dufferins were spending the winter there of '59–60. he little over thirty, his mother, with whom he had been travelling in Egypt, the most delightful of women. We used all to ride out, a merry party, twice a week, following a paper chase, of which I was generally the leader on an old white horse, which, in memory of Shelley's lines, I called Apocalypse." [1]

We used to gallop through the olive groves, armed with revolvers, as robbers were still common in the mountains round, just as described by Edmond About in his "Roi des Montagnes" and "La Grèce Contemporaine," while one met retired bandit chiefs in the best Athens society. King Otho wore the Albanian *fustanelle*, and that and the costume of the Islands, with its immense balloon-like calico nether garments and red cap, were the common dress of the young Greek bloods. The king's footmen are the only wearers of the *fustanelle* to-day.

On the 22nd we paid our visit to Achmetaga, for me a romantic spot, for I had spent some weeks in Eubaea in 1860 in merry company

[1] Next came Anarchy, he rode
On a white horse splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

in Frank Noel's father's time. Edward Noel had come to Greece soon after the War of Independence in the year 1830, and had purchased a good many thousand acres in the island, mostly mountain and forest land, of a Turkish Aga, who was leaving the country on Eubaea being made over to Greece. He had paid only £2,000 for the whole, and it must be now worth, with its magnesia mines, ten times that price. The value of land (Frank Noel tells me) is still rising, and agricultural Greece is prospering. The peasants are everywhere purchasing their holdings. They have few debts and are saving money. This is due in part to the general advance of the country, in part to the abolition of the land tithe for which a tax on yoke oxen has been substituted. The peasantry round here are an excellent race, sober, hard-working, cheerful, with many pristine virtues. Such is Frank Noel's testimony. Eubaea, unlike the rest of Greece, is well wooded with pines on the hillsides, and plane trees by the river banks. "I measured the largest of these last while I was there and found it 53 feet in girth, with a circumference round the extreme circuit of its boughs of 170 yards, the finest single tree I ever saw, as it is perfect without break or blemish more than a few bare twigs on the extreme summit." Returning by road to Athens on 2nd December we slept a night at Chalcis and another at Thebes. The journey was made in lovely weather and along a carriageable road. At Chalcis they were talking of widening the channel between the island and the main land, and of making of it a large naval station for warlike purposes. To do it they will destroy the old Venetian tower which is now a chief ornament. We heard the details of this plan from Admiral Mansell, a fossilized English naval officer who has inhabited Chalcis for the last twenty-five years. Both there and at Thebes we were entertained by Greek friends of the Noels.

During the following days at Athens we enjoyed something of the society of Edmund Monson, our Minister there, at the Legation, afterwards Ambassador at Paris, and of Rennell Rodd, afterwards Ambassador at Rome, the latter a budding diplomatist with a small talent for verse, but no great originality, as to whom I shall have more to say in the course of this volume. All that I need quote from my journal is that on the 3rd December I had an hour's interesting talk with the then Prime Minister, Tricoupi, on Greek politics, and the ambitions developed later in the direction of territorial expansion at the expense of Turkey.

"*3rd Dec.*— Tricoupi is a hard-headed man without any special graces of manner, but he talks straightforwardly and to the point. We discussed finance, agriculture, road making, free trade, peasant proprietorship, debts public and private, the shipping trade, the Corinth Canal, and, lastly, foreign politics and Greece's prospects in the Ot-

toman inheritance. On this last point he said that it was impossible for any Greek politician not to look to an extension of territory, and that if Greece did not go forwards she would go back and lose her independence at the hands of either Austria or Russia. They were quite content to let things alone as long as the Ottoman Empire survived, but they must prepare for the future. The Turks were no longer an enemy, but the others were. I asked him where he would draw the line of Greek claims northwards, and he said they could no longer claim the line of the Balkans, but in Macedonia would ask for a boundary as far north as Seres, beyond Salonika, and in Thrace as far as Adrianople. The exact limit, however, could hardly, he thought, be settled without a war with the Bulgarians. Then the conqueror would fix his own limit.

"I asked him about Albania. He said that Southern Albania, which was Christian, would revert to Greece, but Mohammedan Albania, on the extinction of the Sultan's power, would find itself isolated and might accept a personal union with Greece under the crown, after the model of Hungary with Austria. I told him I doubted the possibility of this. Otherwise I agreed with him in his view that it was necessary Greece should put forward her claims or prepare to put them forward. Also I am of opinion that if England is to have a policy of the future it should be to help Greece rather than Bulgaria. Greece would be always under the influence of pressure from a naval power in the Mediterranean, whereas Bulgaria must remain under pressure of the Continental powers.

"With regard to Greek progress there is no doubt things are improving, though slowly. The revenue has tripled since 1858, when the financial Commission sat, and this without oppressing the peasantry. On the contrary, Tricoupi has lately abolished the land tax, a really great measure, and the peasants, in spite of recent bad harvests, have money to buy their holdings whenever they are not already the owners. He has had the sense to put heavy duties on manufactured imports: and he gives no facilities to the peasantry for borrowing. The country is certainly improving. Only the rascality of the officials remains unchanged. Tricoupi was silent on this head, though he hinted that all was not quite satisfactory. Noel tells me the Constitution is worked by a vast system of jobbery. If so, it differs little from other Constitutions, notably those of France and Italy. On the whole, I find Tricoupi a superior man. All give him a perfectly clean character.

"*4th Dec.*— To Corinth alone, to see the Canal. Good luck took me in the train with Mme. Türr whom I had known an extraordinarily pretty woman twenty-two years ago, when I was staying on Lago Maggiore with the Usedoms at the Prussian Legation in Italy. Türr was at that time negotiating co-operation between Bismarck and the

Hungarians, or had been doing so, but Bismarck, Mme. Türr tells me, threw them over. Now Türr is President of the Corinth Canal Company, and his wife, a fat good-natured woman, lives at Kallimaki on the Isthmus. She was daughter of Mme. Bonaparte Wyse, wife of my old chief at Athens whom she calls her father, but old Sir Thomas always repudiated the parentage of her and her brother, who were born after his separation from his Bonaparte wife. With her, in widow's weeds and looking the picture of woe, was a little Greek lady, Mme. P——, and we three are now in the Hotel at Isthmia, the General being away at Paris, and are having a very amusing time, Madame P. having recovered her spirits, and giving us her ideas about Socialism, Eastern politics, and Zola's novels. She was a Greek, born at Alexandria, but has lived most of her life at Paris. I was sent with an employé to see the Canal works. They are monumental.

"*5th Dec.*— On to Nauplia, having spent twenty-four hours very agreeably with these two women. Madame P. has given me a deal of political information. She says every serious person in Greece has been obliged to abandon the *grande idée* (that of inheriting Constantinople from the Turks). She herself does not think Salonika can be saved from Austria, which is making a successful propaganda there with the Jews and other non-Hellenic inhabitants. The Bulgarians must eventually join Russia, and the Servians too, seeing that they are Slavs. The Roumanians will not do so willingly, but the two great Empires will divide the spoils. The Albanians will be merged either in Greece or elsewhere and lose their nationality.

"*6th Dec.*— At Nauplia I find nothing changed since I was last here, not twenty new houses built. The plain, however, which is the richest in Greece, has become wonderfully well cultivated. I drove this morning early to Mycenae to see how much of the ruins Schleimann had left. He has made a sad hash of the town with his excavations, but the Gate of Lions and the Treasury still stand (with Agamemnon's coat of arms over the entrance). What was most interesting, however, in the place is gone, the ancient ruins virgin of all meddling for three thousand years. Back to Athens by train in the evening. The last time I was here we were travelling on horseback, there being no roads in the Morea except the mountain mule tracks."

This is all that is worth recording of our visit to Greece. On 8th December we went on by sea to Alexandria, travelling in company with Prince Osman Pasha on his way back from Constantinople, where he had been with his uncle the ex-Khedive Ismaïl, now practically a prisoner in his own palace on the Bosporus. "He gave me a deal of information about Constantinople affairs. There is much sympathy there for the Mahdists, the Sultan having refused to take part against them at Suakim. It is not believed now that the English occupation of

Egypt will be permanent. Osman Pasha is a most intelligent good fellow, better worthy of his Khedivial rank than the rest of his race. He narrated to me amongst other things his experience in educating his daughters, which has only resulted in making them unhappy. It was impossible, he said, to find them educated husbands; nearly everybody now at Constantinople has abandoned the practice of polygamy, only half-a-dozen among the men of rank he knew having more than one wife. He named the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, as one of the few who continued it; the Sultan is of course an exception, but he does what no other Sultan has done for generations; when his women are with child he marries them. Among the common people of the Turks all are monogamists. This may be in part from poverty."

During my stay that winter in Egypt I was obliged to be very careful how I meddled with politics, even in conversation, for, though Lord Salisbury had given me leave to return there notwithstanding Sir Evelyn Baring's unwillingness, I was under a certain obligation to avoid any kind of publicity in my sympathy with the National cause. I did not therefore remain more than a few days at Cairo on arrival, but went on to my country place at Sheykh Obeyd, ten miles outside the town, where I got the little garden house ready for my wife and daughter to inhabit, a beautiful retired place on the desert edge far from European intrusion, standing on the old pilgrim camel-track where it branches off to Syria, and little frequented except by the Arab horse merchants, who bring their horses for sale each spring to Cairo. There we lived in seclusion and very happily for the three winter months, building and enlarging the house and recovering the garden from the neglected state into which it had fallen through the roguery of those left in charge. These, getting news of my imprisonment in Ireland, had imagined that my career in life was over and that they might treat the garden as their own, economising the cost of its watering and using it as a run for their cattle. It was a labour of love for me restoring its prosperity and arranging for its future better management. It was only little by little that my peasant neighbours came to pay me their polite visits of congratulation, and then I found that there was much hidden sympathy with me among them, repressed only through fear of the government, to which they knew I had been opposed. My journal, however, of that winter contains little in it that is politically worth transcribing. It is a record of conversations with my peasant neighbours and, as they began to hear of my arrival, with the obscurer members of the old National Party, which still looked to the possibility of their old chief Arabi's recall to Egypt, and who came furtively to see me under the guidance of Arabi's old body servant, Mohammed Ahmed, the same who had faithfully preserved and delivered to those who were defending him at his trial his master's political papers and

so saved his life. (See "Secret History of English Occupation of Egypt.") He had been the first to come to me now, and finding him out of employment I had put my garden under his charge, a fortunate inspiration, for he was a man of integrity and energy and speedily acquired great influence in the neighbourhood and so restored to working order the lands entrusted to him. To these Arabist visitors from Cairo were gradually added other sources of native information, the most important of whom were my old friends Aarif Bey and Mohammed Moelhi, nephew of my other friend Ibrahim Moelhi, both of whom were now much in the confidence of the Ottoman High Commissioner at Cairo, Mukhtar Pasha Gazi. We saw, too, something of Osman Pasha and his sister, Princess Nazli, both of them persons of the highest intelligence and knowledge of affairs, while from the Greeks we obtained much secondhand information of their view of things through Frank Noel, who had came on to Egypt with us. Nor were we wholly cut off from the English official world. We did not think it necessary to call on Baring, but I found my connection, Colonel Charles Wyndham, in command of a regiment of the army of occupation, and Anne her cousin Hugh Locke King. From all these sources, though I hardly stirred from the solitude of my country retreat during the winter, I was able to gather a sufficient knowledge of the situation to be able to piece it together now for the purposes of the present narrative. The political situation in Egypt at the time, as I came to understand it during the four months that I was at Sheykh Obeyd in the winter of '88-'89, was briefly as follows:

The failure of the Drummond Wolff Convention at the last moment, after it had been already agreed to by its negotiators, through the refusal of the Sultan under French and Russian pressure to ratify their signatures, had left affairs in Egypt diplomatically "in the air." Not only had further negotiations for evacuating the English garrison been brought to a standstill, but every section of native opinion had been checked and disorganized. Instead of a new beginning having been frankly attempted on lines preparatory to Egypt's restoration to self-government, all had been left in precisely the same confusion from which the Convention had sought to rescue it. The Khedive Tewfik was still occupant of the Vice-regal throne, but commanding no respect in the country, and dependent for his maintenance on English support which might at any moment be withdrawn, leaving him to deal as he could with the Soudanese menace threatening his frontier at Wadi Halfa. Weak and discredited he was, without personal authority, and he enjoyed less consideration than Mukhtar the Sultan's Commissioner. Baring, in whom all real power was vested at Cairo, was for the moment without settled policy beyond that of waiting events, a kind of marking time with no definite instruction as to the future of Eng-

land's connection with the Nile Valley, except that Lord Salisbury, feeling that he had done what honour required in fulfilment of English promises of evacuation, was resolved now to leave things where they were, including the garrison of occupation.

As to the National Party, whether represented by the former Arabists or by any other group, their condition was one of patriotic torpor; as a party they had ceased to exist, being without leaders and without organization. They were disappointed in the hopes raised at the commencement of the Wolff mission that Tewfik would be replaced as Khedive by Prince Halim, or some other member of the Khedivial family unconnected with the misfortunes of 1882, who should restore their lost constitution of that year, and make good Lord Dufferin's promises. In default of these and of Arabi's recall, impossible under Tewfik, what poor hopes they had turned mostly towards the Sultan. But undoubtedly the popular man among the Egyptian fellahin that winter was the Mahdi, or rather his successor the Khalifa Abdallah and his fighting lieutenant, Osman Digna, who carried on a perpetual guerilla warfare in the neighbourhood of Suakim. The popular imagination amongst the fellahin credited these with heroic qualities, and it was confidently believed that the Dervish forces would before long overrun Upper Egypt, and that they were already driving the Belgian Congo Company out of their territory in Central Africa, that they would rid Senegal of the French, and, as the issue of a holy war against all infidel intruders, that they would even reconquer the northern shores of the Mediterranean. News came while I was there that Emin Pasha, to rescue whom Stanley had been sent by King Leopold on his filibustering expedition to the Nile sources, had made his submission to the Mahdists and that Stanley himself had been slain. From the Eastern desert, too, news reached me through the Bedouins of an interesting kind. It was to the effect that my former friend Mohammed Ibn Rashid, taking advantage of a quarrel between the two sons of Saoud Ibn Saoud with their uncle Abdallah, had marched with an army to Riad and made himself master of the whole of Nejd, an event of high importance in Peninsula Arabia. I listened to these stories and found my interest in the East once more supreme over the petty hopes and fears of Western politics, and recovered in this way and in the routine of my daily life in my garden, the peace of mind I had left behind me on leaving England. I find the following description in my diary of my life at Sheykh Obeyd.

"*3rd Jan.* 1889.—I left Cairo on the 27th, escaping like a bird out of the hand of the fowler and am established here at Sheykh Obeyd. It has been a blessed change, and though I have been here all these days alone, I have not for a moment felt otherwise than happy. I have been getting the place ready for habitation by the others, and it is quite com-

fortable already in an Oriental way. The house is merely the old gardener's house with two rooms added, four in all, and an open *salamlik*, which I use as sitting room. I have had the floors covered with two inches of clean white sand after the Nejd fashion, and I spread my carpet over it and sit there. For more furniture I have had in a man from the village to make bedsteads, divans, and seats (*gufass*) which he does out of our own palm branches newly cut at the rate of four shillings, two shillings, and seven pence halfpenny a piece. The village carpenter has put up a few screens for more privacy, and the whole furnishing for the family will cost about two pounds. My room is like a lantern with windows facing East, North, and West, and from my bed I can see the first glimmer of the false dawn, which makes the owls hoot and the jackals cry. Then, with the real dawn, crows begin to pass overhead, and I get up and go outside the garden wall where I sit at the desert's edge and wait for the sunrise. At this hour one sees all the wild life of the place, foxes, ichneumons (*nims*), jackals, and birds in great variety, kites, kestrels, doves, and occasionally a woodcock at flight from the marshes to the garden where he would spend the day. There are night ravens, too, which have their home in the *lebbek* trees next the house, and now in winter time a flock of rooks with their attendant jackdaws. This is a rarity in Egypt as rooks are never seen south of Cairo. There are two foxes which live inside the garden, and I see them most days; they sleep generally in the day time behind some cactuses or at the foot of a palm tree, and they often jump up as I walk round, and trot away. They come sometimes within a few yards of my feet, being accustomed to the workpeople, and not afraid of me because I wear an Arab dress. I have given orders here that there shall be absolute *amân* even for wolves, and the hyenas which sometimes make their way over the garden wall. I superintend the labour now, mark out the work, and pay the wages, pruning the trees with a pair of garden nippers. This is a delightful occupation.

"*20th Jan.*— I don't know how sufficiently to describe the delight of the life here. Anne and Judith and Cowie (their maid), have joined me here, and we are idly busy all day long. The whole of the garden (30 acres) has now been weeded and dug twice. The irrigation engine has been repaired, and watering will begin regularly next week. Day has gone by like day, each full of interest. This morning we began pulling down an outhouse to clear the land for a new building; thirty men and boys have been working at the job in high good humour, and certainly they are neither lazy nor unintelligent. In the midst of the demolition a large cobra jumped out and put up his hood in the middle of them, but they knocked him over with their picks before he could do any harm. He measured exactly six feet in length,

and by general advice he was cut up at once into four portions and thrust down the throat of a sick camel they had with them, for a cure.[1] Four other smaller snakes were also killed, but these were of a harmless kind. They tell me a horned viper was also seen in the garden, a fortnight before I came, but this is unusual except in the extreme heat of summer. Lizards, of course, are plentiful. I have seen one with rudimentary legs only, making its way along the ground as snakes do, its feet hardly helping it.

"*22nd Jan.*— We have begun a new wing to the house, building with the ordinary sun-dried bricks, contracted for at the rate of 8 piastres to the cubic metre. There will be three rooms upstairs and three downstairs, and the whole will cost about £80. Also I bought a new engine for irrigation, and I am restocking the garden with young orange plants, and in two or three years, if things go well, it will be a better property than when I bought it seven years ago. I could be quite content to spend the rest of my days in this pleasant work.

"*29th Jan.*— To-day two three-year-old colts and a filly arrived at the garden, which I have bought of Ali Pasha Sherif, all three of the Viceroy Abbas I's stock, one colt and a filly, a Jellabi, the other a Seglawi Ibn Soudan. This last ought to be valuable some day for our stud in England. [This was 'Mesaoud,' so celebrated afterwards as our most successful sire.] Ali Pasha's horses are the only ones of pure Arabian breed in Egypt, and there are certain points about them superior to all others, perhaps. He has an old one-eyed Seglawi named Ibn Nádir, which I consider the finest horse, taking him all round, I ever saw, white, with immense strength and breeding combined, long and low, with splendid legs and hocks, a fine head and neck, tail always carried. Our colts arrived as the noonday gun was being fired from the citadel at Cairo. They had been brought round by the desert entrance through Zeyd's precaution to avoid the evil eye. He also sacrificed a lamb on the threshold of the garden and sprinkled their foreheads with blood. I like these old Mosaic rites and superstitions. Similarly on Friday the first stone of our new house was laid, and another lamb was slaughtered on the corner-stone, and the blood made to flow over it with a *Bismillah errahman errahim*. It is possible that the blood of bulls and of goats do not wash away sin, but it must be pleasing still, at any rate more so than the godless rites of our own stone-laying with a champagne bottle. The work-people were then feasted, and a heavy shower of rain came down to bless the building. Zeyd is in the seventh heaven at all these high doings, and is encamped with the horses under the great fig tree. The work-people have a merry time here, men and women working together, and

[1] N.B.— The camel recovered.

there are one or two pretty girls among them who have a deal of attention paid them. They wear no veils while at work, but are quiet and well behaved." Zeyd, here spoken of, was a Bedouin from Nejd, who had attached himself to our service, a man of imagination, a poet and, like all the Nejd Bedouins, an enthusiast about horses. He was a constant pleasure to us for this reason though repeatedly in trouble through his little respect for persons and the inconsequence of his tongue. He was also of value to us as a centre of Arabian gossip, including political news, sometimes of importance.

"Zeyd tells me that when he was at Damascus in 1887 he learned that the French Government had written a letter to Ibn Rashid and had sent it to Haïl through Mohammed Ibn Abdul Kader, the Emir's eldest son. It contained an offer of alliance, and to make Ibn Rashid independent of the Sultan under French protection. Ibn Rashid, however, had forwarded the letter to Constantinople, and Ibn Abdul Kader had been hauled over the coals by the Sultan, but had excused himself, saying that as a French subject he could not disobey the order of his government.

"*10th March.*— There is certainly just now a movement going on in Egypt in favour of Arabi's recall, and I have received notices of it from various quarters with a list of those who would act with Arabi in forming a Nationalist Ministry. Also Ahmed Minshawi Pasha has sent one of the principal Sheykhs of Tantah to consult me on the matter, Sheykh Abdul Mejid, and a message has come from a number of ex-officers from Arabi's army who wish to see me, but I have declined this, as it could do no possible good and might make trouble; the Egyptians have not spirit in them to revolt and if they did it would not profit them. I am glad all the same to find that Arabi is not forgotten."

One visit only I record that winter of any great interest now. This was one I paid with Lady Anne to Zebehr Pasha, Gordon's old enemy in the Soudan, now held a prisoner in Egypt. During the troubles at Cairo which had followed Gordon's death he had been arrested by Baring by an arbitrary act of authority and sent on board a man-of-war to Gibraltar, and there detained at the Queen's pleasure for two years on no legal charge, for none was brought against him, and there he might have remained for the rest of his days had it not been for the interest excited in his case by Lord Ribblesdale who had made friends with him at Gibraltar and brought his case before the House of Lords. In 1889 he was newly returned to Egypt, and was now once more a State prisoner of the Khedive, occupying one of the minor palaces on the banks of the Nile. It is thus that I describe our breakfast with him.

"Zebehr Pasha is a really charming man who entertained us with the greatest honour at breakfast. He is lodged in the Ghizeh palace where he is a State prisoner, though allowed to go about to a certain extent in Cairo, under the charge of a certain Cashmiri Abderrahman Effendi. Zebehr is a tall, slight man, with long *effilé* hands, and a face of the profoundest melancholy. His complexion is brown, and his features show a cross between the Arab and the Berberi, the Arab predominating, and a smile of great beauty. He was dressed in Egyptian uniform loosely made, shivered much, though it was a bright sunny day, and complained of the cold. He has a bad cough, and I should think would not live long. State prisoners have a way of dying in Egypt. We talked on most political subjects, but he avoided giving an opinion on the actual position in the Soudan; perhaps he was afraid of the Cashmiri. 'It is the Government's affair not ours,' he said. Of Gordon he spoke with hearty respect, and of Sir John Adye, and of several other English officers he had known, but he had no good word for Baring, who was a financier, he had heard, not a politician. He told us Emin's history and Osman Digna's. He spoke highly of Arabi, said that he had been present at a conversation between him and Dervish Pasha in which Dervish had offered Arabi £250 a month if he would go to Constantinople, but Arabi had replied that even if he were willing, there were 10,000 men would stand between him and the sea. He said that he had been very much misrepresented about this conversation in the English papers, and had never spoken a word but what was honourable to Arabi. He could not advise Arabi to come back to Egypt except as Minister; this, however, Tewfik would never have. All our conversation was in Arabic, which he speaks purely, being easy to understand. When I told him the English Occupation would not last for ever he smiled incredulously.

"He took us round the garden, an uninteresting French garden laid out in pebbled walks and rockeries, and imitation lawns. It and the palace cost Ismail, they say, several millions, and the building is in ruins already. Then we had breakfast and Zebehr was delighted because I ate with my hands; he would have nothing to do himself with knives and forks. 'I am only a wild man,' he said, 'and use the instruments God gave me.' And he turned angrily upon the Cashmiri, who was pretending that he could not manage without European ways. Before going I asked him if I could do anything for him, and he said: 'No, we two are in the same position, the Government does not regard us favourably. We cannot help each other,' and he laid his hand affectionately on my arm. He complained, however, how badly he had been treated in money matters, and I said that the day might come when I could do something for him. Our visit was, I fancy, the

greatest pleasure, poor man, he has had for many months. He came down to put us into our carriage and insisted upon paying the driver his hire."

We left Sheykh Obeyd on the 8th of March and Alexandria on the 10th.

Here ends our winter's stay in Egypt of that year.

"*13th March.*—We are in the Gulf of Fiume, and our journey is nearly over, on our way to Fiume to spend a fortnight with the Hoyos family before returning home. The captain of our ship, the *Ceres*, is a Dalmatian, and by his own account was much mixed up in past times with revolutionary affairs. He tells me his two brothers emigrated to America after 1848, and his son has recently been in prison for political reasons. He talks of a social war as imminent in Europe, especially in Germany, France, and Italy, and looks upon Bismarck as the deviser of all evil, and on a revolt against him and military ideas as certain. He believes, too, in the overthrow of the British Empire in India by the Russians, who will be joined by the Indians. He has recently seen Arabi in Ceylon. We touched at Corfu and Lissa, and the Ionian Islands, terribly bare and scored with burnings. We saw them well, coasting close under Zante, Ithaca, and Cephalonia. Corfu is a pretty town, little changed since the British evacuation, though the people on board say the place is in decline. Lissa we saw by moonlight. Admiral Tegethoff, who won the battle there for Austria, did so against orders and against rules. The Italian fleet was four times his strength, but his action was fortunate and probably saved the Dalmatian coast to Austria. There are three parties it seems in Dalmatia: a Philo-Russian, the most numerous; a Philo-Austrian, the most wealthy and educated; and a Philo-Italian, confined to a few sea-coast towns. The officers on board are all Catholic and Philo-Austrian but radicals, and talk something very like socialism without disguise. They are bitterly opposed to Russia. They are all Dalmatians. They resent the union of Fiume to Hungary, but admit that there is no National party in Dalmatia. The captain, Gelachich, is a capital fellow, a native of Lessina."

At Lissa we received news of the discomfiture of the "Times" in the Parnell case, by far the most important incident at home since the overthrow of Gladstone in 1886.

"*18th March, Villa Hoyos, Fiume.*—We have been a week here staying with Count and Countess George Hoyos and their children, governesses, and tutors, a large cheerful party of the kind I like. The villa is like Paddockhurst (their place in Sussex) in miniature. The Hoyos' are of ancient Spanish extraction, brought to Austria by Charles Quint, and she is the daughter of Whitehead, the inventor of the torpedo, who, beginning life as an engineer on board an Austrian

Lloyd steamer, has made a large fortune. He is an admirable sample of the self-made man, quiet, unobstrusive, absorbed in his work, liberal to his men, open-handed in all his ways. The Countess is a pretty woman, mother of pretty daughters, he a well-bred man of much sense and information, a first cousin of Hoyos the Ambassador at Paris and of that younger Hoyos who was connected the other day with the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph's death. This is what they tell me, or rather what she has told me about that tragedy.

"The Crown Prince Rudolph was a very charming man and had had innumerable successes with women, but had never been in love till at a party last year he met a girl of seventeen, Mademoiselle de Wetschera, daughter of a certain Baroness of that name, of no very honest reputation. The girl, however, was charming, and when the Prince made love to her fell desperately too in love. Their liaison had lasted four months, and though the Prince talked somewhat strangely, nobody suspected there was anything so serious in the case. Hoyos was a friend of the Prince, not in his service but very intimate and in the habit of going with him on his shooting excursions. He went down at the Prince's invitation to Meyerling, to shoot with him the following day, and they passed the evening till nine o'clock very gaily, when the Prince went to bed. Hoyos knew nothing of Mademoiselle de Wetschera's being at the shooting lodge. In the morning, however, he was called by the Prince's servant, who complained that his master's door was locked, and they went together, and after knocking in vain, broke it open, when they found the two bodies together in the Prince's bed. The girl was then recognized by Hoyos, and seeing her to be 'a member of society,' his first idea was to conceal her presence there. He accordingly carried her with the servant's help into a distant room, where they left her, undressed as she was, locked up, till her relations should come. This was not till the evening, when her uncle arrived, dressed the girl with his own hands, and placed her in his brougham, upright, beside him, and so conveyed her home, and she was buried with equal secrecy in the night. With regard to the Prince, Hoyos also conveyed the news to the Emperor, and it was tried to hush up the truth but in vain. The Crown Prince had previously written to Sechenyi a letter, part of which only has been made public; the unpublished part contained these words: 'I am resolved to die, since I am no longer worthy to wear the Imperial uniform.' The Countess says she knew the Crown Prince well, she had also met the girl and liked her. She could not condemn them for their death, poor things.

"Another topic of conversation has been King Milan's abdication in Servia. According to the Hoyos', Queen Nathalie has long been plotting against her husband, hoping to become Regent for her son. She is a very pretty, charming woman, but 'a Russian, and therefore

an intriguer.' The first hint her husband had of her designs was on his return from his lost battle of Slivnitza in Bulgaria. He was dispirited and thought of abdicating, and, when he told her, she was for his doing it at once. This shocked him. Now she has gained half her object and the other half she will gain soon by returning as Regent to Servia." The battle of Slivnitza here referred to was one of the earliest of the Balkan internecine fightings after the independence of Servia and Bulgaria had been enforced upon the Sultan by European pressure. It ended disastrously for the Servians who, without much cause of quarrel, had invaded Bulgaria and were routed with heavy loss. The Austrian Empire at that time was believed to be in a very unstable position, held together only by the personal popularity of the aged Emperor. We stayed ten days with the Hoyos' and while there were shown experiments in torpedo practice by Whitehead, who had his factory adjoining the villa. I find, however, nothing in my diary worth transcribing here, unless it be a list of persons whose acquaintance we made, belonging to Viennese society. This includes Count Zichy, governor of the town, and his father, formerly Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople; Prince and Princess Sanguscko, cousins of our friends the Potockis in Poland, and joint owner with them of their famous Arabian stud; Count and Countess Breuner, Countess Palffy and others. From Fiume we went on by Vienna and the Orient Express to Paris, and so home to England, arriving there on the 5th of April.

Here there is a long gap in my diary and nothing of any public importance, except the record of a second interview I had with Boulanger, who had come to London with the idea of making friends there, and had made an appointment with me to see him at a house he had taken in Portland Place. I write:

"19*th May*.—On Wednesday I saw General Boulanger by appointment at his house in Portland Place. He looks older and more worn than when I saw him six months ago, but he talked cheerfully enough. I told him I had been much taken to task by the leaders of the Liberal Party for my avowal of sympathy with his cause (my letter to the 'Times' of last year), and asked him to inform me on certain points which might strengthen my position. The first point I put was whether he intended to destroy liberty in France, to shut up the Chambers and make himself Dictator? intentions commonly attributed to him. To this he said that the idea was ridiculous. The French could never get on without talking, and a Parliament in some form they must have. What he wanted was to do away with the personal politics of the Chamber, which he could effect by reforming it (the Revision). Frenchmen must be united into a National Party instead of broken up into small groups. The power of the President must be strengthened, but within

limits. Those possessed by the President of the United States will probably suffice. There must be the Veto, but he would not say that in an old society like the French it would do to assimilate the American régime too closely. He had no intention at all of destroying liberty. Thus, in the matter of education he was for full liberty for all creeds, not as at present when religious education was persecuted. The French provinces did not want secular education and it should not be forced on them, but he was not for this a Clerical. He did not himself go to Mass, but he was determined everyone else should do so who liked. If a man chose to go about in fancy dress it was no concern of his neighbours. On my second point, peace and war, he repeated what he had said to me last autumn about the hazards of war, and his unwillingness to rush into hostilities. He could not ever propose to disarm till the question of Alsace-Lorraine was settled. No Government which did so could stand a fortnight. He believed, however, that the question could be settled without war if Frenchmen were united. He would then most gladly propose a disarmament. In this sense I might say of him that his ultimate end was to bring about a disbanding of the great armies of the Continent. This he authorized me to tell my Liberal friends. He invited me cordially to come again any Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday morning."

I fear I did little towards helping the General in this or any other way. Politics were at that moment repugnant to me, and I could not bring myself to start on any new campaign. I never saw the General again.

CHAPTER II

EGYPT UNDER TEWFIK, 1889

The summer of 1889 saw me occupied almost exclusively with literary work. It was then that I wrote my poem, "A New Pilgrimage," which with many other pieces of more or less the same date I published in the early autumn. This brought me once more into pleasant relations with my friends, even those who had been most angry with me for my doings in Ireland. Chief among these was my cousin, George Wyndham, who already the year before had sent me a pleasant word. "We have so many grounds," he wrote, "for friendship, our common love of sport and of poetry, and especially our common blood, that I think it would be very foolish to allow differences of politics and opinion to interfere with it in any way. I sincerely hope that you think so too." Now, on my return to England in 1889, I found him full of affectionate endeavour to make things pleasant for me on my re-emergence into social life. In this he showed himself no idle friend. I had hardly arrived in London when he arranged occasions of meeting for me at his house in Park Lane with our mutual friends, and eventually one with Arthur Balfour, at which we buried our political hatchet in mutual amiabilities, an attitude we have ever since preserved as often as we have met. Another friend, equally dear to me with George, whom I recovered at this time, was Lytton. He, too, had written me an affectionate letter, regretting that he had missed seeing me on my passage through Paris. As to my women friends, my prison adventures, I soon found, had done me no real discredit with them. The only one of them that had been seriously shocked at it was Princess Wagram, who, not being English, had made herself more English in the matter than were my own countrywomen, and now she, too, was reconciled. With the rest the episode was a title to romantic interest, which made it easy for me to resume my place and more than my place in society. Their kindness did me full amends, and for the next few years strewed my path with flowers to the extent that politics lost their hold over my mind, more than perhaps they should have done. My daughter Judith, too, now growing up, was a new interest of a very absorbing kind, and my diary, when it is resumed, I find dealing mainly with home occupations and the details of my private life.

Nor must I omit another influence which was an important one with me that summer in the direction of weaning me from home politics, that of an intimacy which I then for the first time enjoyed with William Morris. I had already for some years known the Morrises, my first acquaintance with them having been begun in 1883, when I met Mrs. Morris at Naworth, having been invited specially for the purpose by Mrs. Howard (Lady Carlisle), and had spent a week there in her company, and we had made friends, but of Morris himself I had as yet seen little except occasionally when I called on them in Hammersmith. This summer, however, of 1889 saw me for the first time at Kelmscott Manor, where I had an opportunity of intimate intercourse with him during the many pleasant days of gudgeon fishing we enjoyed together on the Upper Thames and the evenings when we argued the questions, artistic and political, which occupied his mind.

Morris was at that time in a mood of reaction from his socialistic fervour. He had quarrelled with Hyndman, and was disgusted at the personal jealousies of his fellow-workers in the cause and at their cowardice in action. He never got over the pusillanimity they had shown at the Trafalgar Square meeting two years before, when a few hundred policemen had dealt with thousands of them as though they had been schoolboys. Morris was too loyal and too obstinate to abjure his creed, but the heart of his devotion to the cause of the proletariat had gone. In some ways our two positions were the same. We had both of us sacrificed much socially to our principles, and our principles had failed to justify themselves by results, and we were both driven back on earlier loves, art, poetry, romance. Morris, with one who understood him and dared to argue with him boldly, was a delightful companion. He was intolerant of the conventional talk of society, and had little sympathy with ideas foreign to his own. He had little patience with fools, and the prettiest woman in the world could not seduce him into listening to nonsense if there was nothing of fact behind it. His time was too precious to waste on them; and the fine ladies who affected artistic tastes in his company without real knowledge put him straightway to flight. To such he was rude and repellent, but to anyone who could increase his stock of knowledge on any subject he lent a willing ear, whether artist or artisan, with absolute indifference as to his social position. In his domestic life Morris was too busy to be unhappy, and of too sanguine a temperament to worry himself much over past disappointments; yet disappointments cannot but have been his. He had a strong and affectionate heart, and had centred his home affections on his two children, and the younger, May, had just made an engagement he disapproved, while the elder, Jenny, who had been his pride as a child for her intellectual faculties, had overworked her brain and was now subject to epileptic fits. It was touching now at

Kelmscott to watch Morris's solicitude for this poor girl on whom his chief home love was bestowed.

Kelmscott Manor was a romantic house, and the life there extremely primitive. There were few of the conveniences of modern life. The rooms below and also on the upper floor were all passage rooms opening one into another, and in order to reach the tapestried chamber in which we sat in the evenings, it was necessary to pass to and fro through Morris's own bedroom, in which he lay at night in a great square Elizabethan four-post bed, an arrangement which would have been of extreme discomfort to anyone less tolerant of such things than he, and less indifferent to his personal convenience. It was the same thing in the day time. He worked at the designs he was making for his carpets, and at his drawings, and the corrections of his proofs in a room where he was liable every minute to disturbance. Such discomforts had been submitted to by our forefathers, and why not, he thought, by us. It was this insensitiveness to his surroundings that enabled him to deal with the prodigious volume of work which he daily assigned himself, both manual and intellectual.

Such was the house. Out of doors the river — an upper branch of the Thames — was a constant attraction, and there Morris each afternoon took complete holiday. He loved boating, as it reminded him of his Oxford days, and he loved sitting hour after hour in a punt with rod and line, capturing the local gudgeon, a sport requiring skill, on which he prided himself, not without modest reason. In all matters concerning the river he took a passionate and proprietary interest, cherishing a special grudge against the Thames Conservancy, a body which interfered with individual rights, and whose legitimate authority he denied. Against these he constantly inveighed. He loved, too, in memory of Oxford, to engage in wordy warfare with the bargees, and had a strong vocabulary of abuse for them which he did not spare. When on the river he affected a rough manner even with his fellows in the boat, and scorned to apologize if accidents through his fault occurred, all which was in keeping with his appearance, which was that of a Norwegian sea captain rather than a poet, and of this he was proud. He was very dogmatic, with violent likes and dislikes. He used to say that St. Peter's was the ugliest building in the world after St. Paul's, and of these things he would discourse when the fish were off their feed, for when they were biting he was too absorbed in his catch to have a thought for anything else.

Of poetry he affected to have little knowledge, and of the work of those he was averse to, he would pretend never to have read a word. I remember that on one boating excursion in which we all took part, we were compelled to take refuge from heavy rain in a little inn by the river side, and that we found in it a book of poetical extracts which we

amused ourselves by reading, and that among the rest were those lines of Byron, perhaps his best and quite his best known:

There was a sound of revelry by night.

This he declared to be rubbish, and that he had not a notion whom they were by. Morris in these playful moods was very attractive, and of all the great men I have been in close relations with, I reckon him intellectually the strongest. He had an astonishingly firm grasp of things, and an immensely wide range of knowledge. I never knew him deceived by a false argument, and he was difficult to overcome in discussion even on subjects his adversary knew the best. One thing only, I think, he did not know, much as he had written about it, the love of women, and that he never cared to discuss. My talks with him that summer confirmed me in my resolution politically to retire into my shell, and I think my resolution had a corresponding influence on him.

"13*th Oct.*, 1889. *Paris.*—I have left home once more for the winter, and with a lighter heart than I have lately had. My last act before leaving England was to write two letters severing the last links which bound me to political life. One was to the Kidderminister electors telling them that they must not depend on me to stand again for Parliament, the other to T. P. O'Connor resigning my directorship of the 'Star.' I have intended this for more than a year, but have taken time to reflect, and am sure now that the step is a wise one. As a matter of principle I cannot go on pretending to believe in the Liberal Party, with which I have not an idea in common, beyond Irish Home Rule. As a matter of personal ambition, politics have nothing more to give me. I will not be a parliamentary drudge, and I cannot aspire to lead a party.

"Of doing good in the world in any public way I also despair. I do not see clearly in what direction good lies. I do not love civilised humanity; and poor savage human nature seems a lost cause. I have done what I could for it. I have, I think, saved Egypt from absorption by Europe, and I have certainly, by stopping the Soudan war in 1885, put back the clock of African conquest for a generation, perhaps for a century. But the march of 'Progress' is irresistible in the end; and every year the old-fashioned idea of the rights of uncivilised man dies more completely out. Even in Ireland, the National cause is putting itself in line with nineteenth century thought. The moonlighters and cattle-houghers and rebels of all kinds are disappearing; and, instead, we see Parnell manœuvring and deceiving in Parliament neither more nor less than Gladstone himself, and declaring with Rosebery for Imperial Federation! In all this I have no real lot or part. Ireland will doubtless get something of what she wants, and she has all my

good wishes still. But Imperial Federation is not worth going to prison for a second time nor even standing another contested election. I have done enough — possibly too much — and am sick and weary of the machinery of English public life.

"On the other hand stands the world of art and poetry. In this I can still hope to accomplish something, and with an advantage of experience not every poet has. I have a great deal to accomplish before old age takes me and little time. My poems, my memoirs, my book of maxims (the 'Wisdom of Merlyn),' my book of the Arab horse. These are work enough for all my remaining strength. Then, how delightful life is in perfect liberty! Never have I felt more capable of enjoyment, of the pleasures of friendship, of the casual incidents of romance, of the continuous happiness of life at home. These harmonize with a literary, not with a political ambition, and so it is best it should be. Am I not right?"

The three weeks that I spent at Paris on this occasion were delightful ones passed all in this mood. I found Lytton at the Embassy, and our old intimate intercourse was renewed. He, older than me by nine years, was already entering that valley of the shadow of old age from which he was never to emerge, and which ended in his death two years later. It was that in which his last volume of verse was written, and he made me the confidant of his sorrows, but this is not the place in which to give them more publicity than the volume itself gave them when it was published after his death. They served to accentuate my own mood of aversion from public affairs, and I spent most of my time with him at the Embassy, the same well-known house and garden where I had spent so much of my early youth officially as a member of it in the days of Lord Cowley and the Second Empire. I paid a visit, too, to the Wagrams at Gros Bois, where I mixed again in French society. The château was at that time undergoing repair of a substantial kind, an experience it had not had since 1830, and my hosts were living in the *dépendance,* an interesting suite of little rooms once the abode of Marshal Berthier's aides-de-camp, and possessed of a certain historic charm, with their Empire furniture and decorations. We shot each day in the great woods.

"Gros Bois, Wagram tells me, has been an oak wood ever since the time of the Druids. It was a royal domain, and had been given over and over again to different favourites of the kings of France. The last instance was when it was bestowed by Napoleon on the Prince's grandfather, as the inscription over the door records, his 'companion in arms.' The estate is of about 4,000 hectares, of which fully half are woodlands, 1,200 being inside the park wall, an ancient enclosure dating from 1650. I never saw so completely isolated a place, nor one quite so enjoyable. The woods are laid out formally

(as French woods are) with straight rides or rather drives of grass cut through them, and though there is no old timber, all having been levelled with the ground in 1814, the oak trees grown up again from the stub are very beautiful, and the place is full of woodpeckers, jays, and magpies, besides game. There is a stone recording the death of the late Prince's first roebuck: *Ici mon fils a tué son premier chevreuil*, with the date 1826. This was Wagram's father, who went on till 1888, killing something every day in season and out of season, partridges on their nests if he could find no other, dogs, and sometimes beaters. All is recorded in a book; and he might have been the original of Carlyle's Baron: *qui centum mille perdices plumbo confecit et statim in stercore convertit*. (I am not sure of the Latinity.) He died at the beginning of last year, being about eighty years old, but shooting on to the last week of his life.

"I have received a nice letter from Kidderminster in answer to mine, and the 'Pall Mall Gazette' announces my retirement publicly from political life. The Princess is triumphant at this retirement, as she was always opposed to my politics."

All this was very demoralizing from a public point of view. On the 25th I was joined by my family at Paris, and on the 2nd November we moved on to Rome and Egypt. At Rome, where we spent a month, I found myself once more within the sphere of the serious life of two years before, having many friends among the Irish clergy, who formed so strong an element at the Vatican, and I find many entries in my diary connected with Irish politics, some of which are worth transcribing here.

"*4th Nov.*— To see Monsignore Stonor, who has inherited much of Cardinal Howard's position, being a sort of diplomatic go-between with the Papal court as well as having been made an archbishop. He tells me that Lintorn Simmons is coming here on an official mission to the Vatican. When he, Stonor, saw Lord Salisbury in London this summer, Lord Salisbury told him that diplomatic relations would have to be established with the Pope, but that there was such fear of opposition from the Non-conformists that it would have to be done cautiously. Rosebery had told him much the same thing. Now the pretext is a settlement of ecclesiastical disputes at Malta. This, Stonor says, is a pretext only, as the disputes were settled some time ago through himself. He also told me what happened between the Pope and the German Emperor. There was no rudeness intended by the Emperor nor offence taken by the Pope. An arrangement had been come to between the Emperor and Prince Henry, that Prince Henry and Herbert Bismarck should come to the Vatican half an hour after the Emperor, but owing to the slow pace of the Emperor's carriages Prince Henry arrived too soon by ten minutes. Herbert Bismarck thereupon

made a scene, declaring that he and Prince Henry would leave the Vatican if not at once announced. They were consequently announced, although the Pope had given orders that he and the Emperor should be undisturbed for half an hour, ten minutes before the time, but the Emperor told them to wait. Stonor assures me that this was all. It has, however, I fancy been agreed to hush up whatever happened, and the Emperor has made whatever amends was required.

"*5th Nov.*— Made a round of visits with Stonor, among others to the Embassy. The Dufferins arrived last night, but we did not see them. With Dering [the first Secretary], however, we had some talk. Simmons is to arrive next week and with him as secretary, Ross of Bladensburg. This will make a storm in Ireland, where Ross is known to have had much to do with the Papal Rescript against the Plan of Campaign. [See my 'Land War in Ireland.']

"*6th Nov.*— We breakfasted at the Palazzo Caetani, and went on in the afternoon in a storm of thunder and lightning with the Duke and Duchess [of Sermoneta] and their daughter Giovanella to Fogliano. Fogliano, however, we were not destined to reach, for the rain was quite equatorial, and we stopped for the night at Cisterna, where the Duke has a half-deserted palace, and there we are camped. The floods on the Campagna were beyond belief, torrents of red water pouring over the edges of the railway cuttings, and in some places the train having to drive its way against a strong and deep current. Every water course was a raging flood and broad streams were forming themselves rapidly in the fields and still broader lakes. At Villetri we left the train and took carriage, but stopped here as it was thought dangerous to go farther. I never in Europe saw such continuous lightning or such rain over so long a space of time. It has been like the breaking of the monsoon in India. The torrent in one of the valleys gave one an idea of what the world may have been in the tropic age when the great valleys were first formed.

"This palace here at Cisterna has many remains of grandeur, fresco paintings by Zucchero, and fine marble chimney-pieces. The weather, too, in spite of the rain is warm, and we are lodged comfortably enough. We play dominoes in the evening on an old fire screen propped on two chairs to serve as table."

We went on next morning with the first light to Fogliano, just in time to get across the Pontine Marshes, for the floods were rising and in one place had already covered the road. Here we spent four days in this the most delightful country place in Italy. I have already described Fogliano in one of my previous volumes and need not repeat it here. We occupied our time pleasantly enough duck shooting on the lagoons, which lie between the great oak forest and the sea, in the early mornings, and riding in the afternoons to visit the Duchess's

stud, which she has established very successfully here, and for which she had bought a couple of Arab stallions a year or two ago. The Duke much busied with public affairs, and the municipal elections now going on at Rome. He was on the committee of selection, and after much telephoning to and from headquarters ended by sending in his resignation. This was an early stage of his public career which led him later to the mayoralty of Rome, and later still to office in the Government. "The Duke," I write, 9th November, after much talk on these subjects, "is certainly a most distinguished man, not a man of genius but of very superior talents. He has read enormously, philosophy, science, history, and can talk well on most subjects. He is president of the Italian Geographical Society and the Italian Alpine Club, an honest man in public affairs, but disenchanted with knowledge and doubtful of the ends of life like all the rest of us. 'Neither the moral law nor the law of beauty,' he says, 'can be found in nature, and without these the world must be lacking in interest.' He is not religious, but supports religion as being the reason of these two ideas, at least so I gather from what he has told me."

It was in accordance with this view of religion, and out of politeness to us, that on Sunday the 10th it was arranged that mass should be said in a little movable hut on wheels like a bathing machine, evidently a new experiment, a talked-of chapel not being finished or apparently likely to be. "The Duke is clearly a latitudinarian though he attended mass, and the Duchess enjoys life too much to be very *dévote*. There were some thirty servants and peasant neighbours brought in and a sprinkling of dogs to make up the congregation, which was all out of doors in front of the house, the celebrant a mass priest brought in from a distance. Altogether a quaint admixture of mediæval simplicity with a nineteenth century lack of faith, but it is not for me to criticize." On our return to Rome the same afternoon, 10th November, I found letters and newspapers with news from Egypt. "The Stanley expedition has come to grief in Africa, and Wadelai was really captured by the Mahadists just as Osman Digna declared it to be more than a year ago. Stanley and Emin are now reported to be together endeavouring to get to the coast, but an end will have been put to their filibustering projects of re-conquest on the Upper Nile. The German, Peters, too, has been knocked on the head by the Somalis, and Islam triumphs all along the equatorial line. The German Emperor, meanwhile, is at Constantinople being fêted with all honour by Abdul Hamid."

The news inspired me with a fresh longing for the East, where my true heart lay, and hastened our departure for Egypt, the rest of our time at Rome being spent partly, as I have said, with my old friends the Irish priests in the various colleges and monasteries, partly with new artistic acquaintances, of whom there are so many resident in the

ancient city. But I must not linger over these personal recollections, interesting as they are to me, for they would take up too much space. All I need notice is that, calling again at the Embassy, I found Lord Dufferin, to my pleasure, favourable to the pleading I made that he should help if possible in any decision there might be in the direction of re-establishing that free government at Cairo he had promised the Egyptians in 1883, and recalling Arabi. On my last day at Rome I attended a dinner at the Irish college, where I met the Maronite Archbishop of Damascus, and where good old Dr. Kirby, rector of the College, proposed my unworthy health, and where I was constrained to speak at length to the students on the prospects of Home Rule. It was my last public utterance about Ireland. On the morning of the 4th we left for Naples, and there took ship for Alexandria, and by the 12th found ourselves once more at Sheykh Obeyd, where we spent the rest of the winter in the purely Oriental surroundings I have more than once described.

On the occasion of this second visit to Egypt of 1889–90 I adopted a new attitude towards the British occupation and Baring, who represented it at Cairo as Consul-General and British Resident. When I had been there the previous year I had avoided all intercourse with the Anglo-official world, but now, on my return, influenced by the conversation I had had with Dufferin at Rome and thinking that I might perhaps thus help on the re-establishment of a more liberal *régime* at Cairo, I took occasion of an informal message sent me that he would be glad to see me to call on Baring, and from that time remained in friendly relations with the Residency, which were not without their advantage in a public way. In business matters I found Sir Evelyn a pleasant man to deal with. He was quick to understand a case, and straightforward in his replies, willing always to listen to arguments, however opposed to his own opinions, and with nothing of the conventional insincerities of diplomacy. It is to this, no doubt, that he owed his success in converting to his view the many English Radical M.P.'s who, arriving at Cairo with the idea of hastening on the evacuation, left it persuaded that the proposal was impossible or at least premature, and that the Occupation must be maintained.

"*12th Jan.*— Yesterday I called by appointment on Sir Evelyn Baring. I had not done so since our meeting in 1883, but it came about in this wise. When Prince Wagram (he had followed us to Egypt at the end of the year) was here a fortnight ago he gave me a kind of informal message from Baring to the effect that he would be pleased if I came to see him. At the time I was not quite sure how to respond to this, and I delayed taking any action, but last Sunday I received a visit from Mohammed el Moelhi, who gave me news of how things were going politically. He assured me that people were becoming

more reconciled to the state of affairs, that Riaz was allowing rather more personal liberty, and that Tewfik had retired altogether from political action. Nearly all the exiles had been allowed to return, and Mohammed Abdu had been appointed judge at Benha. Under the circumstances he strongly advised me in Arabi's interest to respond to Baring's advance. He said it would increase my opportunities of influence, for now people were afraid to come to me for fear of Baring's displeasure. He did not think that Riaz was hostile, though the Khedive doubtless was. The Khedive, however, was malleable, and if he saw that Baring was friends with me he would think it safest to follow suit. I believed this to be sound advice, and I consequently wrote a note to Baring saying that I had received this informal message from Wagram and asking when I could see him. He replied very politely and so my visit was arranged.

"I found Baring at two in his study, and stayed with him for about half an hour. People say that he is stiff and ill-mannered. I did not find him so. On the contrary he was courteous and kindly. We spoke pretty frankly about things. I said I had not called before because I was not sure whether he would wish to see me. He replied that the only thing he had thought unfair in our political quarrel was Randolph Churchill's having accused him in the House of Commons of having attacked me through my property in Egypt; he had not been there to answer him, and he thought it unfair; as a fact he had entirely forgotten the existence of my property, and he certainly had had nothing to do with the proceedings taken against me concerning it. I answered that to the best of my recollection I had never supposed him to have intervened personally in the affair, and that it was doubtless the Khedive's doing. Randolph had, moreover, exceeded my instructions in pushing the case as far as he had done. We did not discuss this long. I told him the Khedive had had me spied upon, and he said it was natural his Highness should not be very friendly to me, and should want to know what I was doing in Egypt, but the Khedive had not spoken to him about me for a long while.

"We then went on to the state of the country, and I told him I thought things were going better now he had got rid of Nubar and was working with a Mohammedan Ministry. He said the Nubar Ministry was a mistake, but the difficulty is to get Mohammedans who are capable of the work. They are either of the old-fashioned sort who will hear of no improvement, or else young fellows who take some modern European plan, and wish to pitchfork it into Egypt whether it is suitable or not. I said that as to that it was just Arabi's merit that he stood between these two extremes. Arabi knew nothing of Europe, but wanted to improve on Oriental lines. I mentioned that I had heard Mohammed Abdu had returned and received an appointment, and he

gave the Sheykh a high character, and said that nearly all the exiles were now recalled. I told him that I hoped the amnesty would be general and would include Arabi and the other exiles who are in Ceylon. To this he demurred, and said that Arabi, having made an unsuccessful revolution had to pay the penalty, 'not, however,' he added, 'that I have ever accepted the theory that his was a *military* revolt, but it was unsuccessful.' 'On the contrary,' I said, 'it was altogether successful, except for the British Army.' 'That,' he said, 'was one of the elements he should have reckoned with'; and I 'a British army of 20,000 men is too strong an element for any Oriental calculation.'

"He then went on to talk of practical improvements and said he was pleased that I had recognized these, but it would be necessary for many years to come to have some European guidance, and he believed English guidance to be better than French or any other. Lastly, we discussed agricultural methods and a school of agriculture which was being founded, and agreed that schools of this sort were a doubtful benefit. [*N.B.*— The school in question which had been started under a Scotchman proved a comical failure, the professors after several years of experiments having had to call in their fellah neighbours to show them how crops could be grown successfully.] We parted on cordial terms, and he invited Anne and me to luncheon for to-day. I declined as I do not wish to go into town again, but I accepted for Anne, and so she and Judith are to go in there this morning. I trust this may all be for the best.

"I have been reading Gordon's 'Letters to his Sister,' and find them very consoling in their resignation to Providence; his doctrine is entirely Mohammedan."

This extract has its importance as showing in connection with other extracts of a later date that the difficulty about recalling Arabi, which was the essential condition of any true intention of restoring the National Party in Egypt, resided not in the Khedive only but in Lord Cromer. The following, too, will have its interest as indicating perhaps the point of departure taken by him so markedly at a later date in Arabian affairs.

"*20th Feb.*— Shâhir Ibn Nassâr, son of the chief Sheykh of the Dhaheri Harb tribe of Hedjaz came to Sheykh Obeyd on the 25th of January with his cousin Seyid and a friend, Ali, from Mecca. Shâhir is a pleasing young man and we invited him to stay with us, and he has been ever since at Sheykh Obeyd. He came to Cairo to claim a debt of £350 due to his tribe for the hire of camels supplied to the Haj last year, and was very angry because Riaz and the Khedive had refused to see him notwithstanding his having brought letters, also the money had been refused him, and the Khedive had refused his gift

of a delul. After waiting in ante-rooms all this month he made up his mind to go back to his people, who have it in their power to block the pilgrim road, or at least to make things very uncomfortable for the pilgrims, but I proposed to him as a last resource to see Baring. This he did on Tuesday, I having spoken about him the day before to Baring when I lunched at the Residency. Baring received him, by Zeyd's account who went with him, with all honour and sent at once for Riaz and told him Sháhir was under his protection, and he must see justice done. Riaz then went to the Khedive, who already knew of Sháhir's being with me, and they sent Thábit Pasha to Sháhir and another Pasha Abderrahman, and all together went to the Emir el Haj and gave him a wigging and made him acknowledge the debt. Sháhir is to have his money in a few days, and is, of course, highly delighted. He has given me the delul, which is rather a white elephant as I shall have to give him a present in exchange."

This Sháhir was a most interesting man, being a quite wild Bedouin, and his father, the chief Sheykh of the most important tribe between Mecca and Medina, the hereditary occupants of the mountain passes through which the pilgrimage yearly has to pass. From very early times they have been subsidized by the Caliphs and Sultans who have been responsible for the safe conduct of the pilgrims to grant a free passage, but of late years the subsidy had remained unpaid through the dishonesty of the agents entrusted with its delivery, a neglect which brought about much trouble, and occasionally loss of life, through the hostility of the tribe. Sháhir had had little dealing with civilization, even that of Mecca, and found himself more at home with us than at Cairo, sharing Zeyd's tent on the desert edge outside our garden wall. He was a wonderful camel-rider, performing strange feats of agility with his delul, but was unable to ride a horse, for the Harb are not horse owners, at least not that section of the tribe which inhabits the Hedjaz. When he left us to return to his home by sea from Suez, his delul, an Udeyhah, remained with me, I giving him in exchange £50, a very full price, for the expense of his journey.

Another matter which I took up that winter with Lord Cromer was one that lay at the root of all sound progress in Egypt, as it does wherever a Mohammedan population finds itself subjected to a Christian government, that of its demoralization by drink. I am no fanatic on the question of drink in Europe, where the use of wine and strong drinks stands in no direct opposition, except by its abuse, to morals. But in Mohammedan lands the case is entirely different. There the abstention from wine is a fundamental principle of the moral code, and those who transgress on this point become reprobate in their own eyes, and lose all sense of decency and decorum. This was beginning to show itself markedly in Egypt as a consequence of the establishment

of English rule. It had been against the spread of drink as much as anything that the revolution of 1881 had acquired its moral strength in public opinion and, with the suppression of the Nationalists after Tel-el-Kebir, and the reinstatement of European control, the evil had returned in double force. It is hardly too much to say that we had intervened in Egypt to reinstate the Greek drink sellers, who combined it with moneylending in the villages of the Delta. The country district where I had my home was a good instance of how the evil worked. The villages in our immediate neighbourhood at Sheykh Obeyd were inhabited entirely by Mohammedans; in the whole of them there were not half-a-dozen Copts or Christians of any sect and there was no demand whatever for drink in any of them. On my return there, however, in this year I found that a small local railway had been opened, joining these with Cairo, and that at each station on the line as the first sign of the coming civilization a drink shop had been established, kept by a Greek moneylender in the interest of his financial business. It was calculated that if the fellahin could be tempted inside his doors to taste the forbidden liquor the rest of his morality would soon give way, and with it his independence of borrowing. Against this coming evil the respectable heads of the villages were doing their best to make opposition, and one morning they called on me to advise what they should do. I advised them to make formal protest to the Government, and offered if they should fail in obtaining a favourable answer, to plead their cause with Baring, who alone had it in his power to put pressure not so much on the Khedivial officials as on the Greek Consulate. The Greek drink-sellers were most of them Hellenic subjects, and as such protected by the international agreements known as the Capitulations against interference in their trade by the Khedivial police, and the privileges thus enjoyed by them had been re-established in full force with the overthrow of the National Government, and it rested with Baring, who exercised all real power, to decide to what extent the privileges should be permitted to go. The whole question of the drink shops might, if he was willing, be treated as a police matter to be dealt with as a common nuisance, and it would not have been possible for the Greek Consul-General to make a serious question of it if Baring should insist. The secret reason, however, of the protection extended to them at the Consulate was, that they bought their immunity there in part with cash paid down, in part with threats of complaints laid against the Consul-General at Athens, a form of black-mailing much in vogue amongst the Greeks.

"*25th March.*— Saw Sir Evelyn Baring on the drink question, especially with regard to our being threatened here at Sheykh Obeyd. I told him of the deputation which had come to me from Merj and Kafr el Shórafa (in protest against the drink shops being open in those

villages in connection with the new railway), and he expressed his general sympathy and desire to help in stopping the spread of drink in Egypt, but said it was a large question, and a question of law; he would see Riaz (the Prime Minister), and find out how the law was; Riaz was very hostile to the Greeks, and so would be likely to do what he could. He would let me know the result, and then, if there was a possibility, the inhabitants of Merj and the other villages should protest, and he would do all in his power to help them.

"*6th April.*— Called again on Baring to show him the petition against the drink shops. It had been signed by seventy-three of the principal Sheykhs and notables of Merj, Kafr el Jamus, Kafr el Shórafa, and Birket el Haj, also by Salaam Abu Shedid and Hassan Abu Tawil, Sheykhs from the Howeytat and Aiaideh tribes. He seemed pleased with it, and I left him a translation, and we discussed the question together and with Tigrane Pasha, who had come in and whom Baring sent off at once with the original to Riaz. Tigrane [he was the Armenian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs] declared that the case could be dealt with without infringing upon National rights. I argued strongly against its being treated fiscally, but rather as a matter of police and public morals. In this Tigrane agreed with me, and Baring said he would do all in his power to stop the spread of the drink shops, if according to the ruling of the International Courts, and if not, he would submit a modification of the law to the Powers. We discussed also several other cases, especially that of the Government salt tax, an imposition which pressed hardly upon the people, and that of certain Bedouins imprisoned at Ghizeh. He showed himself anxious to intervene in all these matters, sent for the persons responsible, and promised to see into the cases. A good morning's work."

The above will give some idea of the practical way in which Lord Cromer did the work of administration at Cairo, and of the kind of questions I was able to bring before him. That he had the reformation of abuses at that date, 1890, the period of his first and best practical energies, much at heart, is certain, nor did I then suspect him of working, as he did so flagrantly later, less for the good of Egypt than in English political and financial interests. It is, however, necessary to remark that, in spite of his promises of assistance and the undoubted good faith of Riaz Pasha on the drink question, nothing at all was ever done to protect these villages from the Greek intruders, who ply their trade in them unchecked to the present day. Their case was as strong a one as could well have been brought forward, for it was one where the demand for alcohol needed to be created in the midst of a totally abstaining population, and it worked the ill results we foresaw. The drink shops were put under regulations good enough in their way, but the sale was not suppressed, and like many another regulation in

Egypt where no advantage of revenue was concerned, they were not insisted on; energy in introducing them, however sincere at the outset, soon slackened, and the regulations became a dead letter.

I will add to this, because they are amusing, a couple of extracts from my diary, conversations I put down in it, with Zeyd, my Bedouin horse master, of the Muteyr tribe in Nejd, as I was riding with him on two occasions on the desert edge in the evening that winter. They have an interest worth preserving, as they show the way the Arabs of Arabia think in contrast to the Egyptian fellahin whom they come in contact with during their visits to Cairo, a contrast which has a significance in view of the political developments we have witnessed in these last years.

"*Zeyd.* The fellahin are a timid folk, if they see a cat cross their path after dark they think it an *afrit,* they believe in all manner of foolish things.

"*I.* What then? Are there no *afrits* in Nejd?

"*Zeyd.* Wallah! The belief in *afrits* is foolishness. There are no *afrits,* neither in Nejd nor here. But the fellahin have no heart. They are without blood. They are afraid.

"*I.* You are a philosopher. Do all in Nejd think like you?

"*Zeyd.* The men of Nejd have brave hearts. They are used to being alone. They journey alone through the desert, ten days, twenty days, forty days perhaps. They know nothing of *afrits.* There is none other but God.

"*I.* Truly none. But do they see nothing?

"*Zeyd.* They fear nothing. There is of course Shaitan, who sometimes appears to them in the likeness of a goat or a cow. But they are not afraid. He does not harm them.

"*I.* And do they speak to him?

"*Zeyd.* Shaitan will sometimes journey with them in disguise. There was once a man of Bereydah who was riding his delul alone in a storm. There was lightning amid the darkness. He heard a voice in front of him asking what he was doing there in such tempestuous weather, and if he was not afraid. A flash revealed to him the figure of a sheep set on the neck of his camel. It was Shaitan, who was speaking to frighten the man. The man, however, put out his hand and caught the sheep by the fleece, saying, 'I know you are a sheep by your wool.' But Shaitan answered, 'And you. I know you are a sheep by your wits!' and he slid down the camel's neck to the ground and disappeared.

"*I.* Yet you do not believe in *afrits.*

"*Zeyd.* No. That is a vulgar superstition.

* * * *

"*I.* What is this to the right of us? A tomb?

"*Zeyd.* Ay, verily. The tomb of a saint. The fellahin have a hundred thousand saints. They are a credulous people. They kill sheep for Abu Seriyeh still, though he has been dead a thousand years.

"*I.* And we, too, killed a sheep when we went on the pilgrimage to Abu Seriyeh three years ago.

"*Zeyd.* Yes, to bring a blessing on your camels. And one of your camels died within the year. How can a Sheykh, a holy man who has been dead so long, help any one, beast or man?

"*I.* This, too, is philosophy.

"*Zeyd.* No. It is truth. An uncle or a grandfather, I can understand that one should give them a sheep, but not to Abu Seriyeh. This land is full of the tombs of holy men. The fellahin are a credulous people.

* * * *

"*Zeyd.* This road from Kafr el Shórafa to the bridge, how often I used to think of it when I was journeying from Syria with the Seglawi horse, the grey Seglawi, and the Jilfa mare. I used to ask of God that he would grant me this, that I might ride along the sand just here with them in safety. And see, I arrived with them and rode along this very road.

"*I.* Thank God.

"*Zeyd.* Yes, thank God. There is no word it does one more good to say than this, 'thank God,' when a danger is past. *El hamdu l'Illah; el hamdul l'Illah!*"

* * * *

Another conversation of nearly the same date has the additional interest that it concerns a mission I had sent him on the year before, to purchase a stallion for me from the Anazeh in Northern Arabia.

"*Zeyd.* I will tell you how I bought the Seglawi [this was the stallion 'Azrek,' see General Stud Book]. I did not, of course, tell them the truth, that I was the servant of the Bey (meaning me). There is no shame in this. It is policy (*siasa*). I am a master of policy. I made a deceit. I said to them that I was of the Agheylat, looking for horses for India, horses from the north and tall ones, for those are the horses that bring most price in India. What did I want with the pure bred? I wanted to make money. And so I went to the Sebáa. I alighted at Ibn ed Derri's tent, as it were by accident. But I made a mistake. It was not the tent of Mishlab Ibn ed Derri, but of his brother Fulan (the name *Fulan* is used as we say So-and-So). There are four brothers. Fulan and Fulan and Fulan and Mishlab. Mishlab was the owner of the Seglawi. I stayed there for three days, without speaking of the Seglawi. The horse was at pasture and I did not see him. On the fourth day came Mishlab to breakfast with his brother, and they killed a lamb — and behold the Seglawi was with

him — he did not bring him to sell, but, as the custom is with strangers, that I might see him. He stood tethered outside the tent, but I did not even turn his way. Only lifting up my eyes stealthily, I saw him, and the sight of his forehead and of his eyes gave me joy. For you know the Seglawi's face is of those which, if a man, a sorrowful man, sees, he needs must rejoice. Only it made my heart beat terribly, and I said to myself, 'Zeyd must never more return to the Bey — he must die — if he do not obtain that horse.' Then, after we had eaten, I arose as one who wishes to go outside for a private purpose; and I walked past the Seglawi with my face to the ground as though I did not see him, and hardly putting one foot before the other, like a thief. And when I returned Mishlab was alone with his son Sakr in the tent, and we talked of the buying of horses. And I told them of my desire of tall horses for the Indian market.

"And after a while I said to the father that I had something that I should wish to speak to him of in private — for I knew that his son would not consent to the sale, seeing that it was he who received the money of the Arabs when their mares were served, and I knew, too, that the father was displeased at this. All that is customary is that those who bring mares should also bring flour for the stallion, and it may be a *kiswah* (a complimentary robe), but not money. But Sakr had taken money, to his father's displeasure. So I said to the young man, when we had gone outside, 'On Salameh, stay you here on one side, for I have something to speak of with your father. And you may watch us, and, if you see me strike your father, then come to his assistance, but if I do not raise my hand to him, then wait till we have finished, for it is not necessary you should hear.' And to my friend who was with me, I told him to take his spear, and sent him on another errand to fetch my dromedary.

"Then when we were alone, I said to Mishlab: 'O Mishlab, it is time I went on my business, for I am engaged in the purchase of horses. But before I go I would see your horse. I cannot buy him, for I am looking only for horses from the North at a low price, but yours, the Seglawi, would I see. For I am of the Muteyr and you are of the Sebáa, and I am a master of fortune (*sáhib el bukht*), and you are a master of fortune, and it would be a shame that I did not name a price or put a value on him, for otherwise, you might think that I did not know his worth.' And Mishlab said, 'So be it.' And I named £100, as if it were a great price. And when I had named it, I saw that Mishlab put his hand under his kefiyeh to scratch his head and stroke his beard. And at last he spoke: 'Nay, it would be a sin.' And I pressed him, for I saw by his manner that he was in doubt, and I could hardly believe in my fortune that there should be a hope of his consenting. And again my heart beat so that you might hear it. And

at last I said, as if rising to go, 'There shall be another ten added to the hundred.' And I gave him my hand, and he gave me his hand. And I said, 'O Mishlab, listen. The Seglawi is the Seglawi, and the men of the tribe send their mares to you on his account. But he is but flesh and blood, and a shot might destroy him, and then where would be the £110?' And he said, 'If it were not for my son's ill doing, I would not do it. And I do not want money, for God has blessed me with many camels and I have all I need. But I fear that Sakr will bring disgrace on me, for he takes money for the mares, which thing is forbidden; and I fear lest my good fortune should fail me.'

"And so it was settled in that one talking, and immediately I called for my delul, and having given him the advance money (*arbun*), I begged him to send his son with me to Aleppo to receive the full price. And I mounted in haste, fearing that the rest would return and would make him change his mind."

CHAPTER III

BRIGANDAGE IN EGYPT

The summer of 1890 I spent in large part at Paris with Lytton at the Embassy, and was one of the most delightful in my experience, but it contained little of a political nature or that can be repeated here. Our talks were mainly of literature, and more especially of dramatic literature, on which he was just then engaged, the detail of his official work being left principally to his staff, though I would not be understood to mean that he was a mere figurehead. As Ambassador, on the contrary, his political influence at Paris was greater than that of his predecessor, Lord Lyons. With all the latter's dignity and discretion and solid good sense, he had never succeeded in obtaining any kind of popularity, and in his time the relations between France and England had become the reverse of cordial. Lytton, however, by the very qualities which had proved his defects when in India, had obtained an immediate personal success at Paris, and had in large measure restored the international good feeling. His literary Bohemianism and lack of pomposity, his devotion to the stage, his ready patronage of artists, actors, and those *littérateurs* who count for so much in Paris journalism, had been a passport for him to favour with the Press, and through the Press to public opinion. Lytton was by taste a Bohemian, and Paris, which is also so largely Bohemian, recognized him as a brother artist. It was impossible to regard him as representative of the *morgue britannique,* of which not only Lord Lyons but Lord Cowley before him had been such notable examples. Treated with a light hand, many a difficult question was in his time easily circumvented, if not permanently solved, and this at the expense of no real dignity. It was felt that he wished well to Frenchmen and French views of life, and that was sufficient.

In the intervals of my Paris visits I find notices of my life in England, showing that I, too, had learned to take life more lightly than in previous years. I busied myself not at all with parliamentary politics, and even about Ireland I ceased to take any absorbing interest. The prospects of Home Rule were better assured just then in all appearance than they had been since Gladstone's defeat in 1886. The result of the great " Times " prosecution had been a notable victory for the National-

ists, and had re-established Parnell's character as a responsible statesman at a higher point than ever before in English eyes, so that it was confidently expected that at the next general election Gladstone would be returned to power with a majority sufficient to overcome the opposition of the House of Lords, and carry his Home Rule Bill into law. It was, therefore, with a free conscience that I led an idle life at home, writing my verses and enjoying social pleasures in the company of my friends. It was in that summer that the Crabbet Club, which was to acquire a certain social celebrity, was established on a footing which was to gain for it a character almost of importance. It will not be out of place, seeing that our memoir writers of the day have included it, or rather have not left it unnoticed in their recollections, if I say a few words here as to what it really was.

The Crabbet Club was in its origin a purely convivial gathering, unambitious of any literary aim. It began in this way: When George, Lord Pembroke (the 13th Earl) came of age in 1871, having been a very popular boy at Eton, with many school friends, and afterwards at Oxford, he thought it would be amusing to continue in some measure the life they had led by having them to stay with him once or twice every summer at Wilton, for a day or two at a time, to play cricket, and row on the river, and otherwise divert themselves, and they took the name of the "Wilton," or "Wagger" Club, and it proved a great success. In 1876, though much older than the rest of the members, I was asked to join it as one who had known the Herberts from their school days. Pembroke was staying with me at Crabbet, and his two brothers and their sister Gladys (afterwards Lady Ripon), and several of their friends, and several of mine, and I drove them all to Epsom for the Derby (Silvio's year), and we had a cricket match and a lawn tennis handicap (lawn tennis was in the process of being invented, and we played on a court 20 feet longer than what afterwards became the regulation length), and it was on this occasion that I joined the club. The party at Crabbet had proved such a success that the next year it was proposed that the club should make one of its regular meetings there, and so it gradually came about that the members came to Crabbet annually. The members of the club were never more than a few, a dozen to twenty, and consisted, besides the Herbert brothers, of Eddy Hamilton, who was afterwards Gladstone's private secretary, Lord Lewisham, Jocelyn Amherst, Granny Farquhar, Lionel Bathurst, with Harry Brand (afterwards Lord Hampden), Nigel Kingscote, Godfrey Webb, Button Bourke, Frank Lascelles, Mark Napier, and half-a-dozen more of my own intimates, and these came regularly to Crabbet every summer, and we gradually adopted the "Crabbet Club" as the name of our branch.

Though we professed no kind of politics, and looked to amusement

only, nearly all the members of it were Tories, two or three of them in Parliament, and when in 1882 I took the somewhat violent line I did about Egypt and war ensued, several of the members taking offence ceased their attendance, and the Club as far as the Crabbet meetings were concerned became less popular, and this state of things was aggravated when I stood for Parliament as a Home Ruler in 1885 and 1886, and it was all but submerged by my imprisonment at Galway. Hardly any of the old Wilton members would answer the invitations to it, and Pembroke himself, the most tolerant of men, as an Irish landlord with large interests at stake in the county of Dublin, felt it a grievance that I should have identified myself with the Land League and the Plan of Campaign. All this was natural enough, and I could not complain of the defection. The Club as the "Crabbet Club" was still continued, but reconstructed on different lines with a number of young men, Oxford undergraduates, most of them professing Home Rule opinions. The chief of these were the two Peels, Willy and George, sons of the Speaker, Arthur Pollen, Herbert Vivian, Leo Maxse, Percy Wyndham (son of Sir Hugh), Theodore Fry, Theobald Mathew, Artie Brand, and Loulou Harcourt, the only three of the old set being Mark Napier, Eddy Hamilton, and Nigel Kingscote.

The young men thus got together, most of them fresh from the Universities, though also bent on amusement, had tastes more intellectual than their predecessors, and besides our lawn tennis handicaps, we had much after-dinner speaking, and a verse competition with the election of a poet laureate for the year. The Club was in this condition when in 1889 George Wyndham, becoming a member, took it in hand, and seeing its intellectual capabilities brought new blood into it by introducing friends of his own, already holding a certain position in the political world, and who have since no few of them climbed to fame. Among these were George Curzon, Harry Cust, Houghton (now Lord Crewe), Frederick Locker, Umphreville Swinburne, cousin of the poet, St. George Lane Fox, Eddy Tennant, Laurence Currie, George Leveson Gower, Esmé Howard, Elcho, Dick Grosvenor, Alfred Douglas, Charles Gatty, Morpeth, and his brother Hubert Howard, and on a single occasion Oscar Wilde, and it was in the company of these that our meetings of the early nineties were held. They were really brilliant meetings, with post-prandial oratory of the most amusing kind, and were productive of verse of a quite high order. The number of the members was limited to twenty, and there was much competition when a vacancy occurred. The poetry of the Crabbet Club has been preserved in print, and is one of the curiosities of literature, deserving a place, I venture to think, in company with the best verse of a not serious kind, including even perhaps that of the Mermaid Tavern. My own part in these meetings, which were essentially convivial, was that of Chairman and

President, an anomalous one seeing that I was a teetotaller, but which yet worked well.

The latter half of the summer of 1890 was darkened for me by the final illness and death of my cousin, Francis Currie. He had been my Mentor, not always in the ways of wisdom, during my youth at Paris, and had remained there a constant and very dear friend for close on thirty years. On my visit to Paris in the Spring I had found him ill with an ominous cough, and other symptoms of a decline, but his French doctor, whom I consulted about him, persisted in declaring that it was nothing more than the legacy of a fever he had long before contracted in India while serving in the campaign of the Mutiny, and encouraged him to go for change of air to the Alps, though to my eye, and to that of his faithful *bonne* Julienne he was already "*un homme frappé*." Now, however, soon after my return to the Paris Embassy in July, I learned that he was at Aix les Bains, and, as it seemed, in an almost hopeless state. This broke short my stay at Paris, and took me first to Aix, and then moving him away from the great heat there to Glyon in Switzerland, where, a month later, in spite of our care, he died. The history of those few weeks, as of the rest of the summer of 1890, belongs, if ever I write it, to my most private memoirs.

On the 18th of October we again left England for Egypt, spending three more weeks on our way with the Lyttons at Paris, and then on by Marseilles to Alexandria and Sheykh Obeyd, where we once more spent the winter. The political position in Egypt at this time was as follows: Riaz Pasha was still in office under the Khedive Tewfik, and the provinces of Lower Egypt, laxly ruled, were much disturbed with brigandage, especially in our immediate neighbourhood. Riaz, who at that time was working with the Khedive in secret opposition to Baring and the British Occupation, allowed the brigandage to continue, with the idea that it would serve as a proof of the unpopularity of the English *régime* and its powerlessness to preserve order. Baring was occupied now almost exclusively with the struggle to make both ends of Egyptian finance meet, being convinced on his side that a prosperous balance sheet was the best argument he could use with the British public in favour of retaining Egypt as a permanent British dependency. In this he was supported by Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, who had made up his mind, now that the Wolff Convention for a withdrawal of the British garrison had failed, to stay on in military occupation without any legal settlement of England's position on the Nile. It was argued that the legal road to such a settlement had been barred by the Sultan, who, when the Convention had been agreed to, had withheld his signature of ratification. Though I did not know it at the time, our Queen (Victoria) had taken the Sultan's action as a personal slight, seeing that she had affixed her own royal signature in ratification

before the Sultan's refusal, nor is it possible to say that she was without justification in feeling the matter strongly. In accordance with this, Baring was beginning those changes in the fiscal and administrative domain which were intended to transfer all real power in Egypt, little by little, from the Turco-Circassian class represented by Riaz which he had hitherto patronized, into his own. The new policy, however, was as yet only in embryo, and the intention of remaining in Egypt was not avowed. It was impossible to do so openly, not only through the fear of trouble with France, but also because Liberal opinion in England was not prepared for it, and unless it could be converted to the idea before the next general election, which was to take place in 1892, it was always possible that Gladstone, coming once more into power, might suddenly reverse the whole process of absorption, and without further waiting recall the troops from Cairo.

It was with this fear before his eyes that Baring had obtained the services in Egypt of Alfred Milner, a journalist of distinction, the same whom I had known in 1884 as sub-editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" under Stead (see "Gordon at Khartoum"), and who, a year later, had been taken on by Goschen as his private secretary. It was through Goschen's recommendation that Baring gave him a place in Egypt of £1,000 a year at the Ministry of Finance, nominally for administrative work, but in reality with a mission of organizing a press campaign in London in favour of a continuance of the Egyptian occupation. For this work no man could have been better chosen. He was nominally a Liberal, and had stood as a supporter of Gladstone at the general election of 1885, while his experience in Northumberland Street had put him in touch with all the chief writers of the English Liberal press. No man better than he knew the length of the English electoral foot. At Cairo, without appearing personally in his journalistic character, he knew how to bring the case he had to argue forward by encouraging the various Englishmen officially employed there to write articles in the monthly magazines and elsewhere in praise, not of their own, but of their fellow-administrator's achievements in the way of reform, knowing well that if it could be proved that Egypt, instead of a burden on the British Exchequer, was becoming a paying concern, the battle would be won with the new government, should a Liberal one come into office, even with Mr. Gladstone. And so, in fact, it happened. The appearance of Milner's very able volume, "England in Egypt," in which he drew together all these threads of argument in lucid and attractive form, and which was published a few months before the general election of 1892, effected, as I will show later, exactly the object aimed at. Milner's reward for this service was not delayed. The same year he was relieved from his nominal functions in Egypt, and given the important place at home of Chairman of the Inland

Revenue Board. I saw him pretty frequently at Cairo during his stay there, and liked him, as I had liked him when in his humbler position as Stead's assistant editor. He did not display, at that time, anything of that violent Imperialism which led him later to aspire to the sublime heights of Tory officialdom which he now occupies.

This was the position in Egypt in the early spring of 1891. I was now on excellent terms with Baring, whom I found willing to listen to any suggestions I might make to him for improving the lot of the fellahin, a matter which I understood, while he, shut up in his office and seeing practically nothing of native Egypt beyond the tame officials whom he had attracted to his camp, lived in comparative darkness, and I was able in this way to effect a good deal in the direction that most interested me, and I did not fail to bring before him once more the case of Arabi's return; but he was still too strongly opposed to it, though, he explained, if it was decided to occupy Egypt permanently he should have no objection. Failing in this, as far as Arabi was concerned, I now limited my pleading to an attempt to interest him in other members of the former National Party, and at the suggestion of my old friend, Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, who was now living in my part of Egypt as judge of our chief country town, Benha, and whom we now saw pretty frequently, I brought before him a plan that he should take these old Nationalists into his councils and substitute for the Circassian Pashas who had so far been the only class of Mohammedans permitted to hold office under the restored régime since Tel-el-Kebir, an Egyptian fellah government. Neither Riaz, nor Nubar, nor any other of the ministers who had held office during the past seven years, though patriotic some of them to the extent of having it for their aim to get rid of all foreign elements in the administration, had taken any real interest in bettering the condition of the fellahin, and it seemed to me a lack of intelligence on Baring's part that he had failed to understand the popularity he might have gained by the creation of a fellah ministry, and the comparative ease with which he could have introduced the reforms he professed to have at heart, and really at that time had. I find this alluded to in my diary:

"*20th Feb.*— A few days ago, there being a ministerial crisis, I wrote to Baring suggesting that he should take new men into the ministry instead of Riaz and the Circassians, who, despising the fellahin, look only to their own class interests. He answered me favourably, and to-day I called on him, and after luncheon we discussed the position. Riaz has already given in, so nothing is to be done at present; but he expressed himself willing to make the acquaintance of any men of the fellah class whose names I could suggest, and I am to write to him again on the subject in a few days. He fully admitted that Riaz was an obstructive; 'but where,' he said, 'is there anyone better?' It

was a doubtful question whether it was possible to put Mohammedans on any road of reform. I said: 'If you give up that hope you give up everything, but you have not tried the Liberal party to help you in reforms.' He said he 'was quite willing. If the National party in 1882 had not allied itself with the army it might have been supported.' 'That was the fault,' I said, 'of the Joint Note.' He agreed that 'the Joint Note was a mistake,' and, I think, was impressed with what I said, and we parted on the understanding that I was to give him the names of persons I thought able to afford him political help, but he enjoined on me complete secrecy. 'I will take some opportunity,' he said, 'of making their acquaintance, but there is a difficulty sometimes in my seeing the people.' I shall wait until Hassan Pasha Sherei returns from Upper Egypt, and then see if we cannot make out a fellah Cabinet together." I have a few letters which passed between me and Baring at this time. They are of importance as showing that the policy of introducing reforms through native Egyptians of the Mohommedan Reform Party was laid before Sir Evelyn Baring, and its advantages more or less acknowledged by him full fifteen years before he, as Lord Cromer, adopted it as the only one which could give a hope of making self-government in Egypt possible. (See his Reports for the year 1905.)

Our life at Sheykh Obeyd that Spring was not without incident, as our immediate neighbourhood was disturbed almost nightly by gangs of robbers, who visited the country houses round, breaking into them in the night time and coming in armed conflict with such of the owners as resisted them. The bands were composed principally of Bedouins, with whom were associated certain refugees from Upper Egypt and a few broken men escaped from the prisons at Toura, but the direction of them was in Bedouin hands. For this reason we, who were on good terms with the tribes, were left unmolested, though every one of our near neighbours suffered. This is from my diary:

"*7th March.*— Last night at half-past twelve I heard a great noise of dogs barking, and occasional shots. I went out on to the balcony and listened, and was about to go to bed again, for the guards have a habit of firing without reason in the night to show they are awake, when I heard cries, and I called to Deyf Allah, our head ghaffir, and asked him what it was. He answered, 'there are robbers at Selim Bey's.' I consequently dressed hastily and ran down, having first awakened Anne, and taking my Winchester rifle and a revolver sallied forth, followed by Deyf Allah and Mahmud the Berberin. It was a dark night and I held my rifle ready to fire as we went through the palm grove where I thought I saw one or two people moving. As we got near to Selim Faraj's house (a quarter of a mile from ours) the noise of the

dogs increased and mixed with it there were groans, while occasional shots were still being fired at a distance. I went cautiously up to the house where I met an Arab with whom I exchanged greetings. He was probably one of Selim's guards. At the door lay a fellah groaning with his head cut open. There was a light at the window, and women began to scream. On my coming close they told me they had been robbed, and I found the window bars wrenched open. Presently Selim appeared at the door [he was a County Court Judge, a Syrian Christian] his face a coagulated mass of blood, and he let me in and told me the history of what had happened. There had been a noise of knocking at his door, and on his opening it, thinking it was the guard, he received a blow from a *nabout* (a quarter staff) on his shoulder, but managed to slip back inside and bar the door. Then a number of men attacked the house, calling on him to open, and on his refusal they broke through the windows, while he struck at them with a meat chopper, but they pushed him back and got through, six of them, and called for his money. He proposed to them to pay next day, but they declined to wait and broke open his chests of drawers and made search. While this was going on, he hid with his little girl in the scullery, but later issued out again to defend his property, and received three wounds on his head with some sharp instrument. Then the robbers, having found the money they were looking for in his pockets, £37, and hearing me coming, for there was a cry of '*tarbush*,' their watchword for the police, decamped. The wounded fellah was a servant whom they had cut down outside with their *nabouts*, but nobody paid him the least attention, and I had great difficulty in getting him carried inside the house. The ladies begged me to stay on with them, but I refused, as I had my own people to look after, and so went back, and nothing further happened till daybreak. On my return in the morning I found Selim in bed, and heard his story again. The men, he said, were nearly naked, but had their faces masked. They spoke the Mogrebbin dialect. They were Arabs of the West. I then went with Sheykh Hassan Abu Tawil, the chief of our local Arabs and a tracker, and we followed the track of seven men, which was very distinct in the sand, running towards Matarieh. When within a quarter of a mile of the railway station there, they had sat down and then separated, one who had been wearing shoes going to the ostrich farm, the rest towards the tents of Prince Ahmed Pasha's guard. It is generally thought that they are local people, though Abu Tawil insists they are Mogrebbins, who once lived near the Obelisk (of Heliopolis), and come back every year to rob. One of them had enormous footprints, probably a Negro. I have taken Selim Bey into Cairo, first to Baring, who, however, was too busy to see him, and then on with a note from him to Baker Pasha,

the English Chief of Police, an old military fogey whom I worked up into unwonted action by telling him that the state of the country was worse than either Greece or Asia Minor."

The curious part of this episode, though I do not find it in my diary, was Selim Bey's attitude in the affair. He was a native Christian Judge, and had been a man of the law all his life, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade him to report the attack made on him to the police. "It would only put me on bad terms with the neighbours," he said, worse than those he was already on, for he was very unpopular, and it was only on my declaring that I would myself report it that he consented to go in with me to Cairo.

"*14th March.*—The attack on Selim Bey has made a stir and his house is guarded by the regular police. The Mudir has been there and Baker Pasha. They have made nine or ten arrests, among them the two Ghaffirs. Poor old Eid, our *bowab* (gatekeeper), being one of them. I found him sitting disconsolately among the prisoners with his little child he is so fond of. I am sorry I troubled myself in the matter, for I do not believe one of the arrested men had anything to do with the business, but this is the fourth serious case round about us in eighteen months, and last time they killed a man, and a woman died of fright. Selim Bey's wound is rather serious, and the servant may yet die; he is in hospital. The Mudir took from me a deposition, but it was very meagre, and I had a difficulty in preventing the insertion in it of things quite untrue."

This affair put an end for the time to the night attacks. I came to the conclusion later that the tolerance the bands had so long enjoyed had been due to Riaz' tacit complicity joined to Baker's muddle-headed incapacity (he was replaced soon afterwards). I took advantage of it to draw a moral for Baring, and wrote a letter to him recapitulating my arguments in favour of a fellah government, sending him a list of the names of men of the fellah party who might make up a Reform Ministry. The list was drawn up in consultation with Sheykh Mohammed Abdu and Mohammed Moelhi. These are the names:

Hassan Pasha Sherei of Minieh.
Baligh Bey.
Emin Bey Fikri.
Saïd Effendi Zaghloul.
Ahmed Effendi Mahmoud.
Ibrahim Effendi el Wakil.
Mahmud Bey Shukri.
Ahmed Bey Heshmet.
Yusuf Bey Shoki.
Sheykh Mohammed Abdu.

It is to be remarked that this list includes the name of Saad Zaghloul,

whom fifteen years later Cromer made Minister of Public Instruction, as well as Sheykh Mohammed Abdu's, afterwards Grant Mufti, whom he declared to be the chief hope of Liberal Islam in Egyt. Baring, however, missed his real opportunity by neglecting my recommendation of Hassan Sherei, who politically was of far greater weight than any of them, and who had died before Baring could bring himself to accepting a fellah Ministry. "Baring, however, answers: 'I do not think there is a ghost of a chance of the Khedive forming a fellah Ministry.' Still Baring may come to it, as Riaz has been coquetting with the French, and has brought about a fine diplomatic storm. Our only policy is to wait the disappearance, one after the other, of the old ministers, and sooner or later they must come to us if they do not annex. Sherif is gone and Nubar, and now Riaz seems going.

"*4th April.*— To Cairo and saw Baring. I asked him first about the drink shops, and he said that though he still hoped to be able to issue his regulations, there was great opposition to these for political reasons from the French; the question of public security was much more important; it was a difficult job; he should put an end to it in time, but he hardly knew how; with regard to the native government it was impossible to get men capable and honest; things were going badly and were leading to a new smash-up; he had only to work on as he could. I asked him what he thought would happen if we evacuated. He said everything would go to smash, but we should not evacuate. I said we might be obliged to do so if there was a change of government at home. He said, 'I shall protest against it, and, if it is insisted on, I wash my hands of the consequences.' I said, 'It is impossible you should not be responsible if you do nothing to prepare for it.' He said, 'They are all alike (meaning the Egyptians). I know most of the men you wrote of.' 'And Hassan Sherei?' I asked. 'No, not Hassan Sherei, but they are all alike.' He said, 'The Khedive is in favour of reform.' 'Yes, as long as he thinks you stronger than the French, but if England were forced to evacuate, you would see how soon he would go over.' 'I daresay. My experience of Easterns is all that way, but we shall not evacuate; we shall have a war with France.' I reminded him of our conversation of 1883, when I told him he could make nothing of Tewfik and the Circassians. He said, 'Whom would you have had? There would only have been Halim, and it would have been the same thing. At any rate, it is too late now to change.' And so we parted."

All this is of interest now as showing how little reality there was in the excuse so commonly made for the breach of our declarations that we were going to leave Egypt, and that our remaining on there was thrust upon us against our will. It was only true in the sense that it was impossible to leave Egypt and at the same time remain its lords

and masters politically; only one way was really possible, and that we always refused to take, to restore the National party with its liberal ideas, and thus earn its gratitude and confidence. Egypt might then have remained, not a dependency of the British Empire, but its very good friend and the faithful guardian of the route by the Suez Canal to India. The mistake made on this head by Baring was among the many causes that led, as I shall show, to England's being obliged to take part in the quarrel between France and Germany in the great war of 1914. Lord Cromer's obstinacy on this point was a misfortune. Another was the unlooked-for secession which occurred that spring of Lord Randolph Churchill from the counsels of the Tory party at home. Churchill had, ever since 1882, been a powerful advocate with Lord Salisbury of Egypt's claim to a restoration of her independence so unwisely taken from her in that year, and his quarrel now with his party left my advocacy of Egyptian liberty without support at the Foreign Office of effective Cabinet kind.

We left Sheykh Obeyd for Europe in April, taking Rome again on our way home and Paris.

"*23rd April* 1891.— Landed at Naples this morning, having finished a letter yesterday to Lord Salisbury about Egyptian affairs, and I hope he may pay the attention to it it deserves.

"Having seen our things through the custom house we drove to Agnano and the Grotto del Cane. The lake which used to be the beauty of the place has been dried up these twenty years by a French company, which thought to find the ancient Roman town but found nothing; their operations have left a desolation hideous to the eye. How horrible civilized man is. All day the spectacle of these Neapolitans in their modern slop clothes has been to me a nightmare; all nature is defiled by them. What countenances of filthy passions! what abominations to the senses! what foul rubbish heaps! what stenches! We looked into the Grotto del Cane where criminals they say were cast in the days of Nero. It must have been a merciful death; witness the custode's little dog which has 'died daily' there for sixteen years and still wags its tail at each new performance. A nightingale was singing, the only thing quite in harmony with the beauty of the sky and hills. Later we saw the young Duke, the heir to the Italian throne, a small timid-faced young man, very unlike the House of Savoy of which he is to be the head. The prince is physically unimposing, though on horseback he looks well enough.

"*At Rome, 24th April.*— To Monsignor Stonor's, who showed me a huge correspondence he has been having with O'Shea on the subject of a libel committed on him by Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, O'Shea having appealed to the Pope. There was one specially interesting letter he gave me to read. It related to Parnell's doings with

Chamberlain in 1885, and his acceptance of a local government scheme, also to the part played by O'Shea, Dr. O'Dwyer, and Cardinal Manning in the appointment of Dr. Walsh to the Archbishopric of Dublin. They had all, according to the letter, guaranteed Dr. Walsh as a sound champion of law and order. 'Law and Order,' however, meant another thing in 1885 from what it has meant since. Monsignor Stonor says that Cardinal Moran was already appointed to Dublin and on his way from Australia to Rome, when his nomination was reversed and Dr. Walsh appointed instead. He laments now the ignorance of the Vatican, which sees in Ireland only a faithful Catholic land oppressed by a Foreign Government. I am staying on at the Minerva, Anne and Judith having gone home straight from Naples.

"*25th April.*— To the Irish College where I saw my old friend the Monsignore Rector, who spoke despondingly of Ireland, praying only that God's will might be done. Not so Prior Glyn and Archbishop Walsh whom I next saw. They are very confident of beating Parnell out of Ireland, and winning the English elections (next year); if not they agree that the cause of Home Rule is hopeless, for Irish America would not continue to support a parliamentary struggle, but would fall back on secret societies and assassination. Dr. Walsh estimates Parnell's party in Ireland after the elections at sixteen out of a total of eighty Home Rule Members. Prior Glyn's last words to me were 'We shall meet again at College Green when the Parliament is opened.'

"*28th April.*— Called on Dufferin at the Embassy, who showed me a number of drawings he had made in former times, including one of his mother, done at Athens in the year of our first acquaintance, 1859. He talked a good deal on Eastern subjects, but he skilfully avoided politics, making it clear that he wished the visit to be one of friendship only."

At Paris I stayed four days, principally with the Lyttons, the talk of the day being of the French failure at Tonkin.

"*30th April.*— To a coiffeur in the Rue de la Paix to be trimmed and washed and combed after the fashion of the country. The man who attended me was very voluble, having been a soldier in Tonkin and a blood-thirsty one to boot, by his own showing. 'Ah, Monsieur,' he exclaimed, 'quel gouvernement que le notre, un gouvernement qui ne sait rien faire marcher. Figurez vous qu'on vous envoie des civils pour gouverner la Colonie, des hommes de science qui s'imaginent que tous les hommes sont frères. Ce n'est pas cele qu'il faut à la Colonie, en agissant avec des brutes il faut être brutal. Si j'avais été nommé gouverneur pendant un mois seulement, j'aurais exterminé tout ce monde Tonquinois. Il faut les assommer, Monsieur, comme fait le gouvernement Anglais aux Indes. Voilà un gouvernement qui a la

main raide; c'est ce qu'il faudrait à nos colonies.' He asked me whether I was not of his opinion. I said, 'Perhaps not quite.'"

On my arrival a few days later in London I had a momentary hope about Egypt, seeing it announced in the "Times" (13th May) that the Riaz Ministry had resigned. I had heard the news the night before from Rivers Wilson, and was full of hope that the new men who, the "Times" said, were to take their place would be of the Fellah Party, but the hope was speedily dispelled, as it proved to be merely a shifting of places, no single member of the new Ministry being of the National Party or of the native fellah class. Also Lord Salisbury, 21st May, made a speech about Egypt, which seemed to exclude all thought of preparing for evacuation. It put an end for a while to my pleading for the Egyptian cause, except with my few political friends, Evelyn, Labouchere, Auberon Herbert, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Soon after this:

"*2nd June.*—I saw Sir William Gregory in London, who was interesting himself in the hoped-for return to Egypt of the Ceylon exiles. We agreed that Lord Salisbury was hopeless, and that we had better put Labouchere on our Egyptian business, so to Labouchere I went. He has moved into a delightful house in Old Palace Yard exactly opposite the Houses of Parliament. I met him on the doorstep just coming in from the House, in an old skull-cap which he wears instead of hat, and he took me in to luncheon. We talked about Egypt, as to which he has always been sounder than any other politician except Randolph. I was glad to find that he was not prepared to evacuate *unconditionally*, but intended, when the Liberals came into power, to get Egypt neutralised, and I think he will serve us better than anyone else can. 'If you have any influence with the French,' he said, 'get them to propose terms of neutralization.' I explained to him what the position in Egypt was. He was very amusing about the actual state of the Liberal party, 'Gladstone in his dotage pulled this way by one and that way by another. They don't expect a dissolution until next year, but hope to keep the old man alive like the Tycoon of Japan, even after he is dead.' All agree that there will be a general break up in the party when Gladstone dies. Labouchere is looking old, he tells me he is fifty-eight, but I trust he may last long enough some day to lead his party."

With Lawson I had a long talk, June the 4th, and "found him nearly as much a pessimist about the human race as I have become. In England he looks to the advent of a really democratic parliament as a last chance, beyond which, if it fails, there is nothing to hope." With Morris, too, whom I again saw much of, I found the same political despondency. He had just published his "News from Nowhere." "The picture he draws in it of social communism is pretty, but he, too,

is not very hopeful of its ever coming true. I am determined now to get on with my 'Secret History of the Invasion of Egypt,' so as to have it ready for publication when Gladstone comes back to office. My old friend, too, Eddy Hamilton, I saw. I found him occupying the ground floor rooms of No. 10, Downing Street. His sitting room is that in which the Cabinet Councils have always been held, and many a scurvy decision been come to in the last hundred years." Hamilton was now permanent official head of the Treasury, and the rooms had been lent him by Lord Salisbury who did not occupy them. He was suffering, however, with the disease, creeping paralysis, of which some years later he died, and we did not talk much on Egypt or on politics.

In my disappointment about Egypt I turned with redoubled zest to my social pleasures of the year before, and at this time saw much of that interesting group of clever men and pretty women known as the "Souls," than whom no section of London Society was better worth frequenting, including as it did all that there was most intellectually amusing and least conventional. It was a group of men and women bent on pleasure, but pleasure of a superior kind, eschewing the vulgarities of racing and card-playing indulged in by the majority of the rich and noble, and looking for their excitement in romance and sentiment. But this is not the place in which to describe the life we led, though it well deserves being eternalized in print. It harmonized well with my literary work, and the verses I was preparing for a new edition of the "Sonnets and Songs of Proteus." This William Morris had proposed to print as one of the earliest volumes of the Kelmscott Press, and I was much with him in connection with it.

"10*th June*.—There is a great turmoil in the papers about Lord Salisbury's Treaty or Agreement with Italy in 1887. It appears now that King Humbert told Prince Napoleon about it, and at last it has come out. This coincides with the change of policy in Egypt, and the determination to remain there." [This Agreement, which has never been officially admitted by our Foreign Office, related to an intended seizure by Italy of Tripoli, and a promise that England would help Italy if it led to a quarrel between her and France. The reality of the agreement, however, has since been acknowledged by Crispi in his Memoirs.]

To London in the evening and dined in Park Lane (a small dinner arranged by George Wyndham, in which I was to meet Arthur Balfour and bury the hatchet with him of our Irish quarrel). The party consisted of George and his wife, Lady Clifden's daughter, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Hardinge, Lord Edmund Talbot, Bo Grosvenor (Lord Ebury), Charles Gatty, with Balfour and me. It was a pleasant party, and after the ladies had left we stayed on talking till past one o'clock. I had not met Balfour since my Irish campaigning, and we did not talk

politics, discussing instead literature, and especially the influence of Arabia on the Middle Ages. Balfour was agreeable and the conversation brilliant, and he showed especial amiability to me as if to make up for past severities, offering me a place in his brougham to go home in when we went away. Why, indeed, should we quarrel? He has mitigated his prison rigours in Ireland and I am aloof from politics.

"*11th July.*— Arabi's case has been brought forward in Parliament by Labouchere, and the Foreign Office answer is fairly satisfactory. Ferguson says that the Government has uttered no *non possumus* about the exiles, and is seeing what can be done.

"All the world is agog just now about the visit of the German Emperor to London, and the Liberals are just as absurd (in their adulation) as the Tories. I met Justin McCarthy to-day in the street with his son Huntly, and walked some way with them. They were jubilant about the Carlow election and Parnell's collapse, but Huntly told me he did not intend to come forward again in Parliament, but would stick to literature. His talk about Egypt was quite in the Imperialistic vein, justifying what I have always predicted that the Irish, once free, would be more English than the English in enslaving the weaker nations.

"*15th July.*— To see Cardinal Manning, taking with me a basket of roses from Crabbet for his birthday, of which I was reminded by Hedgecock's remark in the morning that to-day was 'Swithums.' The old man is less infirm, I thought, and we talked politics and literature. He told me of two new poets, Symons and Mrs. King. He is satisfied with the way things are going in Ireland, and asked me what I thought of the Pope's Labour Encyclical. It is, in truth, a rather colourless pronouncement, saying too little.

"*6th Aug.*— At Coombe, where I heard from Bertram Currie the history of the Baring financial crisis, and the part he had played in averting its being an absolute crash. The collapse was due to Revelstoke's having gambled outside the line of his ordinary business. He had had his head turned by the million he had made over the Guinness affair, and he had come to think that everything he touched must turn to gold, and he went on to his ventures in South America, which let him in. The House of Baring would have broken altogether if he, Bertram, had not got the Bank of England to secure its liabilities for a million and taken half a million himself and persuaded Lord Rothschild as late as six o'clock in the evening to take another. The prospects in South America are bad, as things there do not settle down and Ned [Revelstoke] has only £500 a year settled income. [This was a case that had made an immense sensation in the City. But the House of Baring has happily survived it.]

"*7th August.*— Lunched at Kelmscott House when Mrs. Morris

took me to see the printing. Morris's own poems were being struck off, most beautiful they are with their rubrics. The sheet I saw being printed contained the Ballad of John a Wood."

This also of nearly the same date relates to the Kelmscott Press. "Had supper with Morris and his wife and her sister, Miss Burden, and a Mr. Walker [Emery Walker], who helps in the printing work. Morris was busy drawing a title-page for his 'Golden Legend' and there were some sheets of his new volume of poems, which is to be uniform with the volume he is printing for me. He was immensely pleased when I told him that I had read his 'News from Nowhere,' and that Anne also had read it. He gave an amusing account of an old house 'that that fellow Watts (the painter) had been daubing over. But a coat of whitewash,' he said, 'would soon set that right.' I told him in return about George Wyndham's visit to Swinburne at Putney, a few months ago, when the other Watts, Theodore Watts-Dunton, had insisted on talking politics with him instead of literature, to George's disgust, and how it had ended in Watts reading out his own poems instead of letting Swinburne read his. Watts, George tells me, keeps Swinburne prisoner, as a keeper keeps a lunatic. He had explained to George that some years ago he had found Swinburne in bed, dying of what is called 'drunkard's diarrhœa,' and that having got him round, he now considers Swinburne as his own property, and treats him like a naughty boy, 'a case,' said George, 'for police interference.' Morris was greatly amused at this."

The month of September saw me in Scotland for a fortnight's grouse shooting at Castle Menzies, which had been rented for the season by my friends the Wagrams, where I had the advantage of meeting a number of French royalists who were staying there to pay their court to the Comte de Paris, who rented a moor close by, the Broglies, the Jaucourts, and the Hautpouls, as well as Count Mensdorff, afterwards Austrian Ambassador in London. With these I made friends, and also had more than one opportunity of seeing the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their beautiful daughter, Princess Hélène, who was at one time so nearly marrying the heir to our own English throne, and who afterwards married the Duke of Aosta (I had already met her once before at the Wagrams'). My diary describes the life led by these most worthy Pretenders to the throne of France in their summer Highland home thus:

"*13th Sept. Sunday.*—We drove over to Loch Kinnaird, a lovely place in a fir wood high up on the moors. The house is a wooden one without any kind of pretension. The inside of varnished deal, no upper story, no garden, and no attempt at beautifying inside or out. There we found the Comte de Paris, a lean, bent, grisly-bearded man, on the wrong side of middle age, undistinguished in appearance or

manner, though courteous and amiable, difficult to recognize as the descendant of French kings or the representative of divine right in the world. His Queen, a masculine, plain woman.

"With them, the flower of their wilderness, Princesse Hélène de France et de Navarre, a tall, very tall, slight girl of immense charm and distinction, whom I taught to play lawn tennis at Castle Menzies three years ago. She remembered it well and was very nice to me in her greeting. She poured out tea for us, and we all sat down to it, a regular meal in the dining-room. The little conversation I had with the Comte de Paris was only about shooting." I saw them again on the 15th, when they came to Castle Menzies for a great *chasse* of blue hares on Shehallion. "It was close opposite Shehallion on the tops of the hills, and to these the hares were driven, poor timorous beasts of the blue mountain kind. We got four hundred of them, a terrible massacre. The party consisted of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, with three French gentlemen of their suite, of Wagram, the Prince de Broglie, Lord Crawford and his son Balcarres, Algy Grosvenor, Godfrey Webb, Needham, and me. The Comtesse de Paris shoots well. I walked the last two miles across the moor with her and saw her kill a brace of strong flying driven grouse in excellent style. She marches over the heather like a grenadier, shouts at the beaters, and jokes in rough country fashion with those near her. The Comte is equally without pretence. They are addressed as Monseigneur and Madame — sometimes, but rarely, as Altesse — their conversation a long sequence of royal commonplace. They are full of *bonhomie*. Coming to the high road on our way home a gipsy woman stopped the Count, and he gave her two sixpences.

"*20th Sept.*— At 1, came the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and the little Princess looking lovely in a hat with pink flowers. I was put next her at luncheon, and we talked all the time, Balcarres being on her right hand. We talked about the East, and she promised to come to Egypt and that I should be her dragoman and take her to Mount Sinai. She told me about her life at home at Stowe, where she rides and hunts with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, and at Loch Kinnaird where she walks about the hills alone each summer with her dogs. I asked her, 'Have you no governess with you?' 'I should like to see the governess,' she said, 'who would undertake to look after me.' And she looked proudly out of her blue eyes. In Spain, where they spend part of their winters near Seville, they hunt wild camels on horseback. We talked, too, about her brother, the Duc d'Orléans' imprisonment at Paris, and mine in Ireland."

On my way back south I paid a first visit to the Glen, where most of the Tennant family were assembled, though Margot was away. Lucy and Charty, however, were there, and I made great friends with

old Lady Tennant, a quiet little old lady, very well dressed, active and alert, whom I found exceedingly pleasant and conversable, with a heart overflowing with kindness. She showed me a book about Souls, which gives diagrams of the various kinds of souls, the surface soul, the deep soul, and the mixed soul, half-clever, half-childish (the book had something to do, I think, with the name given to the set of which her daughters were such notable members).

"Talking about Gladstone, she tells me that Gladstone's grandfather lived in this neighbourhood at Peebles. He was a baker, spelling his name Gladstanes, but known locally as 'licht bap,' on account of his selling his bread at false weight, 'bap' being the name of a kind of loaf. After luncheon we all drove to Traquhair, an interesting old house much fallen into decay, the present owner taking no interest in it. We were shown over the rooms by his brother, who might have been one of Scott's Osbaldistones. The family pedigrees were lying littered round the library, hardly legible for damp.

"*30th Sept.*— To Kelmscott Manor, to wish the Morrises good-bye for the winter. It was very perfect weather and we did our gudgeon fishing and took our walks as usual there. Jenny is better than she has been for several years. Her devotion to her father is most touching and his to her. Morris in high feather. He read us out several of his poems of his best, including 'The Haystack in the Floods,' but his reading is without the graces of elocution. He did it as if he were throwing a bone to a dog, at the end of each piece breaking off with 'There, that's it,' as much as to say, 'You may take it or leave it, as you please.' He is to lecture on art at Birmingham on Friday. Politically he is in much the same position as I am. He has found his Socialism impossible and uncongenial, and has thrown it wholly up for art and poetry, his earlier loves. I fancy I may have influenced him in this."

The early autumn saw me once more in Paris, where the unrest of the military party which had given Boulanger his chance two years before, a chance which he had failed to take, had given place to apathy. "Poor Boulanger," I write, 1st October, "has blown his brains out over the grave of Madame Bonnemain. Politically he was already defunct, and this is a graceful and dramatic exit"; and a week later, "Parnell is dead."

Here I spent my time, as usual, mostly at the Embassy, where Lady Salisbury was staying with her daughter, Lady Gwendolen, and her sister-in-law, Lady Galloway, both very charming women. Lady Salisbury, too, was clever with much dry wit. I find the following in my journal: "I sat between Lady Salisbury and Lady Galloway to-night at dinner, and during it she told us a story of a visit she had paid long ago to old Lady Palmerston, and how Lady Palmerston had said to

her, *à propos* of the bondage of social observances: 'My dear you will some day be in my position (of Prime Minister's wife), and when you are I advise you to pay no visits at all.' 'So I never pay any,' she said, 'except to the Foreign Ambassadresses. Of course,' she added, 'I don't include those of the South American Republics or any others of the people who live up trees.'"

The question of the evacuation of Egypt was being a good deal discussed at that time in Paris, as the French Government, suspecting Lord Salisbury of the intention, he in fact had, of making the Occupation there more permanent, was beginning to give trouble, and I found both Lytton and Egerton, first Secretary of the Embassy, an old friend of mine, who did much of the work of the Embassy, and had been acting as Chargé d'Affaires during Lytton's absence on leave during the summer, anxious to hear what I had to say on the subject, and I discussed it thoroughly with both. I had learned from my Egyptian friend, Sanua, who had just been at Constantinople and had had an interview with Sultan Abdul Hamid, that the Sultan had declared positively to him that he would take action to enforce the evacuation. There was a perfect understanding now between the Turkish Government and the French, probably also the Russian Government, who had repented the pressure they had put upon Abdul Hamid to prevent his ratifying the Wolff Convention, and were pressing the Sultan to re-open the question. Lytton, poor fellow, had returned to Paris from a cure he had been taking in England, very seriously ill, and the doctors had enjoined upon him complete idleness, a remedy which would involve his giving up his Embassy, but he was interested in what I told him, and asked me to write him a memorandum on the whole subject of Egypt, and especially that I should discuss it with Egerton. This I did and found Egerton strongly in favour of my views. "To my surprise he told me that he was in favour of evacuating Egypt seeing the pledges that had been given. 'We have managed,' he said, 'to set everybody there against us except that stupid fool the Khedive who counts for nothing,' and urged me strongly not only to write but to publish my memorandum, if only anonymously in the 'Times.'" Later (the same day, 27th October) I saw George Curzon who is staying in Paris with Condy Stephens. He, Curzon, of course, talks all the other way, and says the whole Conservative party will oppose evacuation tooth and nail. I breakfasted with him, Oscar Wilde, and Willy Peel, on which occasion Oscar told us he was writing a play in French to be acted in the Français. He is ambitious of being a French Academician. We promised to go to the first representation, George Curzon as Prime Minister. A day or two later, with Lytton's approval and Egerton's, I gave my memorandum to Blowitz (the "Times" correspondent), and it appeared in due course in the "Times" without my name, and ac-

companied with a leading article. Lord Salisbury, however, had already made up his mind, and in a new speech reiterated his intention to remain in Egypt. "Lytton," I write, 11th November, "is delighted with Lord Salisbury's boldness in refusing to evacuate. Egerton says it is foolhardy."[1]

It is worth noting that, if Egerton's view had prevailed, and our quarrel with France had then been solved on the basis of our evacuating Egypt, it would in all probability have forestalled the mistake made twelve years later of effecting the reconciliation, through the fatal error of basing it on "compensating" France by encouraging her seizure of Morocco. The Entente with France, begun in 1904 by an act of aggression on a harmless neighbour, involved France necessarily in a quarrel with Germany, who had earmarked Morocco as her share of the plunder of North Africa; it revived at Paris the half-forgotten dream of a *guerre de revanche* for Alsace-Lorraine, and strengthened the war party on both sides the Rhine. England it involved in the Entente with Russia, cemented with the betrayal of a second weak Mohammedan state, Persia, and drove progressive Turkey, in fear of a third betrayal, into an alliance with Kaiser Wilhelm.

I left Paris a few days later for Rome and Cairo. During the fortnight that I had been at the Embassy, Lytton's condition had rapidly grown worse, and when, on the 13th of November, I was taken in to where he lay in bed to say good-bye, I felt that our farewell might be the last. "Give my love to Dufferin," were his last words, "when you are at Rome — *that* he always has — and tell him I am a wreck, but do not mean to make a vacancy yet." And so we said, God bless you and good-bye. It was less than a fortnight later (25th November, at Fogliano) that a telegram reached me, forwarded through Lord Dufferin at Rome, from Paris, telling me that my friend had died. His death was a loss I can hardly estimate, and to many more than me, for by the public in Paris it was looked on as a State calamity. He had managed to make himself beloved there as no English ambassador had been since Waterloo, and as Dufferin, who, as had been expected, succeeded him, with all his great social gifts was never able to achieve. It was not merely that Lytton was popular, but he was beloved. His death was a loss to the cause of our good understanding with France, and I think to Egypt too, for though too pronounced an Imperialist to wish to see England's hand over the Nile relaxed, no one could so well have settled the conditions of an evacuation as Lytton could have done had it been so decided. And he placed value on my opinion in the matter.

During the few days I spent at Rome that November I attended a

[1] For my memorandum, see Appendix II.

Peace Congress, to which as member of the acting committee of the Arbitration and Peace Society I had been invited, but I was very unfavourably impressed with the Italian tone in regard to international matters where the rights of non-European nationalities were at stake. The Italians, like the French and all the Latin races, seemed to me incapable of grasping the idea, which we in England at any rate admit in theory if seldom in practice, that the nations outside the community of Christian civilization have any rights at all. I did not speak on this occasion, but I left the meeting convinced that the establishment of international peace if it could be secured for Europe would bode no good for Africa or Asia, and that as far as these regions of the world were concerned the old proverb probably held good, "When thieves fall out honest men come by their own."

From Fogliano we went straight on without returning to Rome, and so by the first boat to Alexandria, reaching Sheykh Obeyd on 7th December, where we spent the rest of the winter.

About the close of the year 1891, I received the following letter from Sir William Harcourt in answer to one of mine from Paris, inclosing a copy of my Paris memorandum. As it is of great importance I give it textually here:

"Malwood, 16*th December* 1891.

"DEAR WILFRID BLUNT,

"I have not written before to thank you for your paper on Egypt, as you sent me at the time no address. I was greatly impressed by the ability and moderation of its views, and the fulness with which the question was discussed in every aspect. I forwarded it to John Morley, who entirely concurred with me, in the high opinion I had formed of its merits.

"The question is, no doubt, one of great complexity and cannot be rushed. At the same time I have never varied in my opinion of the mischief and danger of the continued occupation, as far as England is concerned, and though probably you will not agree with me I regard this as by far the most important consideration. It is quite impossible for the Government to take a high line as to occupation after the Drummond-Wolff negotiations. The whole thing is summed up in a nutshell by Wolff in his concluding despatch, after the ratification by the English Government of the Convention for the Evacuation in 1887, within the space of three years. He says, 'It has more than once been suggested that England should take permanent possession of Egypt. This would have been violation of the traditional policy of England, of her good faith to the Sultan, and of public law. In time of peace it would have exposed her to constant jealousy and danger. In time of war, it would have been a weak point, entailing a constant drain on her re-

sources. Her Majesty's Government have disclaimed all idea of annexing Egypt or of establishing a Protectorate over it.'

"This language was approved by Salisbury, and was a deliberate renewal in the face of Europe of the pledges given in 1881. Salisbury undertook to 'guarantee the neutralization of Egypt as the mandatory of the other Powers, that duty being regarded as a burden rather than a privilege.' The great mischief, as you properly point out, is that since that period the policy of Evelyn Baring has been to administer the Government of Egypt in such a manner as to make it constantly less instead of more able to stand by itself, and so to make the task of fulfilling our obligation more rather than less difficult.

"I hope by this time you are enjoying your wild life in the desert. We are raising our rural tribes here, who are rallying round the Mahdi Schnadhorst — but I forgot you have sworn off British Politics, a wise determination to which I advise you to adhere.

"Yrs. sincerely,
"W. V. HARCOURT."

This is a very important letter, as it indicates doubtless what Mr. Gladstone's view at the time was, for Sir William Harcourt and he worked together on questions of foreign policy. It is also of importance as showing that John Morley then shared their opinion. It was a combination of Baring, and of Milner, acting under his direction on the London Press, with Rosebery, that prevented an honest solution of the Egyptian question when the Liberals, shortly afterwards, returned to power.

CHAPTER IV

THE YOUNG KHEDIVE ABBAS

1892 to 1893

The year 1892 opened with an event which was to prove a turning-point in Egyptian history, one where a new opportunity was given to our Government of making a fresh start in the direction of that National Government on constitutional lines, which Lord Dufferin had promised and which might have enabled England to withdraw her army of occupation in agreement with the Sultan, and the Powers of Europe, but which was once more unfortunately let slip, mainly through Sir Evelyn Baring's fault, who misjudged the character of those with whom he had to deal, and found in it only an opportunity of taking the reins of Government at Cairo more completely into his own hands. On the 7th of January of the new year the Khedive Tewfik, still comparatively a young man, suddenly and unexpectedly died. He had been ailing for a few days at his country palace at Helwan, and no one had at all foreseen what was to happen. In the common view of native Egypt he was supposed to have been poisoned, the memory of such doings for political reasons being still strong in the popular mind, though, in fact, it was a natural death hastened only by the mistake of the doctors called in to attend him.

"*9th Jan.* 1892.—Yesterday at eleven o'clock Mutlak (our Bedouin horse rider), came to me and told me that the Khedive was dead, and immediately afterwards Mohammed Nassr the Berberi porter repeated the news, 'It is Husseyn Pasha the Prince,' the latter said, 'who has done it, I was in his service, and he is a son of sin, *ibn el haram.*' On the roof, old Ali, the plasterer, who is a Halimist, and had just been to the station at Matarieh for gossip, remarked with a wink to me, 'Are you not going to the funeral?' and he went through the pantomime of drinking a cup of coffee (meaning he had been poisoned). This morning he tells me about it more precisely. 'It is the Dowlah that did it (the Sultan's Government). Mukhtar had advised Tewfik many times to try a change of air, for the air of Egypt did not agree with him, but he would not listen.' I asked the old man whether he meant that Mukhtar had had it done. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'they have sent somebody on purpose from beyond the water' (from Stamboul). It cer-

tainly looks suspicious. They hurried on the funeral with extravagant haste. Tewfik died at 8 p.m. on Thursday, and was buried the next afternoon, Friday. The palace physician gave his certificate that the death was a natural one; no European doctor examined the body. It takes us back to the good old times.

"For the interests of the Egyptians I cannot pretend to be sorry. I was talking on Monday to Mohammed Moelhi, and we agreed that it was hopeless to look for any improvement as long as Tewfik was on the throne; he would never consent to a reconstruction of the National Party or work with the Constitution; latterly he had gone over very much to the French. Of the *prince héritier* Abbas, Mohammed said he was very anti-English, though too young to have fixed opinions. A Constitution might be possible with him if strongly supported for a few years by England. Lord Salibury will have his hand forced, to make a settlement of the Egyptian question, and I am glad of it, as the English Liberals cannot be trusted to protect native interests here, and would probably hand over the Protectorate in all but name to the French. I have not seen any European yet, so do not know how Baring takes the event."

"*10th Jan.*— Went in to Cairo to see Baring, and had a few minutes' conversation with him. I suggested that on the accession of the new Khedive there might be a general pardon and amnesty. He said, 'Perhaps, but not for those in Ceylon.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'I understood from you that it was Tewfik's personal unwillingness that stood in the way.' He answered, 'Anyhow, it cannot be done. They (the exiles) have got nothing the matter with them, and they only want to go to Cyprus.' Again I asked, 'Why not to Cyprus?' But he would not hear of it. We talked about the Khedive's death, and he told me he had had an inflammation of the kidneys, and passed no water for forty-eight hours; he blamed the doctors. 'The Khedive,' he added, 'always had a very bad *entourage*.'

"Lunched with the Tennants. They had been to tea with us on the last day of the old year, and Margot had been very charming and very amusing.

"Then to Helwan to see Minshawi Pasha, and hear his version of the news. 'Ah,' said Minshawi (he was living in a villa close by the Khedivial palace), 'if you had only come to see me a week sooner, we should have had the pleasure of making Tewfik angry.'

"*20th Jan.*— Dr. Abdel Razak Bey came to see me. He had been with Salim Pasha a day or two ago, who was one of the late Khedive's two doctors. Salim had told him that what the Khedive died of was in reality a stricture. Abdel Razak speaks highly of the young Abbas as well instructed and intelligent, and we discussed the new situation Tewfik's death must cause for the Egyptian National Party."

Abdel Razak had been one of Arabi's personal friends, and one of his most level-headed advisers, knowing Europe well, and speaking English as well as French, a rare accomplishment at that time. By his advice and that of Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, who formed a favourable opinion of the young Khedive Abbas, who now succeeded his father, I decided that the time was now come for me to make my peace formally with the Egyptian Government. As long as Tewfik was alive it had been difficult for me to do this. I had taken too prominent a part in the revolution, and had denounced Tewfik too openly after it to make it possible for me to take any step towards a reconciliation or pay my respects to him by calling at the palace. But it was now thought by my friends that I should do well in asking an audience of his successor, and I consequently asked Baring to present me formally to Abbas, as was the custom in the case of other Englishmen visiting Egypt. In pursuance of this resolve I find in my diary:

"*1st Feb.*— Went into Cairo with Anne and lunched with the Barings, and was taken by Baring afterwards to call upon the Khedive Abbas at the Abdin Palace. It is rather more than eleven years since I had paid just such another visit to Tewfik with Malet. When we were shown in to-day we were met at the door of the room by a little young man in military undress whom I took to be an Aide-de-Camp, but who turned out to be Abbas himself, a quite unmilitary figure of proportions which made him look like a woman dressed up in man's clothes. He has, however, a very good manner in talking, and a pleasant smile, with brown eyes, and just a tinge of russet in his hair. He reminded me much of his grandfather, Ismaïl, and has just the same sort of French accent, talking French well but not perfectly. He showed no sign of shyness, and treated Baring with easy politeness, without any sign of special deference; me he treated with considerable amiability. We talked a little about the brigandage in the neighbourhood of his Koubbah Palace and Sheykh Obeyd (the two places are within three miles of each other), and then about petitions, and then about certain receptions and ceremonies, nothing at all interesting, but I thought he showed considerable intelligence, and there was a slight touch of sarcasm in his talk reminding me very especially of Ismaïl. I shall be surprised if he does not give Baring trouble. He is said about here to be very anti-English, but Baring will not hear a word of this, though I expect it is true." So far my journal. My recollection, however, goes further than this. It is that Baring's manner on this occasion was very abrupt, like that of a schoolmaster to a schoolboy, and that on our way back from the palace I remarked to him that I thought the Khedive would not bear driving with any but a very light rein, his answer being that it was necessary to treat Orientals firmly; also I warned him he would have trouble.

"I have written to Sir William Harcourt to tell him of Tewfik's death and my impressions of Abbas, and to urge him to push forward Constitutional Government in Egypt."

We left Egypt soon after this and were back in England by the middle of April.

The summer that followed, like the last, I devoted more to literature and society than to politics. My daughter Judith was now being brought out in society, and though I did not attend many of her balls and parties, it was a distraction for me from serious work. There is very little of my diary connected with politics until the middle of August, when the general elections took place, which resulted in a moderate triumph for the Liberal party, and Lord Salisbury's retirement from office in favour once more of Gladstone. In the meanwhile there are a few entries in my journal worth transcribing:

"*9th May.*— Called on Lady Gregory, and found her sad in her widow's weeds. Sir William died during the winter.

"I have finished 'Griselda,' and the Arabic ballads, and 'The Stealing of the Mare,' and am publishing an article on Lytton as a Poet in the 'Nineteenth Century.'

"*18th May.*— Riding in the park I was joined by Frederic Harrison, who told me he had been converted to Islam as a living religion, and offered to support my candidature if I would come forward as a Mohammedan at the elections.

"*19th May.*— To lunch with Sir William Harcourt. The old man was very communicative both about Egypt and about Ireland. As to the former he is for evacuation, but is sound about not giving the country up to France. He asked me about the Soudan danger, about which I reassured him; then as to whether it would not be possible to occupy the Suez Canal only. I said I thought it would be quite possible. He would not hear of allowing the Sultan to intervene. I told him that it would be easy to constitute a Liberal native Government and retire. He seemed surprised to hear that the land tax had not been reduced. 'As to justice,' he said, 'justice is only a question of personalities in any country.' Next we discussed Ireland. He said, 'I am afraid there is no doubt we shall be in office after the elections, and then our troubles will begin. The Irish are impossible; they are split up into four sections, and there is no leader among them to treat with.' We went through the various prominent men in the Irish party, and he asked me about Dr. Walsh and Dr. Crook, also about Persico's mission, and the politics of the Vatican. I gather from him that the Home Rule Bill will be no simple matter, and that he is not personally much interested in it. He spoke severely of the individual Irish leaders.

"*20th May.*— To the Frederic Harrisons. We had a long talk

about Egypt, and agreed that the best chance of getting an honest policy of evacuation would be to prevent Rosebery's returning to the Foreign Office. Harrison thinks that Rosebery will either not join Gladstone's Ministry, or make it a condition that the *status quo* in Egypt should be continued. On Ireland he is quite pessimistic, considers Home Rule for the present a lost cause, and the G.O.M. destined to retire from public life discredited. Morley would follow him, and there would then be a reconstruction of the Liberal party under Rosebery, Chamberlain, Harcourt, and Randolph. He thinks, nevertheless, that Ireland would some day or other get its independence, while I maintained that the tendency of progress was towards the amalgamation of nations, not their separation. To this he said, 'You know we, the Positivists, believe that in the next century there will be one hundred and fifty separate States in Europe,' but Mrs. Harrison dissented, and I should fancy that his faith in the Comtist prediction is not very solid.

"*23rd May.*—I am staying at Babraham with the Adeanes, and went to-day, with Adeane, to Gogmagog to see the pictures of the Godolphin, and other Arabians, and the former's grave. The original portrait of the Godolphin, which is there, is of a second-rate Arab, with a heavy head, lop ears, and a drooping quarter. It is difficult to understand that race-horses should have sprung from his loins. The view from Gogmagog over the plain is grand, but the house is mean, though beloved of its ducal owner. In the afternoon to Audley End, a stately place, but unfortunately cleaned up, plate glassed, and adorned in recent years.

"*24th May.*—Dined with Philip Currie in Connaught Place, Mrs. Singleton doing the honours. I sat between Mrs. Algy Grosvenor and Oscar Wilde. Beyond Oscar Mrs. Singleton, then Godfrey Webb. There were also Lady Ducane and a daughter, Lady Sykes, Lady Baring, just made a peeress, O'Connor [1] and Trench, diplomats, and three or four more. Oscar was in good form, and he and I, Philip and O'Connor sat up till half-past twelve talking when the rest were gone.

"*25th May.*—To a meeting at Lord Cowper's, respecting a memorial for Lytton. Lord Salisbury was present, and made an inappropriate proposal (as I thought) that the monument should be placed in the India Office. Alfred Austin opposed this on literary grounds, and I seconded him, asking that the Committee should first try for a place, however small, in the Abbey. I am quite sure this would have been Lytton's own wish, for he cared far more for his position as a poet than for all the rest.

"*4th June.*—Took Judith to lunch at Hammersmith. Morris in

good talk, told us he had never in all his life been owner of a dog, and did not care for pets — thought he might perhaps make friends with a horse, if he had the time and opportunity. He showed us round the printing press, where his Golden Legend sheets were hanging on strings to dry, the printers being away for their Whit Saturday afternoon.

"*5th June.*— Whit Sunday at Crabbet. Staal the Russian Ambassador came to lunch with his wife and daughter. He is of all foreigners the man with whom I can talk most intimately, for we were fast friends thirty-three years ago at Athens, he then thirty-seven, I eighteen. Now he is seventy, I fifty-one; yet we talked just as of old, and I doubt if we feel much older. He was never a young man, even in those days.

"*7th June.*— To Mark Napier's at Fulham. Mark was in his shirt-sleeves, working at the building of a steam launch he is constructing with his own hands in the upstairs drawing-room of Little Mulgrave House, a beautiful room of the last century, full of china and *bric-à-brac,* perhaps the most incongruous building yard ever chosen. The difficulty will be to get the boat out of the window when finished. A large circular saw stood in the dining-room downstairs. [The boat was safely launched, nevertheless.]

"*20th June.*— Breakfast with George Wyndham and Sibell. George and I discussed the prospects of the General Election. He says the most optimistic Tory calculation is 14 majority, while Loulou Harcourt and the Liberals count on 100 for their majority.

"*5th July.*— At Kelmscott Manor. I came here yesterday. Morris in fine spirits, and inexhaustible energy over his new hobby, the printing press. He is beginning a Chaucer, and there is great discussion whether it is to be printed in single or double column. I am much in favour of the single column. Burne Jones is to do illustrations. I forgot to say that I was at Merton last week with the Morrises, when we saw a brother of his, working in the dye vats there, a dreamy man in workman's clothes, with his shirt sleeves turned up, and his arms blue with indigo to the elbows. I asked Morris about him and, he tells me that having begun life with a good fortune — he had a country place in Herefordshire — he has gradually fallen in the world, and after trying one thing and another to get a living is now glad to be employed on weekly wages. He lives at Merton, and is quite happy, indeed he looked so, dipping wool all day in the vats, in a shed open on to the garden. It is, perhaps, the nearest thing to a conventual life which can be found in the lay world. We walked to-day in the meadows by the river.

"*6th July.*— The elections are going not too well for Gladstone, and though he will probably get a majority, I fear Home Rule is doomed.

"Constance, Lady Lothian, I knew as a very pretty woman thirty years ago, with her invalid husband (elder brother of my friend Schomberg Kerr), of whom a fine portrait exists by Watts. On our way home we renewed our argument as applied especially to the Irish. 'They ought to have been exterminated long ago,' said Gerald, 'but it is too late now.' He is confident, however, of defeating Home Rule by Constitutional means."

Gerald's argument, I recollect, was based on an application to inter-racial politics of Darwin's law of the selection of the fittest, or rather of what is an exaggerated interpretation of that law. Those who put forward this view forget that Man by the abnormal development of his reasoning powers and his invention of lethal weapons, has put himself outside the unconscious working of the natural law. Darwin is in no way responsible for this application of his doctrine, as is clearly seen in the sympathy he shows with the backward races of mankind, especially in his "Voyage of the Beagle." Though individual strives with individual in the natural world, there is never a combination of a whole species or race to make war with and destroy a feebler race. This was my argument with Gerald. Three years later he was appointed by Lord Salisbury and his brother Arthur, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and proved a kindly ruler while in office there, being by nature an altogether amiable, kind-hearted man, but infected, as so many of our Imperialists were beginning to be at that date, by the politico-scientific doctrines so crudely preached in Germany.

On the 7th of August I started on a driving tour, the first of many such I made in after years, taking the northern road as far as Streatley, then crossing the Berkshire Downs westward, and travelling over grass a quite uninhabited country, "as desolate as parts of Mesopotamia, and in the bright sunlight very beautiful, coveys of young partridges running here and there tamely in front of the carriage, and so as far as Chilton, where I had the good fortune to find entertainment at the rectory house of the parson, Morland, a worthy man, living alone in that lonely place and glad to see a stranger, a hospitality rare of its kind in civilized England, and so on to Kelmscott, where I stayed a couple of nights. I found there my friend John Henry Middleton, the Cambridge Professor, an old ally of Morris's, and intimate in former days with Rossetti. Middleton had been a considerable traveller in out-of-the-way places, and he narrated to me in detail what I had already heard him tell, his experience in Morocco with a Moorish magician. This is his account of the incident:

"He was travelling in 1879 about half way between Tetuan and Morocco, and one evening an old man came to his camp mounted on an ass, with a boy as servant. The man said he was a magician, and proposed to perform three wonders; the first to throw a ball of twine

into the air, the second to make a plant grow, and the third to show the face of a person thought of, in a globe of ink. It was already late, and the performance was put off until the following morning — the magician remaining the night in the camp, and in the morning when the tents were struck he was invited to give his performance. It was an open place, uninhabited, and without trees or bushes. Middleton chose the ground at some little distance from where the camp had been. The magician first took from his wallet a large ball of string, large enough to need both hands to lift it, and having made a long incantation he tied the end of the string to one finger of his left hand, and then with a great exertion threw the ball upwards, which unravelled as it went, and, growing less and less, disappeared in the air. He then let go of the string's end, which continued to hang from the sky. The magician and his boy sat at a little distance, and Middleton went to the string and pulled it downwards, as you would pull a bell-rope. It stretched to within about two feet of the ground, but he felt the resistance strongly from above, so much so that he cut his fingers with the string, the mark remaining for several days afterwards. The five men whom he had with him also touched the string, three of these were Moors, one a Berber, and the other an interpreter. It was clear daylight at the time, about half an hour after sunrise. When they had all satisfied themselves that the string was suspended as it appeared to be, the magician came forward, and in his turn pulled it, when it fell down from the sky in coils on the ground; he then rolled it up again into a ball, and put it back into his wallet.

"The magician next took from his wallet a seed, and when Middleton had chosen a bare place, planted it in the ground; he then asked for some palm branches which they had with them, and which had been cut the day before, and he made an arched covering with them over the seed and heaped horse rugs upon the hoops, and then sat apart and made incantations. At the end of a few minutes he invited them to undo the covering, and there, in the ground, a plant was growing, set firmly in the earth, the first time a few inches high, but when he had covered it up again and built the hoops higher, it at last became three feet eight inches high. Middleton measured the plant, found it firmly rooted, and cut off and kept some of the leaves; the nature of the plant seemed to resemble that of the Indian rubber tree, and it had some fifty leaves. It was fresh and healthy though the weather was very hot, it being the month of October. In the third incantation Middleton was made to look into a globe of ink. He desired to see the face of a friend, but instead saw persistently and very vividly a certain landscape he knew well on the river Severn, near Tewkesbury. The magician when asked whether he could climb the string and disappear in the air (like the magician Marco Polo tells of), stated that his grandfather had had the

power, but that he himself was unable. Having been rewarded, he mounted his ass and rode away. Middleton believes that the manifestations produced were mesmeric, certainly no trick. The leaves of the plant he kept for some time, but lost with other things in a shipwreck on his way home."

Middleton had known Kelmscott Manor in the early days when Rossetti and Morris first took the house together at a rent of £60 a year. The Tapestry Room, which is now the sitting-room, used to be Rossetti's own room, and it was there that he wrote his poetry. Rossetti, he tells me, was addicted to loves of the most material kind both before and after his marriage, with women, generally models, without other soul than their beauty. It was remorse at the contrast between his ideal and his real loves that preyed on him and destroyed his mind. It is touching to see still on the table at meals napkins marked with the initials D. G. R. His ghost seems to me to be present in all the rooms. From thence I drove on to Stanway, where I found Arthur Balfour, to whom I narrated Middleton's experience in Morocco, which interested him greatly. We had a pleasant time there, and I found Balfour most agreeable, glad to be relieved of office, Salisbury having just resigned.

"*16th Aug.*— It is announced that Rosebery has taken office after all as Foreign Secretary under Gladstone. This will neutralise any good that might have come of a change of Government to Egypt. Rosebery will continue to represent the Bondholders. Gladstone has made up his Ministry, every one of them Whigs. Asquith and Lefevre are the only two who are at all advanced, the rest quite of the old gang, only one surprise. Houghton is to go as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, a triumph for the Crabbet Club!

"From Stanway on to Batsford, which is now Bertie Mitford's. He inherited it about five years ago from his cousin Lord Redesdale, and has spent a vast amount of money pulling the old house down and building a new Victorian Tudor one. He has also laid out the grounds with elaborate rockeries and a multitude of trees and foreign shrubs, stabling on a vast scale, a stud of shire cart mares, the most interesting feature of the place. I remember Bertie as a very good-looking youth, three or four years older than myself, with a great reputation for ability, much talent for languages, and a player of the *cornet à piston* — this was in 1858. We went up for an examination the same day, he for a clerkship in the Foreign Office, I for the diplomatic service."

Thence (*18th Aug.*) on to The Glen, where I found John Addington Symonds staying in the house, and where I stayed ten days with Margot and a number of young ladies, a very delightful time, of which my diary is full, but again this is not the place for it.

From Glen I went to Saighton, where one incident occurs which deserves transcribing:

"*2nd Sept.*— After luncheon we drove, George, Sibell and I, three in a row, in a dog-cart to Hawarden, George having been especially invited there. We were to meet the G.O.M. at the new library he has constructed in the village, a terrible building of corrugated iron overlooking the Sands of Dee. Inside it is conveniently arranged, and must be an advantage to the inhabitants. We were met there by Mrs. Drew, who told us her father would come presently, and leaving George and me took Sibell off with her to the castle. While waiting in the library I was glad to find little Maud Gladstone whom I had known as Maud Rendel, and with her we whiled away the quarter of an hour we had to wait. The G.O.M., when he arrived, was very cordial with George, but not as I think with me. He talked about his books in the absorbed way he has, going on, without paying the least attention to the person he is speaking to, especially if it is his wife and she ventures to interpose a remark. The ladies invited me to go back with them, and I walked with Maud, leaving George and Mr. G. to follow. She showed me over the house when we arrived, Mr. G.'s 'Temple of Peace,' and the rest which I knew from Margot's description. There were but few old books, and the modern ones were very mixed in character. I looked through the poetry shelves and found the usual volumes of Tennyson and Browning, etc. 'In Vinculis' was there with the leaves cut open, but not the 'Sonnets of Proteus,' which I had given him in 1884. Presently Miss Helen Gladstone came in, the head of Newnham College, and I had some talk with her and found her agreeable in an austere way. Then the G.O.M. arrived with George, and we all sat down to tea. I sat by Mrs. Gladstone, good old soul, who speedily thawed to me, while the G.O.M. still went on talking about books. He had got a rare edition of the Prayer Book and made it his text, with interludes of discussion, about the various qualities of tea. I asked him what 'N. or M.' meant in the baptismal service, but he could suggest no explanation. From that he went on to the revised version of the Bible, which he called 'abominable'; it was not the first duty of a translator to be accurate but to render the spirit of the book. This the revisers had missed. 'You see,' interposed Mrs. Gladstone, in the tone of one anxious and apologetic; 'he is so conservative, and yet people say of him, etc., etc.' 'He has the spirit of reverence,' I said. 'Ah yes,' she exclaimed, beaming, 'that is just it; you have said exactly what is true.' But the old man paid no attention and went prattling on, talking of all things in the same absorbed way, apparently without sense of their proportion, and for talking's sake, heedless of our remarks, until at last he settled down into

a 'Quarterly Review' article and said no more. That, I fancy, is his common domestic life.

"Mary Drew's little girl Dorothy was there, running about without shoes or stockings, and the Spitz dog which Margot had described to me and which had brought in a stick with it to the drawing-room, but I did not notice that Mr. G. paid attention to either. He did not impress me much with the matter of his conversation, impressive as it was in manner. All he said was essentially commonplace. Once he corrected George for pronouncing '*mythological*' short as '*mithological*.' Meanwhile Mrs. Gladstone gave me an account of an adventure Mr. G. had had two days before with a cow in the park. 'It was a strange cow,' she said, 'which had got in by accident and found itself in Mr. G.'s path as he was walking alone, and when he would have driven it out of his way, it turned on him and knocked him down. It stood over him but did not gore him. This,' said Mrs. Gladstone, 'was very unusual in a cow. He tried to rise, but at first he could not, for he had not the breath, but afterwards he managed to get behind a tree and the cow trotted away.' Poor old soul, she touched me with her devotion for him. Of himself I carried away the mixed impression I have had of him before, one of disappointment at finding less than I should have found to worship.

"Hawarden House, the modern castle, is one of the end of last century, very comfortable and nice inside with no great pretension to architecture — outside it is a poor castellated gothic structure. The old castle, which stands in the grounds a little way off, and to which I ran up after tea, is a very interesting ruin. On the whole, we agreed, as we drove home, that we had enjoyed our visit, and that the pilgrimage had been well worth making. The G.O.M. saw Sibell to the door himself, with Mrs. Gladstone and the others. The younger men had been out shooting meanwhile in the Park.

"*3rd Sept.*— Travelled in the train on my way home with Frank Villiers. He has just been made Private Secretary to Rosebery at the Foreign Office, and professes great admiration for him as 'a statesman without personal ambition.' We discussed the Egyptian question pretty thoroughly and the release of Arabi. With regard to evacuation he said that everybody was agreed it would be dangerous and impossible to hold Egypt permanently. Baring had been doing what he could to prepare things for a withdrawal of the troops, but he could find no *men* among the Egyptians capable of carrying on reforms. Baring had told them at the Foreign Office of my idea of having a Fellah Ministry, but could not get capable men. He would be very glad if he could find them, but where were they? I said that I had given Baring the names of suitable Fellah Ministers, but that he had told me the late Khedive would never consent to employ them. I was at one with

Baring as to the kind of reforms wanted, but disagreed with his way of carrying them out through Englishmen. It could have no other result but to make evacuation more and more difficult. 'You may wait ten years,' I said, 'and you will find no better occasion to evacuate than the present. I mean, of course, if you really wish it.' He assured me over and over again that that was their policy and their desire. About Arabi he was not encouraging, but I am to call Rosebery's attention to the matter.

"*15th Sept.*— At Crabbet. I have seen Countess Hoyos several times. She rode here one morning, and I have been twice to tea at Paddockhurst (their country place in Sussex, two miles from Crabbet). Her daughter, just married to Herbert Bismarck, she tells me, is supremely happy, having tamed her Bismarck to a point which could not have been believed. He had been a great *coureur de femmes,* women mainly of the baser sort, and she has touched him to an ideal love. He is forty-three, she twenty, a beautiful romance.

"I have had an answer from Rosebery, that is from Villiers, of a most civil kind, but with the usual official evasion of my questions. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has also written.

"*17th Sept.*— A letter from Margot. She has been paying visits with her political admirers, Haldane and Asquith. She describes all in a few words as well as such descriptions could possibly be.,

"Lady Lytton was here to-day with her girls to say good-bye before starting for the Cape. Meynell also, and his wife. After dinner he, Meynell, gave me a most interesting account of Cardinal Manning's last days. Meynell was the old man's confidant in his many disappointments and vexations. The Cardinal's mind had grown large in the later years of his life, and his view of the Catholic Church, and of Christianity, comprehensive of all sects and creeds. He was at odds with his fellow bishops in England, who looked upon him as unorthodox, and worried him a thousand ways, and he had no one of them all for a friend. His last hours had been troubled by the worries of his clergy. There had been a dispute between two of the Bishops, which he had referred to Rome, and which caused him great annoyance, and when he was taken ill the Bishop of Salford (Herbert Vaughan, afterwards Cardinal Vaughan) was unfortunately staying with him, whom he specially disliked. His old servant Newman had died, and there was no one to take care of him. He refused to believe that he was dying, and had a strong desire to live, and Vaughan was hard on him in his insistence on certain formalities demanded of a dying Archbishop, then having got his way Vaughan left him, and he lay all night alone, and was found next morning insensible and dying, his fire out in the grate and no one with him. Truly death is bitter even to the righteous.

"Meynell told me also of a new movement within the body of the

English Catholic clergy, of the most revolutionary kind, especially among the Capuchins, and that the Cardinal in some measure sympathized with it. A movement of the widest sort, rationalistic and mystic, which embraced all forms of religion and repudiated the finality of any doctrine of the Church, a kind of positivism and creed of humanity in which Plato, and Buddha, and Mohammed were alike canonized as saints, and Christ himself hardly more than these. He assured me that such doctrines were widely held by the younger priests, and that some of their most zealous and able exponents were to be found among our monks at Crawley. It was no heresy, he said, and the General of the Capuchins who had come from Rome to put it down had gone back converted. This sounds to me altogether incredible, but he promised to send me the writings of the new creed in print." [This was the first word I had heard of the Modernist movement, afterwards so notorious.]

Mr. Meynell tells me that I unintentionally misrepresent the views held by Father Cuthbert and his friends. "Not one," he says, "of that fervent group of young Franciscans but fixed all his hope and all his faith on the doctrine, fundamental and final, of the divinity of Christ."

"*18th Sept.* (*Sunday*).— Meynell's talk has done me good. It opens to me a view of a religious position, not absolutely illogical, in which I may still be loyal to all my ideas without quarreling with the Catholic Church. I mean to talk the matter over with Father Cuthbert, the young Capuchin at our Monastery, whom Meynell speaks of as the leading light of the new doctrine.

"*22nd Sept.*— Lunched at the Travellers' Club with Frank Bertie, whom I had not seen for years, and we had much talk about men and things of a past generation. He tells me Evelyn Baring is seriously ill with eczema in Scotland, one of the plagues with which Moses afflicted Pharaoh. I hope it may determine him to let the Egyptians go. Philip Currie was also there and Sanderson.

"*26th Sept.*— Margot writes that she's starting a paper to be called 'The Petticoat,' in collaboration with Betty Balfour, Mrs. Horner, Mrs. Singleton, and other women friends.

"*27th Sept.*— On a visit to Frampton, a very pretty place with a house of the early eighteenth century, the period I like best for domestic architecture. Our host, Brinsley Sheridan, is a typical country gentleman given to sport; his wife, a Motley, sister of Lady Harcourt, with two nice daughters, and there are sons, but all the boys are at school.

"There is a Miss Fetherstonhaugh staying in the house who showed me letters she had received from young de Winton from Uganda, written in the mixed missionary and fighting language one is familiar

with in Gordon's letters to his sister. These people believe they have a mission from God to establish the British flag, 'the dear old Union Jack,' throughout the world and to maintain it there with fire and sword. Pizarro, no doubt, wrote in the same strain from Peru, when he destroyed the beautiful old world of the Incas. Truly 'civilization is poison.' Weld Blundell also is staying here, a clever man with much knowledge and a close reasoner, with whom I have been discussing Eastern questions. His view is the commercial Imperialist one held by all English civilians who have spent their lives beyond the Suez Canal, that of seizing and keeping markets. We were to have gone to Malwood, but Sir William Harcourt has been summoned to London on the Uganda question and our visit is deferred.

"*1st Oct.*— Lunched with Morris at Hammersmith and his Icelandic friend Magnusson, with whom he translates his Sagas. It is curious how much alike the two are physically — short, thick, sturdy men of the pale-haired, blue-eyed type. Both, too, have the same socialistic views, only Magnusson is much more professorial in his way of talking and less light in hand than Morris.

"Our ministers have taken courage and Uganda is to be evacuated. The 'Daily Telegraph' has a deliciously naïve article in expostulation: 'Uganda,' it says, 'was a few years ago a naked people, now they are all decently clad . . . but there is a tendency, wherever English authority is relaxed among them, to revert to their old terrible habits.'

"*6th Oct.*— Tennyson died this morning at his house on Blackdown. Much speculation as to his successor."

On the 12th Oct. I paid my now annual visit to Gros Bois, the party there being made up of the Gustave Rothschilds, the Comte de Turenne, Lord and Lady Castletown, and the Talbots, and we had our usual shootings.

"*14th Oct.*— Coming home Wagram entertained us with episodes of the French game laws. He remembers three poachers having been shot dead at various times in the park, two by himself and one by the keepers. In his own case the man had first fired on him. In the third case the poacher was unarmed; in none was any inquiry made. He and the keepers buried the dead men quietly where they fell. The last of these three events happened as long ago as 1863 and 'Nobody,' he said, 'knows now where they lie but myself; the keepers who helped to bury them are all dead; it has kept poachers most effectually away. *En plaine* (meaning the open fields) one does not take justice thus to oneself, but inside the Park it is best to do so and say nothing.' Wagram is a fine survival of the old sporting days in France, against which the revolution declaimed. . . . What is pleasant in the sport here is Wagram's familiar way with his men; they are all devoted to him.

"*16th Oct. (Sunday)* — An excursion to Ferrières. We drove over all of us in a private omnibus, changing horses on the road. Castletown and I on the top, the ladies inside. I find Castletown a well-informed man, more interesting that I had at first imagined. He saw a great deal of the war of 1870–71, being with the Prussians at the battle of Champigny in this neighbourhood, 'when,' he says, 'if Ducros had only pushed on another two hours he would have broken the Prussian lines and effected his sortie.' Castletown was with the Prussian headquarters staff and knew how anxious they were. He was also with Chanzy in the south, running great risks of being shot as a spy. We talked, too, of Ireland and Egypt. He is a strong Unionist, but a fair one in his reasoning, and would be a Nationalist if there was hope of a complete separation.

"Ferrières (which is the principal country seat of the Rothschilds in France) stands in splendid woods through which we drove for some two miles before reaching the château. The house itself is disappointing, '*une commode renversée*' as Bismark called it when he slept there during the Prussian occupation. It is surrounded with grounds *à l'Anglaise*, a fashion which I like less than the old French gardens. Inside it is like a monstrous Pall Mall Club decorated in the most outrageous Louis Philippe taste, a huge hall lit with a skylight and horribly overdone in its furnishing and upholstery. In the midst, a pathetic little old woman in black, Madame Alphonse Rothschild, in perpetual mourning for her departed beauty. It grieved me to remember her in the days of her glory; and when she picked some carnations from a vase and gave us each one, I asked for a red one and reminded her of how I had seen just such another in her hair nearly thirty years ago (it was in 1863) when I saw her for the first time being dressed in a mantilla for a bull-fight at Madrid. A faint smile illumined her gray face an instant but evidently without recognition of me, and she relapsed into her little old woman's talk about her dogs and birds. Presently we were joined by a pretty little young woman, her daughter, Madame Effrusi, also in black, a very attractive little creature who showed us round the grounds, with the aviaries and menageries, and entertained us with pleasant talk. This gave colour to a rather colourless afternoon and in spite of its architectural monstrosities I have carried away a pretty recollection of Ferrières and the two little quite diminutive gentlewomen living there.

"*17th Oct.*— To-day we made another expedition, there being no shooting, to the Château of Vaux le Vicomte. We drove to Brunois, thence by train to Mélun, where we lunched at the Grand Monarque, and on in a fly to Vaux. Vaux is without exception the most splendid dwelling-house it has been my lot to visit. There is nothing in England to compare with it, not Blenheim, not Castle Howard, hardly

Hampton Court. It is what Versailles ought to have been and failed to be, the ideal of all that is great and sumptuous in the French Renaissance style, and at the same time not too vast, a house to live in, not merely a palace for show. Its present proprietor, one Sommier, a sugar merchant, bought it a few years back for £100,000, and has spent another £100,000 on restoring and furnishing it, all fortunately in the perfection of good taste. His son, a plain youth with yellow hair, rather ungainly, but with good voice and manner, received us on the *perron*, and showed us over everything sensibly and with knowledge. One feels happy, sugar or no sugar, that this architectural gem has fallen into such reverent and understanding hands. It had been offered to the Gustave Rothschilds, who fortunately let it go by. It is now being carefully put in order, the square mile of garden brought back from the waste into which it had fallen, statues and vases replaced, and water let in to the ruined *pièces d'eau*; this is real restoration, not a stone has been scraped, not an idea improved on. When one looks at a creation like this, dating from two hundred and more years ago, the talk of modern progress in the nineteenth century sounds childish. From Vaux to Ferrières is as great a descent in the intellectual work of man as from Shakespeare to Mark Twain.

"Coming into the hall this evening for dinner, I saw a grey-headed man entering at the opposite door, whom for a moment I took to be Leighton, but it proved to be Carolus Duran, and he tells me he has been several times taken for Leighton. Duran (or M. Carolus, as he prefers to be called, Berthe says, on the pretext that he is of Spanish origin, his real name being Durand, of a cotton-spinning family at Lille) is an excellent specimen of the French *artiste* and *homme d'esprit*. An exceedingly good talker on a variety of subjects, art, poetry, languages, music, and his own heart. We drew him out on every one, and on every one he said things worth remembering. He talked of the Chicago Exhibition and the prospects of painting in America. Most American artists, he said, had been his own or Meissonier's pupils. Art was a matter of education. The Americans would learn it in time. In poetry he declaimed against Victor Hugo, and exalted Musset, citing corresponding passages to Musset's advantage. 'All great poets,' he said, 'are exponents of their own country's genius and ideas, not of any other country's (see Shakespeare, Molière, Dante, Cervantes), this, although they are also for all mankind.' He did not think much of Byron, but quoted Goethe and one or two Italians. He told us he was Spanish, and had learned Spanish entirely by ear and with a perfect accent, but his quotations hardly bore that out. His Italian accent was better. On music he seemed to talk well, adoring Wagner, Berlioz, and Beethoven, and he sang snatches of Malageñas in illustration of his ideas on oriental music. Lastly about his own sentiments

and feelings he was very eloquent. 'J'aime la mer comme on aime tout être capricieux et qui vous fait souffrir.' He regretted his 'vingt-cinq ans,' and would have nothing to do with ascetically avoiding pleasure. At the same time he assured us that he now made no more declarations of love, seeing that he was fifty-four. 'You do this,' Lady Castletown said, 'out of timidity?' 'Non,' he answered, 'c'est par pudeur.' That seemed to me a pretty *mot*. On the whole an interesting man.

"19*th Oct.*— To Paris and called on Lord Dufferin at the Embassy, who was in the same room that Lytton used to work in. He was very charming to me, asked me to give him a copy of my new book for his 'Helen's Tower,' a library where he has got together 400 volumes presented by authors, and which is named after his mother. I asked him to help me about Arabi's release, and he spoke nicely of him, and promised to say a word in his favour next time he should have an opportunity. On the general question of Egypt he also volunteered some remarks. He said that on the whole policy of retaining or abandoning a Mediterranean influence no responsible person would be willing to give an opinion uncalled for; but that, if Egypt was to be evacuated, there was only one way, namely, to build up some sort of self-government. He was especially opposed to Turkish rule, and had always intended, in the settlement he made, that the Government should be in the hands of the native Egyptians, not the Turks. He had devised his 'Constitution' for Egypt with that idea. He was not one of those who thought popular government foreign to Eastern ideas. On the contrary the East has been the home of Councils and Mejlisses; and he had always been of opinion that, if you could put Egypt to work *in vacuo*, there was nothing to prevent success. He had been glad to see that Baring recognized the help rendered him by the Councils, and he had written to tell him so. We then discussed how the power of the Councils might be increased, and also the safeguards against interference from Constantinople. He talked with so much interest that his servant had to come in and remind him that he had an appointment to breakfast somewhere, and so it ended. I have written a sonnet for his book, 'Helen's Tower.' Back to London in the evening.

"24*th Oct.*— Lunched with Amir Ali and his English wife. They seem happy together, and have two children. He gave me much Indian news, said that the Hindoos, especially of Patna, were in communication with Russia, and that if Russia took possession of Persia, Asia Minor and Afghanistan, there would certainly be a rising in India; the Mohammedans have separated themselves entirely from the Congress party.

"Dined with Sheffield at the Travellers'. Talking about old times, when he first went with Lyons as private secretary to Paris, the people

at the Foreign Office had told him to note carefully every word of the Emperor's, as all he said was of political value, but after a few interviews Lyons perceived the emptiness of the Imperial reputation. Napoleon III's conversation was that of 'a man threatened with softening of the brain.' Fleury came to them and explained that the Emperor was often in this state, having over indulged himself with women, remaining helpless in bed for two or three days at a time, incapable of attending to anything, and with all the affairs of the Empire left in the hands of his wife. This was in 1867. Claremont (the military attaché), Sheffield says, sent report after report to the Foreign Office predicting a collapse of the French army if there should be war, but nobody paid any attention. He told me that he had been invited by Frank Lawley to a dinner of reconciliation between Gladstone and Labouchere. It ought to be amusing, but what an absurdity political life is! [The Honourable Frank Lawley had been Gladstone's private secretary a good many years before when Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, but having been found speculating in Consols his career was put an end to, and he remained a broken man, not only politically but socially. Public morality has strangely altered since.]

"*26th Oct.*— Lunched with Labouchere, who was as usual most amusing. He told me the whole story of his correspondence with Gladstone about their not asking him to join the Cabinet. 'The best of the joke is,' he said, 'it was not the Queen at all who prevented it. I arranged with Gladstone I should lay it on the Queen, and that he should then lay it on himself. It really was Rosebery. At the Cabinet Council about Uganda Rosebery was in a minority of one for retaining Uganda, but Gladstone weakly consented to his putting in the clause granting a three months' respite, and Rosebery at once got up an agitation in the press. 'He is an ambitious young man,' Labouchere said, 'and wants to be Prime Minister, playing the part Palmerston formerly played with the help of the Tories against his own party. We shall have to join against him, and get up a cry Delendum est Rosebery.' [This is precisely what happened, and not in Rosebery's case only, but afterwards in that of his understudy, Sir Edward Grey.]

"*3rd Nov.*— Dined with Esmé Howard, and went afterwards to hear a lecture by Captain Lugard at the Geographical Society. Lugard, a little, thin, dark-faced man, not unpleasing, but his lecture terribly dull. The theatre crammed, for the agitation got up for annexing Uganda grows daily. Philip Currie was there."

The question of evacuating or retaining Uganda was one of critical importance with the Liberal party, for it involved the whole question of extending, or limiting British Imperial responsibilities in Africa. Our military party was working its hardest, helped by the Tory opposi-

tion in the House of Commons and secretly by Rosebery at the Foreign Office, against Gladstone and the Radicals for the extension, and eventually succeeded with the results we have seen.

"*4th Nov.*—'Esther' is out. I have sent copies to Gladstone, Morley, George Meredith, William Watson, and Knowles.

"To Sir William Harcourt's, whom I went to see in Downing Street. I found him just going to a Cabinet Council, and in high good humour. 'Well,' he said, 'will you go to Egypt as Commissioner to effect the evacuation?' I said, 'Yes, if you will recall Baring.' He chuckled, 'It is not Egypt alone they want us to swallow, but the whole of East Africa. Rhodes was with me yesterday, and showed me this map' (pointing to one on the table), 'where you will see the territories he has grabbed. He has put up a telegraph already as far as Niassa (? Nyanza), and means to carry it on to Uganda, and then to Cairo. He has offered to run Uganda for £25,000 a year, though he admits there is nothing to be made of it commercially. You know I am not much in favour of these things myself, and am for keeping out of Mediterranean politics, but there are others' (meaning no doubt Rosebery) 'who won't dance to the music.' I said, 'I think you ought to make up your minds on the general policy, and either go in for an African Empire, or leave it alone. If you shilly shally first one way and then another you will get into just the same mess that you did in 1882.' Then we talked about Egypt. 'Baring,' he said, 'has sent in a memorandum, in which he says that the whole country is becoming English, and so it is to remain, the Khedive has lost his popularity as he has become too European.' *I.* 'Yes, he has brought back a Viennese woman with him from Vienna.' *He.* 'What, only one? Baring says everything is going splendidly, and he, Baring seems to have his horses well in hand, it would be a pity perhaps to meddle with him.' *I.* 'Yes, I have no doubt Baring has and is driving merrily, but even a timid passenger when he finds the coach is going to Brighton when it ought to be going to York, may be excused for taking the reins. He will drive you merrily on to annexation.' *He.* 'I would ask you to luncheon, but Waddington (the French Ambassador) is coming, and I am afraid your views are too well known. Come on Tuesday.' And so it is arranged.

"Later to Hammersmith, where I found Morris at his work, but pleased to see me. 'It is all a lie,' he said, 'about their having offered to make me Laureate. Bryce came to see me and talked of it, but it was only on his own private account. I was fool enough to tell Ellis, and he told his son, who must needs repeat it at the National Liberal Club, and so it got into the papers. I fancy from what I heard if they don't offer it to me they will offer it to Swinburne, but perhaps he won't take it.' *I.* 'It is five to one he will take it.' *He.* 'That's about

the betting, but Theodore Watts declares he will refuse. That's perhaps all the more reason.'

"*5th Nov.*— A note from Margot, '*au grand galop*,' asking me to luncheon at her sister Charlotte's. Their paper is to be called 'Tomorrow, a Woman's Journal for Men.' I was shown the title-page. It is to come out every two months, and they expect it to run for a year. They are in straits for a political leader writer, and I suggested Lady Gregory.

"*8th Nov.*— Lunched at 11, Downing Street, with the Harcourts. Great joking by Sir William about the 'Souls' journal. I suggested as a motto for it, *solus cum sola*, with an armorial coat, bearing two flat fish osculant *all proper*. 'Ah,' he said, 'it is their bodies that I like, and now they are going to show us their souls all naked in print, I shall not care for them. Isn't that so, Sophy?' (to his niece, Sophy Sheridan, who sat next to him, pinching her arm.) He went on to politics: 'We have drawn out a bill this morning," he said, 'which will destroy all temperance in England for many years to come. We asked Arch' (the agricultural labour member) 'how many parishes in England would vote against public-houses, and he said with conviction "not a single one."'

"*22nd Nov.*— Crabbet. Two young monks of the Capuchins at Crawley called on me some days ago — Father Cuthbert and Father Angelo de Barry — to interest me in a project they have of founding a working order of St. Francis instead of the old begging one. Father Cuthbert, who had already spoken to me vaguely of his ideas of Church reform, sent me to-day a note by Father Angelo, setting forth the scheme, and asking help for them to get to Rome and lay it before the Pope. I gave them the money they wanted, £50, with pleasure, for it seems to me a good and timely undertaking which may well lead to noble things. [The poor young men went to Rome, but, as was to be expected, came back with a flea in their ears. They were the leaders of the Modernist Reform Party in their Order but could not get a hearing at the Vatican. They very honourably returned to me the journey money.]

"I am leaving England for Sheykh Obeyd. A trouble to me is the apparent failure of 'Esther.' It is not reviewed, for which I care little, but even my friends are silent about it, and several of them disapprove. Only from George Meredith has a letter of high approval come, and one from York Powell at Oxford."

CHAPTER V

THE VEILED PROTECTORATE

Our winter in Egypt of that year, 1892–93, turned out to be full of incident. I found on arriving there, that the trouble I had foreseen between the new Khedive Abbas and Sir Evelyn Baring would speedily come to a head if no attempt were made to carry out Lord Dufferin's promises to the Egyptians of restoring to them their National Government under a constitutional form, and a definite policy adopted for preparing the country for evacuation. Owing to the pre-occupation of our Liberal party in England with the affairs of Ireland and other home politics, the question of Egypt had been allowed to stand over and nothing had been done. Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office had been left to act, or not to act, as he pleased, and he in turn had left the decision of a policy to Baring, whose idea of Egyptian Government was to retain all power in his own hands, while acting in the Khedive's name.

It was the famous policy of "the Veiled Protectorate," the successful carrying out of which needed two essential conditions, first, that the Khedive should be a consenting party to the make-believe, and, secondly, that its true nature should be concealed from the general Egyptian public. The Khedive was expected to name his own ministers, but the choice of them was to be privately dictated to him by the British Agent. The Government officials were to wear the Ottoman Fez, but the more important of them were to be Englishmen. These were to give advice, not orders, but the advice was always to be obeyed. It was an ingenius plan, adopted from the Government of British India, in its dealing with the native states, while a third condition was equally indispensable, that was the presence behind the British Agent of a sufficient armed force to give emphasis to his advice and enforce his will, the Army of Occupation.

Although not a year had yet passed since Abbas' succession to the Khedivial dignity, he had already rebelled against the position of a mere puppet, and had managed to gather about him the nucleus of a new National party, which consisted of what elements there were in Egypt either of discontent or of such patriotism as was to be found in the country, half political, half religious, which resented the presence of foreign and Christian rule. The Khedive had been greatly aided

in this by the publication of Sir Alfred Milner's book, "England in Egypt," which I have described already. It had appeared about the time of the change of Government in England, and had proved an entire success there as a support to Baring's views, but at Cairo it had had an exactly opposite effect. It had too candidly revealed the nature of the Baring policy, unveiling to nakedness the "Veiled Protectorate," and as it had been largely read in an Arabic translation at Cairo, it had caused more alarm than satisfaction there. By the end of the year 1892 the young Khedive was already popular with his native subjects, while even among Englishmen resident at Cairo it was considered that Baring had mismanaged the matter, and there was alarm at the growing ill will that was being manifested between natives and foreigners. There is no doubt that Baring had been at fault through his lack of personal courtesy to the young prince, who, having received his education in Europe, was well aware of what was due to him, and had sufficient wit to know how to assert himself on occasion. These things are alluded to in my diary.

"*1st Dec.*— Landed at Alexandria and lunched at the Consulate, where the Consular chaplain, Davis, gave me some idea of how things were going politically. We had some talk about former Egyptian times, he having been thirty years resident there. What he said bears out what my Egyptian friends have always affirmed, namely, that Said Pasha's reign was the best time the fellahin ever had; he is, however, like all Englishmen here, for a perpetual occupation in order, as they say, 'to keep out the French.' The ladies told stories of the new Khedive Abbas to his disadvantage. He dislikes English soldiers and has made them move farther away from his palace, and he insists upon having his own will in trifles, as on one occasion lately when he made the gate-keepers of the railway open for him, and had forced the Directors to apologize and dismiss the men because, not knowing who he was, they had cursed his father. This happened near Ramleh. We had tea with Sir William and Lady Butler, he being in command of the English garrison. We went on to Sheykh Obeyd next morning.

"*26th Dec.*— To-day, a young fellow, Abderrahman Effendi, was here, a protégé of Abdu's. Talking of Abbas, he told me he was hand in glove with Riaz and Ahmed Pasha Shukri, and that they all belonged to the Hesb el Horiyeh (the Party of Liberty). I told him that if they really wanted Parliamentary Government they must work for it. The Khedive ought to make known his desire for it. He should demand it formally in writing, and I would see that their wishes were represented in the proper quarter. Writing to Loulou Harcourt about the same time, intending it for his father, I said: 'I should be glad to know what is intended at the Foreign Office. I consider that there are elements here of a stronger opposition to the English *régime*

than was the case under Tewfik. For the present the Khedive is young and Cromer plays with him as with a young bear, humouring him in small matters and excluding him from all real power, and the young man amuses himself after the manner of his age, but he is certainly strongly anti-English.'

"I understand that the Khedive is in accord with the Constitutional party here. If so there will be less difficulty than last year in carrying out Lord Dufferin's programme. I really cannot understand how the Liberal party in England can with any face refuse to do this. It is the only possible chance of setting the Egyptians on their own legs.

"*31st Dec.*— I have been taken up for the last forty-eight hours with reading Milner's book about Egypt which is just out. It is by far the ablest defence I have seen of Cromer's policy, and may be considered as his own apologia, for most of it must have been taken down from his dictation or at any rate in concert with him; even in form and arrangement of subjects. It is identical with Cromer's report of 1891. There is a great deal of truth in it and also a great deal of the suppression of truth.

"*16th Jan.* 1893.— Went to Cairo, the first time this winter, on business with Scott (then at the Ministry of Justice). I found everybody there in a great turmoil, as the Khedive has just dismissed Mustapha Pasha Fehmi and other Ministers from their posts, and has appointed new ones, with Fakhri Pasha as President of the Council, without Baring's cognizance. Scott said it was a *coup d'état*, and so it seems to be.

"*18th Jan.*— Baring has refused to recognize the new Ministry until he has communicated with the English Government. He has given the Khedive time to reflect, and the Khedive, finding himself insufficiently backed up by the French, has already given in and a compromise has been come to, Fakhri being replaced by Riaz.

"*20th Jan.*— Ismaïl Jowdat[1] has been here and has told me the whole story of the intrigue of the last few days, thought it dates in its beginning from much earlier. It is one of those complicated episodes which make up Egyptian history.

"Abbas, Jowdat says, arriving from Europe a year ago with European notions, readily fell in at first with Baring's plans. He took up the quarrel with Constantinople Baring led him into, about his firman of appointment, and for a while was on bad terms with the Sultan. Mukhtar Pasha, however, and de Reverseaux, the French Consul-General, have managed latterly to bring him round into opposition, and he has made up with the Sultan and is strongly anti-English. They have managed this with the help of the young Sheykh el Bekri,

[1] Ismaïl Bey Jowdat, director of the Cairo police under the Nationalist Government in 1882. See my volumes, "Secret History" and "Gordon at Khartoum."

who was brought up with Abbas and has great influence with him. This young man was at first, like Abbas, under Baring's influence, and Baring sent him to England last summer and introduced him to Gladstone and others, boasting that the Egyptians were becoming English in their sentiments. The young man is of importance from his religious position, which is hereditary. On his way home, however, he passed through Constantinople and there fell under the contrary influence of the Sultan, who gave him high orders and decorations, and of Prince Halim Pasha, whose daughter it has been arranged he shall marry. He returned to Egypt last autumn altogether in the Sultan's interest, and has since received from Mukhtar Pasha a pension of £300 a month out of the Sultan's privy purse. Abbas, disapproving of his visit to Constantinople, refused to see him on his return. Nevertheless, a reconciliation was effected through the mediation of the Khedive's mother, urged thereto by a certain religious Sheykh of Alexandria, entitled Sheykh Tekkiet Gulshani, who desiring to have his title confirmed on his son, which could only be done through the Sheykh el Bekri's firman, interceded on his behalf. The Khedive's mother was this old Sheykh's adopted daughter (god-daughter) and hence his influence. El Bekri then called on the Khedive and was well received, and has since influenced him in favour of the Sultan's policy. Mukhtar and Reverseaux planned between them with Riaz this sudden *coup d' état* which has just taken place, Bekri having got the Khedive to join it. It was Riaz's suggestion putting Fekri forward, and it has ended as planned in his own substitution as Minister. The following are the chief personages concerned in the plot: Mukhtar Pasha, the Sultan's representative, with his Turkish secretary Mohsin Bey, Abd el Salaam Pasha Moelhi, Ibrahim Moelhi and his son Mohammed, Prince Hussein, the Sheykh el Bekri, the Sheykh Gulshani, Mohammed Bey Zoghi and his brother, Rushti Bey, Yussuf Sadyk, son of the old Muffettish, Ahmed Bey el Kharmili, and Ahmed Bey Sofani, of the Legislative Council, Mazlum Pasha, master of ceremonies, Tigrane Pasha, Zekki Pasha, and others. They have made up their ministry thus: Riaz Pasha, Mazlum Pasha, Boutros Pasha Ghali, Tigrane, and Zekki Pasha.

"Later in the day Fenwick Pasha called upon me. He regretted that Lord Cromer had not gained a more certain victory in the crisis. 'Cromer,' he said, 'had offered Mustafa Fehmi to back him if he would remain in office, but Mustafa declined, probably afraid.' The immediate causes of the *coup d'état* were first the publication at Cairo of Milner's book, and second the order issued by Coles Pasha (the English adviser of the Ministry of the Interior) to the Mudirs in his own name instead of that of the Egyptian Minister.

"I have written to Labouchere and to Sir William Harcourt."

This was the Khedive Abbas' first revolt against Cromer. The

ground of the revolt was not ill-chosen, as the Khedive was without question within his constitutional and legal right to name his own Ministers, and it at once dissolved the illusion Cromer had entertained that his and not the Khedive's authority was popular in Egypt. It was everywhere applauded, and it forced Cromer to abandon his make believe and telegraph to London for English troops, a clear admission of his political impotence. It was a first rent made in the famous "Veiled Protectorate," and though Cromer in his book describes it as a victory, it was one of physical force only, not moral force.

"On the 26th of January Hardinge of the Legation[1] was here. He told us that when Riaz was informed of the arrival of reinforcements from England he smiled a blue smile and remarked that they would be welcome, as English regiments had always been well-behaved in the country. 'Riaz,' said Hardinge, 'may not love us, but at least he will be an open enemy.' It appears that Cromer really threatened the Khedive, giving him twenty-four hours to make up his mind, and that the English regiments in garrison had ball cartridges served out. They intended to surround the palace and keep the Khedive prisoner if he refused, but what more does not appear.

"*30th Jan.*— Sir Edgar Vincent and his wife, with Lady Alice Portal and Mr. Eldon Gorst, came to tea. I was glad to find that Vincent took quite my view of the situation. He said: 'They can't go on on the old lines, and must either declare a protectorate or evacuate. The change,' he said, 'in public opinion since I was at Cairo three years ago, is astonishing.' He has been seeing much of Riaz. As to Turkey and the Sultan he confirms all that I have heard of the improvement. 'The resuscitation,' he said, 'of the Ottoman Empire is the most remarkable phenomenon of our day.' And so it is."

Several others have called, all telling the same story, that Riaz has the whole public with him, and that the Khedive is popular everywhere. Only my neighbor, Selim Faraj, being a timid man and a Christian, was frightened when I talked of evacuation as near. He thought it would be followed by a persecution of Christians. 'It is not,' he said, 'as it used to be in Egypt. Ever since the affair of 1882 there has been a growing hatred between Mohammedans and Christians.' This is true, but whose fault is it?

"*5th Feb.*— Parliament has met and Her Majesty has made her speech, to the effect that the sending of troops to Egypt does not indicate a change of policy, also that the Khedive has given her assurances that he will act in co-operation with her representatives.

"*14th Feb.*— Went in to Cairo to see the Sheykh el Bekri. Mohammed Moelhi met me at the station and we drove to a Mowlid [a relig-

[1] Sir Arthur Hardinge, then Secretary of Legation at Cairo, afterwards our Minister at Brussels.

ious birthday feast] in the Bab esh Shariyeh, where we found the young Sheykh in a house decorated for the occasion. He arrived as we arrived, and we went in together. There was a great crowd of people, but the Selamlik was empty, and we sat down with El Bekri and talked in French, while religious Sheykhs and others presently came in to pay their respects to him. The Sheykh el Bekri is a young man about twenty-five, of no very imposing appearance, small and pale, very plainly dressed in white turban gombaz and abbo, you might take him for one of the Azhar students, but he has a certain quiet dignity and is most intelligent. He talks French perfectly. I discussed the situation with him both as to the exiles and as to current politics. On the political situation he talked very sensibly, and urged me strongly to call on the Khedive and talk it over with him. I said: 'I will call on leaving Egypt to ask him pardon for the exiles, and then if he chooses to speak to me on other things I will discuss them with him.' But I explained that my situation was rather a delicate one, as I had formerly been exiled and had been put under an obligation not to interfere; still I was in communication with Sir William Harcourt, and any message the Khedive might choose to give me I would deliver. The Sheykh el Bekri told me that when he was in England last summer he had seen Gladstone, and Gladstone had spoken strongly to him in the sense of evacuation and against Lord Cromer's policy. He could not understand that he should now be supporting it. I explained the political intrigues at home and Rosebery's position in the Cabinet. He seemed well acquainted with men and things in England. I gathered from him that the quarrel between the Khedive and Lord Cromer was very much a personal one. At this point music began outside and chanting, and our sofa was turned round to the window and we continued our talk, but with interruptions. I arranged, however, with him that he should speak to the Khedive of my readiness to be of service to him, and that he was to arrange an audience before I left Egypt. This will oblige me to put off my journey (the one I had intended to take) to the Fayum. The thing is interesting, and reminds me not a little of old days. I never thought to become the Khedive's confidant after all that has happened.

"*15th Feb.*— Sir George Bowen came and spent the day. A man of enlightened ideas, and much practical experience in English protectorates, the Ionian Islands, Malta, etc., where he has served officially. We talked out the Egyptian question fully, and were pretty much agreed about it. He says, the Liberal Government at home would willingly evacuate, but fears public opinion. He has talked much since he has been in Egypt with Riaz, and Nubar, and Cromer. Nubar regrets that England did not annex in 1882. Cromer admits that he does not know what to do. There are three possible courses: (1) To annex,

which would cause an European war. (2) To evacuate, which English opinion would not stand, and (3) To stay on as we are. This last is what he (Cromer) intends to do. Bowen confirms all I have said of the universality of popular feeling against us here, the desire that everyone has to see us gone (not personal hatred). He finds the Copts quite as much against us as the Mohammedans. He understands the feeling as political, and patriotic, not fanatical. He lays much of the blame on Cromer, who is not, he thinks, the sort of man to acquire the confidence of a young Oriental Prince. . . . He asked me my solution, and I told him that I thought the English garrison might be withdrawn to Suez as a compromise, that would satisfy the cry in England about the route to India. He is in communication with Lord Kimberley and will write to him, and I trust may do some good, though the Liberal party seems to have gone in for a thorough debauch of Jingoism.

"*21st Feb.*— Again to see the Sheykh el Bekri, this time in his own palace, formerly Abbas Pasha's, where I had once been in his father's time in 1881. He is certainly a most clever and charming young man, knowing everything about the politics in Europe and Constantinople as well as in Egypt. He sees Riaz constantly, and vouches for Riaz as a sincere opponent of Cromer, and supporter of Abbas. Riaz holds other language to the English here. I told Sheykh el Bekri that I thought it very important the Khedive should state in some official document the exact nature of the promise he made to Cromer as to his being 'willing to *follow the advice* of Her Majesty's Government on all important matters,' whereas the Khedive has told deputations that have waited on him that all he promised was 'to *consult* the British Resident.' This he ought to make clear. Sheykh el Bekri assured me that under present circumstances Abbas could count on the Sultan's support. He is advising the Khedive to act in everything through and with the support and countenance of the Legislative Council. This is the right road.

"*23rd Feb.*— To Cairo to order a black coat, the Khedive being punctilious on the score of clothes. Fortunately I found one at the English tailor's ready made. [It had been ordered for Oliver Montagu who had just died at Cairo, and had never worn it.] Had a long talk with Sackville[1] who thinks things very unsatisfactory, the European Powers would not allow our annexation, the Turks would come from Constantinople if we went.

"*24th Feb.*— Sheykh Mohammed Abdu came for lunch and stayed the afternoon. I had not seen him since the *coup d'état*, and was anxious for his opinion. He is strongly in favour of Riaz who, he says,

[1] Lionel Lord Sackville, formerly of the Diplomatic Service, and Her Majesty's Minister at Washington.

may be depended on, not so Tigrane or Boutros. Tigrane, Artin, and the Christians generally do all they can to destroy Moslem education. Riaz is a tyrant, but he is honest. He gave me his opinions of the various Englishmen employed in the country; 'the only good ones,' he said, 'are Scott, Garstein, and Corbett. It has been the introduction of so many inferior Englishmen in the last three years that has ruined English influence.' He laughed much at Wallace and his school of agriculture, and at Willcox with his reforms of the Arabic language. He is very glad I am to see the Khedive, and wants me to impress on him the necessity of keeping well with Riaz, and of taking up young Mohammedans rather than Armenians and Syrians. He would also work in a Constitutional sense. 'We do not mind,' he said, 'the English being here for a year, or two years, or five years, so long as they do not stay altogether. It would be better for the country as giving time for the growth of the Fellah party, but if there is danger of annexation we are quite ready to run the risk of a little tyranny from the Turks, rather than the other greater risk; if you will evacuate tomorrow we shall all rejoice.' Now Abdu is probably the *most* philo-English of the Egyptians.

"On the 25th February an interview with me, which had been published in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' having been reprinted in the 'Bosphore Egyptien,' I wrote to Lord Cromer to explain that I was not responsible for this, or for joining in any of the attacks made on him in the Egyptian newspapers. 'In England,' I said, 'it is different. There as long as we occupy Egypt without annexing it, the Egyptian question must remain a subject of public discussion, and I am sure you will not think that with the strong views I hold on the injustice of destroying Egyptian Nationality, my expressing myself on the subject was unfair or uncalled for.' In answer he said, while thanking me for my letter, 'I cannot, of course, take the smallest exception to your expressing your views on Egyptian questions in any form you may think fit, neither did I for a moment imagine that you wished to make a personal attack on myself.' I quote this as showing what my relations with Cromer were at this and in subsequent times when we quarrelled politically.

"*28th Feb.*— Went this morning by appointment to see the Khedive at Abdin Palace. I found him in the same room as a year ago, and he came to meet me at the door. He received me very cordially, and talked throughout with a great show of frankness and confidence. His manner is certainly excellent, and he has a wonderful command of words for so young a man, with a very frank, agreeable smile. He began about his farm at Koubbah, which he said interested him far more than anything at Abdin, and we discussed the subject of horse-breeding and the growth of *bersim hejazi*. Then he went on to politics,

He thanked me for having spoken in his favour in the P.M.G. interview. 'The whole English Press,' he said, 'is against me.' I asked him for a history of what had happened. He said: 'As long ago as the end of last summer, when Mustafa Pasha (Fehmy) returned from Europe, Palmer (the Financial Adviser) came to me and complained of my having spoken against him. I asked him how he knew I had done so. He said the people of the Palace were talking. Then Hardinge came with the same complaint, but could not tell me who it was that had spoken. When Lord Cromer arrived he came to me and told me that I was becoming very unpopular (laughter) in the country because I was not cordial with Mustafa Pasha. The fact is Mustafa is an invalid, and has to go in the summer to Europe. He is not fit to be Prime Minister. When he fell ill, Lord Cromer objected to my taking Tigrane, and offered me a choice of several quite incapable persons — Balig Pasha, who is a Cypriote, Affet Pasha, who is one of the worst of men, and Ahmed Shukri, who is quite incapable.'

He then gave me an account of what had happened between him and Cromer as to the promise of following English advice. I asked him to tell me the exact words, and he said: 'We were speaking in French' (to me he was speaking in very good English, and I fancy he keeps his French for his English advisers), 'and what I said was, "Que j'avais tout désir d'agir de concert avec le Gouvernement Anglais et que je ne manquerais pas de le consulter sur toute chose de grande importance."' He denied, however, categorically that he gave any promise of 'following English advice.' I showed him Cromer's despatch published in the Blue Book, which I had in my pocket with the Queen's Speech, and he said the latter was correct enough, not the other. I then told him that I considered it very important since that was so, that he should at once contradict it officially, as afterwards it would be quoted against him, and he promised to make Tigrane write an official despatch in that sense. I then asked him whether he could rely absolutely on Riaz as against Cromer, and he said 'absolutely.' 'If that is so,' I said, 'and you have the Sultan with you, you have nothing whatsoever to fear.' He said, 'Indeed I am not in the smallest degree afraid of any one. I consider that I have a great responsibility here as ruler of the country and a great duty, and I mean to do it. I do not care what happens.' I noticed that he was reticent about the Sultan, but I did not press that matter. About Tigrane he said, 'I know that I can depend better on Riaz than on Tigrane. Tigrane, being a Christian, has no influence in the country, but Riaz has. We must make use of Christian ministers as administrators, not as heads of the Government.' I then asked him about the amnesty for Arabi and the other exiles. I told him I had had letters from Arabi full of

loyal expressions towards him, and that I was sure he could count on him to be faithful to them, that Mahmud Sami might be very useful to him, and that I hoped he would allow them to return to Egypt. He received this very favourably, and I went on to say that I had always regretted that his father, Tewfik, had quarrelled with Arabi, and so brought the English into the country — he did not dissent from this — that as a matter of fact, Arabi's policy was precisely the same as his, Abbas' own, namely, to get rid of foreign rule. He said he could not give me a precise answer about the exiles until he had consulted others, but that he would take their case into favourable consideration, and when a proper opportunity occurred he hoped to be able to accede to my request. I said I would not press it on him at the present moment of his strained relations with Cromer. I then advised him strongly to take his Legislative Council into his counsels, and act through it and through the General Assembly, and I told him of Labouchere's view. In all this he cordially agreed. A deputation then appeared in the outer room, and I saw that it was time to go. I took my leave, promising him to state his case in any quarters where I might have influence, and that he could always count on me for the best of my advice. He walked to the door with me, making me promise to come and see him, and his horses at Koubbah. As I was leaving him I said, 'One word more. If Lord Cromer should leave Egypt, and there is any question of appointing an Indian officer in succession to him, I advise Your Highness strongly to object.' He said, 'Oh, certainly. I know them.' And so with great cordiality we parted.

"I am delighted with the young man. He is able, courageous, and self-possessed. He reminds me of his grandfather, Ismaïl, as to wit, *mais en mieux*. He ought to win his game against Cromer.

"Mohammed Moelhi came in the afternoon. I told him all that has passed at the palace and he said: 'Now you must go to Constantinople, the Sultan will wish to see you.' So I shall do if all goes well.

"*1st March.*— I received a curious visit from one Abdullah El Moughera, an Arab of the Moughera tribe of Aflaj, but born at Shagra, in Nejd. He told me he had left Nejd as servant to Abdullah Ibn Thenneyan Ibn Saoud, who went to Constantinople twelve years ago, wanting to be established in Nejd by the Turkish Government. He had been employed by the Sultan to try and raise troops among the Anazeh and other tribes and had succeeded in getting Sotamm Ibn Shaalan and other chiefs to go to Constantinople. But Sheykhs Ahmed Essaad and Abul Huda had been jealous of him and he had left the Sultan's service and had gone back to Syria. At Jerusalem he had offered his services to the British Consul to raise an insurrection in Syria, and the Consul had sent him on to Lord Cromer. He had seen Cromer and Boyle,

but says he could not make them understand him, as Boyle and he talked Turkish, but most probably they would not have anything to do with him, so he came on to me.

"He came again 4th March, and I gave him £10 and advised him to go back to Syria.

"*6th March.*— Abderrahman Ismaïl came and reminded me of what I had advised about the Khedive declaring himself before Parliament met. 'You see,' he said, 'we have taken your advice.' So it is just possible that my words may have had some influence in bringing the crisis on, only I wish they had consulted me as to the way of doing so. I should not have advised this sudden change of Ministers. But perhaps it is best as it is. It was not Ahmed Shukri, but Mohammed Shukri, who, he told me, was working with Riaz. He talked now in the highest spirits of all that was happening. I told him I thought it possible negotiations for evacuation might be begun before the end of the year.

"*7th March.*— To-day I went to see Riaz Pasha. To my astonishment he had written me a most amiable note, asking to see me and signing himself *Votre bien dévoué*. So I called at three at his private house in the Helmiyeh quarter, near the citadel, I suppose the quarter where his old Jew father lived. He received me with the greatest cordiality, a little, wizened, gray old man, with a nervous, twitching face (once Abbas I's dancing boy!) and poured me out his griefs. He began with a long apology for his conduct in past times and of how he would have saved the country if it had not been for Arabi's pushing on too quickly. I did not care to argue that point, as I knew it would take time, and he is sorry enough now for having got the English into the country. He is very angry with Cromer for having humbugged him when he was last in office about evacuation, and on my showing him what Labouchere had written me about Rosebery's intention *never* to evacuate, he threw up his hands in real passion.

"We discussed the necessity of action through the General Assembly, and he quite agreed. But he strikes me as being rather old and infirm, and I doubt if he will hurry on fast enough. Unless they act here, while our Parliament is sitting, they will lose their pains. I talked to him also about getting the Sultan to agree to the neutralization of Egypt in connection with our withdrawal, and he thought it could be managed if the word neutralization was not used to the Sultan. He thought also they might come to an agreement to make over the town of Suez permanently to England, but he begged me not to quote him, also he promised to draw up a programme of reforms. About the Khedive's denial that he had promised to *follow* English advice he did not feel sure, but said that something he thought had already been written about it. He is very Oriental and very vague, but there is

something in him that inspires confidence. When I said, 'You must not repeat all I have told you to Lord Cromer,' he exclaimed, 'Ah, *could* you think it?' Lastly I talked to him about Arabi's return, and he spoke much as the Khedive had spoken, of there being no unwillingness on their part only that the time was inopportune. He complimented me on my constancy to my friend, and we parted on the best possible terms. Coming with me to the head of the stairs he kept repeating: 'Ah, que je suis content de vous avoir vu, que je suis content, que je suis content.'

"*11th March.*— I have written my article, 'Lord Cromer and the Khedive,' for the 'Nineteenth Century,' also letters to Churchill, Labouchere, and Loulou Harcourt, founded on my talk with the Khedive; also 12th March to Mr. Gladstone.

"*22nd March.*— Mohammed Moelhi tells me of a new trouble. A certain Ali Bey, Colonel of a regiment quartered at Koubbah, had made himself conspicuous by his visits to the Khedive, and his congratulations on the issue of the *coup d'état*. This has given offence to Kitchener, the new Sirdar, and they have ordered the regiment back to Suakim, whence it only came six months ago. The Minister of War, Yussuf Shudi, one of the old gang, lets Kitchener do what he likes. [This entry is of more importance than it seems, for this Ali Bey was Ali Bey Kamel, brother to Mustafa Kamel, afterwards leader of the National Party, who began his political career by taking up this quarrel of his brother with Kitchener.]

"*31st March.*— Everard Fielding (he had been staying with us at Sheykh Obeyd) brought the Sultan of Johore to see us, a good old Indian gentleman of very simple manners and much *bonhomie*. He lunched with us, notwithstanding Ramadan, talking pleasantly in *pidgin* English, which did not altogether mar his dignity. With him a young Malay, the general of his army, and his English secretary, Captain Creighton. He complained that though he had been a fortnight at Cairo, he had as yet seen none but English officials, and that Lord Cromer had not encouraged him in his desire to go into Egyptian society. I offered to put him in the way of this, which much delighted him, and as good luck would have it, Mohammed Moelhi called, while we were sitting on the roof, and I introduced him and sent Mohammed back with him to Cairo, to take him, to-day being Friday, to the Mohammed Ali Mosque for prayers, and I am to take him on Sunday to the Sheykh el Bekri and get Mohammed Abdu and other Sheykhs to call on him, and we will put him in the right way to an introduction to Sultan Abdul Hamid when he goes on to Constantinople.

"*2nd April.*— To Cairo, where I took the Sultan of Johore to Sheykh el Bekri, acting for him as interpreter. This was a difficult matter, as the poor old Sultan's English is hardly intelligible, and his

that without constant action there was no chance of success. 'Yes,' he said, 'we drift down the stream like a log to the sea.' On the whole I am pleased with Tigrane.

"*13th April.*— Lady H. writes that she has seen Gorst who seemed immensely struck with my article, 'Lord Cromer and the Khedive,' never apparently before having realized what a good case can be made out for the other side.

"*15th April.*— Called again on Mukhtar Pasha, who talked with considerable unreserve. Speaking of the necessity there would be of England's holding Egypt in force, if she were at war with any Great Power, I had remarked we should require 20,000 men —'50,000,' he exclaimed, 'only to deal with the internal disturbance, and when I come with an army from out there from Damascus you will see how many more you will want.'"

This is the account given by my diary of Abbas' first pitched battle with Cromer, which the latter always claimed as a notable victory, though in reality it was hardly that in any moral sense, Cromer having got his way only by the violent physical measure of calling for British reinforcements and by the unreadiness of the French Government to make it a *casus belli*. Relying on this he succeeded in intimidating the young Khedive to the extent of obtaining from him a compromise in regard to his right of appointing Ministers which he was able to represent in his reports as dictated by himself, but it left him with the Khedive for a persistent enemy, who though many times forced to submit was never reconciled, and who in the end defeated his old enemy, and drove him out of Egypt. I have recorded it here at some length, for it marks the beginning of an obstinate determination on the part of our Foreign Office under the Liberal, no less than under the Conservative administrations in Downing Street, to cling to Egypt right or wrong, wisely or foolishly, to its own hurt twenty years later.

On the 18th April we left Sheykh Obeyd for Athens and Constantinople. At Athens I found my friend Egerton newly appointed Minister, and we lunched at the Legation with him and Arthur Ellis, who was there in attendance on the Princess of Wales on a yachting cruise, and they both talked with a certain sympathy of my Egyptian views, Egerton being still for evacuation as when we had talked of it together in Paris; but we made no stay at Athens more than the few hours allowed by our steamer, and on 23rd April we landed at Galata, and took up our quarters at Myssiris Hotel, where all is unchanged since I was first there thirty-three years before, and where we stayed for a fortnight, an interesting visit, though I failed after all in the chief object of it, that of getting speech of the Sultan.

Our first visitor on arrival was my old ally Ibrahim Moelhi, Moham-

med's father, now a Pasha by favour of the Sultan, and in high favour at the Imperial court, who put me in the way of seeing various dignitaries, including Munir Pasha, the Sultan's chief intermediary between Yildiz Palace and strangers of distinction, who promised me an early audience of His Majesty, but I soon found there were obstacles in the way of an actual private audience of the kind usual at that time among the Court officials. Mukhtar Pasha, from whom I had brought a letter of introduction to Munir, had described me in it as "a *rich* Englishman who had for many years defended the cause of the Arabs against the English Government." The word "rich" was an unfortunate one as suggesting ideas of *bakshish* to the official mind, and I soon discovered that the doors of Yildiz would need more than one golden key to open for me, a form of blackmail I was not prepared to submit to, for I have made it a rule in my dealings with Orientals neither to give, nor to receive, presents. Neither was I disposed to waste more time than a few days waiting for this and that arrangement to mature. Nevertheless I had opportunities given me of seeing a good deal of the inside machinery of that singular abode, the Sultan's residence and its surroundings. I might of course have obtained a formal audience in the orthodox way by getting the British Ambassador to present me, but that would not have served my purpose as the conversation of strangers under such circumstances of introduction was never more with Abdul Hamid than a polite interchange of compliments.

Our Ambassador at the time was Sir Clare Ford, on whom we all called, and who received me very cordially as a former member of the Diplomatic service, and who had for a while worked there in Bulwer's time as an *attaché*, but we did not talk politics except with Nélidoff, the Russian Ambassador, who was announced while we were there, and who had at one time been my intimate friend when he and I were *attachés* together at Athens. Nélidoff always remembered our days there with pleasure when we met, and so it was on this occasion. We talked of old times at Athens when he and I were still almost boys, he three or four years older than me, and of the paper chases we had ridden together in the olive woods with Dufferin, he, too, still a young man, travelling with his mother in the East, and who had spent the winter with us there. I found him much intrigued about the Sultan of Johore, who to his immense surprise found himself an object of vast curiosity at Constantinople, and who, thanks to Sheykh el Bekri's introduction, had been received with all ceremonious honour by Abdul Hamid, though the Court had refused from the first to acknowledge him as having any claim to calling himself a Sultan. Nevertheless he was credited by everyone with a very high position as a Mohammedan Prince in the Malay States. Nélidoff told the story of what the Sultan's chamberlain had said of him when Nélidoff had asked who and what

he was. "Je ne connais pas de Sultan de Johore, mais il y a un prince de ce nom qui a demandé audience de sa Majesté le Sultan." Nélidoff was curious to know how many subjects Johore contained, and when I told him "only half a million" was greatly disappointed. He had been reckoning on him, I think, as a possible ally for Russia on the borders of India.

Going on the same afternoon (25th April) to a hotel where he was staying "I found the Johore suite in the seventh heaven of delight over their reception last night by the Sultan. Two state carriages had been sent for them with an escort of cavalry — this had been denied them in London at the Queen's Jubilee. They had been entertained at a state banquet, and Sultan Abdul Hamid had embraced his brother monarch and had bestowed on him the First Class of the Order of Osmanieh in diamonds, and on the suite correspondingly high decorations. I did not see the old gentleman himself, he being with the dentist. Mohammed Moelhi alone was not decorated, though as a matter of fact it was entirely owing to him that Johore had been received at all. The Sultan had refused at first, saying he was only an Indian Rajah, but Moelhi managed to persuade the palace people through Jemal ed Din, and the brilliant reception accorded was the result. Jemal ed Din was at the banquet, and according to Ibrahim's account, is now in high favour at Yildiz, having succeeded with Abdul Hamid by his plainspoken audacity. The Sultan has offered him all kinds of grades and decorations, but Jemal ed Din has wisely refused, and the other day, on being turned back by the master of ceremonies at one of the Bairam Court functions, Jemal ed Din pushed his way through notwithstanding, and so attracted the Sultan's notice, who sent for him and made him stand close to him behind his chair, nearer even than the Grand Eunuch. So Jemal ed Din is the man of whom to solicit favours, and I am to be taken to call on him to-morrow, the episode of the umbrella in the back room at James Street being consigned to oblivion. How foolish Drummond Wolff was to change his mind at Vienna and not take the Seyyid with him to Constantinople in 1885, as I had arranged he should do. He would have got his Convention ratified and succeeded where he failed.[1]

"*26th April.*— With Judith to luncheon at the Embassy. The German Ambassador was there, with a Swedish Count and Countess and Carnegie, a cousin of the Ambassador, of a branch of the Southesk family settled in Prussia, also Nicholson, our Secretary of Embassy, next to whom I sat. I found both Nicholson and Ford professing opinions favourable to the evacuation of Egypt; indeed, Ford intro-

[1] For Seyyid Jemal ed Din Afghani's earlier career and his visit to me in London see my volume, "Gordon at Khartoum." See also Professor Browne's account of the Seyyid in his book on Persia.

duced me to the German Ambassador as 'the Englishman most strongly opposed to our Occupation of Egypt.' Nicholson married a sister of Lady Dufferin, and was in Egypt at the time of Dufferin's special mission of 1882–3. He gave me a less rosy-coloured picture of Turkish Finance than Vincent, who is negotiating a new loan, and so makes the best of things here.

"At three on with Judith to Nishantash, in the Musafir Khaneh, an official lodging house for distinguished visitors attached to Yildiz, where Jemal ed Din has rooms. The old Afghan received us with open arms and embraced me on both cheeks in a room filled with reverend Turks, and made Judith sit in the armchair of state, and gave us tea and coffee and entertained us for an hour and a half. Anne had written him a note of excuse in Arabic, which was read out two or three times with great admiration at its style and correctness. Then we had a long talk on politics, partly in Arabic, partly in French, which Jemal ed Din talks pretty fluently. Ibrahim Moelhi was there, but the others did not understand us (very few Turks know Arabic). Jemal ed Din asked my opinion of the various personages in Egypt, the Khedive, Riaz, Mukhtar, Tigrane and I also explained to him the situation in England. He was there some months last year, and had got rather incorrect ideas — for one thing, that the evacuation of Egypt was only prevented by the Khedive's *coup d'état*. He did not understand that the English Liberal party had long before surrendered to Rosebery. About the state of things here we did not talk except that the Sultan would certainly support Abbas as long as he opposed us in Egypt, and that no claim would be put forward by Abdul Hamid of interfering with the Administration there. Altogether a satisfactory visit. There seems a good chance now of my getting my audience at Yildiz, but I told Jemal ed Din that I cannot wait longer than Monday.

"*27th April.*— To the bazaars with Judith and the Walter Blunts (General Walter Blunt Pasha, an A.D.C. of the Sultan, who had called two or three days ago with his wife claiming relationship, though I hardly know on what ground). He talked of his family as connected with Plaw Hatch, in Sussex, a fine-looking old man in a very smart uniform. He has been in the Turkish service since 1878. On our return we found Jemal ed Din and Ibrahim Moelhi calling on Anne, who told us wonderful tales of the system of Palace management. It is arranged that I am to be taken by the superintendent of the Musáfir Khaneh to see Munir Pasha to-morrow during the Selamlik. I am not to ask for an audience, but only to deliver my letter from Mukhtar Pasha. They seem to think, however, that it will require a week or more to prepare the ground for an audience, since nothing here can be done in a hurry. I am determined all the same to leave on Monday, for if I am to do any good I must be back in England before Whitsun-

tide. The one practical question I want to ask the Sultan is whether, if the English Government were willing to open negotiations on the lines of the Wolff Convention, he also would be willing, but Jemal ed Din thinks it would be impossible at a first audience to go so far as that.

"*28th April.*— To the Selamlik with Judith and the Walter Blunts (Anne being still laid up), a really splendid spectacle. It was held in front of the new mosque at Yildiz, and everything had been done to make it impressive, as there were ninety officers of the French fleet present, brought especially by the Sultan's yachts from the Dardanelles. Sarah Bernhardt, too, was there, to whom the display must have had a special spectacular meaning. What interested me most was the large number of Mohammedan Sheykhs and dignitaries from distant provinces of the empire, who followed the prayer outside the mosque and took part in the procession. This has been the triumph of Abdul Hamid's reign. In one of the tribunes were a couple of old Druse Sheykhs in splendid attire, with whom I exchanged a few words, and one of them recognized me, having been at Salkhat when Anne and I passed through it on our way to Nejd in 1878. They were then, and as late as 1881, at war with the Sultan, now they are his guests, clothed in robes of honour.

"When it was over I went with General Blunt to call on Emin Pasha, the Chamberlain, and got from him permission to visit the Imperial Arab stud at the Sweet Waters; the General would have gone with me also to Munir Pasha, but I explained that perhaps Munir would sooner see me alone; so presently the superintendent came for me and took me to Munir. There was with him an officious little man whom I afterwards found to be Guarracino, the 'Times' correspondent; but Munir sent him away. He then read my letter from Mukhtar and became cordial. We talked a little about the affairs of Egypt, and a little about my travels, and he said he would inform the Sultan of my arrival.

"In the Diplomatic Box which we occupied at the Selamlik, I found our old friend Sabunji,[1] now in fine feather, having a permanent post as translator to the Sultan. He lives at Prinkipo and comes in twice a week to Yildiz. He told me he had had my article 'Lord Cromer and the Khedive' given him to translate, and that the Sultan certainly had read it. He advised me to ask for an audience, but I told him I had no time. General Blunt whispered me that he was 'a palace spy,' which of course he is, and therein lies his value; he may be of great use to us here. The day was lovely, the view splendid, and I enjoyed the pageant as I seldom do things of the sort.

"In the evening we drove to the Sweet Waters and were shown the

[1] See "Secret History."

Sultan's mares. There were, I believe, about 150 of them, all 'mares from the Arabs,' but the greater part of them of very small account. Among the herd, however, one was able to pick out about a dozen really good ones, and two or three of the first class. But there was no mare there at all equal to Ali Pasha Sherif's best, or the best of our own. The best I found had come from Ibn Rashid who, two years ago, sent thirty. But the Egyptian who manages the establishment tells me that they will insist upon tall horses, and I fancy the Bedouins who send the Sultan mares get the big ones on purpose for him, and keep the little ones, which are the best. There was a great hulking mare which Sotamm Ibn Shaalan had brought with him, one I feel sure was never foaled among the Roala. Of horses they showed us seven, the best being without comparison a Seglawi of Ali Pasha Sherif's, an exact match to our Shahwan. This was a really beautiful and perfect horse, but of diminutive size compared with the others, and so less esteemed here, though the Egyptian knew his worth. Next to him was an immensely showy chestnut from Ferhan Jerba, a beautifully topped horse of great quality, but a little overgrown, and, so the manager told me, less good at the stud than the other. Beyond these two there was not one I would have cared to own, two or three of them being quite unfit to breed from. The management of the stud is, I fancy, very defective, as there were certainly four mares out of five barren. There is, however, enough material to make a good stud out of. I should pick out twenty of the best and and sell the others. There were a good many black mares among them, sent as rarities, but I doubt if black is ever a good Arab colour. One of these came from Ibn Rashid and was the best; Sarah Bernhardt was also in the paddock looking on.

"Munir is rather a fine-looking man, with a vigorous, intelligent face, and modern manner — not at all one of the old-fashioned, sleepy Pashas — and in all he says he goes straight to the point. He impressed me favourably.

"*29th April.*— Admiral Woods Pasha called on me and talked principally about the Armenian question. He says it has been grossly exaggerated in the London press; that he has seen the text of Newberry, the American Consul's Report, which is entirely favourable to the Sultan's Government, that the 'Times' refused to publish it, that Sir Clare Ford had sent it home, but that the Foreign Office ignores it. He has written to the 'Daily Telegraph' a rather weak letter headed, 'Justice to Turkey and the Turks.' But I told him justice was quite out of date now in England, and that he would get a better chance of a hearing if he did not speak of it. To be listened to one must threaten, not plead for mercy.

"To luncheon with the Sultan of Johore and his suite, including Mohammed Moelhi and Ahmed Pasha Ali, A.D.C. to Sultan Abdul

Hamid, who has been attached to Johore for the period of his stay. This Ahmed is the same who was sent to us by the Sultan nine years ago to show us over the palaces and treasury, a good-natured, courtly personage, said to be the most be-decorated of any in Turkey. Our conversation at table was a regular Tower of Babel, for though we were only ten people, we were talking five different languages, English, French, Turkish, Arabic, and Malay.

"In the afternoon we went with the Walter Blunts to see the Sultan's stables at Yildiz — first, however, to call on the director of it, Izzet Pasha, the most European Oriental I have ever met. We found him in trouble, his son having attempted to commit suicide the day before through a love affair. He talked of this quite as a European might. He was sitting in his house near Yildiz, in a rough kind of smoking suit, his hair *en brosse*, and no fez — rather a picturesque looking man, who might have been a French or Italian artist. One certainly would never have guessed him an Oriental. He talked a good deal of heresy about horse-breeding, declared that nine out of ten Arabs had unsound hocks (an absurdity), and they were all unsound one way or the other. He says there is hardly a horse or mare sent by the Bedouins to the Sultan which would pass a veterinary examination. This may perhaps be true, as I daresay they pass on their unsound ones when they are making presents, to say nothing of the horses they send getting changed on their road to Constantinople.

"At the stables, which are inside Yildiz Park wall, we found a splendid collection of stallions arranged in stalls according to their colours, gray, black, or bay — very few chestnuts. Among these the most remarkable were, I think, half-a-dozen brought by Nasr el Ashgar, Sheykh of the Montefik, and several very fine ones from Mohammed Ibn Rashid, and others presented singly by Walys of Bagdad. There were some enormously powerful horses among the bays, and one very fine black horse from Ibn Rashid. But there was unfortunately no intelligent person to explain, nor anybody who knew Arabic, except a black slave. In the first stable there were about sixty horses, nearly all of high quality, but we could not have more than two or three led out, so it was impossible really to judge them. Beyond these were a couple of hundred more, inferior ones, in another stable, and yet a third and fourth stable with European animals. A very old white Arab horse was shown us as the Sultan's favourite for riding, but they say he seldom gets on horseback. Altogether the grandest Arab collection I have seen, and far superior in quality to the mares we saw yesterday.

"Dined at Ahmed Ali's in Stamboul with Johore and his suite; a dull dinner in the modern Turkish style, with music during it — which I hate. Our host showed us with pride some astonishing daubs he had perpetrated at Paris twenty years ago, and some of which he had even

exhibited. He had also painted his dining-room walls not badly with representations of orange and lemon trees in tubs.

"On my return I found that Munir had called, but I shall not put off my departure unless I have an audience fixed for a special day and hour. Mohammed is to find this out definitely and bring me word to-morrow.

"*1st May.*— A dull morning, with a Black Sea fog and cold. Hearing nothing from the Palace, we have taken our places by to-night's Orient express. Called on Ford to say good-bye, also on Woods Pasha. Yesterday I saw Jemal ed Din at Nishantash. He was urgent I should stay on to see the Sultan, and said he would go at once to the Chief Chamberlain to get a definite answer. But no answer has come. I called also on Abdullah Pasha Nejdi (Ibn Thennayan Ibn Saoud) at his house in Yildiz. He lamented being kept a prisoner here and longed to be back in Nejd. But the Sultan is kind to him. I went with Serrur the Soudani.

"To-day Sabunji called. He came here two years ago with some Englishmen to get a railway concession, which came to nothing, but he stayed on till the Sultan, hearing of him through Munif Pasha, sent for him and made him translator. He now has to read and digest all the newspapers of England, France, and Italy, and to write *précis* of their contents in Turkish for the Sultan. He sees the Sultan from time to time and sometimes talks to him about European politics or history or archaeology, of which Abdul Hamid is fond. He gets £40 a month and a house at Prinkipo, and so is in clover. He says the Sultan in afraid to employ good men in high positions for fear they should become too popular. Thus Saïd Pasha was dismissed a year and a half ago because he had become popular with the army by paying the soldiers regularly. Lately, Vincent went to the Sultan with proofs of the roguery of the Minister of Marine. The Sultan gave him in return another paper wherein the same and many more robberies were recorded. He had long known all about it.

"At two Ibrahim Moelhy came to beseech me to stay on a few days till next Thursday, only another twenty-four hours, but I was obdurate. 'I am not a *fakir*,' I said, 'to sit at the Palace door waiting. I am not the Sultan's servant, nor will I dance attendance on any king in the world. If the Sultan wants to see me he must send and say so and I will come, but to-night I go home.' So he went back to Nishantash.

"At five came the Sultan of Johore with Mohammed Moelhi, who has just received the second class of the Mejidieh from Abdul Hamid. So they are all happy. At six Ibrahim and Mohammed returned to see us to the train. All now is satisfactorily settled. We are to go as arranged to England, but Jemal ed Din is so to manage matters that the

Sultan will send for me some time during the summer, and he will obtain for Anne the Chefket Order in diamonds as a sign of extreme favour. In the meantime I am to write to Jemal ed Din letters which he can show to the Sultan on political affairs in England. Thus I shall be his unaccredited Ambassador. The two matters they want principally to be informed about are Armenia and Egypt. And so, much pleased with all that has happened during our week's stay at Constantinople, we are off and away."

Thus ended the eventful spring of 1893 and my part in what happened during it at Cairo. On our way back from Constantinople I note:

"*2nd May.*— In the train all day crossing the great plain of Eastern Roumelia, the Balkans to the north and the Rhodope range to the south, a splendid plain full of storks and large birds of prey, with a few rollers — frogs croaking gaily, bright sunshine. This part of Bulgaria seems very prosperous — the peasants still in their national costume, the villages still with their minarets, though most of the Mohammedan population is gone.

"Mr. Thompson, the U.S. Minister at Constantinople, is in the train. Ford had given me a note of introduction to him. He has told me much about Armenia, having just sent in a report on the subject to his Government. He says that it is proved the Armenians intended a revolt on the 5th January, but were betrayed by one of their own people. The placards inciting the people to rise were printed in England — no Turks were concerned in it. Also he tells me the whole resident Armenian census is under three-quarters of a million as against five millions of Mohammedans. The only province where the Christians outnumber the Moslems is Kaisariyeh, the smallest of the villayets — there they may be three to one. There was some reason for their discontent in the way of injustice, especially through the tyranny of a certain ex-brigand, Kurshid Pasha, chief of the police, but the measures taken by the Government were not very severe. All the prisoners have now been released except 200, and these he had been promised should not be severely punished though reserved for trial. He has been acting in concert with Ford in the matter. He says emphatically that there is not the material in Armenia to make a nation, though the Christian Armenians desire it. Their brethren under Russia would revolt too if they dared. The Catholic Armenians are with the rest in desiring independence. The whole movement has been got up in England and with English help.

"*3rd May.*— Thompson tells me there may be trouble with Russia at Constantinople soon, as the young King of Servia wants to go there and do homage, while the Russian Emperor is opposed to it. The Russians supported the Regency at Belgrade and are angry with the King.

He talked also of American politics and the desire in Canada for annexation to the U.S., the U.S. being unwilling on account of the large half-Indian, half-French population, one million, and 160,000 naturalized Chinese. He says, however, it must come about, through reasons of interest for the Canadians.

"Passed to-day through Hungary — many well bred horses. The gray breed of cattle extends from Constantinople to Pesth. It seems the same as the Roman breed, but with variation. In Turkey the shape is nearer to the Highland Scotch breed.

"*4th May.*— Passing through Germany we got English papers with an account of the debate in Parliament on Dilke's Egyptian motion. The French papers express disappointment. To me it seems most reassuring. Gladstone clearly and emphatically repudiates *indefinite* occupation — talks of convening a European Conference as soon as the condition of things in Egypt returns to the normal. This *must* put a stop to Cromer's annexation policy."

CHAPTER VI

CROMER'S HEAVY HAND

On my return to England after this eventful winter I found myself, a rare thing in my public life, almost popular. I was considered to have got the better of Cromer in our Egyptian battle, and that Cromer had blundered badly in his diplomacy. Labouchere, whom I called on first, promised help about getting up an Egyptian Committee, and that he would consult Dilke about it. "As to Gladstone," he told me, "the question of evacuating Egypt is one merely of his parliamentary majority. 'Can you show me a majority?' the old man says, when questioned about it; he cares nothing any longer for any political question, even Ireland, only to stay in power. His answer to Dilke about Egypt was a mere juggling with words and meant nothing."

I write the same day, *May* 9, "I found George Wyndham, with Henley, the hospital poet (a bitter talker, but a sayer of good things), much pleased with his own parliamentary success, now he is in opposition and free to talk as he pleases. He expressed only a modified disapproval of my doings in Egypt. I gather from him that even the Conservatives think Baring has made a mess of things."

"*11th May*.— To Downing Street, where Harcourt received me with a slight show of severity at first. 'I hear,' he said, 'you have been raising up no end of trouble in Egypt. Cromer says you have been combining against him with Mukhtar Pasha and the Sultan, and the Khedive, to bring back Arabi, and that you are the instigator of all that happened four months ago.' I said, 'I was an accomplice after the fact, not its instigator,' and gave him in brief what had happened. 'Well,' he said, laughing, 'I suppose we shall have to put in force the old statute, *Ne exeat regno*, to keep you from mischief.' While we were talking, Eddy Hamilton came in, but this did not interrupt the conversation. 'The worst of it is,' said Sir William, 'that it puts your friends into a difficult position. Mr. Gladstone, Morley, and I, are strongly for evacuation, but while there is trouble in Egypt this is impossible.' I asked him, 'Can you really tell me that you would have negotiated for an exacuation if nothing of this had happened? Would you not have argued that while things are going on so well, and we were doing so much good in Egypt, it would be better to let well alone?' 'We should certainly have begun negotiations,' he said. He then asked

about the influence of the French in Egypt, and said that if the French were willing to negotiate on the basis of the Drummond Wolff Convention there would be no difficulty, but he had lately asked Waddington (the French Ambassador), and Waddington had answered that the French Government could hardly approve now what it had so strenuously opposed six years ago. Waddington had also maintained that France had been given definite rights in Egypt by England at the Congress of Berlin. Sir William wanted to know about this, and I told him of the terms made between Salisbury and Waddington for the seizure of Tunis, equal rights in Egypt and privileges in Syria. I told him, too, of my conversation with d'Estournelles whom I had met as I crossed over to England on the 5th, and had been introduced to by Alfred Lyall who happened to be on board. I had discussed the whole Egyptian question with him till half way across the Channel, when the sea stopped us, and had found him very sympathetic with my views. 'Well,' said Harcourt, when you write to your friends in Egypt tell them to keep quiet, and we will in a very short time begin negotiations. The difficulty is in the country and in the House of Commons, where we should not have a majority in favour of evacuation, and also with the French Government.' I repeated to him my talk with d'Estournelles, and that I was sure the French Government would agree easily enough after the General Elections. 'Do you authorize me,' I asked, 'to say to my friends at Cairo that if they will work harmoniously with Cromer, we will enter on negotiations for a withdrawal of the troops, say in the autumn?' He said, 'Yes,' But at this Eddy Hamilton made a grimace of dissent and he corrected himself. 'I can authorize you to say what Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons the other day.' We parted in all amity, he joking about the possibility of my having been seen in Downing Street at his door. 'Rosebery,' he said, 'has doubtless got his touts on the look out for you, and I must beg you, when you come again, to put on a false nose. I will let you out through the garden gate.' Eddy will, I feel sure, repeat all this to Rosebery, but I do not care if he does.

"Coming home to Wentworth House (where we were staying for the season), I found Lady Lytton, and took a walk with her. She tells me that Lord Salisbury is so angry with Cromer for his mismanagement of affairs at Cairo that he says he is unfit to succeed Lord Lansdowne in India, so no wonder Cromer is angry with me. I am quite satisfied with the way my action has been taken in the official world, and I think Lady Lytton sees that after all I was right.

"*12th May.*—Lunched with George Wyndham, and again found Henley there, and with them a clever young man, Whibley, who writes for him in the 'National Observer.' George gave us some admirable descriptions of battle scenes he had been present at in the Soudan, and

set before us the things he had seen and felt as one reads them in Kipling.

"*14th May (Sunday).*— Spent the morning writing to the Sheykh el Bekri. Then to see Loulou Harcourt who is in bed at a private hospital for some slight operation, but is able to receive friends. He says he expects the Government to win at the General Elections next year, as they will take other bills besides the Home Rule Bill and appeal to the country against the Lords.

"*21st May.*— Lunched with d'Estournelles. He professes the greatest admiration for my politics, but that I suspect is because I oppose English policy in Egypt.

"*1st June.*— Dined at Lady Galloway's in Upper Grosvenor Street, Philip Currie being there with others. She is by birth a Cecil, half sister to Lord Salisbury, an altogether noble soul."

This marks the beginning of a friendship which put me in connection with the Cecil section of the Conservative party and their ideas of foreign policy. Lady Galloway who spent much of her time travelling, was of considerable use to her brother in regard to what was passing on the Continent.

"*5th June.*— Gave a dinner in Mount Street to Margot and Betty Balfour, Harry Cust and d'Estournelles; the latter, who came in full uniform on his way to a State Concert, was very amusing, giving us his ideas about English women and English men.

"*12th June.*— I hear from Lefevre that the despatches exchanged between Rosebery and Cromer are 'most curious.' Cromer was for the wildest violence against the Khedive, but he was given a douche which has brought him to his senses. He is, however, quite out of favour.

"*17th June.*— With Judith and Anne to a garden party at Kew, given by George Lefevre in his official capacity (as Commissioner of the Board of Works). The party was to meet at the pier of the House of Commons, and go up the river in two steamers. As we did not know precisely where the pier was we stopped outside the House of Lords to ask a policeman.

"Dialogue:

"*I.* 'Can you tell me where I shall find the pier of the House of Commons?'

"*Policeman.* 'What peer did you say?'

"*I.* 'The pier of the House of Commons.'

"*Policeman.* 'No, sir, indeed, we have plenty of peers of the House of Lords, but I never yet heard of a peer of the House of Commons."

On the boat with us were old Maud Stanley, Carlisle, Maisie Stanley and her daughter, Lord and Lady Denbigh, T. P. O'Connor and his wife and the Mathew family, Justin McCarthy, Lord Acton and Lady

Harcourt, a very pleasant party, and a day of tropical heat. The party had been invited to meet the Teck family, who arrived for tea, with the Duke of York and Princess May.

"*21st June.*— To a party at Lady Salisbury's, where I again met Prince George and Princess May.

"*27th June.*— Lunched with Lady Galloway, where I met Mackenzie Wallace; then on to Grosvenor Square, where Margot was entertaining Princess Hélène and a dozen more ladies to see the performance of a Spanish dancer, Candida Lopez.

"*28th June.*— To an open air play at Pope's Villa at Twickenham, where Labouchere was our entertainer, a queer *omnium gatherum*, conspicuous among the guests being Sir William Harcourt, Monty Corry, and numerous Irish members. Most of these last I had not seen since my retirement from Home Rule politics. They were very cordial. 'We treated you very badly,' Healy said, 'in not giving you an Irish seat, we ought to have made an exception in your favour.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'I am very glad you did not.' Dr. Kenny and John Redmond spoke to me in the same sense. I was especially glad to meet Dillon, and had some talk with him about Egypt. He told me the last two years had been the hardest and most thankless work he had ever had to do.

"The play was 'The Tempest,' done with Sullivan's music, pretty but quite inept. Certainly Shakespeare was here at his very worst. What can be stupider than Caliban and the drunken sailors? The other characters pompous and flat. But beautiful songs. Ariel was wonderfully well acted by Dora Labouchere, a child of ten.

"30*th June.*— With Judith to lunch with Burne-Jones, where he had asked her to sit to him. His wife and son, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Kipling, were there. During the two hours' sitting he had of Judith he was most entertaining, telling us stories of William Morris's oddities. One of the chairs in the studio we observed was rickety. 'Yes,' he said, 'Morris has sat in them all, and he has a muscular movement in his back peculiar to himself, which makes the rungs fly out.' He and Morris are devoted friends, and Morris comes every Sunday to spend the morning with him, and has done so for, I think he said, thirty years. 'I have never taken a fortnight's holiday away from London,' he went on, 'for twenty-three years. That is because I am constitutionally idle. Millais used to say of me, when we were young men, that I was so lazy that when I began to work, I was too lazy to stop. And so it has always been. I have constantly wished to get away to Egypt and to Mount Sinai and to Jerusalem, but I am deterred by the thought that I can get to any of these places in a week. I should like it to take at least six months, travelling slowly through France and Italy, and arriving gradually, so as to be two years away. As this is impossible

I stay on in North End Grove. The garden here is a constant pleasure to me, because I say to myself, my neighbours are calculating how much it is worth a foot for building.' And so on and so on, always with a delightful humour and a voice of sweetest calibre. The drawing meanwhile got rapidly finished, though it seemed as if he had done nothing but talk. It was a lovely sketch in red chalk. [This drawing was to have been given to Judith, but somehow it never reached her, and must have been sold, we think, with the rest of his drawings after his death. We have been unable to trace it.] He was very complimentary about Judith, and was quite affectionate to me at parting. This put us in good spirits, and we rushed away down to Crabbet, Judith's London season being over. She tells me she has enjoyed it immensely.

"1*st July*.— Crabbet. Annual meeting of the Crabbet Club. We sat down over twenty to dinner, and did not leave the table till half-past one. The members present were:

George Curzon.	Hubert Howard.
George Leveson Gore.	Godfrey Webb.
George Wyndham.	Percy Wyndham.
George Peel (the 4 Georges)	Loulou Harcourt.
Morpeth.	Theodore Fry.
Mark Napier.	Theobald Mathew.
Harry Cust.	Charles Laprimaudaye,
Charles Gatty.	and Laurence Currie.

"St. George Lane Fox, and two new men, Esmé Howard and Eddy Tennant.

"George Curzon was, as usual, the most brilliant, he never flags for an instant either in speech or repartee; after him George Wyndham, Mark Napier, and Webber. The next day, Sunday, Harry Cust won the Tennis Cup, and the Laureateship was adjudged to Curzon.

"16*th July*.— The French have been attacking Siam in a way dangerous to the general peace. We were giving a Saturday to Monday party at Crabbet, and George Curzon arrived full of the case. He was to have adjourned the House yesterday, but Rosebery begged him not, as Develle, the French Prime Minister, had explained that he was isolated in his Cabinet in favour of conciliatory measures, all the other Ministers backing up the French Admiral. George asked Rosebery point blank whether he could say that the English Government would resist all attempt on the part of the French to violate the independence of Siam west of the river Mekong, and Rosebery assured him that they would do so. I had some talk also with Philip Currie who is here, about it and about Egypt. He condemned Baring's policy of

the last few years, especially as to judicial reforms, and agreed with many of my own views on other points. He said of Dufferin that he had been a failure in Paris. Dufferin had left Paris in a huff at the continued attacks made on him in the French press. George Curzon was very amusing.

"*2nd Aug.*— My news from Paris is (from a source within the Embassy) that Dufferin has been undoubtedly a failure there; he is too fond of paying little insincere compliments, and his wife is too ungenial. There is a very bitter feeling in all classes now against England, and just at this moment it is at fever heat about Siam. After a deal of swagger Rosebery has knuckled down. It is a robbers' quarrel over their spoils.

"*17th Aug.*— Osman Bey Ghaleb was here at luncheon, a very intelligent man. He left Egypt in the middle of June, and stayed a month or more at Constantinople, being there when the Khedive came to do homage. He tells me that great preparations had been made to receive Abbas, but at the last moment the Sultan was frightened and counter-ordered everything, so that Abbas was received meanly by half-a-dozen inferior officials, none above the rank of Bey. In public this attitude was maintained throughout towards him, but privately, Osman says, it was different, and the Sultan received the Khedive four or five times quite alone and had long talks with him. On going away Abbas declared openly to his suite that his journey had been a failure, but this he thinks was merely to throw dust in English eyes, for he said, 'Abbas is a proud young man, and if he had really been ill received by the Sultan he would never have returned to Cairo, he would have thrown himself overboard first.' It is difficult to understand the Sultan's object in all this. Osman lays it entirely on his timidity. The English Ambassador, he says, bullied him (poor Ford!) on the Armenian question, and frightened him with threats of intervention, but what folly! Even Gladstone could hardly bombard Constantinople or seize the ports of the Hedjaz.[1]

"*23rd Aug.*— We had a private performance this evening of my play, 'The Bride of the Nile,' the Lytton girls acting it, and Lady Clare Feilding and Judith." [N.B. I had written this extravaganza while in Egypt as a relief to my feelings, and to make fun of Baring and the British Occupation, taking as my text an incident narrated by Abulfeda as having happened at the time of the Arab invasion by Amru, when the relations between Egypt and the Roman Empire were not unlike those now existing with the British Empire. The play with our home circle at Crabbet had a considerable success.]

I spent the month of September in Scotland making a family tour of

[1] This Osman Ghaleb became afterwards the principal friend and supporter of the National Leader, Mustapha Kamel.

visits; to the Glen, Lochnaw, and Cumloden, but there is nothing in my diary of any public interest. On our way back, I find:

"*10th Oct.*— At Saighton. Spencer Lyttleton came to-day from Hawarden to luncheon and we had a great discussion about the Poet Laureateship. He declares that Gladstone will in all probability not make any appointment to the office. The general sense of the Government is in favour of Swinburne, and it has been ascertained that Swinburne would like to be appointed, but the Queen is opposed on account of the immorality of his early songs, and also on account of his having written against the Russian Emperor (he had suggested his assassination many years before, and the Queen, who regarded the Laureateship as an office in her personal household, considered that this made him absolutely impossible as a candidate). 'The one thing we are afraid of,' Lyttleton said, 'is having Lewis Morris thrust on us. William Morris will not take it, and so no appointment will be made."

"*23rd Oct.*— Once more at Crabbet. Yesterday we had a visit from Baron de Nölde, a Russian traveller, who has just come back from Nejd, where he has seen Ibn Rashid. He carried a letter of introduction with him from the Sultan Abdul Hamid who, he said, made use of him as an informal envoy to bring him word of the exact state of affairs in Arabia. Mohammed Ibn Aruk (our old travelling companion in 1878) went with him, and they followed the same route as we did from Damascus to Haïl except that they crossed the Nefud at a point farther to the east. At Haïl Nölde found Hamoud Ibn Rashid acting as Regent, and was forwarded on by him to the Emir Ibn Rashid by way of Bereyda and Shaggra to his camp near Riad. The Emir entertained him there for ten days, then sent him back with a present of a mare and two deluls to Meshed Ali. Nölde says his journey cost him £6,000, ours cost us about £200. He is a very clever man with a very forbidding face, not unlike Burton's. He stayed the whole day with us and showed some knowledge of Arab horses.

"*4th Nov.*— I have been much occupied during this week about the Matabele War, which has at last come to fighting and much slaughter of black men by white. I took counsel on the subject with the good Evelyn, who was for two nights at Crabbet, and we agreed to make some demonstration of our disapproval. In the meanwhile I have written strongly to T. P. O'Connor on the subject, upbraiding him and the other Irish members for their silence.

"*5th Nov.*— To London early, and called upon Lady Harcourt, with whom was Lord Spencer, a worthy, ponderous man, who complained of the calls made on him at the Admiralty from all parts of the Empire.

"Lady Lytton sends me a letter she received two months ago from Sir Henry Loch (the High Commissioner at the Cape) giving his view of the coming Matabele difficulty. 'It began,' he said, 'by Lobengula,

who has not abandoned his rights over the Mashonas, sending a regiment to collect taxes, kill the people, and take cattle.' They did so to some extent in Fort Victoria; then Dr. Jameson ordered a small mounted force to charge — when two chiefs and thirty Matabeles were killed. 'The situation,' he says, 'is somewhat complicated, for while the Company have administrative authority over Mashonaland, they are still, as regards political matters, under my control, and, moreover, the country under my direct administration must be affected by what the Company may do. Probably the Protectorate would be the first to be attacked by Lobengula, should there be war. I have some strong positions and a powerful police force supported, if necessary, by native levies, but still not strong enough to carry the war into the enemy's country and force a battle away from supports. The danger is the Company, as soon as they are a little better prepared, may bring about fighting, as they can't stand long armed and waiting for events with the possible view of committing H.M.'s Government in their quarrel. So I am obliged to watch both friend and enemy, and if fighting once begins, the conduct of it will fall entirely upon me, while if I do anything the Company can lay hold of as causing them commercial loss, either by checking their fighting or by encouraging them to do so, that will enable them to say to Her Majesty's Government: "If it had not been for the action of the High Commissioner we should not have incurred these losses, and they might in consequence endeavour to obtain compensation for these alleged losses out of the Government."'

"This is a good example of the way in which these Colonial wars are begun.

"*9th Nov.*— To Westminster with intent to see Labouchere, who is bringing on the Matabele case in Parliament to-day, but he was out.

"Then to lunch by invitation of Loulou at 11, Downing Street. Sir William was there looking, I thought, older and less healthy than when I saw him last, in less good spirits, too, than is his wont, but he told us some good stories as the meal went on, the other guests being Mildmay and his wife, a sister of Lady Harcourt. When alone with me afterwards in his official room he began complaining of the brutality of the British public, which insisted upon the slaughter of the Matabeles to procure itself markets for its goods. 'It used,' he said, 'to be slaughter for the glory of the thing, but they have given that up now, now it is slaughter for trade.' I asked: 'But why do you do it?' 'Oh,' he said, 'we are all burglars now.' I said: 'If you will allow me to say it, you are in the position of a bishop who burgles a church. Why do you not disapprove?' 'Bishops,' he said, 'are always the first to lay their hands on property when they can do it. I remember Bright telling me that he never knew a bishop express disapproval of a war but once, and that was a war to put down the slave trade.' *I.*—

'You complain of public opinion, but you let the official press, "The Daily News" and the rest, either preach up these wars or sit on silent till it is too late.' *He.*—'The papers are in the hands of the financiers.' I fancy he has done what he could to stop the raid on the Matabeles, but that Rosebery and the commercial Jingoes in the Cabinet have been too strong for him. I asked him whether they were going to do anything in the direction of evacuating Egypt. He said: 'No, nothing at all. The young Khedive has behaved like an ass. He insisted upon going to Constantinople, to get the Sultan to take up his case against us, and the French Government, too, has been absurd. We shall do nothing.' I said, 'I do not see that these are reasons. I hold to my opinion that we shall get into trouble yet about Egypt.' I asked him finally whether Cromer was going to stay on at Cairo. He said, 'Yes, for anything I know to the contrary.' Then he relapsed into his cigar and I went into the inner room to talk with Loulou about Harry Cust's marriage.

"10*th Nov.*—There has been a better debate upon the Matabele case in Parliament than I expected, though the Irish were dumb and the Government justified their Matabele slaughter. Gladstone surpassed himself in the use of his double tongue. He is a shameless old hypocrite as the world has ever seen. I have determined to oppose him what little I can at the next elections. The spectacle of Gladstone, Morley, and the Irish members supporting this anti-human policy in Africa is enough to make dynamiters of us all.

"Baron de Nölde came again in the evening with his cousin, Count de Kreutz. They are projecting a new journey in Central Africa, to start from Zanzibar and go to Khartoum. On their last journey (in Arabia) they took with them 300 bottles of Champagne, 100 of Madeira, and 100 of brandy, and drank them all their two selves.

"I have written to Labouchere offering to help him, if I can, about South Africa.

"15*th Nov.*—Drove over to see Fred'k Locker at Rowfant, and wish him good-bye. He and Evelyn are the only two friends left me in Sussex. Our leave-taking was not a little pathetic for this reason.

"16*th Nov.*—To London, and lunched at Hammersmith. Morris full of the coal war, and the proposed settlement of it by Rosebery. He said the miners had gone the wrong way to work by throwing themselves out of employment and starving. They ought to have refused to work and gone to the workhouse. This would have thrown the whole cost of the war on the masters, 'but,' he said, 'they have an idea of honour in the matter, which I suppose had to be reckoned with.' All I see in it is the strengthening of Rosebery's position, and with it the final disappearance of the ideas of 1880. Evelyn has written to the Committee of the Irish National League at Deptford, to say

that he can no longer support Gladstone at the elections. I have been writing to Redmond, but doubt if I shall send my letter. Dined with Lady Gregory."

It was, I think, about this time that I severed my connection with the Arbitration and Peace Society, stating as my reason for doing so that I found the ideas of the Society would be of no profit if realized to the backward races of mankind, or to prevent wars by white men against them, whereas a general war in Europe might possibly give them a time of peace on the principle that when thieves fall out honest men come by their own. "There is talk of Philip Currie going as Ambassador to Constantinople."

"*24th Nov.*— My last visit before leaving London for the winter was to Frederic Harrison, whom I found preparing a lecture he is to deliver to-night. He was glad, however, to see me, and I had half an hour's talk with him. We discussed the Matabele case, on which we are in accord, though neither of us having special knowledge we are unable to take action, nor does he propose to do so, considering that Labouchere has dealt with it as well as it can be dealt with. 'The Government is afraid of Rhodes,' is the whole history of the case. We then talked about Egypt, and I told him of my two conversations with Harcourt in May and again the other day. He told me that as late as June, Morley had told him that he and Gladstone and Asquith and Mundella, and Lefevre were of one mind for evacuation, and that he, Morley, had declared that he intended to have it out with Rosebery, and that if a contrary policy was persisted in one or other would have to leave the Cabinet. I gave him my opinion of the gravity of the Franco-Russian Alliance, of the ferment there was in India shown by the Anti Cow-killing league, and of the position at Cairo.

"He asked me if I knew anything of the reasons why Sir Henry Norman had refused the Viceroyalty of India after accepting it, and he told me a curious story of how Norman had come to him during the Afghan campaign, and while he was a member of the Indian Council, and had given him the most intimate and full information of all that was going on, and how he had come over and over again with details and documents avowedly to help him, Harrison, in his attack on the Indian Government. Norman's appointment to the Viceroyalty would seem to be a late reward by Gladstone for the political service which was no doubt largely instrumental in bringing about Disraeli's overthrow at the elections of 1880. I have agreed to let Harrison know how things stand in Egypt when I get there. I shall also write an article for the 'Nineteenth Century.'

"We left in the evening for Brindisi."

My winter in Egypt of 1893–94 was made noteworthy by a new political crisis, and a new battle between the Khedive and Lord Cromer,

in which Kitchener played a first prominent part, what is known as the "Frontier Incident." Here again, as in the former instance, though an accessory after the fact I was not an accomplice, my advice being taken about it by the Khedive when it was no longer of any use to him. The entries in my diary show how greatly the facts of the case differ from those recorded in the Blue Books, and are therefore of interest.

"*28th Nov.*— On board the *Hydaspes*. The only fellow passengers I have made acquaintance with are Lady Waterford and Sir John Stokes, the latter on his way to the Suez Canal of which he is Director, to open a new railroad from Port Said to Ismaïlia. With Stokes I have had much talk about the Suez Canal, British trade and the Mediterranean route in time of war. He tells me three-quarters of the tonnage passing through the Canal is British, of which perhaps half is for English ports, the rest for other ports in Europe. In time of war with France, this could not continue. The Red Sea was quite safe, but the whole line of the Mediterranean would be blocked, and this would continue until the British had broken up the enemy's forces and confined them to their ports, then convoys could be arranged and trade resumed. He considers that it would require sixty or seventy more men-of-war than we have at present to effect this as against the French navy. He is for making the increase, not for abandoning the control of the Mediterranean. He considers that the Canal will eventually be internationalized, though by the terms of the concession it will revert to Egypt in 1959, but 'nobody looks so far as that ahead.' Stokes reminded me that our first acquaintance dates from the time of Cave's Mission in 1875, of which he was a member. He is a stolid old fellow of the out-of-date military type, being a General in the army.

"*5th Dec.*— My first twenty-four hours at Sheykh Obeyd were a dream of light-hearted happiness, such as I do not remember since a child; it was a physical feeling of perfect pleasure, perfect health, and perfect powers of enjoyment without the least shadow of annoyance. We arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of December in time to catch the 9 o'clock train to Cairo, and then straight on home in brilliant sparkling weather with just a little freshness in the North wind, the thermometer at 72. Everything on the way was a pleasure, even the new houses built at Koubbah, and our little railway station at Ezbet el Nakl, lovely and familiar in its palm grove. Inside the garden all was paradise. No misadventure this year of any kind, but a blooming look of extravagant growth, trees, crops, and flowers, the house so shut in with green we can hardly any longer get a glimpse out into the desert, hardly even from the house top. Cows prosperous, mares in foal, every servant happy. Each year decides me more to spend the remnant of my days in the East, where old age is respected, and its repose

respectable. Of news we have as yet heard little; poor Ahmed Bey Sennari (a neighbour) is dead; old Eid Diab, too, gathered to his fathers, and Prince Ibrahim, our neighbour on the other side, gone in an apoplectic fit, or as the fellahin round here say, 'poisoned' by his uncle Ismaïl, whose daughter he recently married, but left behind at Constantinople. 'Ismaïl, I suppose, was angry,' I suggested. 'Oh no,' they said, 'it was on account of the inheritance, three twenty-fourths of which will have come to her. Ismaïl has poisoned very many people for their money'— such is the talk.

"*8th Dec.*— *Visitors.* Mahmud Bey from Menoufieh, an old fox, formerly Arabist, his object to borrow £30, which he did not get. He tells me Riaz and Mukhtar are now working harmoniously with Cromer.

Selim Bey Faraj, another neighbour, who has let his land at £5 the feddan, etc., etc.

"*9th Dec.*— Mohammed Moelhi called. He tells me the Khedive's reception at Constantinople was as bad as could be. He is now angry with the Sultan, and angry with Mukhtar, who persuaded him to go there; has quarrelled with Tigrane on a personal matter; cannot get Riaz to go fairly with him. Riaz lets things slide as when last in office, giving in to Cromer in all important matters, only from time to time making show of opposition. Nevertheless the English don't like him, and want to get rid of him; so, he says, would the Khedive, too, but he has nobody but Mazlum to put in his place. The Khedive wished the Legislative Council to oppose the estimate for the extra regiments of Occupation this year, but Riaz has yielded the point and nothing will be done. Thus Abbas every day is losing prestige in the country, and the trimmers are making their peace with Cromer.

"The journey to Constantinople was a fatal move. Some strong influence must have been brought to bear on the Sultan, German probably, and Abdul Hamid was partly frightened, partly bought, Mohammed thinks, by financial promises. Edgar Vincent was probably the medium of these. The Khedive has no option now but to keep quiet, maintaining himself as he can at the head of the National party and waiting his opportunity. It would be rash for him to take up the strong position he held in the spring now that he can no longer count on the Sultan. The Sultan was always the dangerous card in his hand.

"*15th Dec.*— Osman Ghaleb and Mohammed Moelhi to breakfast. Osman had an interview with Gladstone in England this autumn or summer. Gladstone asked him two questions: whether the English officials in Egypt were working hard and whether the late Khedive Tewfik was regretted. Osman's answer to the second question was that 'Death was always regretted, but the Egyptians were consoled by having his son Abbas.' Gladstone hoped that Abbas would become

friendly to England as his father had been. Gladstone did not ask whether the Egyptians wished the Occupation to be discontinued.

"Colbeck, director of the Bank of Egypt, on whom I called, 15th December, was quite as pessimistic on the English side. He said our position at Cairo was becoming daily more ridiculous. Cromer could get none of his reforms carried through; he was opposed constantly by the Ministry; the Khedive was irreconcilable. Much as he admired Cromer he thought a change was necessary, as Cromer was without power. Cromer was willing to take an Embassy, and wanted Portal named in his place, but Portal was not clever enough, etc., etc. He had heard nothing of a split between Tigrane and the Khedive or with Riaz.

"*17th Dec.*— With Anne and Judith to call on Princesse Hélène and her brother, the Duc d'Orleans, at Shepherd's. The Duke is a fresh-faced, blond young man, good humoured, and good mannered. He has travelled over much wild country, and I talked to him of his experiences, especially in Somaliland, finding him sympathetic as to the advantages of uncivilized life and a contempt of Europe. He and his sister are on very pleasant terms together. On their return from up the Nile in March they will come and see us at Sheykh Obeyd.

"*22nd Dec.*— To Cairo and lunched with Tigrane. I found him very outspoken. He assured me that neither the Khedive nor anyone else at Cairo held me responsible for the use made of the Khedive's name in connection with my 'Nineteenth Century' article of last summer, and he hoped I would write another. As to the Khedive's visit to Constantinople, he declared it had not been otherwise than a success, that precisely the same ceremonial had been observed towards Abbas as formerly towards Ismaïl, that the Khedive had dined several times with the Sultan, who had been most kind to him. I asked him about the Khedive's proposed visit to England, but he told me nothing was yet settled, and I strongly advised that the Khedive should not go, at least as long as Cromer was here, for he would only be paraded as a tame bear, and the thing be counted as a triumph for English policy. If he insisted upon going he should at least go straight from Paris, where he would be fêted, then possibly English people would be polite to him, but it was a risk. He denied there having been any split between him and the Khedive; Riaz and he were on the best of terms. We talked very openly about the prospects of evacuation, and I told him that in my opinion it had been mainly determined by the larger question of peace and war with France, and the military advisability or otherwise of having a garrison in a disaffected Egypt. Tigrane is a clever man and a good talker, modest withal.

"*26th Dec.*— One Ibrahim Shafeï came with a complaint arising out of the Greek drink-shop established in the village of Merj. He was

watering his land near the railway station, and had to construct a raised channel for the water across the footpath and the Greek objected to this, as hindering access to his shop, though the land did not belong to him and the fellah had a right to the waterway. The Greek cut the channel, the fellah protested, the Greek struck the fellah with a stick, the fellah took the stick from the Greek, then the Greek ran into his shop and got out a gun which he pointed at the fellah, and the fellah ran away but came back ten minutes later to reconstruct his channel, then the Greek fired at him, fired and struck him, the fellah showed me his legs and I found twenty-two shot marks in them, he had been three weeks in hospital and was still weak. The Greek, when arrested, avowed the deed, but nevertheless, after four days' detention, was let out on bail, and is back at his shop.

"Nearly every day this month I have seen foxes in the garden when I have ridden out before sunrise. There are three which I know by sight, and old dog-fox, a vixen, and a year-old cub. They are very tame, and I have watched them sometimes within a few yards of me for ten minutes at a time. It is pretty to see them play and roll each other over. This month is the breeding season and they are barking very constantly in the garden (it is a peculiarity of a fox's bark that whereas nearly all other wild cries seem to be nearer than they really are, that of the fox sounds at a distance even when close by). I have also seen one of the large cats called by Hassan Hashem, *kutt berri* (desert cat). It is exactly like a small lioness, but higher on the leg, the ears tipped with black and the tail with three black rings, the quarters rather drooping. It is very powerfully built. The Arabs eat these cats when they can catch them and say they are very fat and good meat.

"*27th Dec.*— To Cairo to see Riaz, who had asked me to come to him. I found the old man very affectionate and pleased to see me. He talked in just the same strain as last year about Cromer and the ill faith of the English government and Mr. Gladstone.

"About the Khedive's visit to Constantinople, he told me most positively first that it had been decided before His Highness went, between him and his ministers, that he should not make any political proposals to the Sultan — he said, 'I will swear this to you on the Koran.' Secondly, that in fact His Highness had not made any, and that his talk with the palace officials had been confined to his personal complaint of Lord Cromer's rudeness. Lastly, that the Sultan had been more than kind to him and had treated him more honourably than a Viceroy of Egypt had ever been treated, so that the Khedive was perfectly satisfied with all. I asked him whether the Sultan might not have been won over to the English policy in Egypt, and his face put on the most expressively incredulous smile. 'You know,' he said, 'as well as I do that even if in his heart he had such a thought he would not dare

express it.' He told me, too, of an attempt Cromer had made to impose an English doctor on the Khedive's party, which they had refused.

"We talked next about the action of the Legislative Council at Cairo which has refused to approve the expenses this year of the English Occupation, besides making a number of other objections, almost all to my mind very sensible ones. Riaz is clearly in sympathy with them, but he has rather weakly followed English dictation in rejecting most of them. He is doing, however, perhaps as much as is prudent in his opposition to Cromer. 'At least,' he said, 'we have lost no ground this year, if we have not gained as much as we wished.'

"About the Merj case, which I set before him, he amused me immensely by saying in answer to my remark that the Greek would end by killing someone outright, 'Would it not be better if *they* killed *him*?' He promised me to see justice done, and I am sure it will not be for want of his goodwill if nothing results, but Riaz is too old not to be timid in action. He introduced his son Mahmud to me, a little round Circassian whom he has made his under secretary of state [a piece of nepotism which was taken hold of effectively by Cromer, as the young man was quite incapable and was guilty of many stupidities]. He was most cordial in wanting to see me again. Riaz has a wonderful charm of manner, inspiring one with affection as well as respect, badly as he behaved in 1882. For this he is contrite now.

"*31st Dec.*— In answer to a question by Labouchere, Gladstone has said in Parliament that negotiations for evacuating Egypt must be entered into, if at all, with the Sultan, not with the Khedive.

"Mohammed Abdu lunched with us on Friday. He is very well satisfied with the way things are going here; says that Riaz is working well with the Khedive, highly approves the action of the Legislative Council, but as to Constantinople, says the Sultan is mad and there is no doing anything with him. Talking about the Azhar University he tells me there is only one of the Sheykhs there fit to be made Sheykh El Azhar on a Liberal footing, namely, Hassan el Naawi.

"*2nd Jan.* 1894.— My audience of the Khedive. He received me with great cordiality, excusing himself for the mistake about last week's audience, and assuring me that he was not in the smallest degree displeased at what had happened last year, when Knowles announced my article as authorized by him. I said, 'After all it did good'; and he chuckled at the recollection. I found him just as frank and plain-spoken as last year, but more of a man. He is much sunburnt and looks in perfect health. He answered all my questions freely and without hesitation.

"The first was about Constantinople. I asked him whether it was true that he had gone there with the intention of starting an active anti-English campaign? *Abbas.* 'There is no truth in it. I was

obliged to go, as it was my duty to the Sultan, but from first to last we did not speak a word of politics.' *I.* 'Then it is not true that Your Highness asked for Turkish troops?' *Abbas.* 'The whole thing is nonsense. It was agreed beforehand that I should say nothing of these things, and nothing at all was said.' *I.* 'But Your Highness was satisfied with the general reception?' *Abbas.* 'Most satisfied. The Sultan showed me all possible kindness. But the question of evacuation was not touched on, nor, indeed, any international politics. I authorize you to repeat this on my part.'

"I told him that I had seen Sir William Harcourt, and what he had said to me about the Khedive's having gone to Constantinople to raise up the Sultan against us. He begged me to contradict this, as nothing of the sort had taken place. I then asked about his intended visit to England. He said he was thinking of it in June. I urged him to decide on nothing in a hurry, as I should be sorry to see him go there without being certain of being received with all the honour due to his position. I feared the visit might be misinterpreted and made use of against him in the Press. He promised to think it over well before deciding. About Riaz he said he was on the best of terms with him, that he was quite satisfied of the sincerity of his opposition to Lord Cromer and that all was going on capitally. He was immensely pleased at the conduct of the Legislative Council, but told me he had had great difficulty in keeping up their courage. They were so timid. One member, Gait Bey Mustafa, had come one day to the Council in a great state of mind because he had been the day before to Kitchener to ask that his son might be received into the military school, and Kitchener had been very rude to him, asking him whether he was not one of those who were wanting to cut down the army estimates, and had shown him the door. This had frightened others, and they had all come to him, and he had made them a little speech on their duty as independent patriots, which had given them heart again.

"He then told me the story of the Sheykh el Bekri. He and the Sheykh had been great friends as boys, and he had had a high opinion of him, but latterly the Sheykh had had his head turned by the desire to play a great political part. He had gone about among the foreign consuls repeating this thing and that. On one occasion Lord Cromer had quoted something the Sheykh had told him which should not have been told, and he had sent for him and asked explanations, and advised him to keep quiet, but he would not be advised. Complaints had also been made to him as to the Sheykh having withheld the payment of certain sums passing through his hands, so that he had sent for the Azhar Sheykhs and warned them to be cautious with Sheykh el Bekri, and the Sheykhs had told Sheykh el Bekri what he had recommended. This had made further mischief. Finally, on the publication in the 'Bos-

phore' about the two members of the Council having been to Lord Cromer, the Sheykh had gone to Reverseaux, French Minister Resident at Cairo. I had insisted upon its being contradicted, or otherwise 'he would go over to the English.' This Reverseaux had repeated to him, the Khedive — and he had given Bekri a strong piece of his mind about his lack of patriotism. I told the Khedive that I regretted the disagreement, as I had had a high opinion of Sheykh el Bekri's value both for intelligence and courage. But he said he himself was disappointed in him, and things were so.

"Of Lord Cromer he spoke with the same sort of boyish fun as last year. 'When Lord Cromer came back from England,' he said, 'he began to talk to me once more about the details of Government, but I reminded him that last time we had talked of these things it was I who wanted to go into details, and he who found that "it was not my business to trouble myself about them." Since then we only talk about the rain and the fine weather. He comes to see me, but we never talk politics.' He asked me whether I had been to see Cromer, and I told him 'No,' as I did not think he had behaved well to His Highness, and I was unwilling, being opposed to him, to frequent his house. This pleased him very much. He came with me to the door, and on going out I asked him whether I might publish what he had told me, and he said 'Certainly — these are the facts and my opinion, and there is no reason why they should not be made known.' I am immensely impressed with the keenness of his intelligence, and his ready power of expressing himself, also with his frankness and directness. There was no beating at all about the bush, nor use of those vague generalities so common with Eastern statesmen.

"The same day I went to the Sheykh el Bekri, who gave me his own account of what had happened, and on 9th January to Tigrane, who told me more details of the Khedive's reception at Constantinople. It had been most cordial, he said. He was himself in the Khedive's suite on the occasion, as he had been many years before with Ismaïl, and the ceremonial was greater this time, greater than for Mohammed Ali or any of the Viceroys. The Sultan saw Abbas frequently alone. He does not think they talked politics except perhaps, the first time, all that was done by Mukhtar. I asked him if he had any doubt of the Sultan's support if things came to a pinch. He said he had not, the only thing that could tempt the Sultan to intervene against Abbas would be if it were proposed to turn Egypt into a Vilayet of the Empire, but this the Powers would never consent to. His apprehension was not from that side; what he fears is that perhaps the British Government may intervene against the Ministry and appoint men of their own choice without reference to the Khedive.. We talked also about the Legislative Council and its discussion of the Budget, and he told me amongst

other things that both Havas and Reuter's Telegraph Agencies get £1,000 a year each from the Egyptian Government.

"In a letter I wrote at this time to Sir William Harcourt, I gave him an account of how things were going in Egypt. 'The ideas of the day,' I wrote, 'are Liberal and modern. The action of the Legislative Council (in discussing the Budget) is most useful, but everything that is done here is turned to the native disadvantage by the English officials, who are angry at having lost much of their power since last year. It is impossible that the country could be in a more favourable state for evacuation, but I suppose you will not do it.' And so in truth it was, it needed a new quarrel and a new crisis at Cairo to prevent what these considered the danger of its taking place. Lady Gregory, writing to me on the 16th of January, said: 'From what I hear the Government in England are most anxious to get out of Egypt, and might make a *volte face* at any moment.' This was the danger Cromer and the English officials at Cairo foresaw. Gladstone might at any moment take the bit between his teeth and keep his word. It will here be seen how the crisis was engineered, and Cromer got his way."

I was absent from Cairo on a desert tour when the clash between Cromer and the Khedive took place. That a new *coup d' état* was in contemplation by the former had already begun to be rumoured is shown by an entry in my journal of *January 21*. "Mohammed Abdu and Mohammed Moelhi called. Moelhi declares that Riaz' Ministry will not last, that Cromer and Reverseaux have come together, and that they mean to appoint Nubar in his place. He thinks the Khedive will consent to this. Tigrane is on bad terms with Nubar and will not join. It will be practically a renewal of the Dual Control. I think there is probably something in this, though I doubt the Khedive's consenting." Two days later, 23rd January, we started on our journey, one of those purely desert journeys on camels in the Western Desert, where one is absolutely cut off from all communication with the civilized world, as much so as if one were in a different planet, nor did we return till the 4th of February. It was a pleasant and interesting tour among the then isolated monasteries of the Natron Valley, and in the great uninhabited wilderness beyond it. It was Judith's first experience of a long camel ride, and we had with us Everard Fielding who was spending the winter in Egypt, and the weather was beautiful, and all went well, but this is not the place for these out of the world adventures, and I reserve my description of it for another occasion. My first informant about what had happened was my friend Osman Bey Ghaleb who looked in the following day, and gave the exciting news of what is known in official Egyptian history as "The Frontier Incident."

To make this understandable it must be explained that Kitchener,

who held the position of Sirdar of the Egyptian army, was already busying himself with preparing things on the Soudanese frontier for the advance he had in contemplation beyond Wady Halfa against the Khalifa (who had succeeded on the Mahdi's death to his power at Omdurman), by endeavouring to obtain the alliance of the various tribal Sheykhs in Nubia and Upper Egypt. These proceedings were veiled in extreme military secrecy, the details being carefully withheld from the Khedive, notwithstanding the fact that Abbas was nominally Commander in Chief of his own Egyptian army. This the young man resented, among other British encroachments on his Vice-regal power, and it was a matter that was much discussed between him and his intimates, some of whom were young officers who encouraged him to assert himself as a reply to Cromer's call a year before for British reinforcements. Cromer on his side, as has been seen, though unwilling for financial reasons to make any new move in the direction of a Soudan campaign, kept the necessity of such a campaign in reserve as a useful argument for deferring the evacuation among those which he brought forward when the possibility of withdrawing our troops was under discussion with the home Government. It will be understood by this, how in the present instance he had a double reason for supporting Kitchener in his not originally serious dispute with the Khedive, and making it the occasion of a new trial of strength with Abbas, and a new change of Ministers.

"*5th Feb.*— Osman Ghaleb came and stopped to luncheon, and gave me the whole history of what had happened in my absence. According to him the Khedive, while making a tour on the Upper Nile, was determined to find out exactly the state of affairs in regard to the Soudan, and insisted upon being shown everything and seeing everybody. Kitchener, who was with him, and had heard of this intention, tried to prevent it, and to keep him especially away from visiting the prisons, where a number of political persons were detained, Sheykhs of tribes and others connected with the Soudanese hostilities. But the Khedive insisted, and the prisoners appealed to him, and told him their grievances, and he ordered a number of them to be released. It has been a system on the frontier to pay subsidies to certain Sheykhs of tribes (friendlies), who are allowed to harry the others, and complaints on this head were made to Abbas. Kitchener, who does everything up there in the name of England, being unable to contest the Khedive's right to pardon, ordered the pardoned prisoners to be released, but in Queen Victoria's name. There was also some trouble about a hospital which Kitchener did not wish his Highness to see, saying there were seventy cases of smallpox in it, but the Khedive went and found there were but sixty patients in all, and no smallpox case.

"Again on the frontier, Abbas insisted on receiving certain Sheykhs

who assured him he could travel in safety anywhere with them, even to Khartoum, while Kitchener objected to his going outside the lines, saying there was danger. But the Khedive rode out with the Sheykhs notwithstanding,— Kitchener remaining behind. Lastly, at a review the 2nd battalion of a black regiment officered by Englishmen got into disorder while marching past. Kitchener said it was through the fault of the band, but the Khedive said they had marched disgracefully. At this Kitchener took offence, and offered to resign, but the Khedive refused to accept his resignation, and the thing was explained and settled, and it was agreed that nothing further should be said about it. Kitchener, however, made use of the incident later as a pretext to get the Khedive recalled from the frontier, and telegraphed to Cromer, who telegraphed to Rosebery, who telegraphed to Paris and St. Petersburg to say that he must deal separately with the case (independently of the other Consuls General). The French and Russian Governments agreed to this. Pressure was then put on Riaz, who telegraphed to the Khedive to return.

"The conditions imposed by Cromer were a commendatory order by the Khedive to the troops; the dismissal of Maher Pasha, whom Kitchener accused of having instigated the Khedive's conduct, and as third condition that the English officers in the Khedive's army should have the right to be tried by court martial in England. Abbas is said to have accepted all these conditions. If it is true that he was unsupported by France or the Sultan, he was probably right to do so, but he has reserved to himself the right of explaining the matter in his own way, through Tigrane.

"Osman Bey is far from friendly to Abbas, being a partisan of Prince Halim, and having a grudge against Ismaïl and all his house, because Ismaïl had his brother strangled at Senaar in 1878. He gave us a tragic history of this. He says the Sultan has been bought over to English interests, that he communicated everything that passed at Constantinople between him and Abbas to the English Embassy, and that he has £20,000,000 sterling invested in English securities, especially with the Ottoman Bank.

"*6th Feb.*— Captain Broadwood (afterwards General Broadwood) came. He told me the story of the Khedive's quarrel with Kitchener as he had heard it from Colonel Settle, a good authority. According to this, the Khedive when receiving the officers, native and English, after the review expressed his satisfaction with all, except the infantry, under Colonel Lloyd's command. Kitchener was not present. and coming back a few moments afterwards said to Lloyd, 'Go and tell the men the Khedive is pleased with them,' taking for granted that it had been so. 'I am afraid I can't quite do that,' said Lloyd, 'for His Highness has just expressed disapproval of my part of it.' Thereupon

Kitchener went after the Khedive, and no one knows exactly what took place between them as they were alone. 'It is all the more curious,' said Broadwood, 'because just before the Khedive left for the south, he received us at Abbassieh and spoke in quite a friendly tone.' I have no doubt Kitchener made a quarrel of it purposely to get the Khedive back from the frontier, and that Cromer still further exaggerated it for political reasons. The 'Daily News' has an article anything but unfavourable to my article, though in common with all the English papers it has been full of violent words lately against the Khedive.

"Gerald Portal is dead in England. I am sorry for this on Lady Edmund Talbot's account, as she and her sister had reckoned on his succeeding Cromer here. I see the newspapers make great count of him, but he was a man of very ordinary abilities, pushed on by Cromer, whose faithful pupil and understudy he was. I don't know that he is any loss to us politically here.

"*7th Feb.*— Spent the day wading through nearly a hundred newspapers from England, the arrears of the last fortnight. It is quite astonishing the lies and false arguments they contain about everything Egyptian, only another proof of the fact that the Press is in reality an engine for the concealment of historic truth, the most complete ever invented. There is not a single English paper that treats the recent incident here with even a semblance of fair dealing. Lying hypocrisy and violence are everywhere the order of the day. The French have pushed a military column forward and have occupied Timbuctoo! I am curious to know the exact position here of the Egyptian Government towards the French, and have written to Tigrane proposing a visit.

"*8th Feb.*— Lunched with Tigrane and discussed the 'Frontier incident' with him at length. It would seem that the Khedive did several things while on his journey that were irregular. Maher Pasha, who travelled with him, was formerly Governor of the Frontier Province, and put him into communication with everybody Kitchener least wished him to see. At Luxor he found Minshatti, the Sheykh of the Abdabdeh, who was condemned to death five years ago, but whose sentence had been commuted, and who was made to reside at Luxor. Him Abbas made much of, took on board his *dahabiyah* with him and released. This is the same Minshatti who appealed on one occasion to me, and about whom I wrote to Grenfell. He was at that time specially obnoxious to Kitchener, then head of the Intelligence department on the Upper Nile.

"Again, it is true that His Highness insisted upon making a desert expedition farther than Kitchener approved; and again, that Kitchener had had some Soudanese soldiers, five of them, shot on the plea of

desertion without the Khedive's sanction. Tigrane, however, is not very certain of details, and urged my seeing the Khedive.

"As to the final quarrel with Kitchener he says it was a small affair, and the story given me by Ghaleb Bey substantially correct. Kitchener, after resigning and then withdrawing his resignation, had assured the Khedive that it should go no further. Cromer, however, had taken it up beyond all measure, had insisted on Riaz, and then the Ministry, accepting his terms without waiting to hear the Khedive's story, and had threatened consequences which they dared not face. I asked him what these were, but this he said he could not tell me, but it was not merely their own dismissal as Ministers, I fancy it was that the Khedive's army should be put under the English Commander-in-Chief. They had no option but to get the Khedive out of the scrape as they best could. The French Agency had gone entirely against them, owing, he said to *des circonstances personelles* on the part of Reverseaux. This being so, the position is of course a very dangerous one. Tigrane thinks that, if the English Government were to ask the French Government's leave to depose Abbas, the French Government would consider it so distinct a diplomatic gain that it would consent.

"Tigrane told me that the idea of addressing a circular letter explaining the 'Incident' to the Powers had been abandoned, and even that of addressing such a letter to Cromer, though he, Tigrane, was in favour of it. There was danger of a new publication of Blue Books. Cromer has been compiling things against the Khedive all the last year. I asked him if these were things affecting the Khedive's moral character and he said: 'Oh no. But the Khedive has once or twice made complaints against English officers which he had been unable to substantiate, of drunkenness and the like, and it would be sought to prove that he was mendacious and was animated by ill-will.' He thought I might publish an explanation without committing the Khedive. But I cannot do this unless I see him, nor do I think it would be as good a way as officially through the Foreign Office. He assured me there was no truth in the report of a quarrel between the Khedive and his Ministers. 'We got him out of his scrape,' Tigrane said, 'as we best could, and the Khedive knows it.'

"*9th Feb.*— The London papers are really too monstrous. It is evident to me that Cromer and his partisans have determined upon Abbas' removal by fair means or foul, and that do he what he will, nothing now will satisfy them. I am anxious all the same that he should at least put his true conduct on record, and I have written to suggest my seeing him.

"Yesterday coming home I met young Gordon, General Gordon's nephew, who gave me yet another account of the frontier incident. He says that there are eight battalions of native troops on the frontier

under Lloyd, who has local rank as Pasha, and that there is great dislike and jealousy between the black troops and the Egyptian troops. The blacks, he says, would like nothing better than to have a go in at the Egyptians, whom they hate and despise. He himself inspected the troops on the frontier a few weeks ago as head of the Store department, and found the Egyptian battalions, the 6th and 7th, in a very slovenly condition. It was just these that the Khedive picked out to praise, and not the others, of which he said they were a disgrace to the army. Lloyd, he tells me, has been a great upholder of the Egyptian soldiers, maintaining, contrary to all other opinion, that they are as good as the Soudanese, 'but I fancy,' he added, 'he has changed his opinion now.' Gordon is very severe on the Khedive, but his post, if I mistake not, is one of those newly-made ones as to which there was an objection raised (by the Legislative Council).

"*11th Feb.*— Brewster Bey called on me this afternoon, having been sent by the Khedive to thank me for my article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' and to talk over the situation. He is a little man of about thirty-five or perhaps more, an Englishman, he told me, born in Devonshire, but who has contracted a slightly foreign accent. He came to Egypt the same year we did, in 1876, first as a clerk in the customs at Alexandria, and then at the time of the Suakim campaign for three years at Suakim, where he served under Kitchener, when Kitchener was Military Governor there. He did not tell me how he happened to get the post of private secretary to the Khedive, but he is clearly an honest man, who, from his sympathy with native Egypt, has fallen into disfavour with our people. 'I am on the black list,' he said, 'at the Agency, and beyond leaving cards once a year, I see nothing of any of them.'

"He spoke in the warmest way of his young master, Abbas, and was indignant at the treatment he had received in the affair of the frontier. 'Will you believe it,' he said, 'but to the present moment the Khedive does not know precisely what he has been accused of saying? He has never been informed.' I urged him very strongly to get the Khedive to put his own story on paper, and not by word of mouth, to Lord Cromer, who would repeat it to our Government after his own fashion. It ought to be done officially through Tigrane and at once. I asked him exactly what the true story was, and he told me that what the Khedive had told him was that after the review at Wady Halfa, the second battalion, which is an Egyptian, not a black one, under English command, had got out of order in the manœuvres; that when alone with Kitchener he had expressed himself strongly about it, saying that it was a disgrace to see good troops so badly handled; that Kitchener had resigned and then withdrawn his resignation, and had told the Khedive the matter should remain a secret between them, and that

they travelled back together amicably to Assouan; but that there Kitchener, who seems in the meantime to have telegraphed to Cairo, represented to His Highness that before leaving Upper Egypt he should issue an order declaring his satisfaction with the frontier force; that the Khedive had demurred to this, and on being further pressed His Highness had said, 'You mean, then, to make it a political matter? I consider this is a question within my limits to decide.' Whereupon Kitchener replied, 'I am not sure what Your Highness' limits are.' What more happened Brewster does not know. But he says that, knowing Kitchener well and knowing the Khedive, he would infinitely sooner take the latter's word than the former's. I asked him what sort of man Kitchener was, and he told me he was of no particular ability, and that he was especially ignorant, for a man who had seen so much employment here, of native character and native ideas. At Suakim he had committed the grossest blunders in this way. Kitchener's original quarrel with Maher (this was told me by Kennedy) was about a large sum of secret service money, as to which Kitchener refused — Maher being Under Secretary at the War Office — to give any account. This was the beginning of the trouble, as far as Kitchener was concerned.

"Brewster spoke bitterly of the French and Russian Agents, who had turned against Abbas in this difficulty, as they had done the year before. With regard to Constantinople, he also does not trust the Sultan, 'who will do whatever the English Government tells him.' As for Mukhtar, he had been against Abbas all through, and was now playing entirely into Cromer's hands. 'He has not forgotten,' he said, 'the Khedive's telegram to Constantinople at the beginning of his reign, when he asked who was the Sultan's representative here in Egypt, himself or Mukhtar?' Brewster considers the situation a very dangerous one for Abbas — in which I agree with him. 'If he goes,' he said emphatically, 'I shall not stay a day longer in Egypt.' Nevertheless, the Khedive is full of courage, and Brewster promised to back up my advice about the note of explanation addressed to our Government. He thinks I can do no good by explaining matters to the English Press. A very honest fellow is Brewster, of a kind one would wish to be served by, but does not often meet.

"*17th Feb.*— I have written a long private letter to the Editor of the 'Daily News' for his instruction, not for publication, explaining the true state of affairs here.

"*19th Feb.*— Lady Dunmore, who was here with her daughters a few days ago, gave us a thrilling account of her life and sufferings in Kashmir, where they were taken, she being an invalid, to spend two summers, by her husband, but after all it seems to have done her good, and the girls were enthusiastic about it. She told me to-day a curious

story, which shows how things are done in Russia. When her husband started from India on his journey through the Pamir country, the Emperor of Russia — Dunmore has Russian relations — gave him a private letter which secured him free passage through the Russian lines. On his return the Emperor wrote to him begging that he would come and see him at St. Petersburg and give him an account of what he had seen, the Emperor being very anxious to have unbiassed evidence of the state of things in Central Asia. To this Dunmore responded, and wrote as many as three letters expressing his willingness to come, but never any further message, until quite lately he has learned that none of his letters were received by the Emperor. It appears that the men about the palace exercise an absolute supervision over all the Imperial correspondence, and even the Princess of Wales finds difficulty in communicating with her sister. Now Dunmore has asked at the Foreign Office that his letter of explanation should be presented by the Ambassador, or rather the Chargé d'Affaires, in private audience. The Emperor it appears has been furious at getting no answer, and Lady Dunmore says: 'When he finds out the truth there will be journeys to Siberia for some of those concerned.'

"*22nd Feb.*— Dormer called. He gave us the alarming intelligence that there is a scheme on foot for bringing the Cairo sewage into this neighbourhood. It is indeed the abomination of civilization standing in the Holy Place. We have always looked upon the desert as the one pure, imperishable possession, but if this is to be made a stink-pot for our nostrils we are indeed lost." This plan, which was already in an advanced stage with coloured surveys on a large scale, entitled derisively "Projets d'assainissement," I was the means under Providence of preventing. I wrote to Lord Cromer representing the economical folly of the project which had chosen the only district in the neighbourhood of Cairo suitable for building a rural suburb, seeing that it was the only one which possessed an abundance of good water in a sandy soil, and he yielded to my argument, with the result of what is now the populous suburb of Heliopolis having grown up there. Dormer, who became afterwards Lord Dormer, was at that time employed in the Egyptian Financial Department.

"*23rd Feb.*— Lady Francis Osborne came full of serious advice to me about my 'radical politics,' and the stir my writings were making among the officials here. 'Why do you take pleasure in making your fellow men unhappy?'

"A visit from three little journalists, Sheykh Ali Yusuf, Editor of the 'Mowayad' (the first Nationalist newspaper at Cairo since Tel el Kebir), Mohammed Mesaoud, and Abderrahman Ismaïl. A worthy man is Ali Yusuf, with nothing of civilization about him. Just a little Azhar student in a turban, clever and sympathetic, but without knowl-

edge of the western world. The others with a slight veneer of Europe, but hardly deeper than their clothes." This is the first mention in my diary of Sheykh Ali Yusuf, who played so important a part later in Cairo's journalistic history.

"*27th Feb.*— Princesse Hélène and her brother the Duc d'Orléans spent the afternoon here. They have been up the river in a *dahabiyah* to Wady Halfa, and enjoyed themselves immensely. He is a good young fellow, manly and intelligent, and extremely nice to her. He tells me that in Somaliland he has seen as many as 500 ostriches together. They go in packs in the autumn and winter months, males and females separately, but pair in the early spring. The buffaloes even there are almost extinct. It was nearly dark when they left, and I rode back with them as far as the obelisk.

"*28th Feb.*— Heavy rain, enough to make the spouts on the roof run, the first time they have done so since the house was finished more than two years ago. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the increase of rain in Egypt since the Suez Canal was made — and of fogs since the British occupation. It is pure rubbish. Reading old accounts of travellers two and three hundred years ago, I see that they generally remark that there is but little rain in Egypt, never that there is none, and so it is now. All the change there has been is a certain increase of morning fogs and dampness through the increased irrigation of the Delta, but I am a sceptic about the increase of rain. Old West, our Consul at Suez, told me ten years ago that in his experience there of forty years he had remarked no change." I tested this once later by questioning my chief Bedouin, Suliman, whose home is the desert between Cairo and Suez, on this head. "Do you not find, Suliman," I said, "a great change in the climate here in your recollection?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "there is a great one, and sadly for the worse. When I was a boy, we had beautiful rains on the upper country with *eshub* (green spring herbage) every year for our camels, now not a single drop, all is burnt up, a sad change certainly."

"*4th March.*— Gladstone has really retired from public life. He went to Windsor yesterday, so the telegrams say, and gave in his resignation, recommending Rosebery as his successor. I suppose now he is gone there will be a general chorus of praise, but for my part I shall not join it. He has betrayed too many good causes not to be an evil doer in my eyes, and his one remaining cause, Ireland, he leaves in the lurch to-day by his retirement. I am glad to see that Labouchere and twenty more members of Parliament have protested against Rosebery's succession.

"*6th March.*— It is announced in the 'Bosphore' and other local papers that the Sultan has telegraphed his entire approval of the Khedive's action in the late crisis, and has instructed his Ambassador in

London to protest against the accounts of it published in our newspapers. This, if true, is most important. The Sultan has also presented Abbas with a palace on the Bosphorus, a gift of more doubtful omen.

"*7th March.*— It appears that Rosebery has carried the day and is to be Prime Minister. He is an astute Whig of the Palmerston type, and the Radicals have got what they deserve. The policy in Egypt can hardly long remain unchanged, and I should not be surprised to see Rosebery entering on a scheme for the partition of the Ottoman Empire. It cannot well, however, be carried into effect without war, and so I hope that under Providence it may result in the partition rather of that other Empire for the sake of which we in England have sold our old principles of freedom and respect for International right. The Radical jingo is the ugliest feature of our modern politics." Though Lord Rosebery did not remain in office long enough to carry out this plan in person, it was put in practice later by his Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, and understudy, Sir Edward Grey, with the result we have all witnessed.

"13*th March.*— Young Aldridge called. He tells me he was at the celebrated review at Halfa when the Khedive was supposed to have insulted the officers. He was staying with these officers, and none of them were aware of anything in the way of a crisis having occurred till three days after it. He says the opinion of the officers of the Egyptian army on the spot was that the Khedive had said nothing but what he had a right to. He had praised the Camel Corps and the artillery and the cavalry, but had criticized the infantry, which in fact had been a bit in disorder. The remarks, whatever they were, had been made half a mile away from the men, and the men knew nothing about them, nor ever would have known except for the newspapers. 'What,' says Aldridge, 'was the Khedive there for if not to make remarks?' This doubtless reflects the view of the English officers concerned, as Aldridge is Broadwood's half-brother.

"15*th March.*— Frank Lascelles is made Ambassador at St. Petersburg. It seems but the other day that we were *attachés* together at Madrid, sharing all things in common; he deserves his promotion, for he has worked hard for it in many a dull, forgotten post. Another promotion is Rendell's to the House of Lords. He also deserves it for his great humility.

"20*th March.*— Kitchener has just come back from Suakim from a military promenade in the neighbourhood of Tokar, where the country was found green and well watered with streams running and full of wild creatures, ariels and gazelles. All this because for five years the abominable animal, man, has been excluded. All the world would be a paradise in twenty years if man could be shut out.

"*14th April.*— To Cairo with Anne and Judith, and had luncheon with Riaz Pasha and his son Mahmud. The old man was gay at luncheon, and talked history and poetry apparently without a care on his mind, but when the ladies were gone to pay a visit to his Harem and we were left alone, he suddenly told me that he had just that morning, that very morning, sent in his resignation and that of his fellow ministers to the Khedive. I asked him, 'And did the Khedive accept it?' He answered, '*A peu près.*' Then he told me that ever since the affair of the frontier there had been a lack of confidence on the Khedive's part, that he and the Ministers had not been supported, and that the palace paper, the 'Journal Egyptien,' had entered on a campaign against them. It did not suit his dignity, and it injured the public service to remain under those conditions. He had given many years of loyal service to his country, and he was an old man, and he should retire now once and for ever. A tear stood in the poor old Minister's eye, and I grieved with him over his fall with all sincerity. He then talked bitterly of the change that had come over the face of the world since he began his official life. How the English used to be trusted and believed in as the one honest nation the whole East over. But he talked more bitterly still of the French, and yet more of his rival, Nubar, who he thinks is to succeed him. It is doubtless to the French that he owes his present reverse, though Cromer will profit by it to the extent of making a split between Abbas and the National party. Riaz said it was a little of all their doing. He talked kindly of Rivers Wilson. Of Rosebery, he said he had seen him twice at Cairo, once with Cromer, once alone. When alone Rosebery had asked him whether it would not be better to have an English Under Secretary in every department, but that, said he, 'I told him would be putting two captains to a ship, it would go down.' I told him Rosebery was a dangerous man in power as far as Egypt and the East were concerned, that I should not wonder if he solved all difficulties by a partition of the Ottoman Empire, a gloomy view in which the old man shared. 'Poor Egypt,' he said, 'poor Egypt!' It is a strange chance that has made me, in spite of 1882, the confidant of his political griefs, but in truth our views on most things are identical. He hates Western civilization almost as bitterly as I do myself. He sent us away with benedictions and loaded with roses from his door.

"*15th April* (*Sunday*).— Mohammed Abdu spent the day with us. He says the National party is in despair at Riaz' resignation, and still more at Nubar's return to power, for Nubar means a reign of money makers and speculators, and the government of Egypt by Europeans and Syrians, strangers from every land.

"*17th April.*— To Koubbah Palace (Abbas' country residence, three miles from Sheykh Obeyd). I was taken to the garden and found

Abbas sitting under some trees near the stables, looking at Arab mares which were being paraded before him. With him was the old Soudanese Mohammed Taher, whom the Khedive introduced to me as a loyal Shaggia. We talked first about the horses, six of them, for which Abbas said he was offering £800. But only two of them were good ones. These were a brown mare, like our Queen of Sheba, and a little grey with a fine shoulder, perfectly level back, and tail grandly carried.

"Presently the young Khedive began on politics. He went through the whole story of the frontier incident and Riaz' resignation, and his appointment of Nubar. As to the first his account was much what I had already heard. He said that it was originally a quarrel between Kitchener and Maher Pasha — that when Maher was appointed Under Secretary at the War Office, Kitchener had tried to persuade him to refuse, but Maher had persisted, though his pay was reduced thereby from £120 to £100 a month. When Abbas started for the frontier, Kitchener had tried to prevent Maher going with him. However, all went well till the famous review at Wady Halfa when he had found fault with the second battalion, and had told the English officer that his battalion had done very badly — this in the presence of Kitchener and eleven officers, some English, some Egyptian. Afterwards he had had a private talk with Kitchener, and had told him it was a shame good Egyptian troops should be so badly handled, and Kitchener had tendered his resignation. But the Khedive had begged him not to take it in so serious a way, and the resignation was withdrawn and the thing ended.

"After this they travelled two days together on excellent terms, till on the third they came to Assouan. There the Khedive wanted to telegraph to Riaz, but found the wires occupied by Kitchener. Nevertheless he sent his telegram to Riaz, telling him what had occurred and that it was of no importance. Later, Kitchener came to him and asked him to send two words of commendation to the officers of the frontier garrison before leaving, as he said the officers were offended and were tendering their resignations. The Khedive asked him whether he wished to make a political question of it, and asserted that it was within his prerogative to send or not to send such a message. To which Kitchener replied that he was not sure whether it was so. Nevertheless the dispute ended in Kitchener's promising to say no more about it. Riaz had been weak in allowing his hand to be forced. As to the change of Ministry, Abbas said that when he had seen Lord Cromer he had consulted him as to whom he should send for, and Lord Cromer had said Nubar. Abbas had objected that he was a Christian, Lord Cromer had advised against a Christian Prime Minister last year. Lord C. then said there was no choice unless the Khedive would like Mustafa Fehmi. The Khedive then proposed Fakri and Mazlum. But Lord

Cromer said they were both insignificant. In the end Abbas had given way about Nubar, and there was a compromise about the rest of the Cabinet. Fakri goes to Public Instruction, Mustafa Fehmi to the War Office, Mazlum to Finance, and Butros, who, Abbas said, had betrayed the secrets of the late Cabinet all through to Lord C., to Foreign Affairs. He asked me what I thought of it. I said that I had no confidence in Nubar, but recommended him as soon as he was tired of Nubar to have back a Nationalist Ministry, strengthening it by adding some European he could trust for Foreign Affairs. He promised to remember my advice.

"The Khedive then talked of his camel ride to Suez, and lastly consulted me about going to England this next summer. I said I would try and find out for him what line would be taken there about his reception, and especially by the Prince of Wales, and let him know. He begged me to write to him. As to publishing anything he would leave that to my discretion. Then he made the old Soudani sit near and talked about Zebeyr, who is evidently out of his favour, and so after about an hour he got up and took me to see his camels, and then with a few more words about my writing to him we said good-bye.

"Although extremely friendly and nice to me personally, I confess that he impressed me less favourably this time than before. He has clearly made a dreadful hash of things, and seems to attach more importance to the getting rid of Kitchener than to the larger political questions. I can see that he is in the hands of the intriguers that surround him, and that he is no match for Cromer, who has won the game against him through the Khedive's own mistakes. Not that Nubar's appointment is much advantage to English policy, for Nubar is in French interests, but Lord Cromer has certainly won a personal victory. The future to me looks very black. The young man has lost something of his frankness, and of his first sublime self-confidence, which was his strength, and I fear he will degenerate into the shifty intriguer his father was before him. Still he is more manly than that, and with honest advice may yet go well. But who is to give it him?

"*18th April.*— Our Mowled of Sheykh Obeyd. A calf was killed for the labourers in the garden, and the girls and those who have been at work on the new house, and a lamb for the Sheykhs, with recitations and chauntings in the evening. [This was a religious festival held annually in our garden at the tomb of Sheykh Obeyd.]"

The Bee Birds have been wonderful this year, three or four hundred roosting every night in the trees near the house. I cannot quite make out what they do in the day-time, for they all disappear from the garden, coming back about half an hour before sunset. Most of these birds travel north at this time of year, but a few stay on during the

summer. There are also some of the large spotted cuckoos in the garden just now.

"*20th April.*— Our last day at Sheykh Obeyd. I am grieved to leave it this year more than any year before, and have half made up my mind that this shall be my last visit to England. My true home is more and more in Egypt."

We left the following day, and here I close this chapter. With it ends the episode as far as I was personally concerned in it of the National movement of 1892–1894. It failed through the absence of any strong leader to take direction of it; through the youth and inexperience of the Khedive Abbas; through the unscrupulous determination of Lord Cromer acting in what he considered English Imperial interests, and through the still more unscrupulous money interests worked through Lord Rosebery from London and Paris. Lord Rosebery's family connection with the Rothschilds is a sufficient explanation of this last influence. French diplomacy at Cairo seems to me to have been very weakly managed by M. de Reverseaux, the French Consul General there, though how much of the vacillation between encouragement given to the Nationalists when they made a forward move, and their abandonment when the advance had been made, was due to the French Representative at Cairo or to the Ministers at the Quai d'Orsay, I cannot determine. Be it as it may, the spring of 1894 saw the movement lose its force, and brought to a complete standstill a year later by the retirement in his turn of Nubar Pasha, and Lord Cromer's installation as absolute despot ruling Egypt through a dummy Minister, Mustafa Pasha Fehmi, while the Khedive Abbas, cut off from all legitimate exercise of his viceregal rights, consoled himself with the follies of youth, money speculations, and impotent intrigue.

It was the history repeated a hundred times over of the English manipulation of the native States of India. To me it was a mournful spectacle, a blank period during which, though still maintaining a deep interest in what went on, I held a position entirely of spectator, keeping touch with the local politics of the day during my winter visit to Sheykh Obeyd mainly through Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, whom I established on a corner of my property in a country house within half a mile of my own. He had an advantage for me as historian and diarist of being personally intimate with Mustafa Fehmi who concealed nothing from him, while Abdu concealed nothing from me. It was as an historian only that I followed the development of the Cromerian *régime*, until in 1906 Cromer's astonishing blunders of that year once more gave life to Egyptian Nationalism, and it found a voice in Mustafa Kamel. My diary in the meagreness of its political entries corresponds with my political abstention during this weary interval. Nevertheless there

were moments when I said my say with our politicians on Egyptian affairs, and in the London "Times," notably in the year of the new invasion of the Soudan under Kitchener in 1896, of Fashoda, and of the fatal entente with France in 1904. The entries then have a renewed importance, the rebirth of Nationalism in 1906 having lured me once more into the field as an active combatant for Egypt's independence.

CHAPTER VII

A SUMMER IN ENGLAND, 1894

The first news that greeted me on my return to London from Egypt in the Spring of 1894 was the engagement of my friend Margot Tennant to Mr. Asquith, a political event, as it turned out, of the first magnitude, though perhaps not fully appreciated as such at the moment. I find it recorded thus:

"*1st May.*— To Grosvenor Square, where I found Sir Charles Tennant very important over his daughter's approaching marriage. 'It has gone on now,' he said, 'for a year and a half, at first all on Asquith's side, but now Margot is sincerely attached to him. She has smartened him up wonderfully, you would hardly know him.' Upon which in walks Asquith, a little smooth-shaved middle-aged man, with a beatific smile on his face, as of one to whom Heaven's doors have been opened. He reminded me very cordially of our former meetings on Home Rule platforms, and in answer to my congratulations, said, 'Indeed you have reason to congratulate me.' Sir Charles gives his daughter £2,000 a year and a house in Cavendish Square. They are to spend the honeymoon in Caroline Grosvenor's house, 30, Upper Grosvenor Street, which they have rented for the season.

"*4th May.*— George Wyndham came to see me. We discussed Rosebery, and agreed that he was overrated as a statesman, a clever after-dinner speaker, but nothing more. He had been pushed forward by the press and the Jews as a sort of Stock Exchange candidate, but he could not last as leader of a party. George applauded my intention of formally returning to the Conservative fold [a momentary intention never carried out, for I joined no party].

"*7th May.*— Lunched with Sir William Harcourt. In spite of accounts of his ill-health I found him looking better than for a year or two. His budget comes on for second reading to-night (he was still Chancellor of the Exchequer), and Loulou told me in private that it is quite possible the Government may be beaten on it. Sir William was, nevertheless, in high spirits, and I think enjoyed my denunciation of Rosebery as 'Minister of the Stock Exchange.' Alfred Milner came in and we had some chaff, good-naturedly, about Egypt. Nubar has been playing his old games there already, giving a concession to a land

company he is interested in. Milner admitted he was an old rogue. Afterwards in private Loulou told me that his father would probably retire from public life at the end of the present Parliament. He himself intends to do so as soon as the Budget is through.

"*10th May.*— Margot's wedding day, showery and cold, but with occasional gleams of sunshine. St. George's crammed to the ceiling with the gayest world of the gay. It is the only church in London I have the smallest romance about, but to me it is interesting and touching from the vast number of marriages it has seen (including my own). It is old-fashioned, with nice comfortable pews, and none of the tawdry Gothic rubbish they are fond of elsewhere. De Staal was there in the same pew with us, and there were Rosebery and I believe all the Ministers, and Gladstone, who came in late and was cheered outside, and Arthur Balfour. Margot was pale, very pale, but firm and decided, Asquith much smartened up. A great crush in the Tennant house afterwards in Grosvenor Square, Margot surrounded by a crowd of women friends. She drove away in a slatey-blue dress, an apple-green straw hat and dark-blue flowers.

"*18th May.*— In consequence of a talk I have had with Lady Lytton I have written to Arthur Ellis on the subject of the Khedive's intended visit to England. In it I said: 'When I was leaving Egypt the other day the Khedive, whom I went to take my leave of, spoke to me of his proposed visit to Europe, which was then not quite decided on, and asked me to find out for him confidentially whether if he came to England, his reception would be a really cordial one. By this he meant not so much whether there would be the usual official reception, whatever that might be, due to his rank, as whether he might count upon the kindly feeling of the Court and especially of the Prince of Wales towards him. From what I know of him I feel sure that it is more in the power of the Prince of Wales than of Lord Rosebery or of any of the officials to place things in Egypt, as far as the Khedive is concerned, on a more satisfactory footing than they have lately been. The Khedive is very suspicious of Lord Cromer, not as I think entirely without reason, for the quarrel between them is no doubt largely a personal one, and I think that, if it could be conveyed to him that he could count at least on a friendly reception at Marlborough House, he would be less likely to listen to the advances which are pretty sure to be made to him in Paris on his way through. In my opinion large political interests are involved in the issue of this visit.'

"To-day the tenantry of Crabbet presented Judith with a silver cup on her coming of age. They were most hearty, and recalled the fact of most of them holding their farms from father to son for generations. Judith made an admirable speech in reply, delivered in a clear voice and with a charming manner. Then I showed them some of the family

deeds and they all drank champagne in tumblers. The leaders among them were the two Caffins and young Wright of Pryors Farm. The servants, too, at Crabbet are making her a presentation. We have, I think, seven house servants who have been over twenty years with us.

"*21st May.*— An answer has come from Arthur Ellis with an informal message from the Prince of Wales. It is most satisfactory. He says: 'Whilst the Prince of Wales feels some hesitation in sending any message to the Khedive except through the accredited official channel, I may say that should His Highness determine upon a visit to England, he will certainly receive from the Prince of Wales and from society in general every possible attention.' I have written to the Khedive, conveying to him the message."

This little piece of diplomacy I had afterwards reason to regret, successful as it proved in bringing the Khedive to England. The influence of Marlborough House was not a wholesome one for the Khedive's patriotism, and in other ways proved detrimental, as will be seen later.

"*22nd May.*— I see a report in the evening paper that the Sultan has forbidden the Khedive to go to England, but it sounds to me hardly likely.

"*24th May.*— Breakfasted with Sir Henry Loch and had much talk with him about 'civilization' in Africa. He expressed his fear of the spread of Mohammedanism southwards as likely to prove a danger. I wish I could think it. He also asked about Arabia in a way which sounded as if they may have their eye on it, too, in the scramble that is going on. He told me the Chinese were driving the Russians back in Central Asia.

"Anne and Judith have taken rooms at 31, South Street for the season.

"*27th May* (*Sunday.*) — On Wednesday I called on Randolph Churchill in Grosvenor Square (his mother's house) and had some political talk with him. He is terribly altered, poor fellow, having some disease, paralysis, I suppose, which affects his speech, so that it is painful to listen to him. He makes prodigious efforts to express himself clearly, but these are only too visible. He talked of his election prospects at Bradford and the desire of the Conservatives to delay the turning out of the Rosebery Government. About Egypt he said, 'You know my opinion about evacuation is unchanged, but my tongue is tied.'" This was the last time I saw him. I remember that as he came to the door with me he tried again to explain to me what he wanted to tell me about Egypt, but broke down and said, almost in tears, "I know what I want to say, but damn it, I can't say it."

"*28th May.*—Breakfast with George Wyndham. He is at last bringing out his book of French Lyrics. With any luck it should be a great success.

"*10th June* (*Sunday*).—To Wotton to see Evelyn, who is in poor health. He wants me to act in concert with him on the question of a new Conservative candidate for East Grinstead. On Thursday I met Frederic Harrison, just back from France. There is great excitement about the Anglo-Belgian Agreement in regard to the Congo and Upper Nile, the last of Rosebery's thieves' treaties, but Harrison says the wirepullers assure him that the French menace will come to nothing. I am not so sure, as it is being taken up in Germany also.

"*11th June.*—Still at Wotton. After luncheon drove to Box Hill to see George Meredith. Found him with his daughter, a pretty little bar maiden just engaged to Russell Sturgis, and another young lady. He is terribly deaf and afflicted with creeping paralysis, so that he staggers from time to time while walking, and once to-day nearly fell. It does not, however, affect his mind, and he has a novel on hand at the present moment which keeps him writing six hours a day. He is a queer, voluble creature, with a play-acting voice, and his conversation like one dictating to a secretary, a constant search for epigrams. I took the bull by the horns at once about his novels, said I never read prose and looked upon him only as a poet. This pleased him, and he gave me two volumes, recommending to me especially the piece called 'Attila.' He told me Tennyson was the first person to discover the merits of 'Love in a Valley.' I asked him to explain sundry obscurities in 'Modern Love,' and he said he would do so if I would come up with him to a little literary den he has at the top of his garden, but the young ladies unfortunately followed us, and he was unwilling to talk about this poem before them, so I missed my chance. During our talk a luncheon was brought to him on a tray, as he said he was too busy to sit down to a regular meal, and could not write after one o'clock, so I left him to his work and drove on. I had driven my four horses in at the front entrance, a difficult feat, and got them out again and went on over the hill to Ockham, where I picked up Judith, and back in the evening again to Wotton over Ranmore Common and down the steep descent of Coombe Bottom. I fancy in all history no team of four horses was ever driven before down that road, not even by Tommy Onslow of happy memory, certainly not by a woman, for Judith had the reins.

"Compare the local rhyme, for Onslow lived close by:

> What can Tommy Onslow do?
> He can drive a coach and two,
> Can Tommy Onslow do no more?

He can drive a coach and four.
Where shall we his merits fix?
He can drive a coach and six.

"*13th June.*— Dr. Leitner called to talk over Egyptian and Mohammedan affairs. He is gloomy about prospects as I am in the East, where the old sympathy for Eastern things amongst Englishmen is fast dying out, and a reign of Western intolerance is taking its place. There is danger of a partition of the Ottoman dominions, for there is nowhere the smallest wish in Europe to see reform in them, and all Powers alike are in arms in Africa against the Mohammedan Arabs. This is for England and Germany a new feature and a dangerous one for Islam.

"*18th June.*— Miss Violet Maxse's wedding, an *omnium gatherum*, social, political, and literary. The bridegroom, Lord Salisbury's third son, brought the Tories; Maxse, the Liberal Unionists, with Chamberlain and the rest; the young lady, her friends. I counted six poets in the church, including myself, Alfred Austin, George Meredith, Alfred Lyall, Oscar Wilde, and Edwin Arnold. I found myself next to Lyall, who told me the latest joke about the Laureateship. 'If one must have a Laureate, choose the least of evils, choose Austin.' At the bride's house the crowd was immense, and I found myself for ten minutes flattened like a herring between Lord Salisbury and a tall Dutch clock. Truly matrimony makes strange pew fellows.

"*22nd June.*— Gave a dinner at Mount Street to Lady Granby, Lucy Smith, d'Estournelles, Alfred Lyall, and Godfrey Webb, all of us more or less poets. After dinner we read and recited poetry, d'Estournelles being by far the most effective, having an admirable manner.

"I hear that Edward Malet is going to resign his Embassy at Berlin because he was not consulted on the Congo arrangement.

"*26th June.*— Received a visit from M. Ducroix, Editor of the Paris 'Matin.' He asked me my opinion of the situation in Egypt, and I gave it him very frankly, and of French policy there. 'French diplomacy,' I said, 'had made two capital mistakes, first in not supporting native as opposed to European interests, and, secondly, in making the perpetual opposition it does to our English policy without being prepared to fight.' He said they were his own views. Reverseaux had to his own knowledge promised the Khedive to back him in the Spring of 1893 with a French fleet at Alexandria, and then had left him in the lurch. It was the fault of the home Government more than Reverseaux's.

"*30th June and 1st July.*— Our Annual Crabbet Club Meeting. The members present were:

George Wyndham,
George Curzon,
George Peel,
George Leveson Gower,
Esmé Howard,
St. George Lane Fox,
Eddy Tennant,
Hubert Howard,
Godfrey Webb,
Mark Napier,
Theobald Mathew,
Charles Gatty,
Laurence Currie,

with three new members, Lord Cairns, Alfred Douglas, and Basil Blackwood.

"*13th July.*— Called on Frank Lascelles, who is just starting as Ambassador for St. Pettersburg. We talked over old and new times. He and I were exact contemporaries, both in age and in the diplomatic service, and it is just thirty years ago that we were at Madrid together as *attachés*. Without any very special abilities he has made a rapid career by hard work and good sense. We talked of the Asiatic question and the Egyptian question. He does not believe in the possibility of saving any part of Persia from Russia, who could take it whenever she has a mind to. I walked with him to call on Staal, and left him at the door.

"*16th July.*— To the Keats memorial meeting at Hampstead with George Wyndham, a curious ceremony. It took place in the parish church, the vicar and his choir assisting in surplices, but the proceedings were entirely mundane. Gosse, who presided, made a dull, platitudinous oration in the tone of a sermon (his father was a Nonconformist lecturer), and the others were even duller. Houghton alone was brief and to the point. The poet's bust was then unveiled, and throughout the only allusion to religion was when one of the speakers enumerated what Keats was not, and included in the list that he was *not* a religious propagandist. When all was over the worthy vicar consoled himself with some prayers and an anthem.

"*17th July.*— A brilliant luncheon with Margot and her husband at 30, Upper Grosvenor Street, and I took her her Wedding Ode, which I had written for her amusement. The other guests were Mrs. Grenfell, Mrs. Daisy White, Ribblesdale, his brother Reggie Lister, and Oscar Wilde, all immensely talkative, so that it was almost like a breakfast in France. Asquith alone rather out of it. I sat next to him and was rather sorry for him, though he was probably happy enough. Afterwards, when the rest had gone away, Oscar remained, telling stories to me and Margot."

This is a very poor account of an interesting, and in the sequel a tragic, incident which has remained strongly impressed on my mind, as it was one that showed Oscar Wilde at the height of his social glory, and as the last occasion on which I found myself in his company. Of

all those present, and they were most of them brilliant talkers, he was without comparison the most brilliant, and in a perverse mood he chose to cross swords with one after the other of them, overpowering each in turn with his wit, and making special fun of Asquith, his host that day, who only a few months later, as Home Secretary, was prosecuting him on the notorious criminal charge which sent him to hard labour in prison. I remember, too, as a characteristic trait of his dandyism, that when at the end of the half hour we remained on talking, we went away together from the door, I to walk back to my rooms in Mount Street, and he to pay a visit in the same direction, hardly farther. I said, "We will walk together as far as Grosvenor Square." "No, no," he said, and called a passing hansom. "I *never* walk."

This was the end of my London season, and the only extracts I can find in my diary at all of a public character, which was otherwise devoted entirely to the social care of amusement and launching Judith in the world. It is a record especially of dinners that I gave, and which were for a moment rather the fashion with the Soul society at my rooms in Mount Street.

"*25th July.*— Crabbet. With Judith on a pilgrimage to see Huxley at Eastbourne. He lives in a new house he has built near the cliff and with Beachy Head behind it. He was very cordial and pleasant, and his wife, an excellent old soul, most kind to Judith. We had only two hours with him but we talked all the time about the origin of the Arabian horse, and I think I got from him all the information he had to give. He said that in reality nothing was known at all clearly except that horses were unknown in Egypt under the fourth dynasty, that there had been a close connection with Arabia, and that if there had been horses in Arabia there would have been horses also in Egypt, but how they eventually came to Arabia was mere guesswork. Arabia had doubtless been in former times well watered, and it was possible a wild horse might have been isolated there in the South (this was my suggestion) long after the drying up of the northern plateaux, but the historical evidence, such as there was, was against it. We might expect something from the cuneiform records when thoroughly examined. Piétrement's theories were merely speculative.

"Of the human race in Egypt he said that he had long suspected a common origin for them with the Dravidians of India, perhaps a long belt of brown-skinned men from India to Spain in very early days. Of savage races, he said he had no sympathy with them; he considered there was more difference between the man of the criminal class in London at the present day and the high type of educated thinker, than between the Australian savage and, say, the average man of the time of Elizabeth. 'Yet,' I objected, 'I suppose you could educate your

young criminal into being a bishop.' 'Yes,' he said, 'a bishop would be easy enough because the other bishops would look after him, but not a country parson, that would be a dangerous experiment.' He was surprised to learn that grey Arab horses were not foaled grey.

"*6th Aug.*— A party at Crabbet for Sunday. The Meynells, George Wyndham, Alfred Douglas, and Blanche Wortley. Coventry Patmore, Henley, and Locker could not come. Meynell told us much that was interesting about Francis Thompson, who is the latest discovered of the poets.

"Thompson's history is most curious. He was educated at Ushaw, and his father wanted him to become a doctor, but he had a distaste for it and could not or would not pass his examinations. This led to a quarrel, for the father had married a second time, and Thompson was turned out of the house, or left it in anger. He came to London, where he fell into extreme poverty, walking the streets as a beggar for five years and sleeping under the arches by the Thames. The money he earned he spent on opium, which drugged him to endurance of his life. Nevertheless, he once attempted suicide, spending what remained to him on a large dose of laudanum enough to kill two men. He divided it into two portions and retired to I forget what cemetery in the city and took the first half — whereupon he had a vision in which he saw Chatterton, who took him by the hand and comforted him, and reminded him how the very morning after his suicide a letter had come from a publisher which would have relieved him. So he did not take the second dose, and recovered to find the dream fulfilled by the arrival precisely of a letter from a friend enclosing him the cutting of one of his poems printed by Meynell in 'Merrie England.' Thompson had been in the habit of writing poems on any scraps of paper he could pick up and had sent several of them to Meynell, and among them a paper on Paganism and Christianity, which Meynell had pigeon-holed and forgotten till six months later, when he read them and found them excellent. Then he had tried to get into communication with Thompson, but had lost trace of him and had published the papers in hope of attracting the author's attention. This succeeded, and Thompson, seeing his writings in print, wrote Meynell an angry letter about it, giving the address of a chemist's shop near Charing Cross. Thither Meynell went, and on inquiry was told that Thompson owed a bill there of four shillings for opium, that he had no abode, but might be found at nights in the street in front of Charing Cross Station.

"Through the intervention of the chemist he was eventually discovered and sent to Meynell's house apparently with but few weeks to live, for he was dying of opium. Meynell wanted him to go to a hospital, but at first he refused on account of a girl with whom he had a

friendship in the streets. She had been kind to him, just as had been the case with De Quincy, and Thompson refused to go anywhere where he should be unable to see her. But the girl insisted that he should go to the hospital, and when he came out of it cured she had disappeared. I asked Meynell whether it was not a case of love rather than friendship, but he said: 'No. Thompson told me that it was not so, that in his condition there could have been no question of physical love; he was too constantly starved.' Thus Thompson was saved. He has now for the last year been sent to Pantasaph, the Capuchin monastery, where he is taken care of and kept away from drugs. He writes poetry and prose and has no other occupation. Meynell will bring him here one day. He showed us a fine poem of his still in manuscript, entitled 'Amphicypellon,' which he will have printed privately."

This was followed by a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, which I had long intended, and which I now accomplished, going by road with my four horses, and taking my cousin Alfred Douglas with me, stopping at several friends' houses on our way, Lady Hayter's at South Hill, and Dr. Watney's at Buckholt, and Mr. Harvey's at Woodstock. Then across the Wolds by Chipping Norton to Stanway, where we were amongst relations, and so on, two days later, to Stratford. Of this I write:

"*13th Aug.*— All the way to Stratford there are lovely villages, houses of the seventeenth century built of stone, with stone roofs, people harvesting magnificent crops, but it is a thing to remark that in all this country, north of the Wiltshire and Oxfordshire downs there is no single common, or bit of waste land where a traveller might pitch his tent. Stratford itself is a very pretty town, standing on a fine, clear river, with little that is modern about it, marred only by the monstrous Shakespeare memorial, a Victorian building, perhaps the most degraded in architecture of our graceless age. Here Alfred left me in a hurry to return to London, while I stayed on fulfilling the object of my pilgrimage by reading the Sonnets at the poet's tomb.

"Sitting on the chancel steps and in full view of the monument with the poet's portly bust and its inscription, a new light broke on me with regard to his character, and I seemed to see him with less mystery, the full fed prosperous citizen he doubtless was in his later years, affecting gentility and honoured of his neighbours. The truth is there is nothing really more romantic in a poet than in other men when seen at home. The original cast of his face they show in Shakespeare's house, said to have been taken after death, shows him a strong practical man, not over refined, one who at the present day would have been a successful journalist and man of letters. The Shakespeare of the Sonnets does not appear in this bust, rather the playwright and ready writer of dialogue for the stage. I can imagine him in this year of grace, 1894, figuring

as a George Augustus Sala, or a Druriolanus in the London literary and dramatic world. Fortunately he was born 300 years ago.[1]

"On my way home I stopped at Kelmscott, where after dinner we played at twenty questions, the things chosen for our guessing being the white horse of White Horse Hill, the pen Chaucer wrote the first line of the Canterbury Tales with, and the American volume of Rossetti's 'House of Life,' which Morris gave his wife. It is always a pleasure to find Rossetti still a living memory in this house.

"*16th Aug.*— Made a late start as I dawdled on talking with Morris, and trying to prove to him that he and Ruskin had done more harm than good by their attempt to make English people love beauty and decorate their architecture. He defended himself good-humouredly, but I think has doubts, nevertheless, for we are engulfed to-day in a slough of ornament. I maintained that the old-fashioned square cardboard box style was less abominable, as were the days when it was considered bad taste to attempt any kind of prettiness. However at noon I got away and drove in floods of rain to Uffington, and up the face of White Horse Hill. There the sun came out, and I pitched my tent under lee of the ancient camp where there was a splendid crop of grass for the horses, and stopped for the night. There was a full moon, and it was bitter cold. Morris declares the White Horse to be a work of the Stone Age, probably 20,000 years old. In the night my horses, which I had tethered to the carriage pole, broke loose and wandered away, and I had a long run after them in the moonlight during which I crossed the old white chalk one, without finding mine, but it is hard to track horses on the grass, and we could do nothing till daylight, and not much then. In the course of the morning they were

[1] Not long ago, being asked to write a sonnet for the Shakespeare Tercentenary I embodied my impression gathered on this occasion at Stratford in the following:

"A Tercentenary Sonnet

"Shakespeare, what wisdom shall truth tell of thee,
More than fame speaks? The world thy playhouse is
Packed floor to roof to-night with votaries
Shouting thy author's name vociferously.
They call thee to the curtain front. Ah me,
Hast thou no word for our sublimities,
No cryptogram of grace to crown our bliss?
Nay speak out all, thou man of mystery.
Tell us the truth.— I seem to hear a voice
From far-off Stratford, pestered at the call,
The voice of a hale man of middle age,
Civic, respected: 'Who are these lewd boys
Would call me back to their fool's festival?
Truce to all mummings. I have left the stage.'"

25 *February*, 1916.

fortunately brought back by some farm people who had found them grazing two miles away. We then

"*17th Aug.*— Followed the Ridgeway, a rough grass track along the crest of the down as far as near Lyddington Castle, when, striking a high road, we turned left and came to Aldbourne, and so to the Kennet river and Savernake Forest, where just before sunset we camped under one of the beech avenues, a lovely spot, dry and secluded, except for the wandering fallow deer. To-night we bivouacked, there being no sign of rain. It was my birthday of fifty-four, yet I feel little of the cares of age.

"*18th Aug.*— Away before seven driving across the forest, which is splendid. Near its centre stands a column with the following inscription of supreme grandiloquence:

This column was erected
by Thomas Bruce Earl of Ailesbury
as a testimony
of gratitude
to his ever honoured uncle
Charles Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin
who left him these Estates
and procured for him the Barony of Tottenham;
and of loyalty
to his most Gracious Sovereign
George III
who unsolicited conferred upon him
the honour of an Earldom,
but above all
of Piety
To GOD FIRST HIGHEST BEST
whose blessing consecrateth every gift
and fixeth its true value
MDCCLXXXI

"On the other side is a second inscription hardly less amusing:

In commemoration
of
a signal instance of Heaven's protecting Providence
OVER THESE KINGDOMS
in the year 1789
by restoring to perfect health
from a long and afflicting disorder
their excellent and beloved Sovereign
GEORGE THE THIRD
This tablet was inscribed
by
GEORGE BRUCE EARL OF AILESBURY

"After Savernake we came down into the Avon valley at Pewsey, and followed the river on to Amesbury where we baited, and so later to Stonehenge where we camped about half a mile from the stones under lee of a small plantation. The stones I found in possession when I arrived of American tourists, but even these could do little to injure the fine calm of the place, and they were soon gone, and about midnight I returned and went again in full solitude to the stones and spent an hour there alone, making incantations in the hope of raising some ghost of ancient times, but in vain, and though I repeated the Lord's Prayer backwards, nothing would come. Perhaps it was the fact that in order to do so without a book I had first to repeat each sentence in its natural sequence, and this may have neutralized the spell. Then I lay down under one of the fallen blocks and dozed off for an hour or two, but still nothing. Stonehenge has much in common with primitive Egypt.

"*19th Aug.* (*Sunday*).— Moved eight miles on to Quarly Hill, and camped to the west of it. All this plain must once have been heath with scattered juniper bushes, for every here and there on the poorer land, as here and at Stonehenge, there are heath and juniper patches left. It is the modern sheep grazing that has brought the grass.

"Called on Major Poore who lives at Middlecote, close by, and dined with him. He is Urquhart's last disciple and still preaches his doctrines. They have elected him a County Councillor, and he is organizing his district on a system of his own, and teaching the villagers to live according to the Chinese idea of domestic socialism. He is doing good, or at any rate is very happy in the thought that he is doing so. He talked much of Urquhart and his personal charm. We passed today close by Wilbury, which is sacred in my recollection on account of Percy and Madeline Wyndham, whose home it was for so many years.

"*20th Aug.*— I am running homewards now, a long day's march, by a grass road to Stockbridge, and thence to Winchester. I was determined to re-visit the scene of my old slave days at Twyford School." This I accomplished, but the account of it in my diary is too long and too personal for insertion here. Another two days, *22nd August*, brought me home to Crabbet, making up 345 miles by road in the fifteen days and a half of my pilgrimage.

Visits to Saighton and Cumloden occupy the rest of my diary of this summer of 1894, but it contains nothing of any political consequence. On *29th September* I write:

"I am preparing for a long departure from England, which may be for years and may be for ever, for I am in the mood for farewells. In public matters there has been the war between Japan and China. My sympathies are with Japan, because her victory will mean a check put to European expansion in that quarter of the globe, and an encourage-

ment to Orientals everywhere to arm themselves and fight against it. Old-fashioned China is a colossus, with feet of clay, interesting, but doomed if it does not put its house in order, somewhat on European lines. The Japanese stand towards China much as Arabi and the Liberal party in Egypt stood towards Turkey twelve years ago. The defeat of Japan by China would have meant immediate European interference in Japan's affairs.

"I am leaving home for Gros Bois, Tunis, and Egypt, and am making arrangements to stay abroad over next summer, but I promise nothing to myself. Anne and Judith will meet me in Egypt in the middle of November, that is far enough ahead for my hopes to look, and so to Crabbet I bid a long good-bye. I shall perhaps never go back to it as my home, for I have plans of making Newbuildings my Sussex home instead. We are so much abroad, that so large a house and establishment are thrown away on us. Newbuildings would fulfil all our purposes."

My usual autumn visit to Gros Bois lasted till 18th October. While there, there is one entry worth transscribing:

"14*th Oct.* (*Sunday*).—To Paris for the day and breakfasted with General Faverot. He had with him General Descharmes, a young M. de Sivry (a grandson, Wagram tells me, of the Duke of Brunswick), and a son of General Fleury. Descharmes talked much of Japan, where he was military instructor for some years, and in glowing terms of their success in the war with China. He declares them to have *le diable dans le corps* for fighting, and that it would take a European Power all it knew to beat them. 'I would not,' he said, 'undertake to land an army in Japan with less than 60,000 men, all Frenchmen.'"

CHAPTER VIII

A VISIT TO TUNIS AND TRIPOLI

My winter's journey this year began with a visit I had long designed to pay to my cousin, Terence Bourke, in Tunis, where he had bought land in the neighbourhood of Bizerta, and had made his home, having also the position there of unpaid British Vice-Consul. He was a younger brother of my old ally, "Button," who figures so conspicuously in my former volumes, and, like him and all the Bourkes, was gifted with extreme natural ability for dealing with men and generally for affairs. Terence, by this special quality, had made for himself an exceptional position in the regency of Tunis. He had learnt to talk Tunisian Arabic perfectly, and had acquired an influence with the native Tunisians of all classes, unrivalled by any other European. Of all the men I have known who have had dealings with the East, and whom I have seen engaged with them in conversation, I place him first in his power of making friends with them, for he has what Englishmen so seldom possess, an inexhaustible patience equal to the Oriental's own, which enables him to sit as they do, hour after hour, conversing with them, and show no weariness however dull their talk. This is a great power, and through it he has always been successful in acquiring their attentive sympathy, and in obtaining from them their confidence and help. I have often thought that if our Foreign Office had had the wit to name Terence its Ambassador at the Sultan's Court, Abdul Hamid would have remained to this day the ally of England, instead of its obstinate enemy, but that is a kind of intelligence seldom found in Downing Street. This is my diary of my time with him.

"*21st Oct.* (*Sunday*).— Arrived after a smooth passage at Tunis. The weather still very hot here. Terence met me on the quay, and we came straight up to his house in the Moslem quarter, a lovely old tile-encrusted bit of *bric-à-brac* as one would wish to live in. One enters by a side door in an arched passage, through which the street passes, and by a steep, tortuous stair to the upper floor. One has to stoop to pass into the apartment, and finds oneself in a marble *patio* with four pillars, supporting a dome open from above, the walls partly tiled, partly in white marble, and the woodwork of the roof painted in red and green. From this central hall, which is about 20 feet square, the rooms branch off, the house being roughly speaking, though not exactly, cross-shaped,

with stair and passage leading to the harem at two of the corners. The furnishing is simple and Oriental, but without pretence. Terence keeps one young man as house servant, a porter and two women, a widow and her sister, whom being in poor circumstances, he took into his house through kindness, Moslems though they are, without offence in the neighbourhood, and who are his servants, strong, able-bodied women who go silently about the rooms with arms and legs bare and unveiled.

"After an excellent breakfast, Terence took me to the bazaars, which are more beautiful and more purely Oriental than any I have seen, and then to the Bey's town palace, built, but on a large scale, in the same style as his own little house, which I have just described. In contrast to all this we then passed through the French quarter, mean, noisy, and with stinks beyond description, whereas the Arab town is sedate and clean and quiet. I have never anywhere seen a contrast so entirely in favour of Islam. Tunis has recently been made a seaport by the French, through the device of banking up and dredging a State canal, across the shallow lagoon which divides Tunis from the sea, just as the Suez Canal crosses Lake Menzaleh, it is difficult to understand with what commercial object, as there is not sufficient space inside for many ships to lie. A better plan would have been to make the port at Goleta, the site of Carthage, which is near the sea, and is already connected by railway with Tunis.

"*22nd Oct.*—Drove with Terence to the site of Carthage, where Cardinal Lavigerie has built an unsightly cathedral and monastery, with a *buvette* attached to it for pilgrims to the shrine of St. Louis. St. Louis died here on his last unfortunate crusade and, Terence tells me, is venerated as a saint by the Moslems as well as by the Christians of the district, who affirm that on his death-bed he made profession of Islam. He is known to them as Sidi Abu Saïd, and they show his tomb at a village of that name hard by. The waiting room, nevertheless, of the monastery is adorned with huge cartoons in illustration of his victories and death as a Christian saint, coloured in the vilest form of French ecclesiastic art. The gasconading of these pieces is worthy of Lavigerie, an ambitious prelate who pushed himself into public notice, with the aid of French Chauvinism, intending to become Pope. This, however, was not in the decrees of Providence.

"From Carthage we went on to Marta, a summer seaside residence of rich Tunisians, and lunched with Drummond Hay, our Consul-General, and his family. They are moving in a few days to Beirout. With Hay I had much talk on North African affairs. He tells me the French are trying to work their frontier round by Merzouk to the south of Tripoli, where they are beginning to open markets, but he thinks that eventually they will find strong resistance in the Senussi

confraternity. They are making friends, however, with the Tuaregs and the Negroid inhabitants of the southern oases. As to Egypt, he professes to share my view of the danger and uselessness of our holding it. He told me that he had recently been given the opinion of one of our high naval experts, and that it was to the effect that in case of war with France the garrison in Egypt would have at once to be withdrawn, and indeed the whole Mediterranean evacuated by our fleet. To hold Egypt would not be possible.

"I find it very difficult to carry on a conversation in the Tunisian dialect, even the commonest Arabic words are either unknown here or so travestied as to be unrecognizable. There is a fondness for diminutives and for throwing the accent on the last syllable. Amidst the more educated class a better Arabic is spoken, as also I believe by the Arabs of the South and the Bedouins generally, but the Berbers are nearly unintelligible to me. Terence speaks to all with the greatest fluency, a vile patois but with precisely the native Tunisian accent. His slightly falsetto voice completing his disguise as no European.

"*23rd Oct.*— Called with Terence on Rifault, the French President in Charge, who told me nothing interesting, only the common banalities used to strangers on such occasions; and on General Leclerc, the French commander-in-chief. This done, we took carriage with a pair of mules for Bizerta, where Terence has a European house, a distance of some forty miles in less than five hours. A long, dull road with long stretches of brown fields, at this time of year empty of all life except that of a few poor tents, with cattle grazing on the stubbles. It is not till near Bizerta that the hills begin.

"*24th Oct.*— At Bizerta. Terence's house here is less interesting than the other, being modern and European in style. He has told me about his domestic life in Tunis. The two women who keep house for him there lived in his quarter and were very poor, and he has allowed them to inhabit his house, which they look after in return. At first, he said, the neighbours objected to these Moslem women living under the same roof with him, but now they have accepted him in their quarter and find no fault. Thus he has been able to lead a quite native life, has learned the language (Tunisian Arabic) thoroughly, and knows more of the people than any European in Tunis. Here in Bizerta he manages his large property, takes contracts of all kinds, speculates in oil, and acts as Her Majesty's unpaid Vice-Consul at an office in the town. He seems beloved of all, and it is natural, for he is kindly and quiet and full of intelligent talk, and he has that rare virtue in an Englishman of being never in a hurry, or bored, or out of temper, or too busy to see and speak to the poorest man that calls on him. We went together to see a few details of his management.

"*25th Oct.*— We went round the old town, once a famous pirate's

nest, now becoming little by little invaded by Europeans, but still interesting, and stopped to drink coffee with a fat citizen, one of Terence's friends. In the evening we rode down into the village and talked again, but I am confounded to find that I understand hardly a word of what is said. Terence is happy and at home with everybody and has a fund of good humour which makes him everywhere *le bienvenu*. We played chess in the evening.

"*26th Oct.*— We have had much talk all day on Oriental and religious subjects, and I find Terence to have ideas not unlike mine on these matters, and we have made a plan of going in the Spring to visit the Senussi in the Tripolitan desert and perhaps making profession of Islam, at least I hope some day to do so. I think a hermitage of the kind I have been seeking might be found in the country near Cyrene. In the evening we made a round of the eastern shores of the lake in a steam launch belonging to the Harbour Company.

"*28th October* (*Sunday*).— Back to Tunis. Terence tells me the agricultural colonists here are of a superior class to those of Algeria, there being some young Frenchmen of good family among them. These are opposed to annexation, and take the part of the natives as against the encroachments of the officials, but the town colonists are for making Tunis a French province. The worst of all are some from Algeria, where they are all rabid against '*les Arabes*.'

"*29th Oct.*— Once more in Terence's delightful house in Tunis, Rue des Silots, 41. A young Tunisian came in to-day to play chess with me and I won two games of him, but he has considerable ideas of play on the Arab lines, which I fancy were once also those of Europe. The principal differences in rule are that the pawns cannot advance two steps at a time at their first move and that castling is performed in three moves, the king having the right on the second occasion to manœuvre like a knight. This young man, who is well educated, talked a quite comprehensible Arabic, and I am beginning to understand the others.

"We went in the morning to see the cavalry *remonte* and were shown sixty or seventy stallions, half-a-dozen of them Arab, none good, except one old horse said to be a *Shoucy-man* from Nablous. The best were four white barbs from the province of Oran, thick set, short legged, which would be handsome if they had less drooping quarters. The native Tunisians unfit to breed from in any country.

"*30th Oct.*— Started with Terence for Kerouan by road with four horses abreast in a landau, very like the old *vetturino* travelling in Italy of fifty years ago, very slow but pleasant in fine weather. We rested two hours at midday on the road under a Carob tree, and stopped for the night at a *fondouk*, a clean airy place the property of a Sherifa, a widow of Tunis, whose husband built it as a speculation forty years

ago. It used to be a paying concern, but the new diligence service has spoiled its trade, the respectable keeper of it told us. These *fondouks* are like the *khans* in Turkey, a number of little empty rooms paved with tiles, where the traveller pays a few piastres for his night's lodging and provides his own food. We paid five francs, which included a franc for stabling. I should be glad to be always as well lodged in Europe. The road passes over a series of plains, partly cultivated in the summer, but all bare now, the hills beyond very beautiful.

"*31st Oct.*— Another long drive, crossing the Enfida estate. This caused at one time a political question between England and France, the facts of the case being these: Kheireddin Pasha (the same who was afterwards Grand Vizier at Constantinople) having got together this immense property sold it to a French land company, whereupon a right of pre-emption was claimed by a Jew, a protected British subject, as neighbouring proprietor. It was before the French Occupation, and both governments backed their own clients for political reasons. The Jew's claim, however, was a rather doubtful one, and as the French company gave more than the land was worth, he was in fact no loser, and the British Government gave way. The estate consists of a vast tract of plain, most of it capable of cultivation, but exposed to the south winds. The company has planted many hundreds of acres with vines, but on the whole Terence says it does not pay. The high road passes for several miles through it, and through the chief farming establishment of which they are trying to make a town of the usual French kind, with poplars and eucalyptus trees.

"Beyond this there is nothing more in the shape of a house until one gets to Kerouan. We were so pleased with our night at the *fondouk* that we determined to go to another at Kerouan instead of to the French Hôtel. (We were both travelling in Eastern dress.) And so after some wandering in the streets, it being already dark, we have taken up our quarters at a house of reception, which is entirely Arab, and entirely Moslem, about the centre of the town. It is an *okeilah* or lodging house, where merchants hire rooms by the month in which to deposit their goods and sleep. We pass in it for an Indian Moslem merchant and his friend, a Syrian, from Damascus.

"*1st Nov.*— The *okeilah* is a poor place. We have one little room between us like a prison cell, opening on to a balcony which runs round the inner court, open at the top. It is dirty and bug ridden, but decent and essentially Oriental. The proprietor is a respectable merchant, originally from Sfax, who sits all day in a room on the ground floor, which is his shop and counting-house. His trade is to buy wool and other desert produce from the Bedouins, and to sell them linen cloth. A number of them have been all the morning in the courtyard, very noisy in their bargainings, most of them of the Slasi tribe who have a

good robber reputation inherited from past times. Our driver, Rashid, pointed out to us yesterday the sandy passage in the road where caravans used to be attacked by them in the good old days, and even sometimes now of dark nights. This reminds me that about ten miles from the town we came upon a mounted Arab who shouted to us as he passed that a cousin of his had just been killed upon the road, and he was riding for help.

"The proprietor has a son, a simple-minded youth in a white turban, who comes to sit with us and talk, and there are two servants, one a merry man who makes coffee at the door, the other a vague old mendicant who occasionally sweeps out the rooms, and goes on errands. Both these are *hashish* smokers openly, for at Kerouan there is no shame in the drug, and Terence, who went down to spend the evening below after I had gone to sleep, tells me the *kawaji* was most amusing, indeed they were all in roars of laughter through the night.

"Terence is incomparable as a traveller for he has the readiest possible wit and a pleasant word for everyone, and wherever he goes smiles break forth, and a kindly feeling of goodwill from man and maid. He also is an admirable cook, and with Saleh his servant, has given us excellent dishes stewed over a spirit lamp. He can sleep anywhere, and all day long, and never is put out, or bored, or in a hurry, withal of an exceeding good sense and knowledge of the proportion of things, prudent, economical, persistent, the reverse in fact of all that distinguishes Europeans in the East, and astounding at his age (twenty-four).

"We went out last night in the streets, and again this morning, and I think that no one suspects us of a disguise, though they are somewhat puzzled at our affairs. We went to the Mosques directly after breakfast, first to Sidi Okba's of which we entered the outer court only, for the inner shrine was being repaired, and a surly guardian refused us entrance, saying that without order from Sidna el Morákeb the doors could not be opened, so we had to be content with peeping in and complaining of the tyranny. We saw, however, pretty nearly all there was to be seen before we were turned out. At the other Mosque outside the town we were more fortunate. Here we were admitted, and saw all, and made our devotions at the tomb of Sidi Sáhabi unquestioned. It was very hot all day, and we lay stewing in the balcony of the *okeilah* till the *asr* and playing chess, to the wonder of the proprietor's son, whom we told it was an Indian game. Then we went through the bazaars and outside the town to see the walls, all very interesting, and as yet little spoilt by the French invasion, and spent the evening on mats under the city walls, where there was an Arab coffee house, drinking lemonade, and so the long day ended.

"*2nd Nov.*— This morning, being Friday, the Mueddhin chaunted

the whole prayer from the Minarets — and there is one just outside the *okeilah* — beginning at four and going on more than half an hour, a fine old-world ceremony, disappearing alas from Islam. Kerouan, however, is a holy city, and preserves some at least of its traditions. We were up with the first light, and having drunk coffee prepared for us by our friend the *hashishi*, and induced his old companion to carry our baggage, which he did with great unwillingness for he was still drowsy with his opium, and paid our two nights' score at the *okeilah*, three francs and a few coppers — it would have been the same if we had taken our rooms for a month, and the proprietor was too sleepy to get up and see to it — we went out through the half awake streets to the Eastern gate, and the office of the new tramway, where we waited an hour and saw the sun rise. Terence employed the time repeating to me a story told in the *okeilah* by the merchant of Sfax, which is as good as most in the Arabian Nights. (It is too long to insert here, and I reserve it for another occasion.) Then we took our places in the tram, and went at a fine gallop across the desolate plains in four hours to the sea at Sus, where we once more put off our Moslem garments and washed and dined at a Frankish restaurant. The tram journey between Kerouan and Sus is a curious mixture of old and new. The coach runs on rails laid across the open fields, drawn by horses running beside it with a long loose trace, so that when it crosses ravines the horses gallop beside it up and down the steep places without checking their pace. The track is all more or less down hill, so that once started the coach goes by its own weight, and the horses have all they can do to keep up with it in certain places, not being harnessed to any pole, the only check on the coach being a brake worked by the conductor in the steepest parts, a most exhilarating way of travelling, and quite practical for that particular journey.

"Sus is a lovely old battlemented town as yet little spoilt, though the usual obscene French houses are springing up outside it. I walked all over and around it and through its bazaars. There is a fine citadel commanding the town on which a French flag is hanging half-mast high. The Emperor of Russia is dead.

"Here we both took ship, Terence to return to Tunis, I to go on to Tripoli, touching at Monastir and Mehadir, two lovely mediæval strongholds by the sea. In the latter I had the good luck to make a friend. Seeing a nice clean Arab coffee-house in front of the mosque, I sat down in it at the same time with a respectable Bedouin, whom I saluted. He ordered at once two cups of coffee, and we talked and made friends, he in good Arabic, a very worthy man, living, he told me, some ten miles from the town, and he has promised, if he passes through Egypt next year on the pilgrimage, to alight at Sheykh Obeyd. I have seldom met a better bred or more kindly man. At Sfax, where

we arrived at daylight next morning, *4th Nov.*, I had an odd adventure. Having made acquaintance with a respectable looking man in the boat which took us to the shore, I was glad to accept his invitation that he should show me round the town, which he did with all politeness, and then invited me to his house. This was in a by street of no very reputable appearance, the entrance being by a low door where a donkey stood tied, and on entering I saw at once that it was no Moslem house, as I had supposed my friend to be, for there were women there unveiled, and it flashed on me what was the truth, that they were Jews. This became clearly the case when they set a meal of greasy bread before me, and tried to make me drink absinthe, and I had some difficulty in finding excuse to get away and to explain that I was not myself a Jew, for my conductor had come to the conclusion that I must be one, for my having condescended to speak to him and enter his house, for in these North African towns the Jews are treated as pariahs by the Mohammedans, and he did not understand it as possible that I could be other than one of his own nation treating him with the politeness I had shown. It is no less characteristic of the position Jews hold in Tunis that as soon as I had explained to him the mistake he had made, his manner at once became changed from one of hospitable anxiety to please, to one of undignified begging for a *bakshish*, which I was of course only to glad to give, feeling that the fault had been mine.

"Sfax is an interesting, and except for the Jew quarter, a wholly Moslem town, inhabited mostly by Sherifs, every other man wearing the green turban. It was bombarded and barbarously treated by the French in 1881. The captain of our steamer, the *Ville de Tunis*, tells me that this was in some measure a mistake. When the town was summoned by the French fleet to capitulate, it happened that, being the 14th of July, in the interval before the answer was received, a salute was fired in honour of the day, and the people of Sfax, thinking it an attack and that the shots had fallen short of the town, refused terms of unconditional surrender offered to them. The town was then bombarded in earnest, two breaches were made in the walls, and the place was stormed. The French lost 700 men and gave the Moslem quarter over to sack for twelve hours (this the captain denies, but it is historical), during which the houses were broken into and the women ravished; the broken doors were long left unmended in token against them, and I noticed when I walked through the Moslem quarter in the morning that many doors showed new locks recently put in and new panels not yet painted. The city walls have been mended, but the town inside and the bazaars look poor compared with Sus. The wealth of the town lies outside in the gardens, several hundreds of which surround it, all belonging to the Moslem inhabitants. The

French colonists have tried to buy them out but they will not go. There is a bitter feeling here against the conquerors. According to my Jew acquaintance, Braham ben Gabrail Mazuz, there are a thousand houses of Jews in Sfax, probably an exaggeration. These are divided in opinion about the French occupation, but most are in favour of it, as they were badly treated by the Moors. They are mostly very poor, the richer ones doing trade as middle men between the Moors and Franks. Young Braham came on board again to wish me goodbye, and brought some cake and roast chestnuts and bread for me, but he could not resist asking me for the fare of the steam launch he had taken passage in from the shore, and a franc over.

"Our party on board is reduced to the captain, the doctor, and two cabin passengers, so I have the ship practically to myself. There are very few European colonists in these parts except the small population of drink sellers and restaurateurs. The Arabs refuse to sell their good lands, and the bad are not worth buying, nor has the French Government yet found an excuse in rebellion to confiscate these as has been done in Algeria. The taxes are low, no land tax in coin but the old tenth of the gross produce and a poll tax of, I think, twenty-five francs levied on rich and poor. This last presses on the poor and causes discontent because in the old time it was not levied in extreme cases of poverty, whereas now under the French no one is exempt. Civilized governments always commit this injustice in Eastern lands, falsely pleading immemorial custom.

"*5th Nov.*— Arrived by daylight at Gabez, a palm oasis watered by a small river which rises some five miles inland, they say in several hundred springs. This feeds the gardens, the rest of the country being desert. I found a ramshackle carriage with an Arab driver from Tripoli, who took me round and explained everything. There are but few Europeans here, some warehouses on the shore but nothing inland. The native population is Arab, not Berber. Under conduct of my Tripoli driver I visited the barrage, where there is a run of water about the size of our Mole at Leatherhead, much overgrown with reeds and weeds, an oozy unwholesome haunt of frogs and snakes. Then to the mosque and tomb of Abdul Barber, a pretty place on a hill, and so round. There was a tame gazelle running in the desert outside the villages, for there is no town of Gabez. My driver told me that before the French occupation this was a dangerous neighbourhood, as the Bedouins were always marauding. There is a certain trade here of *halfa* grass, which they bring from two or three days' journey inland, worth, my driver said, five francs the camel load.

"We left at noon and arrived at sunset off Jerba, a long, low island, wooded with olives and palms, the water so shallow that our steamer had to lie six miles from shore, so that we only saw it as an outline

on the horizon. This they say is Calypso's Island, a dreamy afternoon place, lying sweltering in a stagnant sea.

"*6th Nov.*— Tripoli. A lovely white town with walls and minarets and an immense growth of palms. Here there is a natural port which could be improved if the Turkish Government would allow Europeans a concession to do it, but it wisely refuses, knowing the consequences. The foreign population consists of some 6,000 or 7,000 Maltese and Italians. There are many Jews, and a large population of Moslems, mostly of Arab race, manly and fanatical. The Tripolitans are not subject to conscription for the Ottoman army, but form a kind of militia having obtained certain terms of independence when the Sultan took possession, in return for their support given against the Bey.

"The palm gardens, which extend for ten miles, are wholly in their hands, and Europeans are discouraged, if not forbidden, from living outside the town. Beyond the gardens all is a sandy desert, and the general character of the place is like our own palm district at Sheykh Obeyd. I called at the British Consulate, and found my old friend Jago officially there, who sent his son with me in a covered cart through the palm groves and to the desert beyond. We stopped to see the Wali's garden, newly reclaimed from the sand. It has all the feature of our own garden in Egypt, but without the *lebbek* trees. He is making a number of such gardens, using the soldiers to do the labour as is the way in Turkey. Then to a place they call the Hahneh, which is a bit of high, stony ground kept bare for the purpose of assemblies and festivities in the centre of the palm gardens. From it one sees nothing but palm tops all round." [The palm district here described was the scene in 1911 of the abominable atrocities committed by the Italian soldiery when, in defiance of all right or even pretext, they made their raid on Tripoli, and massacred the Arabs of the oasis.] "Then to the Suk el Jumaa, and the Suk el Thalatha held on the seashore. Here we found a great concourse of Arabs with camels, horses, asses, and cows for sale, several thousands of them on the beach. Some had brought a load of *halfa*, others sheep, others woollen shawls. I bought a grey and white shawl for fifteen francs, more than their market value, though really beautifully pieces, like the best Scotch or Irish homespun, only better. I should say a good trade might be made by importing these to England.

"After this we went back to a midday meal at the Consulate, a good old Moorish house, but standing unfortunately in the Maltese quarter, which is noisy and filthy in the extreme, contrasting with the Moslem quarters, which are clean, silent and decorous. The Turks keep about 6,000 regular soldiers in Tripoli, but count the native militia at as many more. They have Mudirs and Kaimakams in the principal

towns inland as far as Ghadamés, but the policing of the country district is done by the Arabs. They say these inland districts are fairly secure for native travellers, but a great caravan, which started for Wadai in the far south two years ago with £40,000 worth of goods, was plundered there by Rabagh Ibn Zebeyr when he attacked Wadai last year, and none of the merchants have yet returned. This has caused great lamentation and distress in Tripoli.

"We weighed anchor in the afternoon for Malta, there being no direct steam communication between Tripoli and Egypt.

"*7th November.*— We arrived off Malta by daylight, and got inside the harbor at Valetta by nine o'clock, certainly a splendid place. I called at once on Count Strickland, to whom Terence had given me a letter. I was surprised to find him quite a young man, he is thirty-four, and he reminded me that we had met already at Cambridge, when he was an undergraduate and one of the chief officials of the Union and I was down there with John Dillon only seven years ago; now he has been for six years secretary to the Malta Government, a post of no small political importance, he being half a Maltese, through his mother, a Countess della Catena, and having married De la Warr's eldest daughter, Lady Edeline Sackville. I found him very busy preparing for a debate on the estimates in the Maltese Legislative Council, an annual event, the principal political one of the year.

"The Council was to meet at half-past two, and he took me there with him to attend the debate, an interesting display. The Governor, Sir Arthur Freemantle, was in the chair, the six official members to his left, the fourteen elected members to his right, three or four benches at the end of the chamber being for the public. I was given an arm-chair behind the Governor's. The Council Chamber is a splendid room, and the ceremonial was dignified, but with a certain air of unreality as in a debating club, though it was an important occasion, for politics are running high in Malta just now. The leader of the opposition, Savona, is a man of about fifty, keen-eyed, alert, professional, reminding me a little of Freycinet. He knows English well, and made his attacks sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, for both languages are used optionally, the more animated speeches being in Italian. There seemed to be a very full liberty of speech, but no applause or dissent of the kind that makes our House of Commons a babel. To me it was most interesting, as the questions treated turned on Constitutional right, and were dealt with ably and with passion. Savona on some previous occasion had been taunted by an official member with having allowed the Estimates to pass untouched, and he was determined now to reduce this year's on certain points in protest against an infringement made three years before by an order of the Colonial Government of the Maltese Constitution. Elected members had been de-

prived of their right to become members of the Executive. Strickland replied in an able, debating speech, but without, as I thought, having the better argument, or commanding the sense of the Council. One of Savona's proposed reductions was of £10 for the repainting of the Government barge, and this he made fun of. He found, however, support on the point in one of the elected members, Mozu, and Savona lost the amendment, though he carried another reducing the vote by £266 in regard to other items. Freemantle then retired, and a rather noisy discussion followed about his successor in the chair, during which, as it was late, I too went out. On the whole I was pleased with the debate, which was ably conducted by the opposition, there being but one very foolish speaker, a deaf old man, who talked nonsense about *i poveri Maltesi* in and out of season. There was certainly more reality in it than in the Viceregal Council meetings I attended at Calcutta, and must do good as putting a check on the Government's autocratic vagaries, if nothing more.

"Dined with young Sitwell of the Rifles at the Club, and was glad to find him talking sensibly about the exclusion of the Maltese nobility from its membership. This is a notorious scandal and cause of ill-feeling. Looking through the Club list I can find no more than two Maltese names among the English ones, Strickland's and Dingli's. The tone of English society here, Sitwell tells me, is violent about the Maltese and absurd. He and his regiment are off next week for Bombay, where he will find race arrogance more violent still.

"*8th Nov.*— Drove across the island through a series of lovely villages, all of hewn stone, to Hajar Kim, where there is an ancient temple of the Druidical kind, then with Strickland to his country house, on the way to Città Vecchia, a fine villa of the beginning of last century, with courts and fountains and an orange garden. This he inherits from his mother. He tells me there are about twelve families in the island which enjoy a *majorat*, his being one, in the rest property has been divided among all the children, and so has disappeared. This dates from the time of the knights. When the island was given to the Knights of St. John in 1530 by Charles V a proviso was made that it should revert to the Crown; consequently, when the English first occupied Malta it was in the name of the King of Naples that they did so. The French knights had betrayed the island to Bonaparte, who took possession of it as part of the French Republic, ill-treated the inhabitants, robbed the churches, and speedily made the French detested. The Maltese rose against them and invested the fortress for eighteen months and forced a capitulation which the French made, not to them but to Nelson — the annexation to England was an afterthought.

"Strickland explained Savona's attitude of opposition as one caused

by disappointment. Savona began life as a soldier in the hospital corps, but having learned English he bought his discharge, set up a school and newspaper, and attacked the Government. He was then taken in the Government to keep him quiet, but left it when the Constitution of 1887[1] was granted, he having opposed it and recorded in a minute his view that Malta should be governed as a Crown Colony of a severe type. This minute was thrown in his teeth when he seceded from the Government and set up as its violent antagonist. Strickland, of course, is officially prejudiced against him, and will not see in him any patriotic motive, but he admits that public opinion generally is anti-English among the educated Maltese, while the country people are indifferent. Savona, he assures me, is losing his popularity, but he, Strickland, is tired of the worry and would be glad to change his chief secretaryship for a Colonial appointment. I find him clever and interesting.

"*9th Nov.*— Left Malta for Egypt *via* Brindisi."

The winter that followed that year and the following spring in Egypt was one that has left me few political records, the new National movement headed the last two years by the Khedive Abbas having lost its first impulse through the reasons I have already described, and I stood aside busying myself with other things, and beyond a single visit to the Khedive at Abdin Palace, my diary contains little worth transcribing. I arrived at Sheykh Obeyd on *15th Nov.* and found Anne and Judith already there, and on the 21st Fenwick Pasha, who for the last two years has been English adviser at the Home Office and head of the police, called on me. He had, compared with most Englishmen, been favourable to native self-government, and under the new *régime* had become out of favour:

"Fenwick leaves Egypt immediately to join his regiment in India. He spoke strongly and rather bitterly of the recent change in the administration which has put the police once more under the Mudirs, and thinks it quite uncompensated by the appointment of Gorst as English Adviser at the Ministry of the Interior. He thinks Cromer may have yielded the point from a Macchiavellian motive of allowing the native Government to make mistakes of which he will profit later, but I do not think this.

"*29th Nov.*— To-day being the Khedive's birthday and a whole holiday, Tigrane Pasha came to see us; he is down on his luck politi-

[1] Malta had been granted a Constitution of very restricted type by the English Government in 1887, avowedly as an experiment, with the result that many abuses in the government of the island were remedied; but a strong movement having been set on foot by the native Maltese for union with the Italian kingdom the Constitution was subsequently withdrawn.

cally and looks at things as going badly, regarding Gorst's appointment to the Ministry of the Interior as a new encroachment.

"*30th Nov.*— Sheykh Mohammed Abdu to lunch with us. He tells me the Khedive's ideas are unchanged since last year, that he is still bitter against Cromer and the Occupation, that his visit to England was prevented last summer by the Sultan, and much else. The Khedive is very kind to him, Abdu, now, and gave him a private audience of thirty-five minutes, and he has obtained his long-wished for grant of £2,000 a year for the Azhar University. A committee is to be appointed to see to the spending of the sum. We talked over old events and he gave me again the history of the Mufettish Ismaïl Sadyk's murder by Ishak Bey on board the Khedive's steamer. Ishak strangled him with his own hands. He says this was certainly done on the river, immediately after Ismaïl Sadyk's arrest by the Khedive Ismaïl opposite the Jesireh palace. He told us the story of Ali Pasha Sherif's slavery adventure. Ali Pasha Sherif had been recently arrested by our people on a charge of slave dealing, he being the oldest and most respectable personage perhaps in Egypt, and President of the Legislative Council. The Pasha had behaved very foolishly, Abdu said, 'like a child.' The truth was he is in his dotage and has become foolishly attached to a woman on whom he spends his time and money, and it was for her that he had bought the slaves, and he told us also of Nubar's moneymaking schemes now he is in office, and of other scandals that have taken place during the summer.

"*5th Dec.*— Had luncheon with Riaz. He tells me the Khedive's politics have not changed at all since last year. He (Abbas) hates Nubar, and is sorry now, 'poor young man,' for the mistake he made in allowing Cromer to change his Ministry. He would have gone to England in the summer, but was prevented by a French intrigue acting on the Sultan. He lamented the usurpation of new authority by Lord Cromer in the Ministry of the Interior, etc., etc.

"*10th Dec.*— Saw the Khedive at Abdin Palace. He received me cordially, even affectionately, and on my congratulating him on a domestic event expected in his family, and which had been announced, said: 'Yes, it came upon us quite as a surprise. Now I shall marry her. I wished to do so once, but when I consulted our religious authorities they told me I must wait till the child was born. But I will marry her the very day afterwards, this is according to rule.' I said: 'There was no pleasure in life like that of being a father, and hoped that his son would be a blessing to him.' He is evidently in the highest delight. Then he talked of his journey to Europe, and thanked me for my letter about the Prince of Wales. 'I should have liked to go to England,' he said, 'but was prevented at Constantinople. It is impossible to do anything with *him* (meaning the Sultan). Will you

believe it, I was twenty days at Constantinople, and was watched all the time by spies. He gave me two of his aides-de-camp, who were constantly with me, even sleeping in my palace at night. Not once did he discuss any political subject with me, though I several times brought them forward when we were alone. Each time I did so he jumped up and shut the windows, lest we should be overheard, but I could get nothing from him. Even Mukhtar, who was there three months, got no more than a lecture for not preventing the Cairo newspapers from writing against him. He told Mukhtar to spend money — he might pay each newspaper £1,500 a year — but Mukhtar refused to have anything to do with it. Mukhtar will never be Grand Vizier. All who serve the Sultan are expected to bow to the ground and say, "Certainly, your Majesty." We shall never come to any good with him for our Caliph and Emir el Mumenin.'

Abbas asked me if I had had any news of a new revolt in Arabia, and I told him I had seen paragraphs in the papers about it, but attached little importance to them, as such paragraphs always appeared when diplomatic pressure was being put at Constantinople, and just now the Armenian question was being pushed forward. The new friendship between England and Russia boded no good for the Ottoman Empire. He said: 'I have information that an agreement has been come to between them by which Russia is to occupy Armenia.' This seems most improbable, and with it the abandonment of Cyprus by us, as we could not consent to it without retiring from the Cyprus Convention, which guarantees the integrity of the Sultan's territory in Asia. As to his visit to England he said: 'The King of the Belgians invited me to stay with him, and I asked permission at Constantinople, but was told I should make pretext to decline, and avoid *all* visits.' He is evidently disgusted with the Sultan's timidity and narrow-mindedness, but I noticed that he never once mentioned him by name, only as He.

"From this we went on to home matters, and the way in which Nubar's hand had been forced in the matter of the new arrangement at the Ministry of the Interior. Nubar was old and stupid, he said, and had been made to appear to demand it. I am inclined, however, to suspect that this was merely Nubar's way of excusing himself to his master. About the slave-trading case brought against Ali Pasha Sherif, the Khedive told me that it was without doubt a trap laid for him by Shäffer and the Slave Trade Bureau. Dr. Shafai was an accomplice, and the three slave women had been taught their parts. When Shafai was condemned to hard labour he was not really sent to Toura prison, but kept for a month at the caracol in comfortable rooms upstairs. He, the Khedive, had been asked to pardon him, but had said the law must take its course. Then they sent him to Toura, but made him second doctor there. It was all a political intrigue to

discredit Ali Pasha and frighten the Legislative Council. He complained of the timidity and lack of fibre in the native Egyptian members of the Council. 'Look,' he said, 'at Heshmet Pasha, we all looked upon him as a Nationalist and a Riazist, yet directly the trouble came last year he went round at once.' It now being twelve o'clock, after a little talk about Tunis, the Khedive got up and, taking my hand with both his, thanked me and said he knew I was one he could depend on, and who had the welfare of Islam at heart. I am more struck than ever at the frankness of his character and the clearness of his ideas."

The first three months of the New Year, 1895, were devoted by us almost entirely to desert travelling, when we explored the hill country that lies between the Nile and the Red Sea, a piece of desert land almost entirely unknown to Europeans, or indeed to the townspeople of Cairo and the fellahin of the Delta, and as yet unmapped, to me a great additional charm, and except for a few scattered Bedouins quite uninhabited. We had on this occasion my cousin Mary Elcho with us, who was spending the winter in Egypt, and we pushed our explorations as far as the Red Sea, and followed the coast line down it between the high mountain range of Kalála and the Gulf of Suez, a narrow strip of sandy shore seldom or never visited, there being barely room in places for camels to pass, a rugged shore, where the only sign of humanity is the occasional apparition of a distant ocean steamer far away on its road to India or Japan, and at the water's edge a continuous jetsam of empty brandy and rum bottles cast up by the waves, and marking the unholy track of Western civilization. The whole of the precipitous Kalála chain, which runs in places to a height of four and five thousand feet, was in the ancient days before Islam the scattered abode of those early Christian hermits who were so picturesque a feature of the fourth and fifth centuries, and may still, some of them, be identified as former hermitages by the possession of a trickle of water and a palm or two still growing wild, and one monastery, still inhabited, the convent of St. Anthony. It lies in one of the ruggedest and most desolate places in the world, difficult of access for camels, and parted from the Nile Valley by eighty miles of inhospitable desert, and twenty from the seashore on the other side. In all that journey we had met with no inhabitant after our first day's march, and it was with some difficulty that we made out our road to it, for the Bedouins with us had never been there, and we only had knowledge of it by the vaguest hearsay. The convent is hardly ever visited by Europeans, and ours was absolutely the first occasion on which women had been admitted within the Monastery walls since its foundation some 1,500 years ago. All this was intensely interesting, but descriptions of desert journeys lie outside the scope of my present memoirs. It is only here and there

that in the interval of these expeditions I find a notice of public events, as for instance:

"*25th Feb.*— The long expected Egyptian crisis seems at last approaching in Europe, if one may judge by the foreign newspapers which are threshing the question of the English Occupation once more out. I fancy Rosebery's escapade with the Congo Company has set up the German Emperor's back, and he is encouraging the French to push us out of Egypt. In spite of our swagger, and it is past all bounds, we shall have one day to go. Our papers repeat the bravado that a great nation like England does not yield to threats. My experience is that it is to threats only of very immediate chastisement that the British public does yield. Soft words never have effect with us."

About the same time the announcement reached me of poor Randolph's death, and on the 30th of March of Princess Hélène's engagement to the Duke of Aosta, and lastly on the 11th of April of the huge scandal in London of Oscar Wilde's arrest and prosecution. Of political events in Egypt there is no further record worth transcribing. The 27th of April saw us back at Crabbet.

This year I saw more than ever of George Wyndham, and spent much of my time with him. He was at the height just then of his literary activity, having become editor of the "New Review," and being pushed forward by Henley as a writer, and at his instigation, and Henley's, my thoughts took a more decidedly literary direction than before. He proposed that I should write for him on Arabian subjects, and this I, being full just then of desert memories, willingly agreed to.

"*12th May.*— Henley proposes to bring out a selected edition of my poems under his auspices, and promises to run me into a more public place as poet than what I now occupy. I am not particularly anxious for this, but he and George may try. George is a good enthusiastic friend, and very dear to me. He has given me a touching description of Pembroke's funeral, at which he was present in the little churchyard near Wilton, where they buried him; the Wilton gardens in their full Spring splendour, the birds singing their hearts out, and many men, the most distinguished in the land, in tears. Pembroke lived a noble, if an unproductive, life, a man of large sympathies and high ideals, but no fixed beliefs, and no results in action. He had at one time an opening in politics which might have led him to any sublimity when Disraeli gave him a place in his Government at the age of twenty-four, but his health was not sufficient for the strain, and he could not go on with it. The rest of his life was spent at Wilton, a paradise on earth, the possession of which I have always thought hinders its possessors, by its beauty, from engaging in the world's ambitions. He lived honoured and beloved by women and by men.

"Sir Robert Peel, too, is dead. I met him on Friday at the St. James' Club and had a talk with him about Japan and China. His death was sudden in the night. He was not a wise man, but interesting, a very good speaker, full of *bonhomie* and sometimes of wit.

"*29th May.*— *My poor Locker is dead, not other than a worthy ending to a happy life. His last day was a cheerful one they all say, and he talked more strongly than for some time past. I had called in* the evening at Rowfant and had seen him, and was there till seven, and then took his son Godfrey back riding with me, so that he must have died very shortly afterwards, for the announcement is in the 'Times' this morning.

"*Later.* I called again at Rowfant and found to my surprise the family not in mourning. My friend, instead of being dead, is a trifle better, and talks of outliving some of us. It is a mystery how the thing got into the 'Times,' from which it had been copied into all the evening papers with long obituary notices. [It was not till two days later that he died at the age of seventy-four.]

"*22nd June.*— Yesterday when I was in London I called at half-past five on Margot, who is invalided. While we were talking Sir William Harcourt came in, and their talk turned at once to politics, the Cromwell statue debate, and other interests of the moment, but nothing presaged what at that very hour was happening in the House, namely, the defeat of the Ministry on St. John Broderick's amendment in Supply. Poor Margot, as it happened, was in some measure responsible for the Government minority, for as I left her a little after six I found yet another visitor, John Morley, at her door, and she kept him so late giving him good advice that he missed the division! To-day I see the account of it in the papers.

"*24th June.*— Rosebery has resigned, a feeble statesman though a clever man, whom we shall never, I fancy, see Prime Minister again. It seems there is to be a coalition between Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, under Lord Salisbury's leadership. I am glad the imposture of Whig Liberalism is defunct.

"Yesterday was my last day at Crabbet, for Crabbet is let for three years, perhaps for four, and we take up our abode at Newbuildings to-morrow. We have no need, with so small a family as ours is, of so large a house, and Newbuildings is enough for all our wants, and I am in a mood to loathe old things and pine for new; nevertheless, it was a melancholy day for me in spite of the brave sun.

"*25th June.*— The day of Princess Hélène's wedding to the Duke of Aosta. The Comtesse de Paris had sent us an invitation, and I drove down to Kingston with Judith, where the wedding was, and then to Orleans House at Twickenham. It was a day of heaven, a brilliant blue sky with a light north wind to freshen the sun's heat. Judith, of

course, was late at starting, and so we arrived too late to get inside the church, and the bride and bridegroom were already coming out in procession. The Duke is under-sized, of extremely dusky hue, his features good, but not imposing. Behind them came her brother, the Duke of Orleans, his broken leg still disabling him, and a little after the Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters, and the Dukes of Coburg and Connaught, Tecks, Fifes, and a number of foreign Princes and Princesses. In the crowd of invited persons there were many French and a few Italians. There were hardly any English. Indeed, all the English I saw were not a dozen. Leighton was there and Lady Burdett Coutts, and a few men connected with the Court, but almost no one belonging to general society. Nor were there any English presents, which is strange, but though living so long in England, they hardly knew any English people. Then we all got into our carriages and drove in procession through Kingston and Twickenham, a really pretty sight, with multitudes of flags and large crowds cheering and every window filled in the old-fashioned houses. There was something Hogarthian in it all. In Orleans House tables were laid for the royal personages and Ambassadors, but we, the less distinguished, had to be content with what we could scramble for at buffets. Then we went into the garden where the bride and bridegroom were making their round of congratulations, and I had the privilege with others of kissing the bride's royal hand. My wedding present of the Kelmscott poems was laid out with the rest. Sweet personage, may she be happy!

"*26th June.*— Called on Lady Lytton. She has just been appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen in the Duchess of Roxborough's place, and she showed me Her Majesty's autograph letter, which was very kindly and even touchingly worded, saying she admired the way she had borne her troubles, recalling Lytton's good services, and in a postscript saying she was glad of Victor's recovery from his recent illness. Certainly the old Queen has the power of conveying her meaning in a few simple, not to say commonplace, words so as to give the impression of a true feeling, more than most women. It affected me to read the letter, I hardly know why.

"*29th June.*— Called on Harry Cust at the 'Pall Mall Gazette' Office. He is much improved since last year and takes his editorship seriously. He told me that when he began with the 'Pall Mall Gazette' he had a promise of office as soon as the Tories should come into power, but that is now all swept away.

"Then to Newbuildings, where I joined Anne, and we took formal possession. It pleases me much to be there, for it is far more of a hermitage than Crabbet was, and one can forget here the worries of the world.

"*6th July.*— Called on Betty Balfour, whom I found in high spirits at the appointment of her husband as Chief Secretary in Ireland. Gerald is a very able fellow and will doubtless do well on his brother's lines, and I had some talk with him about his prospects there.

"*11th July.*— Pamela's wedding to Eddy Tennant, and afterwards with Judith to a dance at Sibell Grosvenor's in honour of it. George (Wyndham) was in delightful vein and supped with Judith and me, entertaining us with his Epicurean views of life. 'What we want in modern life,' he said, 'is to have more feasting, song, and flowers, and noise, and to sit long and late with beautiful ladies, ourselves crowned with wreaths.' Certainly his own entertainment, the first he has ever given, was perfection. He has just been returned for Dover unopposed, the first member of the new Parliament. His is a happy nature.

"*15th July.*— To my Aunt Caroline Chandler's funeral at Witley, driving there and back from Newbuildings, a full forty-five miles through the oak country of the Weald — an almost entirely uninhabited district. Witley village, with the exception of some half-dozen new cottages, is unchanged from what I remembered it as a boy or for that matter from what my mother knew it, as her drawings of it show thirty years earlier. Only the church is changed, the inside having undergone the modern rage of decoration. The funeral was a shock to me, as it was conducted with cheerful music and a merry peal of bells, which seemed to be absurd. The old English services are all made ridiculous now with pseudo-catholic 'mummeries.' They have lost their dignity of old days, but it is of a piece with the whole English character, which has changed from top to bottom in my short fifty years of recollection. Here was my poor old aunt, who, when she came to Witley first as a pretty bride in 1845, was wedded soberly and in all decorum, now in 1895 at the age of seventy-two launched into a grave piled up with flowers like a birthday cake, to the merriest strains of the organ, strains to which we might with no impropriety have danced. The only old-fashioned thing in the ceremony was that her son's widow, who inherits the property, fainted and was carried out.

"*19th July.*— Lunched with Lady Galloway. There has been a regular rout of the Liberals at the Elections. Harcourt, John Morley, Lefevre, Arnold Morley among the slain. Much talk of all this. Asquith has won or kept his seat.

"*13th Aug.*— A visit from one Oppenheim, a Jew, who has been travelling in Mesopotamia, and wants to go to Nejd. [This Oppenheim was afterwards an agent of the German Government attached to the German Legation in Cairo, much concerned in his Government's intrigues there.]

"*15th Aug.*— Lunched with George Curzon at 5, Carlton House Terrace, which he has rented. We talked of things political, and of his own new position in the Government as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He prefers this to a minor place without power in the Cabinet. About Armenia, in spite of the brave words in the Queen's speech to-day, he agrees with me that they can do nothing. Russia, he says, will never consent to an Armenian buffer State, even if there were the materials to make one, and how can we put pressure on the Sultan? In truth it is impossible, and the sooner they drop it the better, which I fancy they will do. He told me all the same that the horrors were not exaggerated. I told him of Knowles wanting an article of me about Egypt. This he deprecated in due Parliamentary phrase. It was embarrassing the Government and defeating its own end. It would be better to wait a little till the Government had had time to look about it, and the rest which are the common excuses of Under Secretaries. He said that he himself was entirely opposed to evacuation, or change of any kind, that the French were out of court by their having refused the ratification of the Wolff Convention, and that he considered Lord Salisbury would be most unwilling to re-open the question, though as yet Lord Salisbury had said nothing to him on the subject, the matter was not pressing. The Government did not believe the rumours of any joint French and Russian action about Egypt. All this after luncheon.

"Then to Merton to see the new tapestry, Botticelli's Spring, which Morris is making for me there, and on to Coombe where I dined with Bertram and Laurence Currie, Bertram full of old and interesting reminiscences.

"*25th Aug.*— A visit to Cromer, Newhaven Court, the Lockers' house.

"Francis Palgrave was here in the afternoon, an interesting man, garrulous, but in a good sense of the word, telling stories, principally of Tennyson, reminiscences of whom he is writing. He talked to me about his brother Gifford (the Arabian traveller), and told me that in the last three years of his life he was reconciled to the Church, and that this had made him much happier and more contented. I asked him how matters had been arranged about the wife and children, seeing that Gifford was a priest and had been a Jesuit. He said his brother had told him that no difficulty had been made, such cases having of course often happened before. He was allowed to continue his domestic life, only not conjugally; *that* Gifford had told him laughing was no great privation. He was glad to hear me corroborate the accuracy of his brother's account of the politics of Nejd and its social condition. He was anxious I should believe Gifford was never really, or ostensibly a Moslem.

"Miss Kate Greenaway is also staying in the house.

"*26th Aug.*— I have come to Ockham for a night, where all is much improved since Ralph came into his inheritance. Miss Lawless, the novelist, is staying here, a well-informed, clever woman, and a good talker."

On 8th September I left England once more for abroad.

CHAPTER IX

POLAND AND ARMENIA

I left Newbuildings on the 5th, Anne coming up to London to see the last of me (for I was going abroad alone), and as my first stage to Gros Bois.

"*8th Sept.*— Gros Bois. We are much occupied here with a new catalogue Wagram is having made of the family papers. Many of them are most interesting. Wagram's ancestor, the father of Marshal Berthier, seems to have performed on a certain occasion some small service at Versailles — he was in a very subordinate position — helping to put out a fire in the stables and also designing a star and baton for the Marshals of France, and for these was ennobled by Louis XV. The son was therefore not quite a *parvenu* when Bonaparte attached him to his fortunes. He eventually became 'Duc de Neuchâtel et Valangin, par la grace de Dieu et l'acte impérial de Napoléon I, Empereur des Français' (such is the inscription over one of the doors of Gros Bois) and was at one time possessor of Chambord. He died while Napoleon was at Elba, and so avoided the final *débâcle*. But the Marshal's son signed an act of renunciation of the Duchy of Neuchâtel, and restored Chambord to its royal owners, since when the descendants have remained Princes of Wagram at Gros Bois, a far more enjoyable if less splendid possession. M. Jusserand was here last night, and we looked through these papers together, with Duphot the young man who is making the catalogue.

"Jusserand is a very small dark man, with large head of the brachicephalic type — left at the present moment in charge of the Foreign Office, his superiors being away *aux eaux* — a clever talker, and, I should say, a very able official as well as literary man. He was Chauvinist enough to show emotion when reading the original of the capitulation of Ulm signed by Mack, and later the document signed by Ney and others, settling the line of military demarcation in France with the Allies. There are among the documents some interesting letters from Napoleon and one from Marie Louise signed 'Louise.'

"Another interesting man here yesterday was Ludovic Halévy, who gave us reminiscences of the Second Empire when he was Clerk in the Chamber of Deputies, and acted in some sort as temporary Secretary to Morny. His reading of the Empire is that which all who were much

behind the scenes have long known to be the true one, and which History will adopt — namely, that Napoleon III was not by blood really a Bonaparte, and as little by character, a phlegmatic, good-natured man, fond of ease and fond of women, with a certain superstitious belief in his star, and ambitious less by natural taste than by position. Morny, his half brother, was at the beginning his guiding spirit, but was ousted from favour by the Empress several years before his death in 1865. The Empress Eugenie was without doubt the cause of Napoleon III's latest misfortunes. A beautiful woman and of good family in Spain, she was all the same an adventuress, and had had more than one lover besides the Duke of Sesto, whom she loved before she came to Paris. The Emperor only married her because she was clever enough to refuse him on other terms. She led him an unquiet life, making him constant domestic scenes, from which he fled to Marguerite Bellanger, at whose apartment he was free from worries. (Marguerite Bellanger was, if I remember rightly, the daughter of Bellanger, who kept Voisin's restaurant, and, when I was at Paris, a professional lady of pleasure.)

"Halévy recounted an incident of which he was witness when Morny, coming back from the Conseil des Ministres, threw down his portfolio in a rage, and swore he would never go again while the Empress was allowed to talk nonsense there. 'L'Empereur fera la guerre,' he exclaimed, 'un de ces jours pour lui eviter une scene de famille,' and this was precisely the thing that happened. At the time of the quarrel with Prussia in 1870, she had come suddenly to the Council Chamber and dismissed the Ministers in her husband's absence, saying: 'Messieurs, il y a congé aujourd'hui. Nous sommes en fête. La guerre est déclarée.' Halévy is a capital talker — I should imagine of Hebrew origin, judging by his profile and other signs — a neighbour of the Prince's here at Gros Bois, and intimate, too, with the Alphonse Rothschilds. His son, a most interesting young man of the serious student kind one reads of in French novels but so seldom meets, was here on Friday — an abler man, I should say, even than his father. Poor Mme. Alphonse was also here — it being Berthe's wedding-day — a sad woman, mourning her lost beauty and trying to be gay. There was, of course, much talk of the attempts made against Alphonse by the anarchists. He goes about guarded everywhere by detectives. All complained of the lack of government in France, and all blamed the Parliamentary *régime*.

"*12th Sept.*— Antonin. I passed through Paris on Sunday afternoon (the 8th) on my way to the Potockis here in Poland, and spent a couple of hours at the Embassy, or rather in the Embassy garden, to which Lord Dufferin invited me. I had an hour alone in it, sitting at the farther end, near the grille — in some sort a sacred spot for me.

Then Dufferin came to fetch me, and took me off to Lady Dufferin, who was holding court for the Lord Mayor of London on the lawn, all sitting on gilded arm-chairs on a red carpet — the Lord Mayor, Sir Francis Reinalls, a ridiculous, pompous little man, who has come over to Paris to make a splash, bringing his gilt coach and four horses with him. Dufferin tells me that at the Elysée Reinalls took upon himself to compliment the President on his *royal* bearing, and to invite him to stay with him at the Mansion House. He seems to have made a fool of himself all round. He told me himself that he had been to the Théâtre Français, and had been so bored that he had gone away to a Café Chantant, and I see the French papers have got hold of the story, while the English ones contain a protest that he has no commission at all to represent the City of London in Paris.

"Dufferin was very kind and pleasant, as he always is to me, and showed me his books. Among them was a volume of Gregory's Memoirs, and he fired up when I noticed it, repudiating with great indignation the story told there of his aunt, Mrs. Norton, having sold the information of Peel's change on the Corn Law question to the 'Times.' He assured me it was entirely false, as he had traced the truth to Peel himself, who desired to clinch the matter. He considered it a cruel libel on his virtuous aunt. But Dufferin is touching in his family fidelity.

"At 6.30 I took train for Vienna, arriving there the night of 9th September. Stayed at Sacher's Hotel, a very excellent inn, and on the morning of the 10th, after calling on Barrington and Clarke at the Embassy, and getting my passport from them, I again took train, and so through the following night and the morning of yesterday, arriving at length somewhat tired and very dirty at Czerny Ostrov, my final station. At the frontier, Voloschitzka, I had some difficulty about my passport, of which the Russian authorities seemed suspicious, but with the help of Count Bielski, a young Pole whom I had met in the train, got through. At Czerny Ostrov a carriage and four was waiting, and I was driven rapidly to Antonin, the last half of the road in Countess Joseph Potocka's four-in-hand of four dark bay Arab mares, very beautiful ones and beautifully matched, going a great pace. The roads were good, there having been no rain for long, and we did the distance of twenty-two miles in about two hours.

"To-day I have been shown the stud. The Arab portion of it is, I am sorry to say, in a lamentable condition compared with what it was eleven years ago when I saw it last. The reason is the want of proper stallions. For one reason or another Potocki has been unable to procure a really first class one, and the horse, 'Euclid,' which he bought in India of Lord William Beresford for, I believe, 500 guineas, has proved an absolute failure at the stud. His stock are coarse, without

beauty or action, and are worse than the worst we have ever bred at Crabbet. They have not even the merit, if it is one, of exceptional size. Of the six stallions he showed me there was but one preserving the Arab type, a dark chestnut with four white legs, 'Iflah,' a four-year-old with nice action, bred by a horse he had from the Babolna stud called 'Zarif,' out of a fine old mare, 'Khanjar.' The rest were not worth looking at. 'Euclid' himself, who has been re-chistened 'Obeyan,' is a horse not unlike 'Kars,' with a fine fore-hand and good points, too, in the quarter, but with a plain head (Kars had a fine one) of the convex type, and lacking distinction all through. It is only another proof of the mistake of breeding from a winner of races if you want to get handsome Arab stock. The fastest horses are, I believe, never, among Arabians, the best sires. The mares, which we looked over in the afternoon, are far better and deserve a better sire. There are a dozen really good ones — the rest inferior — but the dozen are enough to refound the stud, though several of the best are old. I regret immensely having sold 'Shahwan' to America, as he would have been well employed here, and, except 'Ahmar,' whom I cannot well spare, I have nothing old enough left to give. The mares I admired most were 'Druha' and her daughter 'Nerissa,' 'Zalotna,' 'Luba,' 'Khiva,' 'Poppeia,' and 'Khalifa,' the dam of 'Iflah.' But most of them had unworthy foals to foot by 'Euclid.' On the whole it was a disappointing spectacle, and I spoke frankly to Potocki, or at least as frankly as it is possible to speak in such cases. I found him well aware of 'Euclid's' failure. Then Countess Potocka drove me round the oak wood and through the grounds, which have been newly laid out and very well.

"13*th Sept.*— I have had much interesting talk with Potocki about Polish history, and the great part played in it by his ancestors, who were many of them military leaders. His cousins, the Sanguszkos, were independent princes in Lithuania 400 years ago; and these lands at Antonin and Schepetowka lay on the high road — it is still called the 'black road'— of the Tartar invasions as late as 150 years ago. To come to later times, he talked of the famous Princess Czartoriska, his great-grandmother, who was the beloved of Lauzun, and he has given me Maugras' book to read, which has just come out. It is founded on Lauzun's memoirs, which Potocki assures me are authentic, and the original of which, privately printed, he has had in his hands. I asked him why Maugras, instead of giving a Bowdlerised *rechauffé* of it, had not quoted the original, and he said it entered into quite impossible details, unfit for publication. I would give a great deal to read the original as it stands, for nothing strikes me more strongly than the identity of the highly cultivated society of our day in London with that of Versailles then. Not, I think, that we are so corrupt in money

matters, or perhaps quite so open in our love affairs, but still the human nature of it is identical, and the peculiarity of the co-existence of much high ideality in principle with passionate love-making in practice.

"There is much cholera going on in the villages round here. Potocki showed me a village to-day where 100 persons have died, a local outbreak, almost confined to the province of Volhynia.

"*14th Sept.*— Spent the day seeing Prince Sanguscko's stud at Christowka, a really magnificent collection of mares, no English or other than Arab blood having been admitted. The flea-bitten greys were some of them quite wonderful. There is, however, a great lack of promising young stallions, the stallions in stud use being away at Slavuta. Christowka is 20 versts — 16 miles — from Antonin across the black earth of the steppe, now all under cultivation — the few villages much swept by cholera. Christowka itself has lost 160 persons.

"We were received by the manager and his Viennese wife, a young bourgeoise who insisted on entertaining us. The Antonin Director, who was with me, is an intelligent man, a Pole from near Riga, and had been for several years in the service of the Bulgarian Government. On the way home he gave me a long and clear account of Bulgarian politics. According to him (his name is Cherkowski) Prince Alexander of Battenburg, with his many talents, was too young for the position he was given, and made many mistakes. The Russians — though as a Pole he had no desire to praise them — were really governing the country well. Their administration was excellent, and they had carried out in Bulgaria the reforms they only talk of in Russia, the finance being especially good. It has gone down rapidly since their departure. Prince Alexander was sustained by Austrian and English help. Prince Ferdinand he likes better. He, Ferdinand, is a quiet man, much addicted to science, especially botany. He would never have thought of accepting a throne but for his mother. Ferdinand is incapable, Cherkowski says, of having been concerned in Stambuloff's assassination, though Stambuloff treated him with great arrogance. Stambuloff's death was in all probability a private vengeance. He was a man of the most corrupt life, taking advantage of his official position to get women into his power, any who came or whose husbands came to him with petitions. He had violated many women, notoriously a certain singer who was engaged to be married, he and the chief of the police between them. The woman committed suicide on account of it. He was hated for these crimes, and they were probably the reason of his end. He, Cherkowski, was at the head there of the veterinary department. The Bulgarian Government had required of him to become naturalized, but he had refused, so left their service to enter that of Potocki. The Bulgarians were a clever people with much outward polish, but quite corrupt. They disliked all foreigners, but perhaps

Russians less than the rest. He does not believe that Russia will succeed in recovering her lost position in the country."

Slavuta and its stud have acquired a tragic notoriety since this entry was written, having been the scene of one of those hideous outrages which distinguished the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. Prince Sanguscko, the owner of the stud, was in his country house at Slavuta, when a number of disbanded soldiers recently returned from the Russian army broke into his house and took him out of it and brutally ill-treated him, killing him at last with their bayonets, and then pillaging the château and destroying the whole of his Arabian stud. This occurred in the autumn of 1917.

"16*th Sept.*— I was to have left to-day for Kiev, but heavy rain has fallen and the roads are impassable.

"18*th Sept.*— Potocki and I drove last night to Czerny Ostrov and dined at the house there of a certain Countess, once a woman of some fashion at Paris in the days of Napoleon III, still full of gossip, ancient and modern, for she goes yearly to Nice for the winter. At Czerny Ostrov she has a nice villa with gardens and grounds, and a select circle of such fashionable friends as the town affords, with an ancient admirer much dyed and painted.

"Then Joseph and I travelled on through the night and arrived in the morning at Kiev. The country for thirty miles or so south of Kiev is a great oak forest with spaces of cleared land — no very large trees, but growing well, they say, for the first 100 years, till their roots come to the gravel, when their growth is stopped. Oaks and birches are evidently the natural growth of the country, with alders in the swampy places and a few other trees, though there is a certain admixture of Scotch firs, new comers I should say. The Dnieper is the boundary beyond which the great fir forests of the north begin. The cleared land is a wide desolation of stubbles and beetroot, stretching for miles without hedge or landmark.

"Potocki's business in Kiev is connected with the sugar trade, in which he, in common with all the landed proprietors, is interested. The market now is overstocked, and he tells me he is working his factories at a loss. A few years ago they were giving a prodigious income, but the production has become 25 per cent. more than the home consumption, and the general world's sugar market at Odessa has fallen below cost price. He has something like 30,000 acres of land in hand, and his stake in beetroot sugar is a large one. While he went to his sugar conference, I made the round of Kiev with his agent Kosacki, who showed me everything. It is a very beautiful and interesting place with the finest situation, perhaps, of any town in Europe. The view northwards over the Dnieper and beyond over the great forest towards Moscow is splendid, and this evening, with a wonderful effect of light

from the setting sun on the gilt cupolas, and a rainbow in the east, was unimaginably grand. Kiev is a very ancient and holy city, with fine churches, undergoing restoration, alas, in view of the Emperor's coming visit. The Petchersk is especially interesting, an immense Convent in the Citadel, thronged just now with pilgrims from distant places in Russia, and beneath it a catacomb to which one descends by a long stair towards the river — a fine old-world place, hardly yet ruined by the villainous modern taste.

"At the inn I made acquaintance with Count Ladislas Branicki, who has arranged that I am to go to stay with his Aunt, Countess Branicka, at Biela-Tzerkov to-morrow, also with Count Pothofski, who has a stud of Arab horses, and other friends of Joseph's. Our inn the Grand Hotel.

"19*th Sept.*— By early train to Biela-Tzerkov, changing at Fastov. There I was met by Prince John Sapieha, who had come with his niece, Mlle. de Branicka, to see another niece away by the train, both the girls very pretty in their different ways. We then drove with four horses, handsome bays, to Alexandrie, Countess Branicka's country house, a very fine place with beautiful woods and pleasure grounds where presently, after I had been entertained with tea and peaches, we went walking to see a pond netted. There is a large family party gathered here for Countess Branicka's birthday. Her married daughter, Princess Radowitz, with her children, her nephew, Prince John Sapieha, and his wife, her unmarried daughter, the pretty one, Sophie, a Countess Zeilern and her daughter, an old Count Diodati, a Swiss in attendance on Princess Radowitz, and a few others whose names I have not quite learned. It is rather perplexing to find oneself so complete a stranger among so many.

"*20th Sept.*— With Sapieha to Uzin, a stud belonging to Count Xavier Branicki, a nephew of the Countess, lying about sixteen miles away. We drove with four common horses, and on the road Sapieha explained to me the Branicki family history. Biela-Tzerkov was the capital of the Ukraine, and in former times the headquarters of Mazeppa. According to tradition the wild horse brought him here from Warsaw. The steppe was then all grass, but hardly anything of this remains now, all being under cultivation. In the latter part of the eighteenth century an immense territory of about a million and a half acres was given to the Branicki of the day — I fancy the same as the Branicki of the Lauzun Memoirs — in lieu of a long-standing claim he had against the Polish Government for the raising and maintenance of troops. He was called the Hetman. The territory was worth very little in those days, but is now a principality, bringing in about 7*s.* an acre, the current rent. On the death of the late Count, however, it was divided into four, the Countess's share as widow and for her children

amounted to 450,000 acres. She is therefore immensely rich. The stud also was divided.

"The history of the stud, of which I have looked over the books, seems to begin authentically in 1813, though Sapieha claims for it forty years or more of antiquity. It can hardly be called a pure Arab stud, as the stallions then imported stand entered as Turk, Turcoman, Anatolian, Persian, Arab, and even in 1828 English, while the mares are equally mixed. It is clear that they have run too much after size; and at Uzin the type is nearly lost. Occasionally, however, they produce a first-class horse, and I saw two such, 'Hamat' and 'Haman,' a bay and a chestnut, of great beauty and ideal action, though 15.2 or more in height. The latter especially is a nearly perfect specimen, and will be retained to breed from. The mares are far inferior in looks to the Sanguscko mares, having coarse heads, long backs, and long legs. They carry their tails, however, generally well. One cannot avoid the conviction about them that they are of mixed origin. I only saw one mare, 'Tamisa,' one would have supposed to be an Arab. They are breeding now largely from an English thoroughbred, which gives more saleable stock. They have, however, a very beautiful imported Arab stallion, 'Heyan,' of which they are proud — a dark, full chestnut, compact, strong, and of the highest quality. I should judge him to be a horse from Nejd, as he is not quite of the Anazeh type. But they know no more about him than that he was brought to Warsaw by a dealer. I strongly advised his use for their stud.

"Countess Branicka is a most amiable woman. Her mother, she tells me, was English, a sister of Colonel Wilson Patten's wife, afterwards Lord Winmarleigh. She is clever and kind, most kind to me, doing everything to make me comfortable, and that I may feel at home. Her daughter Sophie interests me, a strange, original face, with a pretty, delicate figure, and a great look of distinction [afterwards Countess Strozzi]. The other daughter is Princess Radziwill. Sapieha (the Countess's brother) was brought up in England, served in a Dragoon regiment, and talks French with a slight English accent, English with sporting slang of thirty years ago. His father was concerned in the Polish rising of 1830, and had his whole estate in Russia confiscated, worth, Countess Branicka tells me, thirty millions of roubles. His wife, a nice plain woman, had a fortune, and they live in Galicia. He is most amiable to me, showing me all things with great zeal. He is or has been manager of the estate and stud. Altogether a distinguished family, living a large but unpretentious life. The house, Alexandrie, is less than a palace and more than a common country house, and is supplemented with several smaller houses in the grounds, where the guests have their apartments. I should be happy, but that

the weather again broke up this evening, and it has become intensely cold.

"*21st Sept.*— Drove another twenty-five versts with Sapieha to see the Countess's own stud — the mares better than those of yesterday. But they are dreadfully in want of good stallions.

"*22nd Sept.* (*Sunday*).— A bad cold, so did no more stud seeing — in bed instead. But in the afternoon to the oak wood — they call it the park — a delightful place, where we gathered orange-coloured mushrooms. Mlle. Sophie drove a pair of chestnut mares to-day perfect in shape and type. All the world drives here. We went out, three four-in-hands and three pairs — one four-in-hand of ponies being driven by a child of Princess Radziwill of five years old. There are two very fine teams, chestnuts and bays, and a third of greys, besides the ponies. All is done on a large and bountiful scale, with numbers of old servants, who carry the children about and kiss their mistress's hand or sleeve as in the East. The park is a sanctuary for wild beasts and birds, and no gun is fired in it. But they have an English pack of hounds, and go outside with it twice a week fox hunting. Foxes are plentiful, but get soon to earth. In the winter there are wolves, and Sapieha told me of a run they had had of forty-two versts after an old one, which they killed. The hounds were afraid of it, but brought it to bay, and a peasant killed it with a cudgel.

"There has been a race this year at Warsaw, ridden by young Russian officers, of 100 versts or 120 kilometres, say seventy miles. It was run in the extreme of the hot weather, and, out of forty-one starters, thirty-six horses died. The race began at eight minutes past two in the afternoon, and the first horse, an English thoroughbred, arrived at a few minutes before eight. He survived. The second and third, also English thoroughbreds, died soon after coming in, and the fourth, an Arab from Sanguscko's stud, arrived fresh an hour after the first and took no harm. The young officers seem to have ridden like lunatics, and I fancy the horses were only half trained. But I am to have precise details from Potocki. Most of the horses died actually on the road.

"I took an affectionate leave of Countess Branicka, for she is a really good kind woman, and we have made great friends. She has a house also at Warsaw, another at Kiev, and another, I think, at Vienna. The rest of the party have also been most friendly to me, and I am glad to have made their acquaintance, where one sees them at their best, in their own country.

"We had some talk about their political misfortunes. They all say the cause of Poland is lost, and that there is nothing more to hope. The persecution is more religious now than political. 'I should not be

surprised to wake up any morning,' said little Mlle. Sophie, 'and learn that we had to become Greeks or leave the country.' All the peasantry and many of the bourgeoisie have conformed, and the young generation of converted Poles are among the most fanatical Russians. The elder brother of Countess Branicka's husband was concerned in the rebellion of 1863, the last flicker of Polish nationality, and was exiled to Siberia, the property passing, I fancy, to the younger brother.

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"*26th Sept.*— Constantinople, or, rather, Therapia. I arrived at daylight this morning in the Bosphorus, coming by Russian steamer from Odessa. A lovely morning, with a slight fog or haze, enough to give everything a mysterious look, but brightening into full sunshine later, with fresh north wind rippling the blue water. As we steamed down the Bosphorus the Russian ship's mate, who talked some English he had learned in Japan, described what might be done with such a position in the hands of a European Power, the continuous streets, the railways, the electric light, etc. Thank Heaven, it is still in its old-fashioned way.

"Arrived at Galata I was rowed straight to the bridge, and on board one of the Bosphorus boats, and was so taken back to Therapia, a slow three hours' trip, zigzagging from side to side, and in full enjoyment of the day and place. Breakfasted at Pétala's, unchanged from its condition of thirty-five years ago, when I first saw it on my way home from Athens in this very month of September, 1860. Then, going to the Embassy, I found that I was expected to take up my quarters there, and here I am. It is strange to be here, with Philip for Ambassador and Violet Fane for Ambassadress. Philip is altogether charming, unaffected by his official importance, natural and kind.

"*27th Sept.*— There are staying in the house Pom McDonnell, who is Lord Salisbury's private secretary, come out, I fancy, to gather the Ambassador's innermost thoughts for his master's benefit — a charming fellow — and Henry Yorke and Lady Lilian. I spent the morning answering letters from home, and went riding in the afternoon with Philip and Pom over the heath-covered hills behind Therapia.

"*28th Sept.*— In the Embassy *caïque* to Ruvukdereh to call on Nelidoff (Russian Ambassador) who, as an old friend, received me cordially, but we did not talk politics. He gave me a long and interesting account of a visit he had paid with Ozeroff and Haymerle in 1860 to Cairo, before any of the European innovations began. With Philip and Pom I have had long talks about Egypt, and a little about affairs here.

"*29th Sept.* (*Sunday*).— Spent the day on board the *Imogene* (the ambassadorial despatch boat) with Philip, Pom, and Yorke — a perfect summer's day. We steamed down the Bosphorus to the Sea of Mar-

mora, landed on Bulwer's island, circumnavigated Prinkipo, and then crossed to San Stefano, and home about sunset, the walls of Stamboul, the Golden Horn, and the Asiatic shore from Scutari upwards being lit up with the evening glow, a glorious apparition.

"We had much political talk, first about Egypt, which Philip considers to be a danger to us, but which he says can never be evacuated — *never* in the political sense of counting votes at an English election — though we may be driven out of it. He says that the exclusion of France after the war of Tel-el-Kebir, from her position in the Joint Control, was entirely unexpected by him. He was away from the Foreign Office at the time, and nothing surprised him more than to hear it had been decided on. It was contrary to all our declarations and all our policy up to that point. He considers that if the French had declared from the outset their willingness to help in all arrangements and share expenses incurred, it would have been impossible to refuse them a renewal of their position. Lord Salisbury had done what he could to fulfill the promise of evacuation, but the Sultan's refusal to ratify the Drummond Wolff Convention had 'fortunately' prevented its accomplishment. The French policy had throughout been childish. He was inclined to agree with me that it was a pity the attempt of Constitutional Government in Egypt had not been encouraged, as the lack of something of the sort here was what was ruining Turkey.

"Bulwer's island is a barren and not very attractive little rock, of a few acres in extent, with some rubbishy buildings, now ruined, which Bulwer had spent much money on. He had built it for Princess Ypsilanti, a Greek lady whom he loved, and one of the rooms is still decorated with a mirror let into the ceiling, in which she could survey her charms. The Sultan had made him a present of it, and he had eventually sold it at a fancy price, £10,000, to the Khedive Ismaïl. It is occupied by a caretaker who keeps a few lean cows, its only inhabitants. The inner court of the house, overgrown with a yellow rose tree, run wild, and a clematis, would be pretty if the ruined buildings were less mean.

"At San Stefano we inspected the new Russian church, a memorial, not yet finished, of the extreme advance of the Russian army in 1877.

"*30th Sept.*— To-day Philip told me the history of the Armenian trouble, and expressed his opinion distinctly that the Sultan not only knew of the massacres, but had himself given the order for them and approved of them. I think this extremely probable — indeed it is almost inconceivable that, under so strong a despotism as is the present *régime*, any provincial governor or commandant should have dared act thus on his own responsibility. The Sultan's orders probably were to stamp out the rebellion. The mistake Philip seems to me to have made, is that he took the French and Russian Ambassadors into his counsels.

They were sure to play him false. He is now in a very difficult and false position, for they do not back him up fairly at home, and he has used such threats that he cannot well let the whole thing drop, which would have been the wisest course. As far as I understand his thoughts, he intends, in case of the Sultan's continued refusal to accept the English ultimatum, to take some violent action with the fleet, not here nor yet at Smyrna, but elsewhere. He asked me what would be the effect of blockading Jeddah and proclaiming that the Sultan had ceased to be sovereign of the Hejaz. I told him that the Grand Sherif would doubtless succeed to the Sultan's power at Mecca if that power were destroyed, but that he must not count on any portion of the population joining English intervention. Much as they disliked the Turks, they would dislike the English more.

"Communications between the embassy and the palace are all but interrupted at the present moment, nor is Philip in touch with any section of the Turkish Moslem community. His information depends almost entirely upon what he learns from Christians — no Moslem daring to call on him. Now and again he receives a letter in strict confidence, but very seldom, from members of the old Liberal party. He counts on the death or deposition of the Sultan, which he thinks might take place at any moment, and he would favour any attempt to revive a more liberal *régime*. But, until there is a question as between the Sultan and his Mohammedan subjects, he says, he is powerless to take action. It is a misfortune of the position that England has only treaty rights of intervention in favour of the Christian Armenians. I talked all these matters over with Pom as we rode across the wooded hills in the afternoon to Kilia.

"On our return we found Yorke and Lady Lilian and Clara Singleton just returned from Stamboul, where they had witnessed a disturbance, which may prove to be an important one, between a body of Armenians and the authorities. According to the accounts given us by Philip of the affair, it appears that some days ago he received notice from the Armenian Revolutionary Committee that they intended making a demonstration in favour of the prompt settlement of the Armenian case. They were to assemble in Stamboul and present a petition at the Ministry. This seems now to have been forcibly prevented — a number of arrests were made — the Armenians fired shots — a Turkish colonel in full uniform was seen dead in the street — the Turks were allowed by the police to arm themselves with cudgels — some Armenians were beaten to death — and six others were bayonetted at the Zaptieh. But accounts differ greatly. The cavass who escorted the Yorkes declares that his party was menaced, and that he drew his revolver to protect them. But Yorke assures me that nothing of the sort took place as far as his party was concerned. All they saw was the Turks arming

themselves with the cudgels — great crowds, and men being carried away in carriages with their arms bound. Still it has produced much excitement, and there is talk of revolution, massacres, and who knows what more.

"*1st Oct.*— The news to-day about the Armenian riot is that the deputation arranged by the Armenian Revolutionary Committee consisted of 2,000 men, who were to meet at Kapu and to march to the Ministry (the Porte), while a deputation of women were to go to Yildiz. On their assembling, however, the police, forewarned of their intention, stopped and arrested the leaders. The Armenians then fired revolvers, and the Bimbashi of the Police was killed. Arrests were then made, the police, it is said, conniving at the Mohammedans of the quarter arming themselves with cudgels and beating the Armenian prisoners. Sixty Armenians are reported killed and fifteen of the police. The last news is that 1,000 Armenians, with some women and children, are being besieged in a church in the Armenian quarter. The revolvers and knives found on the Armenians arrested were all of one pattern, a fact which points to premeditation of defence, if not of attack. All this reminds me much of what took place at Alexandria in 1882 when the fleet was ordered there. I expect to see the programme repeated here. There will be a cry of 'Europeans in danger'; the fleet will be ordered up to the Sea of Marmora; some British sailors will be mobbed on shore; a British Consul will be assaulted; and Stamboul will be bombarded. I am glad I am here to exercise what slight restraining power I can, though I am glad to say Philip shows no sign yet of having lost his head or lost his temper. We drove in the evening to the aqueduct, a very lovely evening.

"*2nd Oct.*— I went in the Embassy launch to Constantinople to-day to lunch with my old relative, Walter Blunt Pasha. We landed at the railway station on Seraglio Point, and drove across the bridge, where all things had returned to their usual quiet. The Pasha tells me the Armenians who formed the deputation had been warned not to come in large numbers, and *not* to come armed. They therefore divided themselves into groups. One of these was stopped by the police, and, an altercation arising, the Bimbashi struck the leading Armenian with his sword, whereupon the man nearest him drew a revolver and shot the Bimbashi through the head. This led to a general riot; arrests were made and men killed on both sides. There seems no doubt that the Moslems of the quarter were encouraged to arm themselves with staves. He says, however, that the Government is afraid now that the Softas who took part in the riot against the Armenians will continue it against the Government. The Sultan, he says, has become very unpopular in the last two years, and everybody would really be glad to get rid of him. Even the highest officials are kept in a state of tutelage which galls

them severely. 'I myself,' he said, 'could not so much as go away for forty-eight hours to Broussa without permission from the Sultan himself. Neither the Minister of War nor the Grand Vizier could give it me.' The Softas, too, are tired of Abdul Hamid, who they think is ruining the country. The army has been unpaid for five months.

"Norman, a newspaper man, came in and told me tales of assaults and assassinations of Armenians last night by the mob. But as yet neither Europeans nor Greeks have been molested. I do not think the matter is likely to go much farther at present. The chief Armenians went to-day to the palace to arrange terms for the men shut up in the churches, and are believed to have been successful. I find Philip very strong on the necessity of getting rid of Abdul Hamid. 'We have come to the conclusion,' he said to-day, 'that it will be necessary to kill him. To depose him would be very difficult, perhaps impossible.' I do not suppose that he would do this by any direct instigation, but he would certainly countenance a revolution which should proceed by this means. The idea is in the air, but twenty years of absolute despotism have weeded out the more venturesome spirits.

"I have written a long letter on the political situation here to Lady Lytton, who will, as likely as not, show it to the Queen, as she is now in waiting at Balmoral. Archibald Lamb has arrived from England, Lady Currie's brother.

"*3rd Oct.*—The Queen's Messenger, old Conway Seymour, was despatched to-day. So I was busy writing letters. Philip went in with him to the Porte to call on the new Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, who is supposed to be more favourable to English policy than the last, Said Pasha. But I fancy there is little real difference. I remember Kiamil at Aleppo in 1877, a little man of Jewish origin, who had once been tutor to the Khedive Tewfik.

"*4th Oct.*—In the launch to the mouth of the Black Sea, and in the afternoon to the Sweet Waters of Asia in the ten-oared *caïque*, a pretty sight. Philip saw the Grand Vizier to-day, having missed him yesterday. He tells me the attacks on Armenians still continue, and the churches are still full of refugees. It is certain, however, that the Armenians are being pushed on by the Revolutionary Committee. It is a Secret Committee prompted, Philip tells me, by Russian Nihilists; and the trouble has been caused by the arrest of Armenians suspected of belonging to it, and their torture in prison. On the other hand murders have been instigated by the Committee, of Armenians suspected of betraying their cause. They seem to count on English help, and talk of an independent Armenia under an English Prince. All this is, of course, impossible, but it is the fault of our people, who have encouraged a rising they are really powerless to assist. On the other hand the Sultan, Philip thinks, has a design of exterminating the Christian

Armenians in the provinces, just as the Emperor of Russia is exterminating the Catholic Poles, and for the same reason, to govern the country more easily. The delay in settling the Armenian question, raised by England, has prompted the Committee to more desperate measures. It is a curious state of things, which Philip says can only end in the deposition or death of Abdul Hamid. We discuss these matters daily, Philip and I and McDonnell and Yorke.

"On Monday I have arranged to go to Pera to stay with General Blunt, and on Wednesday I depart for Egypt.

"*5th Oct.*— A long ride with McDonnell in the forest of Belgrade. He asked me whether I thought Lady Currie would make a good Ambassadress at Paris. I had heard from Lady Galloway that Paris had been promised to Lord Londonderry, and that in any case Philip would not have it. McDonnell, however, being Lord Salisbury's private secretary, doubtless knows best, and I trust Philip may have it. He told me some interesting particulars about his chief, his many virtues and his great tolerance for those who had none. McDonnell is a charming fellow, with much of the Kerr eccentricity, for he is through his mother a Kerr.

"In the evening a large dinner party to the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors. . . . A sudden change of weather in the night, a violent thunderstorm with heavy rain, and now a strong north wind. It is time I was away in Egypt.

"*6th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— A day of wind and rain, no one moving out of doors till about sunset, when I took Pom out for a walk in the Embassy garden. There have been great comings and goings between Philip and the other Embassies, for they are preparing some joint action on the Sultan to stop the rioting in Constantinople. Pom is more communicative now than Philip, and I hope I have been able to indoctrinate him a bit in my ideas.

"*7th Oct.*— The weather has cleared, and I drove in to Pera in an open carriage, and am now in the house of my 'relative' at 51 rue Kabristan, an old-fashioned little box of a place with a bow window looking over the Golden Horn. General Blunt has been some twenty years in the Sultan's service, and received his promotion to the rank of Ferik, General of Division, only yesterday — a fine-looking old man, who has no other duty than to attend the Selamlik every Friday, and wear a handsome uniform.

"Professor Vambéry came to dinner and Capt. Norman, and we had a most interesting evening. The position here at Constantinople, according to these, is this: The Armenians, having unquestionably begun the disturbance, are now being harried by the joint action of the police and the mob. The mob are encouraged, or at any rate allowed, to break into the khans at night where the Armenians congregate, and

sometimes into private houses, and beat the people they find in them to death with sticks. In some instances the police force admittance at the front door while the Armenian escapes at the back door only to fall into the hands of fellows waiting for him in the street. Thus several hundreds seem to have been killed. The mob is ostensibly headed by Softas, students of the University, but it is probable that these are often police agents in the Softa dress. At any rate it is certain that the police connive. The Armenian churches are full of refugees. Norman has been busy going round to these and to the Patriarch's house, where they also congregate, and told us many tales.

"Vambéry was very communicative. He talked strongly against the Sultan in this business, although he has been a favourite at the palace. He declares that, though superstitious, the Sultan is at heart a free thinker, his religion being with him a matter of policy, and he related several anecdotes bearing on this point. It is the Sultan's brother and heir presumptive, Rashid,[1] who is a true 'fanatic.' The Sultan has a deliberate political purpose, to diminish and drive out the Armenians, imitating in this the Emperor of Russia in his treatment of the Poles and the Jews. Vambéry is of opinion that Abdul Hamid cannot long retain his throne, and agrees with me as to the desirability of renewing the Constitution of 1876. This was the best chance Turkey ever had of putting herself on a level with other European nations. It is the best chance still. But it can hardly be under the present Sultan.

"*8th Oct.*—With Godfrey Webb, Mrs. Horner, Mrs. Crawshay, and Lord Llandaff (Matthews) to see the Museum and St. Sophia's—and with Norman to see the street door of the Armenian church in Pera.

"*9th Oct.*—Left Constantinople for Egypt.

"*12th Oct.*—Arrived at Sheykh Obeyd, *Elhamdu l'Illah.*

Epitome of the Armenian Question, written by me on board ship on my way to Alexandria.

"1. The Sultan, to prevent Armenia being given autonomy, on the ground of its possessing a Christian majority in any one province, encourages the Mohammedans of the Armenian provinces to ill-treat the Christians so as to force them to emigrate.

"2. The Christian Armenians, under the direction of a secret Committee organized by Russian Nihilists, and encouraged by English sympathy, refuse to pay taxes at Samsun.

"3. The Sultan orders their resistance to be crushed at all cost.

"4. The Turkish military Governor crushes it with great barbarity.

"5. The English Government, under Rosebery, urged by its Liberal

[1] Mohammed Rashid, afterwards Sultan Mohammed V.

supporters, intervenes. Philip Currie is urged to activity in repeated despatches.

"6. The 'Times,' seeing in the Armenian question a useful counter-irritant to the Egyptian question, chimes in.

"7. The English Government invites the French and Russian Governments to join them. This at Philip Currie's initiative.

"8. These, believing the English Government to be willing to partition Turkey, accept the proposal of joint action. N.B. Rosebery probably is willing to partition Turkey.

"9. Rosebery goes out of office in England. In Russia Giers dies and is succeeded by Labanov. A change of policy ensues.

"10. France and Russia, knowing that Lord Salisbury, now at the Foreign Office, will not consent to the partition of Turkey, back out of joint action with England.

"11. Salisbury, to avoid questions in Parliament and to gain time, professes to go on alone.

"12. The Sultan, secretly reassured at Paris and St. Petersburg, stiffens his back. The negotiations at Constantinople are dawdled out.

"13. Gladstone makes his Armenian speech at Chester. Subscriptions are opened in England.

"14. Salisbury, to make show of being in earnest, orders a British fleet to the Dardanelles.

"15. The Armenian Committee, encouraged by the approach of the English fleet, and believing Salisbury to be in earnest, and that England will undertake the job of coercing the Sultan single-handed, organizes a demonstration at Constantinople. This is done with Philip's privity.

"16. The Sultan orders the Armenian demonstration to be crushed.

"17. The Armenians are crushed at Constantinople with great barbarity.

"18. ??

"N.B. My impression, gathered from what Philip has told me, strongly is (1) that he was not keen, at the outset of the Samsun affair, to intervene, but took the matter up under Rosebery's orders; (2) that he was responsible for the partnership with France and Russia; (3) that having embarked in the business he has since made it one personal to himself; (4) that for the last six months, at least, he has been in communication with the Revolutionary Committee, probably acting in concert with them; (5) that he was privy to the demonstration of 30th September, probably encouraged it, though perhaps not its being armed. It is he who told me that the Armenian Committee was organized by Russian Nihilists. This Committee has for its object, not union with Russia, but the establishment of an independent Armenia under English protection. They would take annexation to Russia as a *pis-aller*. But that is not their object."

I found out afterwards that on Giers' death the Russian policy towards Armenia underwent an entire change, though Philip Currie was not aware of it at the time. Instead of the old policy of protecting the Christian subjects of the Porte, Labanov's policy was to encourage the Sultan to exterminate the Armenians as allies of Russia's own Nihilists. It is doubtful whether the change was communicated to Nelidoff, a diplomatist of the old school of Christian protection; and I am inclined to think that he was in good faith in continuing his own sympathy with the Armenians, and expressing it to Currie. But of this later.

CHAPTER X

THE ADVANCE ON DONGOLA

"14*th Oct.*— I arrived at Sheykh Obeyd and remained there only a fortnight, going on from Cairo up the Nile to visit Upper Egypt and Nubia, a part of the Nile Valley still new to me. I travelled on this occasion alone, my family not having yet arrived, and got as far south as what was then the extreme frontier of Egypt towards the Soudan.

"29*th Oct.*— Left Sheykh Obeyd for the Upper Nile, taking Ali Suffraji with me as body servant.

"Passing through Cairo called on Gorst, who begged me to inquire on my journey whether there was any ill-feeling in Upper Egypt between Moslems and Copts, and on other points to get him what information I could. He told me that as to Philæ, the reservoir scheme was for the time laid by, the finances being not quite safe, and the political conditions too uncertain.

"At sunset I drove out beyond the Kasr el Nil bridge, to enjoy the cool breeze and see the villages still partly surrounded by water and at nine I started by train. I travelled all night, comfortably enough but for the exceeding dust, with a fine moon in its second quarter, and a splendid morning star, showing the country still half inundated. People are beginning to sow their beans and wheat in the immense flats of mud. In other places the plain is covered with sheep feeding on the new green grass before it is ploughed. Sugar cane is the only growing crop.

"30*th Oct.*— At half-past ten reached Girgeh, where the railway ends, and took boat in a stern-wheel steamer leaving at one. No first-class passenger besides myself, except three French engineers connected with the railway now being constructed to Keneh. With one of them, Megie, I had some interesting talk. He has been thirty-five years in the country, having come as a boy with his father, a *protégé* of Linant Pasha — now for eight years in Upper Egypt — intelligent and kindly. He tells me there is absolutely no ill-will between Moslems and Copts — never was any, even in the time of Arabi — knew Arabi — considered him a *brave homme* — had remained at Kaliub till after the bombardment, when he left by the last train for Suez — could have stayed on, if he had liked, in security at Cairo, though perhaps not in the villages. I asked him whether the fellahin were better off now or in

Saïd Pasha's time. 'Dans le temps de Saïd,' he answered, 'les œufs se vendaient cent pour une piastre. Voilà ce que j'appelle la misère. Pour le bien être, oui. Ils etaient à leur aise, et les impôts etaient moins élevés. Mais ils n'etaient pas au courant de la civilisation.' A characteristic French answer. This is a good specimen of the ideas even intelligent foreigners have, and he certainly spoke with sympathy of the fellahin. Stopped for the night at Farshut, where they are making the new railway bridge. It has been sweltering hot all the afternoon, thermometer 85, but cool after sunset.

"31*st Oct.*— Travelling due east, a pleasant wind in our faces — multitudes of birds, not yet scared away by the tourists' guns, herons, pelicans, little white herons, cormorants, pied kingfishers, hoopoes — few signs of European life — immense crops of millet, taller than a camel and rider, this makes the banks green. The Nile has fallen three metres, and the *shadoufs* are at work. This is the season to see the Upper Nile, or any part of it for that matter. I never had a pleasanter fortnight at Sheykh Obeyd than since the 12th, when I returned there — the garden a paradise of birds and beasts, two wolves every evening in the palms at El Kheysheh, and numberless foxes — millions of sparrows roosting nightly in the orange trees (so that the whole garden smelt in the morning like a bird-cage), everything perfection.

"Past Keneh there are splendid reaches of the river, with banks beautifully wooded with *sont* trees in full flower besides *abels, nebuks,* and palms of both sorts — no *lebbeks* nor *gemeysehs,* though I saw a huge dead trunk of a *gemeysch* by the water side. The *lebbek,* though an old Egyptian tree, seems to have become almost extinct till the present century, when it was reintroduced with the other modern improvements. There can be none in the country older than seventy or eighty years, big trees as they are.

"1*st Nov.*— Luxor. The Luxor Hotel is open, but empty with the exception of an invalid doctor (Dr. Ruffer) and his wife, and Newbury, an archæologist, who comes in for meals, having been here through the summer. Tourists there are none. I went out before sunrise and looked at the temple, and later to Karnak. The ancient Egyptians seem always to have built on the Nile mud, a mean foundation.

"The Consul, Ahmed Eff. Mustafa, called on me and invited me to luncheon, an Egyptian meal served with much hospitality. He is an honest, good man, of the fellah type, very proud of his visitors' book, which dates from 1855, and is a pretty complete history of modern Egypt. I found my brother Francis' name and Alice's, and Lady Herbert's party, and the Mures and Spencers, who were here in *dahabiyahs* in (the autumn of) 1863, and Lady Dufferin's in 1858, with a vast number of others recalling old memories, Strangford's, Beaufort's,

down to 'H. M. Stanley's of the "New York Herald,"' and General Gordon's in 1884, and Lord Waterford's last year, who shot himself a month ago — nearly all dead now.

"*2nd Nov.*— Across the river before sunrise to the statue of Memnon and the temples of Gournah and Medinet Habou. The latter is a really fine thing, and I was able to see it alone without guides or fellow sightseers. But I am left with the impression that the Nile itself, with its great flow of water and its ever green banks and eternal youth is the really interesting thing, far finer than its monuments. These are interesting as part of the river's history, not the Nile because of them. The greatest of human works are a very small matter, after all, and the world would be hardly poorer if mankind had never been — greatly richer, indeed, seeing how much beauty we have destroyed. To Karnak again in the evening, and rode through by the light of the full moon.

"*3rd Nov.*— Again across the river to see some minor monuments not worth visiting. I was followed by a troop of little girls whom the tourists have debauched with bakshish. I thought at first they were Ghazawiyeh, so shameless were they, a sight I have never seen before in all the lands of Islam. Coming in, I received a visit from Minshatti Bey the Ababdeh Sheykh to whom I had sent to tell him I was here. He is a delightful old man, whom our military people have quarrelled with, suspecting him of Mahdist tendencies. Kitchener deposed him from the Sheykhat and put in another, Beshir Bey, in his place, who now lives at Assouan under the eye of the Government, and does their business with the tribe. But Minshatti is the real Sheykh. The young Khedive, when he was here, sent for Minshatti, and made much of him, and gave him a robe of honour. This was made one of the points of Kitchener's quarrel with the Khedive. The old man tells me that the Sirdar now treats him better, and he is allowed to go about where he likes, and is not molested by the police. He promised — but I think rather doubtingly, for he is probably afraid — to send one of his relations with me if I went travelling, as I intend to do this winter, among the Ababdeh.

"Had some talk with Dr. Ruffer, who is a distinguished man of science, a bacteriologist. He had a paralytic stroke six months ago (it was a case of blood poisoning caused by one of his experiments), and is here for his health. He is looking for bacteria in the desert sand.

"Later I went to Minshatti's house, which is just outside the town, a clean, new building, where he received me with carpets spread on the *mastaba*, a nice cool place. I asked him about the Soudan, and the Mahdi, and the Khalifa, and he told me much that was interesting. He never saw the Mahdi himself, but several of his relations knew him when he was a *najar* (carpenter), a boat builder at Dongola. He was

an *alem* and a *faki*; but his political fortunes were the work originally of Jaffir Bey, who had quarrelled with the Government. He said the Mahdi was a good man; and as long as he lived everybody in the Soudan believed in him as the true Mahdi. But the Khalifa had ruined everything. The reason of the Baggara power was that the Khalifa had put forward all the best men of the other tribes to fight, and these had got killed in the wars, while the Baggaras were held in reserve and reaped the profits. The Khalifa had got possession of all the firearms in the country on the pretext of having them in readiness to resist an invasion, and so the Baggaras, his own tribe, were the only ones thus armed. El Nejumi had made his expedition, which ended at Toski [this was the battle won by Grenfell, see later], because an attempt had been made to poison him, and he wanted to get away somewhere where he should be his own master. The chiefs of the tribes when not killed in war had been got rid of on various pretexts by the Khalifa. They had been accused of treason and put into a kind of fetter which Minshatti described to me as being a long tube of iron holding the arms straight out from the shoulder to the wrist. A man with his arms thus fettered was helpless and died in a month. Thus only children were left in the tribes, and the Baggaras, an ignoble tribe with whom the Jaalin and Kababish and Hadendowas and Ababdeh would not in former times intermarry, had got all power into their hands.

"I did not, however, gather from him that the fellahin were ill off. He told me *durra* was at three *reals* the *ardeb*, and all things were plentiful. But the richer people suffered exactions, so that it was the common cry that the Baggaras' rule was worse than the rule of the Turks. He talked a good deal about Salatin (Slatin) and Neufelt. He said that an expedition from the Government would be joined by everyone in the Soudan. I asked him if it would be so if the expedition was an English one. He said that the opinion now in the Soudan had changed, and that the people there no longer regarded the *gufara* (infidels, meaning Christians) as they did ten years ago. Many of them had been wounded and taken prisoners, and had afterwards been released, and had related at home that the *kufara* had treated them well. As Minshatti was certainly suspected of being in league with the Mahdists, and probably was so a few years ago, his evidence is of more value than most. But I expect that the Baggaras are stronger in the country than he quite makes out. The noble tribes are doubtless jealous of them, as there are always jealousies among Arab tribes. Of his own position he said that he was one of the three great Sheykhs of the Ababdeh, the others being Beshir and Saleh Ibn Khalifeh, lately killed at Murad. They each used to received £40 a month from the Government, but Beshir's allowance had been reduced to £32, and his

own to £5. He asked me to try and get his raised. I said I would try to do so, but fear there is no chance.

"*4th Nov.*— On board the *Ibis*. We passed Erment this morning where there are many lebbek and gemeyseh trees apparently twenty years old, also larger factories and some cotton cultivation. I did not notice any dogs there, though Erment is famous for its large rough breed. The dogs generally of the Upper Niles are rougher than those in the north. Matana, a beautifully wooded place, was one of the Khedive Ismail's properties. Esneh in the afternoon, away from the river with two square masses of ancient stonework on mounds of rubbish. Stopped for the night at Silsilis, the moon very splendid, as red and bright as a fire lit just under it when it rose.

"My companions on board are three or four English officers of the Egyptian army, with the limited conversation of their kind. But I like young Broadwood who commands the cavalry at Wady Halfa.

"*5th Nov.*— Some attractive desert places on the left bank where cultivation has been abandoned and its place taken by *halfa* grass and green bushes — the palms gone wild. There are a good many horses turned out, tethered in the barley to graze, and on the *durra*. Some of them are bays with white faces and four white legs, probably of the Dongola breed — tall, with straight shoulders and drooping quarters. Kom Ombo close to the river, temple and fort on a natural mound. The river is now generally from a kilometre to a mile broad, a few mud banks beginning to show in places.

"At 1:30 arrived at Assouan. It has a European appearance. The approach to it is fine. Having made acquaintance on board with Mustafa Bey Shakir, deputy mamur of Assouan, I inquired of him what government lands there were for sale — this for Evelyn, who has an idea of purchasing here — and he sent me on a donkey to look at a building belonging to the Government known as the Mukhtab el Miri el Buhari, about two miles down the river. There are well wooded gardens near it, which the guard said might be bought from the fellahin owners for £10 and £15 the feddan. The Government is asking £300 for the building. In a few years the railway will be brought near it, and it might not be a bad purchase.

"Then by train to Shellal, put my things on board the steamer, and spent the evening sailing about Philæ and the edge of the cataract, one of the loveliest things I remember of the kind. Indeed, the only recollection I can compare with it is the boating expedition we made on the great tank at Hyderabad ten years ago. It was a perfect evening, and the rocks and swirling water in the twilight, and the boat with the Berber crew singing were everything one could imagine in Philæ.

"*6th Nov.*— Rode on donkey-back before sunrise to see the position of the proposed dam, which is a mile or so below Philæ. Philæ as it

is, is perhaps the one perfect thing in the world, and anything added to or taken from it would probably spoil it. So I trust they will leave it alone. At the same time if they would be content with banking the river to the natural height of the Nile at flood, I do not see that it need do a great harm. But of course they want more, and to make it the biggest engineering thing in the universe. The situation is tempting to an engineer, as the solid boulders of granite would make it an heroic bit of stonework.

"At eight we started again up the river. The change of scenery above the cataract is most sudden and complete, made more so by the as sudden and complete change in the inhabitants, who are here Berbers. Indeed, Egypt ends abruptly at Assouan. The Soudan begins at Philæ. These upper reaches, between piled-up granite boulders, are very attractive, as there are many places one might use as hermitages, islands of rock with a few sont trees and palms, some having the remains on them of buildings. At Kalabsheh a new and still narrower gate is passed. This is where the French chose their site for the dam. It is difficult to say which of the two sites would be the best for the purpose. Thus, all day long, between endless granite boulders on the eastern shore, and the same, partly covered with drift sand, on the western, the cultivation almost nil, a narrow fringe of palms and *sonts* and *seyyals*, with here and there a patch of vegetables sown at the river's edge or a field of *durra*.

"*7th Nov.*— We stopped for the night at Dendur, and in the morning light found ourselves outside the narrow gorge, and among drifts of *nefud* — red sand — on the western bank, apparently encroaching. Broadwood tells me there is a long line of *nefuds* running north-west which is impassable for camels. This, as I understand him, west of the road to the oases. But I doubt if he has been far enough to know.

"I have made friends on board with a military doctor, Mohammed Eff. Towfik, who began by quarrelling with me as an Englishman for the occupation of Egypt, but we speedily came to an understanding, and I find him to be a friend of Mohammed Abdu's, and a staunch Nationalist of the fellah party. Though still a young man, perhaps thirty-five, he remembers the Russian war of 1877, and knew Arabi. He told me very frankly that there were people who suspected me of having stood in with our diplomacy in 1882. It was pleasant to find a man so fearless and outspoken, especially as much of our conversation was within hearing of the English officers, Broadwood, Lawrie, and a third, Healy, who understands Arabic. The doctor is a fellah, proprietor of 300 feddans near Benisouef, and declares that the fellahin are in a worse condition materially than before the rebellion. I doubt this. But I think it likely he is right about Upper Egypt. Certainly all this district south of Assouan shows traces of decline; and the

Berber population is lean and hungry. He was eager to know about the Armenian question, and about the condition of India, and I explained both to him. He is a very intelligent, worthy man, of the kind most required. He admitted freely the personal liberty now enjoyed and the liberty of the press, but complained bitterly of there being no self-government, no constitution. I agree with him on all points, except that of the material poverty. He is opposed to the reservoirs, but in favour of an advance on the Soudan, at least to Dongola. My own impression is that it would have been best in 1885 to have made Assouan the boundary of Egypt, instead of Wady Halfa. It is a much stronger frontier and far less costly. The only reason for an advance now is to forestall a European one, either Italian or French.

"We stopped for the night at Korosko, and I went ashore with the Commandant, Ibrahim Bey Fathy, a fine looking fellah soldier, who showed us round the barracks by starlight. They are making surveys for a railway to Murad, and Broadwood tells me they intend, whenever the advance to Khartoum is made, to take that route. But there is nothing in contemplation at present. The English officers are good fellows, and are very polite and amiable to their Egyptian brother officers; but it is easy to see that there is no real intimacy or knowledge of each other's thoughts. Broadwood complains of this; and I should think that, if it came to a pinch, the Egyptian officers could not be implicitly relied on. I fancy they all resent the superior commands being English. They do not mess with the English officers, and live much apart. This is no doubt partly because the English know very little Arabic. Ibrahim Bey spoke excellent English, and dined with us on board. There are two young fellows, Englishmen of the Royal Engineers, who have been sent out here to make the railroad to Murad, excellent ingenuous youths of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four, to whom it is great fun and solid advancement, as they are given the rank of majors in the Egyptian army. This is a sample of what leads to discontent among the native officers, for the work is an absolutely simple one, and could be performed by any of their own engineers. Yet these young Englishmen have it. Again, the command of the cavalry at Halfa is left during the summer months to a native officer, but as soon as the winter begins, when there are manœuvres and parades of the kind soldiers love, young Broadwood comes to take his place. My friend the doctor is eloquent on these things, and I have no doubt reflects the general sentiment.

"*8th Nov.*— Passed the battlefields at . . . and Toski, the former fought with an advanced body of the Dervishes, the latter with the main body under Wad el Nejumi. The English officers gave me an account of the two actions. By their showing, it was little more than

a massacre, for the Dervishes were in the last stage of exhaustion from hunger and thirst, their camels dying, and their women and children. The way they had come is still marked by the skeletons left on the sand. They marched some five miles from the river, along the left bank, sending the women and children at night to get water, the English-Egyptian army meanwhile cruising comfortably parallel to them in boats. They had forced the Berber inhabitants of the left bank to cross over the river and take all eatable things with them, so that Nejumi's army found nothing. Then, when the Dervishes were quite worn out, the troops were landed and drove the dervishes into a gully, where these made their final stand, and were all shot down. Mohammed Towfik, who was there, says that of all the 4,000 who left Dongola with Nejumi, only 300 combatants remained to fight at Toski. The action at . . . was a smaller affair than Toski, and, if I understood rightly, one of cavalry on the Egyptian side. The left bank in this part is a desolate region of drift sand with a few bushes, but at Toski there is palm cultivation for a mile or two. The right bank, where there is no sand, is mostly planted.

"At four we came to Abu Simbel and stopped for a quarter of an hour, so that we were able to land and look at the temple. Broadwood showed me a pompous marble tablet let into the rock outside, of which he was ashamed. It recorded the gallant victory of General Grenfell over 'the rebels.' The temple is very fine, and has the great merit of being no ruin, but a perfectly habitable place cut out of the rock, and very little injured by time. There was a party outside it clearing away the sand. There is a grave, too, where an English officer is buried who happened to die on board a passing steamer — 'a rotten place,' Laurie remarked, 'to bury an Englishman in.' The Berbers are a poor, narrow-chested, feeble, half-starved people, reminding one much of the natives of Southern India. There can hardly be a greater contrast than between them and the Egyptian fellahin. The Berbers are exempted from recruiting, and should be exempted from taxation. They live almost entirely on dates, and are much subject, it is said, to fever. At night we passed a Government steamer having on board the English acting commandant of Wady Halfa, Lewis, a little talkative man of whom Broadwood and Laurie, who are fine young fellows, made light. We stopped to pay him a visit and then went on in the dark.

"*9th Nov.*— Arrived at Wady Halfa, a beautiful cool morning, with a strong north wind blowing over the plain. Wady Halfa has the advantage of being placed where the hills are low and stand back from the river. Otherwise a quite uninteresting place — low military huts fronting the river, with bits of trees and gardens about them, officers' quarters and the rest.

"I lunched at the Commandant's quarters with Lewis, who has

returned, and then went with Broadwood to Sarras by train. From the railway one sees the cataracts well, a wild and pretty country with plenty of small trees, principally *urdi*, a kind of acacia, on the islands. The palms have been all cut down by the Dervishes in their hunger. They occupied Sarras for two years, and, Broadwood tells me, had no commissariat of any kind, living on anything they could get. They used to make raids on the villages under Government protection, and on one occasion cleared out Towfikieh, the civilian quarter of Wady Halfa, killing some 600, and driving the Greek drink-sellers into the river, where several were drowned. The country between Wady Halfa and Sarras has been in part re-peopled, but beyond Sarras it is still No Man's Land, the Dervish out-post being now at Akasheh, 100 miles away. We were entertained in the fortified camp by Sellem Bey, an English officer, who recaptured Sarras from the Dervishes, a good fellow and intelligent.

"10*th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— Walked round the camp with Broadwood and then back to Halfa in time to see the camel corps, 275 strong, marching in from a field day — a really fine sight — the camels mostly white ones.

"Several Berbers came to seek my intervention with Lewis to get permission to return to Dongola, their native country. They told me that there would be *amán* for them there; that the Khalifa was pleased at the return of refugees, and that they could re-occupy their lands without hindrance; that there was less oppression than there had been, and that they would be better off there than here; that the population of Dongola had been so thinned by the emigration of seven years ago, and afterwards by the famine, that there was land for all comers, dates in plenty, *durra* at thirty piastres the *ardeb*, and wheat at fifty. I asked them about the taxes, and they told me that the Khalifa took a tithe in kind, but that the Baggaras entrusted with the government did this in a very arbitrary way, as, for instance, if there was an *ardeb* of dates, they would count it an *ardeb* and a half; also that nobody dared make a display of wealth, all superfluity being taken to the *beyt el mal*. People, however, were not interfered with if they were content to cultivate a few feddans and live on the produce. If they made money, they must hide it in the ground. As far as I could gather from them, they considered the independence of the country (*wátani*) from the Government an advantage, now that there was no longer excessive oppression. They assured me that, out of 4,000 or 5,000 refugees in Egypt, most would be glad to return. I promised to talk to Lewis about it, and, failing his permission, to bring their general case before Cromer. It seems absurd to keep them starving in Egypt, now they are willing to return.

"I left Halfa with Lewis in the Government steamer for Assouan —

with us several of the officers who were going as far as Sarras on a shooting excursion. I noticed a pair of *hubaras* (frilled bustards) on the right bank, and had seen one yesterday between Halfa and Sarras. We stopped at four, and they all went shooting except me, bringing back a few ducks, gadwells, shovellers, and teals, also a snipe and a cormorant. Sarras is a very pretty place, with a lake in the sandhills well grown over with tamarisks, unlike anything I have seen north of the Fayum — a village and a little cultivation in the tamarisk scrub, just now beautifully green.

"Much military talk in the evening, my host being a loquacious little man with a crudest of ideas political. According to him, we are to have an English fleet in two years' time which will enable us to do what we like in the world, when we are to annex Egypt and Constantinople too. An empty-headed little fellow, who has been eight years in the Egyptian service and has acquired a certain command of *qui-hi* Arabic most comic, which he imagines to be the purest dialect — all pronounced as written, in a plain English accent. But his servants and men are used to it and make out his meaning. The relations between the English officers and the natives seem to be much what they are in India — that is to say, there is absolutely no community of ideas or sympathy on either side. Broadwood and one or two of them try to be polite and kind, but they know so little Arabic, and have so little knowledge of Eastern good manners that they are unintentionally rude and inspire no affection, only just such respect as their power to reward and punish gives. They would be deserted, I am sure, by their men if it came to any real difficulty. They seem to feel their position rather a precarious one, and would all leave the Khedive's service if the British occupation ceased.

"11*th Nov.*— Arrived at Korosko at four. Walked to the top of the hill overlooking the road to Abu Hamid, the road Gordon took on his last journey. It is a rough bit of country, a wilderness of black wadies and ravines which extends they say for twenty miles, when the open plain or plateau begins. The young engineers pointed out the road of their new railway.

"Dined at the Egyptian officers' mess. Here at Korosko the battalion is wholly Egyptian, a really capital set of fellah officers commanded by Fathy Bey, a big fellah Colonel reminding me not a little of Arabi in 1881. They mess together and live on the friendliest terms; and here, entertaining Lewis and me, and the two young engineers, their demeanour was quite different from what I had noticed at Halfa, and they seemed to be most pleasant in their relations with the English officers. At Halfa they chafe at being under them. Here they are on an equal footing. I sat between Fathy Bey and a captain, Emir Eff. Fowzi, the latter a very good fellow with whom I talked

much in Arabic about affairs in Arabia, at Constantinople, and in India, and in Tunis. He had just been on the pilgrimage and complained greatly of the Ottoman misgovernment there. We also talked about Arabi, and I was pleased when Fathy Bey, who joined our conversation, expressed himself warmly about Arabi, and in favour of his being allowed to return to Egypt.

"*12th Nov.*— Arrived early at Shellâll, and descended the cataract in a *feluka* — no very hazardous affair. Lunched at Assouan with the English mess and met there Beshir Bey and Ahmed Bey Khalifa of the Ababdeh. Then on board the steamer for Cairo.

"*13th Nov.*— We stopped two hours at Edfu, which gave us time to see the temple, the most perfect in Egypt. Indeed, it might be 'restored to public worship' without the smallest repair. Mere ruins are tiresome, but this is not one. We have half-a-dozen tourists on board, the first of the season — Dr. Ruffer and his wife, a Spanish diplomatist from Constantinople, an old Frenchwoman, and an English geologist. Stopped at Esneh, where there is a temple partly underground, and arrived at Luxor, and for the night, Kus.

"*Nov. 14th.*— A quite cold morning with clouds to the west and a feeling of dampness in the air. There has probably been rain at Alexandria, and very likely a southwest gale in the Mediterranean, where Anne and Judith are to embark to-day. Arrived at Girgeh, where our few passengers got out; but I have decided to go on to Cairo by steamer with the Ruffers. A wonderful sunset, followed by thunder and lightning and some rain — this off Ahmim, a very beautiful part of the river. The night too dark to go on, so after running aground, we stopped for the rest of it.

"*15th Nov.*— I have had much talk with Dr. Ruffer, who is a superior man of science. He was for two years a pupil of Pasteur at Paris, and speaks of him with enthusiasm. He tells me that Pasteur had a physical dislike for surgical operations and, he believes, never was present at the experimental ones made on live animals. But he did not hesitate to have them performed by others. I asked him how much truth there was in the accusations made against him of having kept dogs for months under torture, and he said that Pasteur had made a mistake in experimenting on dogs for hydrophobia, as they were much more dangerous to handle; that it had now been found that all the symptoms of hydrophobia could be equally well studied in rabbits; that, after inoculating dogs with the disease, it was necessary to keep them and watch whether or not they went mad, and so he had kept some of them for years, but that they were well treated — some twenty-five of them at the time he was there. He said it was a choice between making experiments of this kind and not proceeding with the inquiry. But I gather from him that he is not certain whether

the object has been obtained. The difficulty of being certain was that only some fifteen per cent. of cases of bites from a certainly mad dog led to hydrophobia. He talked of Pasteur as the one great man of Science France had produced. He described him as a most simple-minded man, entirely destitute of humour, and incapable of thinking about more than one thing at a time. If you started him on a conversation he could not change the subject till he had exhausted it. This was the secret of his success. His mind was not a French one.

"Dr. Ruffer is at the head of the Pasteur Institute of London. He tells me he is only thirty-six, though he has grey hair and looks fifty. But he was junior to George Curzon when at Oxford, so I suppose he is of the age he says. More thunder and lightning in the evening, away to the north-west. There must have been heavy rain in Jendali and probably on all the hills between the Nile and the Red Sea. It is cold and damp and raw. I am getting weary of the Nile and cannot understand the patience of travellers not invalids who travel on it in *dahabiyahs*. We stopped at Beni Hassan, but I did not go ashore, as I draw the line at tombs. Beni Hassan, however, might, I think, be a good point of departure for our winter's journey. Farther down the river there are impassable places where rocks come down to the water's edge.

"*16th Nov.*—Arrived at Cairo in the afternoon, and glad to get home. The Lower River seems to me vastly superior to the Upper, and has a familiar and pleasant aspect. I had the rare pleasure of seeing a real *seyl* come down into the Nile some forty yards across, and strong and deep enough to carry away a camel—a great turbid flood which had broken through the Nile bank and was rushing some two hundred yards out into the river. It must have come from Wady Senhur, a few miles south of Wasta.

"There has been an earthquake at Rome and a change of Ministry at Cairo. Nubar, the old rogue, has retired, and Mustafa Fehmy is put into his place.

"It was dark before I got to Sheykh Obeyd, and I had some difficulty in making myself heard at the gate, but all is well. *El hamdul illah.*"

The disappearance of Nubar here recorded marks the beginning of the new *régime* in Egypt which was to last for nearly ten years, during which Cromer was to be supreme in every branch of the Egyptian administration, governing through merely dummy native Ministers, with Mustafa Fehmy at their head. Lord Salisbury, now at the head of a strong Unionist Government in England, had made up his mind at all hazards to continue the military Occupation and retain Egypt permanently as a dependency of the British Empire. He also, though we did not know it at the time, had a settled design of avenging the death

of Gordon and the disgrace of Wolseley's defeat by the Mahdi in 1884 as one of the two matters necessary for England's honour, the other being the defeat at Majuba in South Africa. We know this from his own boast in 1902, shortly before he retired from public life, and we have every reason to be sure that at the back of his determination on both points stood his mistress, Queen Victoria. The present chapter will show the first steps taken in accordance with this policy on the Nile, in its commencement not altogether with Lord Cromer's approval, his objection to it being a financial one, as certain to overburden the Eyptian Budget, and as such premature, but, as will be seen, his opposition on this head was overruled from Downing Street and financial caution, in large measure overcome by the parsimonious ability of Lord Kitchener, to whom the advance up the Nile was entrusted, and who ran it on the cheap.

"Having made this brief explanation I resume my diary.

"*17th Nov.*— There have been tremendous *seyls* all round Sheykh Obeyd. Part of our garden wall is broken down by it and the house at El Kheysheh flooded, though no great damage done. Suliman Howeyti had his tent carried away just outside. At Kafr el Jamus eleven houses are ruined, and at Koubba a great *seyl* from the hills broke through the old railway embankment and destroyed fifty houses and a French public garden, threatening even the Palace with flood. The like has never been seen before. Old Deifallah is dying of old age, like Job, on a dung-hill outside Dormer's garden wall.

"Things have gone rapidly in Turkey during the last three weeks. Disturbances everywhere in the provinces, the devil generally let loose.

"*20th Nov.*— Anne, Judith, and Cowie arrived at Sheykh Obeyd. I dined with Dormer last night.

"*28th Nov.*— I wrote yesterday to Lord Cromer about the permission asked by the Dongola people to return to their homes. I said that the story they gave me was that they had emigrated into Egypt after the Mahdi's death to escape the tyranny of the Baggara chiefs who represented the Khalifa's government at Dongola; that they assured me that they would be subject to no vexation now; that living there was cheap and land plentiful; that I had mentioned their case to the Commandant at Wady Halfa, who had told me that the chief reason for the prohibition was a fear that the return of the refugees would hamper and endanger the spies sent by the Intelligence Department, but that this seemed hardly a sufficient reason for retaining in Egypt so many persons who were a burden and a trouble. I suggested that perhaps the time was come when the question might be reconsidered; there seemed to be no immediate prospect of a military advance and the circumstances of the case had changed since the frontier regulations were enacted.

"Today I went to Cairo and saw Lord Cromer, who told me he had forwarded my letter to Kitchener and would let me know when his answer was received. He then talked of other matters and of the possibility of Mohammed Abdu being named head of the Awkaf. This I, of course, strongly commended. I also saw Gorst.

"*30th Nov.*— Started with Anne for the eastern desert. On our return.

"*3rd Dec.*— Found a letter from George Wyndham with an account of little Percy's accident, touchingly told.

"*7th Dec.*— A visit from Ibrahim ibn Abdallah Thenneyan ibn Saoud el Nejdi who has just escaped from Constantinople. He gave much interesting information. The Sultan is now entirely under the influence of Sheykh Abul Huda; and Jemal ed Din is never received at the palace. Things are going as badly there as possible. He has come to Cairo, hoping through the Khedive's influence to get back to Nejd. His father's grandfather, Thenneyan, was for a couple of years Emir of Nejd, while Feysul was in captivity at Dar el Beyda. But when Feysul escaped and returned to Nejd, he and his family were driven to Bagdad. Speaking of the Ananzeh he assured me their migration North dated from 200 or 300 years ago. The Ibn Saouds are of Anazeh stock.

"*12th Dec.*— I have written another long letter to Cromer about the return of the refugees to Dongola. Kitchener, in reply to my first letter, declared the road to be open to them *via* Assouan and Berber. That would give them a journey of 1,000 miles to accomplish the 100 miles which separate them at Sarras from their homes. He pretends, too, that the Dervishes are threatening the frontier. Our people are humbugs about this almost more than about anything else. The officers when I was there were all complaining that there was nothing for them to do on the frontier if the Dervishes would make no move.

"We went to-day to look at some desert land 280 feddans outside Kafr el Shorafa, for sale by the Government at 50 piastres the feddan, for first price. I would give £2. Ibrahim ibn Saoud came to-day to luncheon. He had been to the palace. He asked me for a letter to Lord Cromer, explaining that his business was to invite English protection for Nejd. He declared that six months ago Fawzi Pasha, Turkish Waly of El Hasa, received orders from the Ottoman Government to send an expedition to take over the Government of Riad and El Haryk. Fawzi was a Syrian, knew Arabic, and would have been able to effect his purpose through the Arab tribes. Correspondence had passed between the Sultan and Ibn Rashid, who had consented to the aggression. Now, however, Ibrahim would wish the British Government to undertake a protectorate as at Bahreyn and Muscat — at least to forbid the Turkish advance inland. I gave him the

letter, but warned him not to trust too much to English magnanimity. If we once got our foot into Nejd, it would be difficult to get us out again. Perhaps the Turks might be worse, but we were dangerous too. For that matter the Ottoman Empire was too near its dissolution to think just now of any forward movement. Neither was it in the least probable that England would undertake a protectorate or do anything: His seeing Cromer cannot do much harm. So I gave him the letter.

"There is news of a great defeat of the Italians by the Abyssinians. I am much pleased at this, as their aggression has been one of the most abominable of our abominable age. Perhaps now the Dervishes may drive them out of Kássala." This was the least excusable of the many lawless raids made by the Italians in Africa, prompted in part by the vanity of the parvenu kingdom of Italy to show itself as aggressive as its older neighbours, France and England, partly by mining speculation. Unlike most of these raids undertaken by the Christian nations in our time, it had not even the excuse of calling itself a crusade, seeing that the Abyssinians were themselves Christians, of a wild, old-fashioned kind, but still just as much Christians as the inhabitants of Calabria, while, compared with the Abyssinian Emperor who is lineally descended from the Queen of Sheba by King Solomon, the House of Savoy enthroned at the Quirinal is but a stem of yesterday, yet not a shadow of reproof was uttered by our statesmen in Downing Street, and the general remark about the Italian expedition in the London Press was that the ending of the Abyssinian monarchy would not be 'felt upon the Stock Exchange.'

"16*th Dec.*—Went in to Cairo to see the Khedive. He was very cordial as usual, and made me a number of confidences, some very interesting. He told me the full story of his visit to Constantinople this summer. His object, he says, was not a political one, but to get permission from the Sultan to build a house on the island of Thasos where, and at Kavala, he has the direction of the Awkaf. He wanted a place to spend the summer in with his wife and child, instead of going to Europe. He went to Stamboul in his yacht, and found it so pleasant there that he stayed two months. The Sultan was polite to him, and asked him constantly to dinner, and to hear music, but would not talk business. At last he got tired of waiting, and sent word that he wanted permission to go to Thasos, and also to lay certain papers before the Sultan connected with the Halim succession and the claim of the Azhar University to a part of it. But he got a number of evasive answers. At one time he was told 'yes'—at another that the Sultan had a cold and could not see him—at another that he had bad eyes and could not read the papers—and other foolish excuses. In the meantime he had been dogged by spies, and on one occasion when he had made an arrangement privately to see Sheykh Jemal ed

Din he had been followed so closely that he had turned on the spy and beaten him, and had sent a message to the palace that if he was thus annoyed again he would shoot his persecutors.

"At last a day of audience was fixed with the Sultan for him to say 'good-bye.' But after being kept waiting for an hour, Osman Pasha came to him and began to talk about the Thasos plan, and to try and dissuade him. At this he lost patience, and asked Osman straight whether he had been sent with the message from the Sultan, and, on his admitting it, he spoke his whole mind. 'I told him,' said the Khedive, 'that I was tired of the Sultan's way of treating me, that I had been not yet four years on the throne, and I had come three times to Constantinople to see him, which was more than any of my predecessors had done, and yet he had not spoken to me a reasonable word. My great-great-grandfather, I told him, Mohammed Ali, had never gone to Constantinople, though he was near it once, by way of Nezim and Kóniah. My great-grandfather Ibrahim had never been, though he had a stronger army than the Sultan's. My father was eleven years on the throne, and he never went. I alone went, to do the Sultan pleasure. I even, to please him, gave up last year my visit to England. Her Majesty the Queen, who is Empress of India and 300 millions of subjects, and on whose dominions the sun never sets, had done me the honor of inviting me, and I had accepted the invitation; yet, on account of a miserable bit of paper, a telegram from Constantinople, I broke my engagement and went to the Sultan instead. I am tired of this. You may tell the Sultan that this year I will not go to Thasos, but for the future I shall know how to regulate my conduct towards him. While talking thus — and I never talked so strongly in my life — Nuri Bey joined us, and he and Osman were horror-struck at my words, and shook with fear, and went at once to the Sultan, who sent for me and apologized and loaded me with civilities. But I told him that it was no case for apologies, that I understood now what his diplomacy was, and that I should return to my own country, and forget as far as possible that I stood to him in the relation of a subject. And so it has been. From that day to this I have cut the Sultan's name out of my prayer: I have never been to the mosque where the prayer for the Sultan is made, and, when I pray in my own mosque at Koubba, my chaplain omits the Sultan's name. We pray for "the welfare of Islam and all believers, but not for those (he quoted the words in Arabic) who are bringing Islam to its ruin."'

"I am not sure that I have quoted the Khedive quite verbally, but this is the sense of his words. He spoke with animation, and told the story admirably. He told me also that he had seen Abdallah Nadim[1] at Constantinople, and that he was allowing him to return to Egypt

[1] See "Secret History."

Of the prospects of Constantinople he said he feared the Sultan's subjects would never succeed in getting rid of him, though the European Powers might depose him. He asked me about affairs in Arabia, and told me he had seen Ibrahim ibn Thenneyan, but Sheykh Mohammed Abdu had warned him that he was perhaps a spy of Sheykh Abul Huda's. I told him that I did not think this to be the case, though it might be well to be cautious. Then he talked about the desert, and an expedition he intended to make to El Arish in the Spring, and how he was having the post road repaired to Dar el Beyda. He certainly is a charming young man, and brim full of intelligence.

"I lunched with Gorst and talked to him about the affairs of the Soudan. He told me, as an instance of the humbug that went on at the frontier, of the way in which Wingate had got the credit of Slatin's escape from Khartoum. This has been represented as entirely Wingate's cleverness, whereas in point of fact Wingate was away at the time at Souakim, and the plan was Slatin's own. Maxwell (?), who was in charge of Wady Halfa, received a letter from Slatin, addressed to whoever was in command, asking him to pay the bearer £100, and to promise another £100 in case of success. This Maxwell had done, but nothing more was thought about it till Slatin arrived and embraced Wingate, who had meanwhile returned, calling him his deliverer. Wingate then looked up the papers for the first time, and promptly endorsed them, 'I approve.' There has been a raid quite recently, thirty miles north of Wady Halfa, and sixteen persons have been killed in a village.

"Left a card on the French Minister, M. Cogordan, who sent me a message last summer through Mlle. Lagréné that he would like to see me.

"*19th Dec.*— Eldon Gorst came, with his sister, to spend the day. We took them to the sand hills and set up a shelter and lunched there. I had a good deal of talk with Gorst. He is a worthy young man, very painstaking and desirous to do rightly, but hardly a man of genius. One does not understand why he should have been chosen, out of the many thousand young men whose services are to be had, to be Prime Minister of Egypt. I imagine that he would command at home perhaps £400 or £500 a year. But this is one of the mysteries of Anglo-Egyptian rule. He has a moderate knowledge of Arabic, having served an apprenticeship under Cromer. The fact is, there is no country so easy to govern as Egypt is, given fair intelligence and perfect honesty in the governor.

"*21st Dec.*—M. Cogordan, with his secretary, lunched with us. Cogordan is a man of about forty, of good presence and manners and very amiable. We sat on the roof after luncheon and I took the opportunity of explaining to him something of the history of Arabi's revolution, as to which the French have the absurdest ideas. The

origin of my calling on him and of his visit was a message I received in the summer from Mlle. de Lagréné, saying he wished to make my acquaintance. Of current politics we talked little, except as to the Khedive's character, which he praised highly.

"*24th Dec.*— Kitchener gives a final answer about the refugees, refusing on the ground that he does not wish the district re-peopled, for fear it should serve as a basis for Dervish raids. Rubbish!

"There is a fine quarrel on between England and the United States about Venezuela. Lord Salisbury is getting into nice hot water. He has a war with Ashanti of the most causeless kind. His diplomacy at Constantinople has entirely broken down, as the Turks are massacring the Armenians worse than ever — and now he will have to fight or sing small — doubtless sing small — in America. I should not be surprised to see the Egyptian question raised at any moment as a European one.

"*29th Dec.*— Went in to Cairo yesterday to see Ali Pasha Sherif's horses. They showed us half-a-dozen which were for sale. We shall bid for two, a chestnut colt, two years old, very like Mesaoud, and a grey filly, a Jellabieh, also a two-year-old. We did not see the best mares, but we saw the stallions. They have nothing left now but Aziz, aged nineteen, Ibn Nadir, aged twenty-four, and Ibn Sherara, also an old horse. They are terribly in want of new blood.

"Ali Pasha Sherif has had a decree of interdiction passed on him as incapable of the management of his affairs, and Shakir Pasha is appointed Wakil. He has quarrelled with his seven sons and receives an allowance of £500 a year. Such is the position of the man who a year ago was President of the Legislative Council, by favour of the late Khedive Tewfik and Lord Cromer.

"Afterwards to call on Riaz, whom I found with Tigrane, showing him his estate accounts at Melhallet el Roh. These bring him in £10 an acre, gross — expenses of cultivation £4 and tax £1. Net income £5 an acre. He reviewed the state of agricultural things since he had first been in the Government service in 1850. He said that the wars of Mohammed Ali had ruined the country, much of which had gone out of cultivation, but that under Abbas and Saïd the population had nearly doubled. The taxation was then one third what it is now. Everyone was well off. Then Ismaïl ruined it again. The price of land went up after his deposition and stood in 1880 at its highest. It was going down now with the fall in prices of produce. On the other hand the public expenditure had increased since the English occupation by two millions a year, and ten millions capital had been added to the debt."

CHAPTER XI

THE JAMESON RAID

"*5th Jan.*— There is excellent news. Those blackguards of the Chartered Company in South Africa, under Doctor Jameson, have made a filibustering raid on the Transvaal and have been annihilated by the Boers, Jameson a prisoner. I devoutly hope he may be hanged. I have seen this business coming on for some weeks past in articles from the 'Times.' That other high-placed filibuster, Chamberlain, is, I am sure, responsible, or the 'Times' would never have taken up the matter in the way it has. They seem to have been encouraged in the sort of way these things are encouraged unofficially, by Chamberlain, who would have scored a victory for himself if they had succeeded. As it is he will disavow them. I am much mistaken if Chamberlain, with his three Colonial wars on hand in Ashanti, Venezuela, and now in the Transvaal, involving quarrels with France, America, and Germany, will not upset Lord Salisbury's government, if he does not upset the British Empire.

"Lord and Lady Cromer came here to tea. I had a good deal of talk with him. He says the Jameson episode will do a 'deal of harm' here, as people will consider it a British defeat (which it is). He added: 'These filibustering enterprises are only justifiable by success. I don't say that they are justifiable at all, but if they don't succeed the actors in them should pay the penalty.' I think he is rather uneasy in his mind. We talked also about Egyptian affairs. He told me the Khedive was spending money very foolishly and would soon, at the present rate, be bankrupt, also that complaints had been made to him by fellahin in the neighbourhood of Koubbah, whose land he had been attempting to take, reviving obsolete claims against squatters on abandoned land, but he was not sure the complaints were true, the complainants refusing to come forward openly. They stated that they had been bullied by the palace people and beaten with *kurbajs*. He asked me if I had received complaints on the subject, but it is new to me. He told me that Ibrahim Bey Ibn Saoud had been to him twice, the first time to evoke his protection against the Sultan, to which he had replied that, as long as he, Ibrahim Bey, remained unamenable to Egyptian law he had nothing to fear. The second time he had brought him a 'ridiculous paper,' the copy of one he had submitted to the Khedive,

charging the Sultan with all sorts of crimes, and appealing to the Khedive to occupy Nejd. He had had to give him 'a piece of his mind' and tell him that if he meddled with politics and the Sultan heard of it and demanded his extradition, he should not interfere to protect him; if he wanted to talk Arabian politics he had better go to Bagdad.

"We also discussed the appointment of Alfred Austin to the post of Poet Laureate. He, Cromer, thought William Watson would have been better. The Empress Frederick had tried to get Rennell Rodd appointed. He had never heard of Austin. Indeed, Austin's appointment is a ridiculous one, for, with the exception of three sonnets, Austin has never written anything in the smallest degree good. His sole claim is that he has been a solid supporter of the Conservative party in the press. I remember him well as a young man about thirty-eight years ago, when he first came up to London and published his earliest verses, 'The Season, a Satire,' and the rest. Some of them rather smart. He was a Catholic and moved in a small way in Catholic society, but later married an Irish Protestant and, I believe, joined the English church. He was the most absurd little cock sparrow of a man ever seen, and childishly vain of his talents. He has improved with years, but not in his verses. His principal poem, 'Madonna's Child,' is about the dullest and silliest tale in meagre blank verse ever produced. He has floated in at last to the Laureateship on the success of a prose volume about his garden in Kent. There really was no choice, however, for the post. William Morris refused, the Queen objected to Swinburne, old Patmore was a Catholic, the rest were, if possible, worse than Austin. He is better anyhow than Lewis Morris, the Liberal candidate, or than Watson, Dobson, Davidson, and the rest of the sons of their own penny trumpets.

"*9th Jan.*—The German Emperor has telegraphed his congratulations to Kruger, and this seems to have produced great anger in England. We have now managed in the last six months to quarrel violently with China, Turkey, Belgium, Ashanti, France, Venezuela, America, and Germany. This is a record performance, and if it does not break up the British Empire nothing will. For myself I am glad of it all, for the British Empire is the great engine of evil for the weak races now existing in the world — not that we are worse than the French or Italians or Americans — indeed, we are less actively destructive — but we do it over a far wider area and more successfully. I should be delighted to see England stripped of her whole foreign possessions. We were better off and more respected in Queen Elizabeth's time, the 'spacious days,' when we had not a stick of territory outside the British Islands, than now, and infinitely more respectable. The gangrene of colonial rowdyism is infecting us, and the habit of repressing liberty

in weak nations is endangering our own. I should be glad to see the end.

"My old woodreeve, Bates, at Crabbet has hanged himself in his cart shed — a man of genius in his way of life, who, beginning as a day labourer, rose to be the best judge of timber in Sussex, as well as a successful farmer and churchwarden of the parish. Having completed eighty-four years of life and fifty of honest service in the Crabbet Estate, and having entertained his friends the night before, he went out in the early morning to his shed and was found there dead hanging from a beam. I can imagine the old man carefully tying the noose, as his manner was, without mistake. It was noticed by those who had been with him at dinner the night before that during the meal he had a hank of rope on his knees with which he was playing. In the morning he had got up by candlelight, asked his old wife 'How are you, old girl?' and had gone out to the cart shed, where he was found hanging.

"*11th Jan.*—Took Anne and Judith to Koubbah to see the Khedive. He received us with great *empressement*, talked a good deal about the petty vexations and the affronts put upon him by the English officials, and showed us his stud. He has got together some nice mares, but nothing quite first class, except two of Ali Pasha Sherif's, one of which is our horse Mesaoud's dam, a very splendid mare, with the finest head in the world. He has bred some promising colts and altogether the thing is well done. He invited us to go out with him some day on a desert expedition, and sent us to the station in his barouche.

"There seems a good chance now of the Egyptian question being re-opened as a European one, for the feeling against us in Germany is very strong over the Transvaal affair, and Egypt is the point where they can best put on the screw. I am sorry it should come in this way, though it is what I have always foreseen, for Egypt internationalized to the profit of Europe is not a pleasant prospect. It comes of Cromer's wrong-headed adminstration, where the one object has been to Anglicize, not to establish a National Government. Egypt, too, has been scandalously used for the creation of highly paid posts for not very capable Englishmen. I foresaw all this and protested years ago, but it was of no use. Now we shall evacuate the country not for the benefit of the Egyptians, but for that of the scoundrel European Colonies.

"Yesterday Dawkins and his wife were here — he a new man sent in Milner's place, and a friend of Milner's. I talked to him a good deal about Cromer's policy, in which I think he partially agreed with me, as they all do when it is plainly put before them that we *cannot* stay on for ever in Egypt. But, when things are quiet, and they see a chance of holding on, then they harden their hearts.

"*15th Jan.*—I see in the papers that negotiations are likely to come on between our Government and the French about Egypt. I have therefore put my ideas about a possible agreement for evacuation on paper, and shall probably send it to Lord Salisbury through Pom McDonnell. It ought to be a quite easy thing to arrange if only Lord Salisbury was willing. His great necessities just now should be our occasion.

"*16th Jan.*—Mohammed Abdu and M. Arminjan to luncheon. I talked the matter of evacuation over thoroughly with Abdu. He tells me that, much as he is attached to the Khedive, it would not do to trust him with power—the Ministry should be independent of him as far as possible, and supported by some sort of Constitution. He thinks this essential. There are good men to be found who would hold their own as ministers against Khedivial encroachment, but not the men now in office, who are mere dummies. The ministers ought to be irremovable as long as they have the support of the Chamber of Deputies. If we could get the French to agree to this, evacuation would be quite simple. It really looks as if it might come. Lord Salisbury has quarrelled with everybody, and it is about time he should patch up matters with some of them—and France is the most dangerous. I should prefer, myself, to see the British Empire break up. It has become a curse to the world, but, for Egypt's sake, an arrangement with France would be better at the present moment.

"*23rd Jan.*—The English papers are sickening about the Transvaal, a mixture of swagger and poltroonery. One would have thought the less said about Jameson's ignominious defeat by the Boers the better, but our blessed public must needs make a hero of him, a man who fought for thirty-six hours, and had only fifteen men killed and then surrendered, not a pretence of its being in any better cause than money-making and land-grabbing. The 'Times' prints a poem in praise of him by the new Poet Laureate. Austin has managed to turn off some spirited doggerel, and to get it recited at a music hall, so low are we sunk. I have been busy writing my letter to McDonnell, and also finishing my article about the evacuation of Egypt for the 'Nineteenth Century.'

"We have had several visitors here. Madame d'Hautpoul and her cousin, Miss Pereira, Lady Decies and a pretty daughter, and Mr. Douglas Murray. The latter told me one or two new things about Egyptian history. Lesseps had told him that it was he who dissuaded the French Government from joining in the bombardment of Alexandria or occupying the Suez Canal, thinking that the English would get into military difficulties; also that when our fleet entered the Canal, Admiral Hoskins threatened Victor Lesseps to hang him from the yard-

arm if he interfered with the operations. Lesseps was a vain old fool.

"*25th Jan.*— Lady Galloway has arrived at Cairo. I went in to see her at the Legation, where she is staying with the Cromers. She told me that it was out of the question to think of our evacuating Egypt, that if we went out the French would come in, or there would be massacres and a lot more rubbish, which I fear represents Lord Salisbury's view. She also blamed Rosebery for the Armenian policy, but excused Lord Salisbury for continuing it on the ground that he had a real sympathy for Armenia, and real hatred for the Turks. The Russo-Turkish alliance is announced by the 'Pall Mall,' it cannot but be true. I fancy the Russian Government is glad to ally itself with a fellow suppressor of Nihilism, whether Russian or Armenian. The Armenians seem likely now to be exterminated between them, our Government playing the most foolish figure imaginable. Lady Galloway is coming to Sheykh Obeyd on Monday.

"*27th Jan.*— Lady Galloway was here for luncheon to-day. I have written my memorandum on the evacuation of Egypt, and am sending it to Lord Salisbury through Pom McDonnell. In my letter to Pom I say: 'I have drawn it up very carefully, and after consultation with some of my Egyptian friends, who best know the situation, and in whom I have most confidence as honest and patriotic men. I have also some reason to believe that Monsieur Cogordan, the present French Minister, would enter into some such plan were it suggested to him. He is a far fairer and more intelligent man than any of his predecessors here. I have said nothing of it, however, directly to him, as I only know him very slightly. You know how anxious I am that Egypt should be allowed to work out her political destiny in peace, and I foresee that if Lord Salisbury does nothing towards a solution of the question now, it will be forced upon him later in a way which will lead to the sacrifice of all Egyptian hopes. With the support of Germany withdrawn from our occupation, it is impossible that Europe should long delay making the question its own. This sensible Egyptians fear as a worse evil than anything in their present condition, for it would mean Egypt for all the speculators of Europe.'

"Our policy at Constantinople has certainly gone an absolute smash, and Philip must be feeling small. A treaty is announced between Russia and Turkey, which, whether quite true or not, must be very near the truth. I strongly suspect that the famous incident of Said Pasha taking refuge at the British Embassy was an ingenious trick to spy out the real ideas of the Ambassador. Said may very well have gone there with the knowledge and privity of the Sultan, and the result may have convinced the Sultan that England was his bitterest personal en-

emy. Certainly from the day of Saïd's return to his own house things have altered at Constantinople, and the Sultan has gone his own way without seeking any more to be on terms with us.[1]

"*30th Jan.*— Anne and I start on Monday for a considerable journey in the southern desert beyond Kalala. Judith goes up the Nile with Lady Decies, and Sheykh Obeyd will be shut up. I feel better and in better spirits, though the future is dark for me. If this next summer brings me nothing of value to my life I shall not return to England again. Perhaps I may find my hermitage this Spring in truth and reality, but I must go to England once again first, to solve one or two questions and complete my memoirs.

"*3rd Feb.*— Our party at Sheykh Obeyd is broken up. Judith went this morning to Cairo, and will stay there till she starts up the Nile. Anne and I leave to-morrow for our long desert journey, it ought to be an interesting one. I went to-day to the War Office, and saw Wingate, and looked over maps with him. I find that almost nothing is known of the country south of Kalala, so that we shall be exploring a new region. I have taken tracings of such maps as they have in the Intelligence Department, and they are not much. Floyer has also sent me tracings. I had some talk with Slatin, a commonplace little German, quite unworthy of ever having served the Mahdi. He talked a great deal about the prospects of reconquering the Soudan. I have been reading Kipling's new 'Jungle Book,' and the story of the Indian Minister who became a fakir. It seems to me the only worthy ending of a public, perhaps of a private life; but it wants great physical courage to endure."

February 4th to 26th in my journal is taken up with the diary of a camel journey made by Anne and me, with Suliman Howeyti and two other Bedouins of the Howeytat, under the guidance of Sobeyeh Ibn Zeydan of the Maaze tribe, through the Maaze country south of the Kalala mountains to the granite range of Jebel Ghâreb southwards to Kúfra, Dokhán, and Kitár, regaining the Nile at Keneh, a journey of 400 miles of uninhabited desert, made in twenty days, of the greatest possible interest. My diary, however, is little more than an itinerary of each day's march, suited rather for a paper in the Royal Geographical Society than for the present volume, and I do not transcribe it here. It was for the most part through an entirely unexplored and unmapped region. We returned from Keneh by steamer to Cairo. All that I will say of it here is that it was the last and perhaps the hardest of all the many desert journeys Lady Anne and I undertook alone together, and as such stands out in my memory as one of the most delightful. I made a rough map of our route for private use, not for the Geographical Society (of which I am almost the oldest member), because I have

[1] Compare Dr. Dillon's "Eclipse of Russia."

long convinced myself that it makes itself the precursor and instrument of Europe's penetrations and conquests against the wild races of mankind.

"*7th March.*— Back at Sheykh Obeyd. Great things have happened since we were away. First and foremost the Italians have been smashed in Abyssinia, thoroughly and I hope finally. They have most richly deserved it. The whole history of their doings on the Red Sea has been a disgrace even to this graceless nineteenth century. They went there at our bidding in 1884, a job of Lord Northbrook's when we were in straits with the Mahdi and thought they might help us. We gave them Massowa, which did not belong to us, but to Egypt, Egypt, of which we said we were acting as guardians and trustees. At first they occupied the island only, then little by little they encroached upon the mainland on the plea of wanting a hill station, then they made leonine treaties with the king and encroached more and more, and then they put forward pretensions for a protectorate. Next they made a dash at Kassala and captured it from the Soudanese. This turned their vanitous heads, and nothing would serve them but they must make war again with Menelik, wanting to grab the whole country. Menelik pretended to yield, for the Abyssinians are cunning, but let loose an army of Chouans upon them. The Italians were defeated and shut up in a fortress. The fortress was invested and at last capitulated on good terms granted them by Menelik, who, though victorious, asked for peace. His magnanimity, however, was put down at once in Italy to cowardice, the 'heroic' Italian defenders of the fortress were treated as if they had been conquerors, and pretensions were put forward of annexing the whole of Abyssinia. Menelik, however, calmly went on, all sections of the Abyssinians joining him, and proposed as an alternative condition of peace, that the Italians should return to their original quarters at Massowa; and war was renewed. The Italians then sent 50,000 men from Italy, but their General would not wait for the supports, fearing to be superseded, and with 15,000 men gave battle, and has now been entirely destroyed. The Italians have lost 60 cannons and 10,000 men, all most probably killed, and are being swept into the sea. This is a righteous ending to their iniquities. It is enough to make one repent of ever having wasted sympathy on liberty, to see these Italians, hardly released from their Austrian bondage, counting it a glory for their mushroom kingdom of Italy to attack and enslave the oldest free people and kingdom in the world — for the Abyssinian monarchy dates from before the time of King Solomon — and there was not a voice in Europe to cry shame! All the English papers applauded. 'The wiping out of the little kingdom of Abyssinia won't make much difference,' they said, 'on the Stock Exchange.' But for once Providence has answered 'No.' Crispi, the Italian minister, formerly a

revolutionist, now a renegade tyrant, has fallen. He will be lucky if he does not get torn to pieces in the streets, and it will fare hard with the Italian monarchy. The Duke of Sermoneta, who was at Cairo amusing himself, has been sent for to Rome. He has always been an opponent of the Colonial policy, but he will be too late even if they make him minister.

"Next the Transvaal business has developed. Jameson and his band have been fêted in London, and old Kruger must, I think, be sorry he did not hang them. It would have been the best policy, for Englishmen are cowards in the face of hanging, and we should have had no more filibustering for at least a generation. Rhodes, too, has been to England, and seems to have squared the Opposition. The inquiry is to be put off, and, if possible, shirked, and I fancy Chamberlain has saved his bacon. It is more obvious, however, than ever that he was in with Rhodes and Jameson, though possibly they acted without his exact knowledge at the last moment. But the British public is easily gulled, and Chamberlain's protestations of innocence have been swallowed even by the opposition papers and Sir William Harcourt. It is a base world and will not prosper — but it tries one's patience to have to wait to see the end of it.

"T. P. Gill has been here twice this week. He has come here for his health and to pick up ideas about evacuation, and I have got him an audience of the Khedive. He saw Cromer on Thursday, who told him all the usual story about the wickedness of Abbas and his unfitness to reign. Gill's impression is that he will try to get him deposed. Cromer also fancies the French will come to terms which will leave him, Cromer, still in power here, but this will not be. It seems, however, certain that negotiations are going on between the French and English governments relative to the evacuation. McDonnell has acknowledged the memorandum I sent to Lord Salisbury, who 'thinks I will understand that he cannot write just now on the subject of it'— which is the case. At any rate Lord Salisbury has read it, and that is something.

"Gill was very interesting in his account of Parnell's last days. He saw much of him in all the time, both before the divorce trial and during the party split which followed. It was he who carried on the negotiations with Dillon and O'Brien when they were at Paris, and he left the party when these failed. He tells me that Parnell had a complete case in defence against O'Shea, O'Shea having connived throughout and profited in a money way. The house at Eltham was really Parnell's, and O'Shea went there to blackmail him. He showed his whole defence to Gill before the trial. But Mrs. O'Shea would not allow him to defend himself as she wanted a divorce so as to marry him. She was a woman quite unworthy of him, who neither sympathized with his politics nor at all appreciated the height of his posi-

tion. Later again when Parnell would have agreed to retire for a while from the party, and was quite willing to make peace, she always stood in the way of it — and he used to come back from Brighton changed and uncompromising. Lastly his devotion to her and the worry of his public life was too much for him, and she really hastened his end by her exigencies. I asked him whether he committed suicide. But he was emphatic that it was not so. 'Parnell,' he said, 'was the last man in the world to do it. He was a fighter to his last breath, and would not give in. It was the worry and the strain of fighting that ended him.'

"Evelyn has come and is staying with us.

"*12th March.*— Evelyn and Gill have gone. The Armenian Blue Books are published. They show, as far as I can judge by the extracts given, that our Government has made a complete diplomatic fiasco. Philip seems to have had really nothing to go upon for his trust in Russian and French co-operation, and it has been exactly the old game of taking a threat to be as good as a blow, which Lord Granville was so fond of. Of course the whole truth is not given in the Blue Book. The reason for taking up the question in 1895, rather than at any other time was, I have no doubt, to make a diversion for the Egyptian question. It was probably the reason, too, why Lord Salisbury was so foolish as to continue his predecessor's error. Nothing can excuse his having put the threat to Turkey into the Queen's speech if he was not prepared to act up to it.

"*13th March.*— The English papers have come, telling of the Italian defeat at Adowa, no trace in any of them of the smallest sympathy with the Abyssinians or of disapproval of the wanton invasion of their country. All sense of the rights of weaker nations is lost in Europe even among the best and most generous of nations.

"*14th March.*— Mohammed Abdu was here to-day and tells me there is some prospect now of Arabi's being allowed to return first to Cyprus, then to Egypt. Mustapha Fehmy, the Prime Minister, has spoken to him about it, and says that Lord Cromer is willing if the Khedive consents. If this is so the thing ought to be managed.

"*15th March.*— Sheykh Saleh, the Sheykh of the *muhajjerin*, the refugees from Dongola, called to-day. He says that Kitchener has told him the Government intends to advance to Abu Hamad and Berber as soon as the railway is finished to Wady Halfa. This can hardly be, however, for several years. He assures me the people of Berber would be willing, and of Abu Hamad, but the Khalifa is still powerful. Berber he declares to be the key of the Soudan, as all roads converge there.

"*16th March.*— It is announced that an advance is to be made immediately to Dongola by arrangement with the German and Austrian

Governments, so as to make a diversion in favour of the Italians at Kassala. There is no doubt that troops have been forwarded up the river for some time past, as long ago as when we were on our way down from Keneh (a fortnight ago), but the final decision to advance must have been come to suddenly. Even now I can hardly believe it, it would be a most flagrant sacrifice of Egyptian for European interests, although there would probably be little resistance at Dongola; it must entail a re-opening of the war with the Soudan, and what has Italy done for Egypt to deserve Egyptian help?

"*20th March.*— I wrote to the 'Times' in the sense of my first impression of the affair, but I find that the facts are even more damning to our government than I had supposed, and for once I have done Cromer an injustice. Anne saw Lady Cromer on Thursday and she complained bitterly to her of the thing having been decided by Lord Salisbury 'over Lord Cromer's head,' who had strongly disapproved of it. Moreover, Mohammed Abdu, who was here yesterday, tells me that the Egyptian Ministry was also opposed, Mustapha Fehmy saying that they had no money, and that it was impossible. Even the Khedive, who was keen on an advance to Dongola two years ago, objected to fighting for Italy, though I hear from Hadji Mahmoud that His Highness is to start up the river the day after to-morrow. Hadji Mahmoud got the news from Ali Pasha Lalla, and the vice-regal camels have already been despatched by train to Girgeh. I am sorry he should intend this, as he will get into trouble if he has done it off his own bat, and if at the suggestion of Kitchener or Cromer they will turn it to his disadvantage. Mohammed Abdu, however, was to see him to-morrow, and I hope will give him good advice.

"I sit most of the day at Sheykh Obeyd's tomb, watching the birds through a glass. There are half-a-dozen kinds nesting in the *sont* bushes there: the Nubian shrike, a kind of blackcap with a black throat, the Palestine redstart, and two small warblers. There are also the thrush, the Egyptian dove, the crow, a pair of spotted cuckoos, a hoopoo, and a chat.

"*22nd March.*— A large party of visitors. Lady Galloway, who has come back from a journey up the Nile, which she has made with Lady Jersey. Then the Potocki party, Joseph and his wife, Zamoyski and his wife, Prince Radziwill and two other Poles. We had tea at the tomb and showed off the horses.

"It is certain now that Cromer had nothing to do with the new Soudan campaign, the thing having been arranged between the Emperor of Germany and Frank Lascelles (this was the account given me by our Polish friends). The Emperor, I imagine, has promised to support our staying on in Egypt in return for the help given by us

vicariously to his ally the King of Italy. I notice already an announcement that Germany does not intend to be otherwise than friendly to Japan, which is also probably part of the arrangement. It means in any case that we are to have a new lease of occupation here. About the advantage or disadvantage to Egypt nobody seems to have thought or cared. I have written to John Morley, giving him my view of what is going on, as I see he has brought the matter forward in Parliament. It was through him that we stopped the Soudan war eleven years ago.

"*24th March.*— Sheykh Mohammed Abdu called to tell me what is going on at the palace. He sees the Khedive now twice a week, and leads the prayer on Fridays at Koubbah, omitting the Sultan's name. He was with the Khedive some little time ago, and while he was there, a letter came from Lord Cromer, complaining of the Khedive's having privately expressed disapproval of the Dongola campaign. The Khedive was very angry at this, and afterwards saw Lord Cromer, who repeated the complaint. The Khedive answered that upon this point he was in agreement with his Lordship, to which Lord Cromer did not dissent, but said that now that the thing was resolved on, it was necessary to put a good face on it, and hoped that the Khedive would speak in that sense to the soldiers. The Khedive has done so since. Lord Cromer, too, has brought him a message from Lord Salisbury, apologizing for an 'error of form' on the part of the English Government in ordering an advance on Dongola without first informing His Highness. Lord Salisbury explained that the advance was decided on 'to satisfy Egyptian opinion.' The Khedive narrated all this to Mohammed Abdu, and I have no doubt it is true.

"*25th March.*— The English papers of the 17th and 18th came today. Lord Salisbury's statement in the House of Lords is amazing. He has made no such deliberate misstatement of an important truth since the Congress of Berlin.

"A large party to spend the afternoon, brought over by Lady Galloway; Lord Yarborough, Benson, the author of 'Dodo,' and others. She brought with her Arthur Balfour's speech and Lord Salisbury's declaration.

"*26th March.*— Sheykh Hassan Abu Towil called to tell me that the Government had assembled the Sheykhs of the tribes between Assouan and the Mediterranean Sea, to confer with them as to the raising of 7,000 horsemen for the Soudan war. Their answer so far has been that they have neither horses nor arms. He asked my advice. I advised him strongly to get out of the matter if he could, as the war will prove a bad business for Bedouins engaged in it. I doubted if one in five would return. He told me that in former wars the Bedouins had never been called to go out of their own district where they had acted

as guards. It would be better to say at once the men were unwilling to go to a distance. He promised to bring Abu Shedid (head Sheykh of the Howeytat) with him to-morrow to consult.

"*27th March.*— A letter from Lady Lytton. She tells me: 'Rhodes knew about Jameson's advance on the Transvaal, but certainly *not* Chamberlain, though he may have encouraged Rhodes too much.' Just so. It means that Chamberlain told Rhodes not to tell him the details, but gave him to understand that he would be pleased at the *fait accompli*. About the Soudan expedition she had great confidence in Lord Salisbury, though 'one knows that what comes out in Parliament is all arranged.'

"*30th March.*— Received a note from Abdin, granting me audience of the Khedive for to-day, so to-day I went there. He asked me first about our journey to Ghareb and Keneh, which interested him much, but we soon got to politics. He gave me a full account of what happened regarding the advance on Dongola. The question was begun soon after the battle of Adowa by the arrival in Egypt of our military attaché at Rome (Slade?), when a council was held,[1] consisting of Knollys, Kitchener, the attaché, and Cromer. At this they decided to send a force from Tokar to Kassala to take over that town from the Italians and garrison it with Egyptian troops — this with the consent of Italy, and Cromer telegraphed their decision to Lord Salisbury. The Egyptian Government were not consulted, only *informed* of this, and gave consent. After this they knew nothing till, on the 13th March, Lord Cromer received a telegram from London, saying an immediate advance on Dongola had been ordered. Kitchener was in bed, and not at all expecting it. Neither he nor Cromer had recommended it; and, in fact, they disapproved. The next day was Beiram, and after the mosque, Mustapha Fehmy was informed of it by Cromer or Kitchener, I am not sure which, and it was not till 7.30 that the Khedive learnt it from Mustapha Fehmy. He refused his consent until a Council of Ministers had been called, especially because of a demand made that Suakim should be handed over to England. He disapproved of the expedition on account of the hot time of year and the suffering of the men and the increased cost of land transport at Low Nile, also because it was made in no Egyptian interest. At the Council Kitchener withdrew the demand for Suakim. When asked about it, he said that it was not in question. Consent was then formally given to the rest of plan. Cromer had since come to complain of his, Abbas', having talked against the war, and had threatened to write against him in the Blue Books. Abbas had answered that he objected on account of the time of year and the cost, not in itself to the re-occupation of Dongola. 'Oh,' said Cromer, 'in that I am with you, but you ought to be glad

[1] A fortnight or three weeks before Beiram.

to help the King of Italy. He gave hospitality to your grandfather for many years at Naples.' 'Yes,' answered Abbas, 'and made him pay pretty heavily for it too.' (Ismaïl lent a very large sum to the King, which I believe was never repaid.) Cromer asked the Khedive to write for publication an address to the Army approving the objects of the campaign; but Abbas declined, saying it was not necessary to talk politics to soldiers. He promised, however, to exhort them to obey orders and do their duty. This he has repeatedly done. I asked him whether Kitchener had recommended the Dongola campaign, and he said 'No; he knew nothing of it till he woke up out of his bed.' Also as to the Duke of Cambridge, whom I suspected of having arranged it, 'No, he is an old man, too old to conceal anything, and as we had a deal of talk together I should have found out.'

"The Khedive also told me the detail of letters written to the Queen and to himself by King Mangasheh of Abyssinia, complaining, to the first, that he, being an old ally of England, England had nevertheless supplied arms to the Italians. Mangasheh is a son of King John, whom we put on the throne. His letter to the Egyptian Government was to propose joint action against the Khalifa, in order to recover his crown, which had been taken from him and carried away to Omdurman. In his letter to the Queen he asked England's good offices with Italy for a peace. Both these letters were written before the battle of Adowa, and were conveyed to Cairo by a cousin of Mangasheh. They were translated at the Cairo War Office. The Queen's answer was in general terms, hoping that peace would be made. The answer sent by Lord Cromer, in the name of the Egyptian Government, was a proposal that Mangasheh should advance on Omdurman, when they would together get back the crown, and Mangasheh should be recognized King of Abyssinia. Mangasheh, however, Abbas said, would never go against Menelik, as his father John had specially recommended him to recognize Menelik as Emperor. Mangasheh's envoy went away dissatisfied, especially with the presents given him, which had been supplied by the Secret Service Fund of the Egyptian War Office, namely, a gold watch, a musical box, a red umbrella, and some dresses, which he told the Khedive he should be ashamed to deliver to the King, as they were the same as those worn by prostitutes in Abyssinia. They were chosen by Kitchener. The Khedive said it would be a good thing if I wrote an article in conformity with what he had told me; and I promised to do so, but without compromising him. In going away I asked him to allow Arabi to return to Egypt; and he questioned me about him, and I told him what an honest patriot he was, and that I would make myself answerable for his loyalty. He promised me that he would speak to Mustapha Fehmy about it, and I think he means it. He said: 'What you tell me about him I must believe, for nobody who

knows you can doubt that you are the best friend that Egypt has.' And so we parted. I was again much struck with his great intelligence and power of expressing his thoughts.

"*3rd April.*—I have been writing an article, 'The Truth of the Dongola Adventure,' for the 'Ninteenth Century.'

"I see they have been pushing George Curzon with questions in the House of Commons about Cromer's approval of the campaign — this I doubt not in consequence of a letter I wrote to Morley, telling him that Cromer had certainly not recommended it.

"*7th April.*—Dawkins (the new financial adviser) was here to-day, and tells me that the half million sterling taken from the Caisse de la Dette has been spent already. The whole savings of Egypt will have been used up before the campaign seriously begins.

"Young Somerset and his bride, Lady Katherine, came on Saturday, a pleasing pair, who propose going to the Natron lakes on camels. I tried to dissuade her, as she has never yet been on a camel, and there was the chance of great heat so late in the year, but on Sunday, Easter night, there was a thunder shower, and the weather has become almost cold.

"*10th April.*—Gorst and his sister came to luncheon. He, like Dawkins, evidently disapproves of the war. He says that it will end in England's having to make the campaign at her own cost, as Egypt has neither the money nor the men. I am, however convinced that it will be put a stop to as soon as a convenient pretext occurs. There is a report that the Italians have evacuated Kassala. Also the Matabeles have risen and killed a number of the Chartered Company's people, and are besieging Bulawayo. The Chartered Company have no troops, and English regiments will have to be sent to the Cape, and there will be none to spare for a Soudanese campaign. I wish the Matabeles all possible good fortune, and trust they may capture Rhodes, who is said to be on his way from Fort Salisbury to Bulawayo. The man, however, is too sly, I fancy, to be caught, or to run any personal risks, and a telegram to-day says he is laid up with a fever, and unable to move! The Dongola expedition, therefore, will, in my opinion, get very little farther than Akasheh. Gorst tells me it is true that Rhodes took away with him 200 negroes from Cairo. He says they 'volunteered.' But the grounds of his belief seem slight. 'I inquired,' he said, 'whether they were going willingly, and was told that they were.' He is much averse to the seizure of black men, as practised by the Sirdar Kitchener, for the Egyptian army, and told me confidentially that he had had the intention of putting a stop to it, as it is quite illegal. But the campaign had interfered with his project. There has been a general raid on all negroes in Egypt. They are seized and forced to serve in the army on very small pay — I think thirty piastres a month, twopence half-

penny a day — and are there practically slaves for life — or rather for as long as they are able to serve — for when past work in the army, they are pitilessly cast adrift without pension or provision of any kind. Yet we English pretend that our mission in Africa is to put down slave-raiding and slavery. The English officers at Wady Halfa told me last autumn that it was as precisely slavery as any existing in the world.

"We are leaving for England on the 17th. I am glad to go, having been seven months away.

"*12th April.*— Young Gordon (General Gordon's nephew, Bill) is here with his wife. He confirms about the spending of the half million by Kitchener, but says the expedition is being done very cheaply. He has the ordering and arranging of the supplies, and says that the new equipments, saddles, arms, etc., have only cost £20,000. He, like Gorst and Dawkins, considers the Intelligence Department absurdly overrated and overpaid. Wingate and Slatin between them get £1,700 a year. Gordon has had some experience of the department, having been employed under it at Souakim, and he knows how the information brought in is cooked, and how the spies suit their news to the demand. I asked him about the negroes taken away by Rhodes. He thinks it likely that they were handed over by the agent of the Zanzibar Government (which had been recruiting in Egypt). He himself supplied Rhodes with uniforms for them out of the public stores 'at a good price.' He saw a great deal of Rhodes during the few days Rhodes was at Cairo.

"*15th April.*— They are apparently at a deadlock on the frontier, the Finance Ministry being angry with Kitchener for spending all the money. It must eventually fall on the English exchequer, if persisted in. But I still hope Lord Salisbury will be satisfied with the demonstration and go no farther.

"*17th April.*— We leave to-morrow morning for England. Mohammed Abdu was here yesterday with a young Turk of the Liberal party from Constantinople. He was employed till lately in the Ottoman bank. He seems not very hopeful of things on the Bosphorus, there being too many persons in high places interested in keeping the present system going. The army, though no better affected than the rest to the Sultan, is without any leader for a revolt, and as long as it can be paid it will do nothing. The civilian population has no power to move.

"Mohammed Abdu gave me particulars about the raid there has been made on the negroes in Egypt. Over 800 have been seized by the police for Kitchener and put into the army. In some of the provinces every black man of whatever age was taken and sent to Cairo, where the valid ones were retained, the rest turned adrift in the streets. Yet

our Government talks of putting down the Slave Trade as one of its objects in this Soudanese war. There seems to be no doubt that the 200 negroes taken by Rhodes to South Africa were practically purchased from the Government of Zanzibar, which has 'recruited' them here. In the recent raid negroes holding respectable positions were seized, among them a son of the Khedive's porter, the servant of El Abbasi, Sheykh of the Azhar, and a writer employed at £7 a month in the Native Courts at Cairo. These were rescued, but very many others were driven off.

"I spent my last day, a very lovely one, in the garden — the roses well in bloom, the nightingales singing, bee birds flying about, a roller sitting near the tomb, and in the evening a jackal. I lit two candles there for Sheykh Obeyd to get us a good passage home. We had our Mowled there on Monday. Old Sheykh Abderrahman Faki promises to say prayers for me in my absence, but expostulates that I do not go to his mosque. I prefer to recite my Fatha at the tomb."

We reached London on the evening of the 24th, and slept there.

"*25th April.*— Breakfasted with George Wyndham. We are to go together on a pilgrimage to Stratford in connection with a monograph he is writing on Shakespeare. He has the practical editorship now of the 'New Review,' and in Parliament is making a cave against Chamberlain, whom he agrees with me in considering as at the bottom of all the Government mischief. He says there is no doubt in the world that Chamberlain was in with Rhodes and Jameson in their attack on the Transvaal, and he is angry with him for having backed out of it, and ruined the plot at the last moment to save his own bacon. He has been seeing much of Jameson, whom he likes, and of the gang that have been running the Transvaal business, about a dozen of them, with Buckle, the 'Times' editor, and Miss Flora Shaw who, he told me confidentially, is really the prime mover in the whole thing, and who takes the lead in all their private meetings, a very clever middle-aged woman. George made, it appears, a good speech in the House ten days ago, attacking the Government on the line of their having disarmed the Outlanders, and left the Chartered Company defenceless. Chamberlain has since been making overtures to him of friendship, and has been walking about with him ostentatiously in the Lobby; but, seeing this did not stop George's mouth, he has since shown animosity. I warned George that Chamberlain was a man who would do him a mischief if he could. George is very happy with all this busy work.

"My article will be out on the 1st duly corrected in the 'Nineteenth Century,' and George has asked me to write him another for his June number of the 'New Review.' I shall give him one on the Moallakát with my translation of Antar's Ode.

"Old Alfred Montgomery is dead, and buried with a wreath from

the Prince of Wales 'to our dear friend.' So he ought to sleep happy to the Judgment Day. He was quite the last of the old D'Orsay set in London, and remained a 'man of fashion,' dining out to the end, though he died actually away from London at Burley, with his daughter, Edith Finch.

"*28th April.*— To London with Anne. Ralph came to luncheon in Mount Street, and I afterwards dined with him. He showed me the whole existing correspondence between Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

"*14th May.*— I have been down, for the most part alone, at Newbuildings, enjoying a wonderful fortnight, the woods lovely in green and gold, nightingales singing night and day from every hedge, quite a dozen close to the house so that one can hear them at any hour of the night chorussing when one opens a window. I have finished my article on the 'Poetry of the Ignorance,' and am half way through another on the 'Origin of the Arabian Horse,' for the June and July numbers of the 'New Review.' George and I and Sibell, and one of the girls, are to go to Stratford on Saturday. I lunched to-day with them and young Rosslyn, a pleasant specimen of the golden youth of the day.

"Then to Hammersmith, where I found my poor old Morris looking very ill and aged, toddling feebly in front of his house. We went in together, and he brightened up, and told me of his maladies in a cheerful not too desponding way, and I stayed on an hour or more and had tea with him. My new tapestry, the Botticelli, is finished, and I am to go with Mrs. Morris on Saturday to see it in Oxford Street. Morris showed me the title-page of his Chaucer, which is about the finest thing he has done, the whole has been subscribed for, a matter of some £9,000.

"Gill, whom I saw in Mount Street, repeated to me more of what Cromer had told him about the Soudan. He asked Cromer whether he should be in favour of an advance to re-occupy the lost provinces. In reply to this Cromer had told him that some time or other the Soudan would have to be reconquered from the Khalifa, but the question was by whom. As for imposing such a task on Egypt he was most emphatic. 'I should never think,' he said, 'of proposing that the poor fellahin in their blue shirts should be charged with it.' This, it is as well to remember, was as late as the beginning of March, and within a week of the expedition being ordered from England.

"*15th May.*— Had tea with Lady Lytton at her house in Sloane Street. She thinks it a pity I should have written what I have about the Dongola campaign, which has set people against me just as I was coming home. By 'people,' I suppose she means the Court, and I strongly suspect that Her Majesty has been the determining cause of the forward policy in Africa. Lady Lytton was at pains to persuade

me that it was entirely Lord Salisbury, and that nobody else had been consulted about it.

"*16th May.*— Lunched with George and Sibell, and found Madeline, his mother, there, looking fresh and well and younger than I have seen her for years, and came on with them in the afternoon to Stratford, where we now are. We have already been to the Church and the Grammar School. George is a capital companion for a visit of this kind, as he enjoys sightseeing, and besides knows all about Shakespeare, and has his theories about everything. We are at the Shakespeare Hotel, a pleasant inn of the old kind. We have spent the evening reading 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece.' I have always been a great admirer of these two pieces, which are the most elaborate and sustained of their kind, and splendidly rhetorical. I did most of the reading as George has a cold.

"*17th May.*— A beautiful hot day which we spent driving round the country with a jibbing horse. We went to Charlcote and wandered about the park, and then to Mary Arden's cottage, and to Anne Hathaway's. Both cottages are interesting, and quite untouched and unrestored, the latter inhabited still by a descendant of the Hathaways. It is after all no such long way back to Shakespeare's time, seven generations in my own family, and I think people largely exaggerate the changes that have taken place. Remote country villages can have hardly at all changed. In the evening I read them translations from the Moallakât, about which George is enthusiastic. My article for the 'New Review' has put him upon the track of discovery as to certain features of chivalry in the Middle Ages in Europe, a subject not yet properly traced to its origin in Arabia. We have had a thoroughly literary two days, to me of much profit.

"*18th May.*— Mary joined us from Stanway with Miss Balfour, and we all went to see the church and the tomb, then back to London in the afternoon.

"*20th May.*— Dined with Pamela, and then went to the Foreign Office party in honour of Her Majesty's birthday, an immense crush, but as always a fine sight, and many people one knows.

"*29th May.*— The Morrises have been here at Newbuildings since Tuesday. He, poor man, very feeble and aged. I fear from the look of things that it is some form of consumption, and that he will not recover. But his spirits are fairly good, and he talks at times as brilliantly as ever. The new piece of tapestry he has made me, Botticelli's Spring, is up and is very decorative and brilliant in the drawing-room, though the faces are hardly as good as they ought to be. It has been a great difficulty to execute it, he says, and has turned out better than he expected. We think the three figures with the flowers are March, April, and May. We have had many interesting talks on art, politics,

and religion. As to the last he does not believe in any God the Creator of the World, or any Providence, or, I think, any future life. But he is not a pessimist, and thinks mankind the 'crown of things,' in spite of man's destructive action and his modern craze of ugliness. His illness does not make him gloomy; only it troubles him in his work.

"Swinburne's new poem was reviewed yesterday in all the papers. Morris thinks it poor stuff and not worth doing, as the story, 'Balin and Balan,' was quite perfect in its prose form in the 'Morte d'Arthur.' 'It would not do, however,' he said, 'for Swinburne to hear me saying this, for he would never forgive me.' Swinburne, it appears, is the most sensitive and jealous of men, and cannot bear the smallest criticism. But he and Morris have not met for some years, though Mrs. Morris goes now and then to see Swinburne. Tennyson, Morris says, was the same, and never forgave him and Burne-Jones for having disapproved of his bowdlerization of the 'Morte d'Arthur' in the 'Idylls of the King.' I drove Morris yesterday to Crookhorn and a little way round. He is, I think, happy here. The oak woods are new to him, though he was born in Epping Forest, and he likes the multitude of birds. He creeps about a little among them in the sun.

"31*st May* (*Sunday*).—The Morrises left yesterday. I think he enjoyed himself while he was here, and he talks of coming back for another week later, and of our making a drive together in Epping Forest, where he was born. But I fear he is very ill. He has told me something of his origin. His father was a bill broker in the City, and he himself was destined for that trade. 'If I had gone on with it,' he said, 'I should have broken the bills into very small bits. We had some mining shares in Cornwall, and when I succeeded to them I sold them. My relations thought me both wicked and mad, but the shares are worth nothing now.' I took him yesterday to see Shipley Church, a fine old Norman tower, injured with restoration. He was very indignant, swearing at the parsons as we walked up the nave: 'Beasts! Pigs! Damn their souls!' We had a long discussion whether the love of beauty was natural or acquired. 'As for me,' he said, 'I have it naturally, for neither my father, nor my mother, nor any of my relations had the least idea of it. I remember as a boy going into Canterbury Cathedral and thinking that the gates of heaven had been opened to me, also when I first saw an illuminated manuscript. These first pleasures which I discovered for myself were stronger than anything else I have had in life.' He talked much about his Iceland journey, as he often does, and has a sick man's fancy to go there again, for it would do him good. 'I am a man of the North,' he said. 'I am disappointed at the fine weather we are having here. I had hoped it would rain, so that I could sit indoors and watch it beating on the windows.'

"*1st June.*— Went up to London to take Anne to a Geographical meeting, where Theodore Bent gave some account of his travels south of where we were last winter. Like all our geographers nowadays he is an arch Jingo, and talked of opening up the country by gold digging as if it would be a work of piety. The Geographical Society has lent itself to this sort of thing in Africa for the last thirty years.

"*2nd June.*— To lunch with Judith at Margot's; a great treat. Margot was delightful and most amusing. We found her with Lady Greville, who had come to interview her, on the subject of women cross country riders, for some magazine. Margot was splendid in her description of the various styles of riding, and of the falls and smashes she had had and witnessed. 'There are only three women,' she said, 'who really have the nerve to ride a line of their own, and I am one of them.' Her baby of last year has in no way spoilt her nerve, and she had seventy days' hunting during the past winter. Two of her step-children were with her at luncheon, and the governess, which gave her a somewhat matronly appearance, but she is otherwise unchanged from the days of her hoyden maidenhood — affectionate, and nice, and cleverer than any one else, with a pretty colour in her cheeks, but very thin. 'I have lost two stone,' she said, 'since you were with me at the Glen. I only weigh 7 stone 6, but I like to ride big horses. The best I ever had was 16.2.

"*3rd June.*— Newbuildings. I have sent the following to Morley:

'As the debate on the Soudan campaign is coming on I write a line to say that I think you will find the action of the Italian Government explainable on the supposition put forward in my article in the "Nineteenth Century" of May, viz., that the arrangement made with the German Emperor was due not to the Italian Government, but to the King of Italy personally through his appealing to the Emperor. The Italian Government, and especially the Duke of Sermoneta, whom I know well, are or were when they came into office opposed altogether to the Italian Colonial policy. The Duke's hobby (if one may call it so) is financial economy, and he would have liked to see the whole of Erythrya with Kassala, and even Massówah, given up. I am sure, therefore, that it has been the King's influence that has been at work overruling that of his Ministers. The Italian Government's object now, I imagine, is to get their expenses in Erythrya, or at any rate at Kassala, paid for by the Egyptian Government or ours, on the plea that they have been *pacifying* the country in Egyptian interests. It is all nonsense of course, but our Government, by inviting the Italians twelve years ago to take Massówah, has put itself under some obligations to Italy, which will be made the most of.

'P.S. I am convinced that the whole of this business was worked in the first instance by Royal personages, including our own, much more than by the various F.O's.'[1]

"*8th June.*— There is news of a 'victory' in the Soudan at Ferkeh, come, however, just too late to serve as an answer by the Government in Parliament. Labouchere rushed this debate on Friday, and it came off most successfully, whereas the battle, which I have little doubt was fought by order from Downing Street, was only fought on Sunday.

"Coming up to London in the morning I stopped at 90, Sloane Street, to see Frank Lascelles. We had some talk about Egypt and the Soudan, and he admitted to me that there had been a conversation between him and the Emperor William, such as I allude to in my 'Nineteenth Century' article. But he professed ignorance as to the real reasons of the decision come to, to advance to Dongola, also surprise at its having been made.

"*10th June.*— Mrs. Morris writes that Morris is less well, losing weight daily and growing weaker. But the doctors will have it that it is nervous exhaustion only, and recommend a sea voyage and rest. I do not believe them. She is to take rooms for him at Folkestone meanwhile, a sad prospect.

"*13th June.*—My good friend, J. H. Middleton, is dead.[2]

"*15th June.*— An inquest has been held on poor Middleton. The jury have returned a verdict of 'death from misadventure.' What is curious is that it now appears that for twenty years he has been a morphia taker, and his long illness has been entirely due to that cause. I have so often talked over with him his friend Rossetti's death from chloral, which he used to deplore! He is a great loss, or rather, one should say, has been a great loss, for he has been dead to the world and to his friends for something like two years.

"Margot came to dinner with George Wyndham and Harry Cust, a merry *parti de quatre,* and George stayed on talking with me after the others were gone.

"*16th June.*— Lunched with Philip Currie and his wife, just back from Constantinople. There seems little chance now of their being transferred to Paris. Afterwards to Lady Galloway's.

"*24th June.*— Yesterday to Folkestone to the Morrises. He is distinctly better, and I hope may yet come round, as the doctors declare he will. He talked a great deal about his boyhood, said he had read the whole of Scott's novels before he was seven, and had gone through the phase of 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' At his school,

[1] Compare Dr. Dillon's "Eclipse of Russia."

[2] John Henry Middleton, director of the South Kensington Museum.

Marlborough, he was neither high nor low in his form, but always last in arithmetic [in this like me]; hated Cicero and Latin generally, but anything in the way of history had attracted him; he knew English history better than Greek history, though only the latter was taught; he had learned nearly everything he knew of architecture and mediæval things running about the country round Marlborough as a schoolboy. The Morrises are at the Norfolk Hotel.

"*26th June.*— With Everard Fielding to see Tissot's pictures, not really good either in drawing or in taste, and rather sham in their Oriental realism.

"Breakfasted with George, who was in the highest of his high spirits, having been up at a ball till five at Grosvenor House, and then out at nine to try a new bicycle on Hampstead Heath, which is to run forty miles an hour. His triumphs are my triumphs, and I delight in his happiness.

"*1st July.*— Lunched with Harry Cust, who is starting in a few days for South Africa.

"*10th July.*— Went with George Wyndham to a dinner given by Henley to the 'New Review' contributors, a deadly dull affair, as all men's dinners are — the most interesting person I met there was the Dane Brandes, who has the honour of having invented Ibsen. Whibley also was there, with whom I talked.

"Things are going badly in South Africa for the Chartered Company. The black are in arms, and it seems doubtful whether they can be put down. Rhodes is now quite discredited.

"*11th July.*— Lunched with Lady Galloway, and down by the afternoon train to Canterbury to stay with Guy Wyndham and his wife, who are quartered there. They have a very beautiful child, a boy called George.

"*12th July.*— With Guy to see the Cathedral. I am disappointed with it, after all Morris told me — that is, with the inside, which has been scraped out of most of its interest. Only the tombs are splendid, especially that of the Black Prince. The tower outside, seen from the cloisters, is grand, and I have arrived just in time to see these and the chapter house unspoiled. 'If you had come a week later,' said the verger, 'you would have found the whole a mass of scaffolding.' Dean Farrar, who wants, Morris says, to be made a Bishop, is bent on scraping and destroying all that has hitherto escaped, a hideous madness of destruction nothing can prevent.

"In the evening back to London, and dined with the Morrises, to wish him good-bye, as he sails for Norway next week. The garden at Kelmscott House is lovely with hollyhocks.

"*15th July.*— To the Horse Show at the Crystal Palace, where

Mesaoud has taken first Arab Prize, Meijliss second. This is satisfactory, though in truth no great triumph, seeing what a poor competition it was.

"*17th July.*— Went to see Bowles and consult him about Egyptian affairs, and as to bringing forward the case of Rhodes' 220 Soudanese, which certainly ought to be done. Bowles has made for himself by his cleverness a certain position in the House of Commons, and I would rather he took the case up than the Radicals.

"*18th July.*— I have written to the 'Times' about Cecil Rhodes and his 220 Soudanese recruited at Cairo, and never since heard of.

"In the afternoon I started for Blackdown, going by way of Petworth, where I left cards, nobody being at home. Then on by Lodsworth Common. This is, I think, the easiest, though the longest road, and may be about twenty-one miles. I found Harrison at cricket with his boys, now grown-up young men, but they came in presently, and I played a set of lawn tennis with the philosopher, and spent a pleasant evening discussing his creed of Humanity and mine of anti-Humanity. It seems to be pretty much the same thing as far as politics are concerned, for the principal wish of both of us is to see the break-up of the British Empire. He has some right to believe in Humanity, as he has never had a pain or ache or a sleepless night in his life, and he is past sixty. Thus in half serious humour we passed the evening. There is nobody in the world less like a philosopher or a religious leader than the good Harrison.

"*19th July (Sunday).*— Off at five in the morning, having said good-bye overnight, going by Lodsworth and Ebenhoe, Kirdford and Wisborough Green, an old-fashioned bit of country as any in Sussex, belonging, I think, all to Leconfield. Long may it so remain.

"*3rd Aug.*— Dr. Jameson has been sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment, a sentence at once too much and too little. The Government has made him a first-class misdemeanant, so as a punishment it is very little. At the same time if the sentence had been carried out it would have been a savage one. He ought to have been hanged at Pretoria. The 'Times' has refused to publish my letter about Rhodes' Soudanese.

"*6th Aug.*— There has been heavy cholera up the Nile. Captain Fenwick dead, and one of the young engineer officers I saw at Korosko last November. He was under twenty-four, and was receiving £1,000 a year from the Egyptian Government, and thought himself a lucky fellow to be there. They are to advance on Dongola at the end of the month. What our Jingoes want is to wait till the Egyptian army is exhausted by heat, hard fighting, and cholera, and then to send an English army to Khartoum in cool weather to reap the profits of the

campaign in English interests. This is being advocated unblushingly in the 'Pall Mall' and elsewhere. I wrote to expose the scandalous intention, but they would not print my letter.

"*10th Aug.*— Started on a driving tour in the New Forest, stopping the first day for luncheon at Lavington with Reginald Wilberforce and his family. I have known Reginald all my life, that is to say, from the year 1845, when we lived for a while at Alverstoke after my father's death, and when his father, the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, was Rector of the parish. There were three boys then — Reginald, at that time called Garton; Ernest, now Bishop of Chichester; and Basil, Chaplain of the House of Commons. They were all three as bad boys as could be wished, and my mother nicknamed them 'the sons of Eli.' Ernest, with whom I was in the same class at school, an especially wicked boy, which is saying a good deal, but now just as justly respected, and a Right Reverend Father in God. The only good boy of the family was an older brother Herbert, but he had died at sea, while the wicked ones lived on to adorn the Church of England with their virtues. Thus is the child father to the man. I went over the little parish church after luncheon with Reginald, who is an amusing talker.

He showed me the grave of his Aunt Caroline, who had been Cardinal Manning's wife. It remains without inscription of any kind. The old Cardinal visited it in 1876 and talked of putting up a stone, but he was probably perplexed as to the wording of the inscription. 'Wife of Cardinal Manning' would have looked strange. Reginald, however, thinks now of doing this, and suggests 'Wife of Henry Edward, afterwards Cardinal Manning.' Reginald told me much else that was interesting about Cardinal Manning's visit. He had come down for the consecration of the Catholic church at Burton Park, and asked to be allowed to lunch at Lavington, so they entertained him there, and he saw all the old parishioners and was much affected. Afterwards he walked to the top of the down with Reginald and discoursed to him about his soul, exhorting him to conversion — thus for two hours. Their last words were: 'Think, my dear Reginald, if God should require your soul of you to-night, where should you be?' To which Reginald, 'Why, my dear Uncle Henry, I should be in the hands of God.' As his Eminence was leaving, the parishioners all came to wish him good-bye, and he blessed them each in turn. When Reginald had put his uncle into the carriage, he said: 'And is there no blessing, no little blessing for me?' They never met again, and 'he never cared for me after this,' Reginald said, 'though he used to see my wife and children and was always most affectionate to them.' He tells me the way Purcell, his biographer, got hold of the Cardinal's diaries and letters was this. He had had several conversations with Manning on

the subject of his biography, and Manning had given him some sort of verbal promise about it and had shown him where his diaries were kept, and one day he came to the house when the Cardinal was out and persuaded the servant to let him have them, saying that the Cardinal had told him to call and take them away, he knew where they were, and had authority, etc. But it was a pure theft and Manning had begun legal proceedings for their recovery when he died."

I went on the same afternoon and camped on Goodwood Down, and on the next day through Chichester to Fareham and Southampton, and camped again in the evening at the edge of the New Forest, the immediate object of my journey being to pay Auberon Herbert a visit at Oldhouse. Of this I write:

"*12th Aug.*— Oldhouse lies pretty well in the heart of the Forest. One descends to it from the high road by a grass track of a mile and a half. It is a freehold of half-a-dozen acres, recently purchased by Auberon of its owner, and there he has made his hermitage. The old cottage he has pulled down and in its place has built up a number of cheap buildings of brick and wood devoid of architecture. Fortunately they lie in a hollow and so are invisible until one is close by. Auberon has done so much for the Forest, and fought so many battles to preserve it from the Crown officers, that he must be forgiven this one lapse. I found him with Stafford Howard, the Crown Commissioner, and Esdale, a local squire and verderer of the Forest, Auberon's ally in the Forest battle. I had much talk with them about this. The chief difficulty is what to do with the great fir enclosures, the firs ought to be cut down, but there is nobody to buy them, and an ugly growth of them is creeping over the open spaces, self-sown. It ought to be put a stop to, or in fifty years' time the Forest will be like Woking cemetery.

"Auberon is much aged since I saw him last, and more flighty than he used to be. He is beset with a double mania, a craving for fresh air and in contradiction a terror of draughts, so that he is always shifting from in to out of doors and putting on or taking off extra clothing. His two children, Bron and Nan, wait on him with angelic devotion. They do all the work of the house. When I arrived Nan was in the kitchen up to her elbows in flour, making bread. She is a great strong girl of sixteen, the picture of health, with limbs like a boy's, great honest grey eyes, good complexion, and good teeth. Auberon and I have talked a great deal on politics, Eastern and Western, he, as his way is, asking innumerable questions. We agree on most subjects, but he is too tender to his countrymen's sins, excusing them and comparing them favourably with the French. He has become an entire vegetarian, as is his daughter, and for the most part his son. Their way of life is the most uncomfortable imaginable. They have no fixed hours for meals, or for getting up in the morning, or for going to bed. The first

regular meal is said to be at half-past two in the afternoon, and there is another at twilight in the evening, but they do not sit down to either meal. Auberon sits in a summer house during part of his meal, while the children run in and out, and he has constantly to get up to arrange and re-arrange his clothing, which is of Shetland wool shawls and jerseys, and the children are called to put up and take down wooden screens on this side and that as the wind may seem to blow or not to blow. Nan, with inexhaustible patience, humours and serves her father, and Bron is almost equally good to him. This is the best tribute that can be paid to Auberon's system of education, but it is clear there must be a breaking point somewhere. I don't know which child to admire the most, the boy or the girl.

"13*th Aug.*— Spent the morning alone writing, for Auberon has his occupations. He is a wonderful man, with a certain ethereal beauty of the Shelley kind, which has increased with years. His theories are, I believe, essentially true, and he is true to them in practice, but without his children it would be a desolate, impossible life. He took me for a walk at luncheon time, discoursing as he went, his daughter following, us, all ears for our talk. She is very nice and pleasant, as girls of sixteen always are, still wearing short petticoats, and with hair cut short, enthusiastic at the thought of going, perhaps this winter, to Egypt.

"14*th Aug.*— On by Ringwood and up the Avon valley to Salisbury, where we baited at the White Hart, an excellent inn, but vitiated by a German waiter. I went over the Cathedral, which has been scraped inside and garnished from end to end. In another hundred years it may perhaps tone down again to beauty, but at present the black pillar stems, newly polished, have the effect of so many tall stove pipes. It was infinitely finer under the old whitewash, but the deans will have their way. Then on to Wilton and George Pembroke's grave. The house is shut up, as Sidney finds himself too poor to live in it, and the days of their joyous youth are a vanished dream. Then on across the Down through Groveley Wood, the biggest mere wood in England, where I remember riding with Pembroke and his brothers and sisters thirty years ago, when they were children, playing a game of Puss in the Corner, with wild galloping down the rides. There at nightfall I camped.

"15*th Aug.*— Another short morning's drive brought us to Stockton where I spent the Sunday with my cousins Pamela and Eddy Tennant.

"George has been appointed to the South African Committee, and is to sail for the Cape to-day."

From Stockton I went on through Warminster and Longleat Park to Mells. "Longleat is very fine approached from this side, but the house disappointed me. It is very perfect, too perfect, and, large as it

is, it is lost in the size of the park. What makes it look dull is the uniform plate-glass which has been put in every window. It is astonishing how this destroys the beauty of old buildings. It is as though the eyes in a beautiful face had been put out and replaced with spectacles. I prefer Mells, where I now am, a really fascinating little place, a comfortable eighteenth-century house, remote and shut in, which gives a sense of immemorial quiet screened from the world's view. I arrived late at half-past seven, but they had not yet gone to dress for dinner, and presently out rushed the whole family. Mrs. Horner, with her children, very pretty ones, and Godfrey Webb, who is staying there, and Horner, who went out to help me choose a camping place, and invited me in to dinner. I was not expected, but travelling in this way calls out the latent hospitality of the countryside almost as much as if one were in the East, and Horner gave himself endless trouble about my road to Wells next morning.

"*17th Aug.*— My day's drive to-day was along the Mendlip Hills to Wells, where I baited the horses at the Swan Inn, near the Cathedral. Wells Cathedral is the most perfect in England. The inside has been scraped, but not much spoiled, while the outside is quite intact. Its surroundings are unique — the Bishop's palace, the famous wells in the Episcopal garden, and the moat. While in the Cathedral I got shut in behind the choir, and sat on a stone bench listening, not unedified, to the chaunting of a service. It is an interesting thing to have witnessed, as I have, from its beginning, the revival of the Church of England, which fifty years ago seemed almost dead. In those days a Cathedral like this was left almost without ceremonial from Sunday to Sunday, and the officiating canon, if he read the church service to his clerk, would begin with 'Dearly beloved brother,' for want of other congregation. Now all is elaborately ordered, yet I confess I like the old godless way best, it was more honest and marked the fact, which was a fact, that the continuity of church worship had been broken at the Reformation. Now all is sham mediævalism, sham seventeenth century, sham eighteenth century. We shall get back presently, I hope, to our pews on eclectic principles, and a new Georgian era of ecclesiastical wigs and gowns. Then I ran down by train to Glastonbury and back, and camped for the night in a beautiful coombe belonging to a Mr. Tudway, a local banker to whom Horner had given me a letter, dining with him in a beautiful Georgian house belonging to his family since 1760. Here my driving journey ended, for we were overtaken with heavy rains.

"*30th Aug.*— We have had three public events during the week, first Cecil Rhodes has patched up a peace with the Matabeles, heralded in all the daily papers as an heroic act of courage, because he went personally to the Matabele camp to treat. Secondly, our gallant fleet

has bombarded Zanzibar. The Sultan had died suddenly, and Khalid, one of his relations, son of the former Sultan Bargash, had seized the throne and got the native soldiery to join him. These held the palace against the fleet, which bombarded them from close quarters, killed five hundred of them, and burnt out the remainder. Our papers are again exultant, and raise a cry for annexation on the plea for abolishing slavery in Zanzibar. Yet I remember fifteen years ago Sultan Bargash applying to me to get the Indian Government to allow him coolie labour as a substitute for the slaves. Zanzibar was a model Arab State, a hundred times more liberal in its ideas than the Government of India, which would not hear of helping the Sultan. I know this, having brought the case before Lytton. Thirdly, there has been a new great slaying of Armenians at Constantinople, the companion of what took place last year, but on a larger scale. It was begun, as in the first instance, by the Armenian Committee, which seized the Ottoman bank and threw bombs into the street, their object being to force on a crisis. To this the Moslems retorted with a massacre.

"*2nd Sept.*— The Nile expedition has been stopped by floods, great *seyls* from the hills, which have swept away the new railway just as they have finished it. The talk is now of having hardly time to get to Dongola before the river goes down. If the expedition fails, all I have said about the abdication of Providence has been blasphemy. The good Egyptian troops have been worn out by hard work in a thankless labour. They are said now to be 'tired.' Broadwood wrote me this some time ago.

"*3rd Sept.*— To Wotton to dine and sleep. The good old Evelyn is packing up his trunks to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Next day to London to see Morris, whom the doctors now declare to be in a pulmonary consumption. Mrs. de Morgan was there and Cockerell, and while I was sitting with them in came Madeline Wyndham, beautiful in her old age. She took me away with her to see some enamel work she is learning to do at the studio of one Fisher, and I was shown all the process of mixing the colours, ground glass with water, arranging them on a silver plate and burning them on a small oven. Fisher has done a beautiful triptych of a Crucifixion, and a very pretty classic bit called 'Love's Chase,' but the best thing there was one of Madeline's own, two peacocks.

"*8th Sept.*— Started on a series of visits to Scotland, and, on my way north, I find the following:

"*12th Sept.*— Met Lord Loch in the train, and had much interesting talk with him on South African affairs and the intrigues of Germany. He told me that when he was at Pretoria some of the Boers explained these to him. Also that the opposition of Germany in South Africa dated from 1886, when Bismarck began it, as against the Em-

press Frederick. We also discussed the possible deposition of the Sultan. He thought this could only be done by Russia, as our fleet could not get through the Dardanelles without heavy loss."

While in one of the country houses I found in an anonymous book, dated 1722, the following admirable epitaph of a Duke of Buckingham, which I cannot help transcribing here, so suitable is it for the agnosticisms of our day.

"Pro rege sæpe, pro Republica semper.
Dubius sed non improbus vixi.
Incertus morior sed inturbatus.
Humanum est errare et nescire.
Christum adveneror. Deo confido,
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo.
Ens entium, miserere mei."

Often for the King, always for the Commonweal.
Doubting but not wickedly have I lived.
I die uncertain but unperturbed.
It is human to err and not to know.
I venerate Christ. I trust in God
The omnipotent the most kind
Being of beings, have pity on me!

Back to London, where we found "great preparations being made for the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who are being fêted in the middle of an agitation against Russian policy at Constantinople. All our English world has gone mad with self-righteousness.

"*26th Sept.*— Gladstone has fired off his powder against the Sultan at Liverpool, but there was no shot in his Armenian gun. All he can think of as a means of coercion at Constantinople is to break off diplomatic relations, summon the Sultan to take action of some kind and go no further. It is too foolish. All the time he was in office the old man lifted not so much as a finger for the Armenians, and now that he cannot help them he would play their champion against Abdul Hamid, who owes the strength of his position mainly to English diplomacy, as he should remember. In 1882 Gladstone called on Abdul Hamid to help him to put down liberty in Egypt by proclaiming Arabi a rebel and, as he explained to an Indian Mohammedan deputation at the time of Tel-el-Kebir, sent troops to Egypt 'to establish the Sultan's rights there.' In all this he made the Sultan his accomplice against the liberal Mohammedan party, and by doing so set Islamic patriotism on reactionary lines and gave the Sultan his present triumph over his reforming enemies. If liberal Islam is powerless to-day in the Sultan's grasp it is distinctly Gladstone who has made it so, yet now he comes

forward shocked at the result. I should like to write these things, but who would listen?

"*28th Sept.*— Dined with the Morrises. He came in like a man risen from the grave, and sat a few minutes at the table, but seemed dazed and unable to follow the conversation. Miss de Morgan was there, and his wife waiting on him, and a young man who had charitably come in to sit up with him at night. He seemed absorbed in his misery.

"*4th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— Morris is dead. I got a letter telling it from Lady Burne-Jones this morning. She says, 'Our dear friend Morris died at twenty minutes past eleven this morning, as quietly as ever a babe went to sleep in its mother's arms.'

"It has come sooner than I expected, though I knew his case was hopeless. It is better as it is. He is the most wonderful man I have known, unique in this, that he had no thought for anything or person, including himself, but only for the work he had in hand. He was not selfish in the sense of seeking his own advantage or pleasure or comfort, but he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to be either openly affectionate or actively kind. I suppose he had a real affection for Burne-Jones, they saw each other constantly and spent their Sunday mornings, always together, and I have seen him tender to his daughter Jenny and nice with her and with his wife, but I doubt if he thought of them much when he did not see them, and his life was not arranged in reference to them. To the rest of the world he seemed quite indifferent, and he never, I am sure, returned the affection I gave him. He liked to talk to me because I knew how to talk to him, and our fence of words furbished his wit, but I doubt if he would have crossed the street to speak to me. He was generous and open-handed in his dealings, and I fancy did many kindnesses in a money way for people in distress, but he fashed himself for no man and no woman. The truth is he would not give an hour of his *time* to anyone, he held it to be too valuable. Thus, while all the world admired and respected him, I doubt whether he had many friends; they got too little in return to continue their affection. I should say half-a-dozen were all the friends he had. I do not doubt myself among that number, intimate as I was with him and much as I loved him. It will be a great grief for Jenny, a great break-up for Janey, and a great loss for the world at large, for he was really our greatest man.

"*5th Oct.*— I came up to London to see if I could be of any use at Kelmscott House, and first I called on Burne-Jones and had luncheon with him and his son. He said that his interest in life had come to an end with Morris, as all their ideas and plans and work had been together all their lives. Phil, with whom I had a private talk, gave me curiously enough the exact same impression of Morris as that which

I wrote in this diary yesterday. His impersonality, his lack of personal affection for anyone except, perhaps, for his, Phil's, father. Then I went on to Hammersmith. The coffin, a very plain box, lay in the little room downstairs, with a beautiful old embroidered cloth over it and a small wreath of leaves and sad-coloured flowers. It was the room which was his bedroom, and where he died, with his best and favourite books around him. The morning after the day I dined with him, Tuesday, was a fine one and he was taken out for an airing in his chair, and he enjoyed it thoroughly and said he felt well. On coming in he insisted on going upstairs, but the exertion was too much; he broke a blood vessel and lay after that for the most part insensible till he died on Saturday.

"*8th Oct.*— Rosebery has resigned his leadership of the Liberal party. I wrote at once to Loulou Harcourt to congratulate his father.

"*15th Oct.*— I am leaving home this afternoon for Egypt, stopping as usual for three nights at Gros Bois on my way. Jusserand and his wife there, and Giovanni Borghese and young Norton, Mrs. Norton's grandson, now at the Paris Embassy."

CHAPTER XII

SIWAH

"*24th Oct.* 1896.—

"I have been reading Slatin's 'Fire and Sword in the Soudan,' a sensational volume written with a purpose, the style obviously Wingate's, as it is identical with his 'Ohrwalder' book. Slatin is a mean wretch to have published it, and the Mahdi made a mistake in not cutting off his head at once when he surrendered, and sending him straight to Paradise. His professions of loyalty to the Khedive and to our gracious Queen are fulsome, and those of disloyalty to the people whose religion he adopted to save his miserable life, disgusting. Gordon's judgment of him is justified when he distrusted him as a traitor and despised him as a renegade, for he shows himself here doubly both.

"With regard to the Mahdi, Slatin declares him to have been a hypocrite and an impostor, but his opinion rests upon no evidence given and seems to me wholly improbable. Slatin only saw him a few times and was never at all in his confidence, and on the few occasions that the Mahdi spoke to him he seems to have done so kindly and reasonably. Slatin is himself a witness that the whole of the Mahdi's followers believed in him to the very end, and it is quite incredible that they should have done so if, while preaching self-denial to others, he had really been the monster of depravity Slatin affirms him to have been in his private life. Such a discrepancy could not have been hidden from the Soudanese world and could not but have destroyed the popular belief in him. With regard to the Khalifa Abdullah the position is different, as Slatin *was* intimate with him and Abdullah had no pretensions to high sanctity, nor did his followers believe in him as a saint. Slatin talks about his own military honour, but how does the case stand? When he surrendered to the Mahdi he was put in reality on parole, that is to say, he promised and swore fidelity to the Mahdi, in return for which he was allowed his freedom and an honourable position in the Mahdi's army. He used this position to betray the Mahdi by writing letters to Gordon in a sense contrary to his orders. For his treachery he might justly have been shot, but after a short imprisonment, and on his giving a new

parole, he was reinstated only to escape and betray again. We shall see this honourable soldier made a K.C.B. [And so he was].

"*27th Oct.*—Arrived at Sheykh Obeyd to-day, the garden very green and beautiful. The Nile is at its full, and everything is drinking deeply in the hot sun. I am surprised, as I am every year surprised, at the quality of the loveliness, the vivid colours, the depths of shade, the brilliancy of the light. It is an absurdity to waste one's life elsewhere. I am too idle to write, I can only enjoy.

"*9th Nov.*—Sheykh Mohammed Abdu called to-day, and we had a long talk about the Khedive. Abdu is dissatisfied with certain things His Highness has done, and especially with a dispute about land he has had with Hassan Musa el Akkád. He calls the Khedive's conduct puerile, which it doubtless is. He says that his marriage was entirely his mother's doing. When Abbas first came back from Europe, he wished to have a bachelor's establishment without women, but his mother forced half-a-dozen slaves on him, and eventually he chose the one he has married. He has had a new disappointment this year in the birth of a second daughter instead of a son.

"*19th Nov.*—To Cairo to see the Khedive. He received me in the same friendly way as always, and talked, as always, without reserve. He asked me if I had been to Constantinople, and we discussed the situation there and the probability of European intervention, which must come with the Sultan's increasing financial difficulties. The power of the Porte will then be re-established and a financial control set up.

"He talked much about Dongola and the unfairness that had been exercised towards his own Egyptian soldiers as contrasted with the English soldiers, only one baggage camel was allowed to every five Egyptian officers, while Kitchener took as many as 150 camels for himself and his mess. The Egyptian soldiers had to do all the work, the English got all the credit. As to the English battalion it did next to no work, and did not even march on foot, but was sent by rail while all the Egyptians marched. The fellah soldiers, too, had never a hot meal given them, nor more than ten hours rest in the twenty-four. They had insufficient water, and only two loaves instead of the three they gave them at Cairo, the third loaf they could have, but they must pay for it. I asked him how much the expedition had cost. He said first a half million taken from the Caisse, then several hundred thousands taken for the railway. He did not know when the expedition would be renewed, but not till next autumn.

"He also told me the whole history of Rhodes and the Soudanese he took from Cairo. He, the Khedive, had seen them himself being embarked for Suez. There were 200 of then, men got together by Kitchener, and made over to Rhodes in a lump. Kitchener had told

him they were not good enough for service in the Egyptian army. They had gone with Cromer's consent but without his, the Khedive's, permission. Their exportation was quite illegal. Cromer had apologized for the informality of not asking permission. The Khedive knew nothing of what had become of the men, except that he had been told they had been disembarked at Mombaza. Rhodes gave the men a month's pay in advance and took their women and children with them. The women were given a shilling each as bakshish. 'But this is not all. A little before this happened a negro came to me and told me of a case of slave dealing, of a man and woman who had been bought by the sons of Prince Ibrahim for their harem. To prevent a scandal I told the young men they must get rid of them. Whereupon they went to Lord Cromer and threw themselves at his feet and begged forgiveness. Cromer then took the two slaves and married the woman to one of the soldiers who was given to Rhodes, and the man was sent with the rest to Suez. Also they took one of my Shaggias (soldiers of his bodyguard) who went away taking my uniform with him, but I had him stopped and brought back.'

"We stayed talking for three-quarters of an hour, and he made me a number of pretty speeches when I went away. He was rather inquisitive about a journey I had arranged to Siwah, which he had heard of and seemed anxious to dissuade me from. I suppose he had heard of it from his camel men. I also called on Riaz and Tigrane.

"*29th Nov.*— A long letter from George Wyndham from South Africa where he has been with Rhodes getting up a case for him for the Parliamentary Committee. His letter is an interesting one written at intervals of a long ride from Buluwayo to the Transvaal frontier. The work done in South Africa is sickening, and seems likely to lead to the destruction of the whole black race south of the tropics. The Rinderpest has destroyed all wild animals, and is destroying their cattle. The 'rebels' are being blown up by dynamite in the caves of the Matoppo hills, and their chiefs shot in cold blood, and while all this is going on we are having meetings the whole of England over to denounce the Sultan because he is destroying the Armenians. Was there ever a nation like ours? Never, since the world began.

"I had a long talk with Mohammed Abdu a few days since. He has read my 'Nineteenth Century' article about Armenia, and approves all I have said against Abdul Hamid. He looks upon him as mad and to be deposed. He gave me an interesting account of his own persecution at the Azhar by the old-fashioned Sheykhs of the Ulema in the days of Ismaïl, especially by Sheykh Aleysh. He had, he says, at one time, as many as 4,000 students who attended his lectures, but the Conservative opposition was too strong for him. Still there was a good deal of liberty of thought and speech at Cairo even

in those days, it never was as bad here as it is now at Constantinople, but all the old-fashioned ideas of liberty and humanity are fast disappearing from the world. Abdu and I find ourselves almost alone in our views. The best effect my article has had in England has been to make John Morley pronounce himself in favour of coming to terms about evacuating Egypt. His speech on this head is a paraphrase of my article.

"Mrs. Morris and her daughter May have been staying with us here at Sheykh Obeyd for the last ten days.

"*13th Dec.*—We went in yesterday to Cairo to see Ali Pasha Sherif's horses which, with the rest of his property, are to be sold by auction on Thursday. We shall probably bid for three or four of the brood mares, and so save a remnant from extinction, sold to us privately before the auction.

"*17th Dec.*—The luck of the thing is that Ali Pasha's affairs, being in the hands of trustees, it is to spite them that the old man is willing to sell privately to us. He insists on his right to dispose of them as he pleases. When he had received our cheque he sent the mares off in the dark at four in the morning. Now there has been a row between the old man and the trustees. Ali Pasha declares that not another horse shall go out of the stable without his permission. Mutlak, who arranged the whole thing for us, found him this morning sitting at his window which overlooks the yard of his palace and the stables, with a Winchester rifle loaded at his side, with which he swears he will shoot anyone who ventures to come near these. The old man is considered mad by his relations, and his sons have had him interdicted and his affairs placed in Sabit Pasha's hands as trustee, but we have got the mares and they are beautiful. The mere name of having purchased them will be worth much to our stud, for they are celebrated the whole East over, and I don't think the trustees will care really to dispute our purchase. Abdu tells me that according to the terms of the interdiction, Ali Pasha may do what he likes with his moveable property, and Carton de Wiart, the leading lawyer here whom I have consulted, gives me a curious account of the reason of the interdiction. It was a little political job of which there are so many done at Cairo. When Ali Sherif, two years ago, was involved in the slave trade prosecution, feeling ran high between the Khedive and Cromer about it, for in reality our people took advantage of the old man's age and infirmities to force on him an apology which he might perfectly well have refused, for he had done nothing illegal. Cromer, seeing he had been in the wrong, agreed therefore to the following arrangement by mutual concession. On his side he consented to the dismissal of Shäfer, the anti slave-trade official who had brought the action against Ali Sherif; and the Khedive on his side

agreed to Ali Sherif's being interdicted as incapable of managing his affairs. But Ali Sherif was not really mad, only extravagant and old.

"*22nd Dec.*— Anne and I called on Princess Nazli yesterday. She is looking an old woman now, but is still full of life and conversation. She has thrown herself lately into the Young Turkey movement at Constantinople and has written a letter to the Sultan which she asked Anne to translate for her into English, though she speaks English perfectly. She told us she considered Abdul Hamid very near his end now, and she only hoped that he would be assassinated and not simply deposed, as it would be a good lesson for his successor. Hitherto the Young Turks had been averse from this extreme measure, but according to the latest news they are now determined on it. In this I should not be surprised if they were following a hint from our Embassy. Murad, she said, is quite sane, and would be Abdul Hamid's successor. About politics in Egypt she also talked, praising Cromer and the English Occupation and in virulent abuse of the Khedive. A good deal of this I know to be nonsense, but she is a clever woman, and I fancy has done much towards converting travelling Englishmen to a belief in their 'great and noble work' in Egypt. Cromer intervened with the late Khedive to prevent his cutting off her allowance as princess of the vice-regal family.

"*30th Dec.*— Mohammed Abdu came yesterday and told me the news. There has been a great row on account of the confirmation by the native appeal court of Sheykh Ali Yusuf's acquittal. Ali Yusuf had been prosecuted for publishing in his newspaper, the 'Moayyad,' a telegram relating to military events during the Dongola campaign, which it was asserted he had got from a telegraph clerk of the name of Kirillos. The evidence against Ali Yusuf was of the slightest kind; that against Kirillos only presumptive. The latter had on one occasion been seen copying a telegram, not the one in question, presumably for the press. Against Ali Yusuf there was no evidence at all. Nevertheless Cromer seems to have determined on fighting a battle with the native press, and when the case came before the Appeal Court, Cameron, the English judge, informed his two native colleagues that they were expected to find the accused guilty, or they would involve the Native Appeal Court in strong measures of 'reform' which would be taken against it. He also accused them of having been tampered with by the Khedive, and when they indignantly refused to find the accused guilty, Cameron refused at first to sit with them in delivering judgment of acquittal. Now Cromer has announced that a number of English councillors would be added to the court so as to swamp the native members. Abdu assures me that as a matter of fact the Khedive had nothing to do with the matter, and that the judges could not have decided otherwise on the evidence before them.

Nothing so scandalous has happened here since the Kitchener affair, and this is really worse, as it is an attack on the integrity of the law. Carton de Wiart, the Belgian lawyer, who is at the head of his profession here, confirms the story to me, and there seems to be no doubt about it. Abdu declares that Lord Cromer is led by the nose by certain Syrians, of whom the editor of the 'Mokattam' and one Shakur are the principal agents. Certainly he appears to be under unfortunate inspiration. It has become very much a personal struggle and quarrel between Cromer and the Khedive. Lord Salisbury allows Cromer to carry matters with a high hand. The Khedive, on the other hand, is also led by intriguers, so that there is really no rational authority at the head of things." This was the beginning of Lord Cromer's interference with the operation of the law in Egypt for political purposes, an intervention which he carried afterwards to extreme results.

"*28th Jan.*, 1897.—I am preparing for a long journey to Siwah, and perhaps to Jebel Akdar and Benghazi. This should take forty days at least, and there is just a little risk in it, especially as I am far from well, but it is a thing I want to do and I feel if I put it off till another year it will never be accomplished. Possibly I may be able to go as far as to visit the Sheykh el Senussi, but this is doubtful, as the Sheykh has disappeared within the last year, and it is not known exactly where he is, but I shall learn all about that from my friend Abdullah el Jibali, in the Fayoum, to whom, in the first instance, I intend to go. I hope all the same to accomplish my journey successfully and be back in time for our annual migration to England.

"*2nd Feb.*—I have arranged to start on my journey on the 5th, having by good luck met Abdullah el Jibali yesterday, when I was in Cairo, and have arranged that he is to send me on to Siwah and Benghazi. I am looking forward immensely to this trip, and only wish Anne was going with me, but she will not leave Judith, so I must go alone. There is just a little danger in the journey, principally of my falling ill, so I have signed a codicil to my will. All my preparations are made, and I am away on Friday with a good prospect of getting through to Tripoli or Benghazi. If only Anne were going too!"

The journey to Siwah proved much more difficult and dangerous than I imagined, and is of sufficient political interest to make me include the whole of my travelling diary in this volume contrary to my general rule about desert expeditions. I started in ill health and in a frame of mind of unusual recklessness and depression as well, feeling that it would be the last I should make of any serious kind. I had, too, at the back of my mind, the thought that perhaps I might find among the Senussis something of the better tradition of Islam I had been so often disappointed of in the more civilized Mohammedan lands, and possibly

that true desert hermitage I had so often dreamed of. Something of this will be found noted in my diary, and I give it hardly at all abridged as it stands there.

"*5th Feb.*— Left Sheykh Obeyd at half-past seven. Our travelling party consists of Suliman Howeyti, Owde his cousin, and Eid, all Bedouins of the Howeytat, and Salem, my Egyptian body servant for cook, with Abd-el-Salaam of the Oulad Ali Bedouins, my own six camels, one with foal at foot, and my mare Yemama. Anne and Judith rode the first few miles with me. We passed the Obelisk of Heliopolis and followed the Towfikiyeh Canal to Mustórod where Anne and Judith turned back. They saw a blue kingfisher on the way but I missed seeing it, which I take for an ill omen. From Mustórod we followed the Helwa, the sweet water canal — overtaking many people on their way to market at Cairo with loads of *bersim*. A few white herons were about, and by the cactus gardens we saw tracks of jackals, nothing European, till we reached the railway station of Pont Limon at Cairo, then on through the town to Kasr el Nil Bridge, mixed up with carriages, people on bicycles, and the usual mongrel crowd; and on to within half a mile of Mena (nobody recognizing me) when we turned to the left and camped beyond it on the sand. I have with me the following moneys for my journey, £40 in English gold, £5 in silver dollars, and £8 in small silver, £1 in half piastres — total £54 13*s*.

"*6th Feb.*— To-day we followed up the Nile valley passing to the right of Sakkara — many tracks of foxes and jackals on the desert edge. Great fields of lupins (*termès*) — the Delta very green — desert larks but few other birds, except wagtails. Camped at half-past two by the *birkeh*, where the road branches off to Tumiya — teals, coots, pochards, pintails, and other small waterfowl. The water brackish. A very beautiful evening.

"Abd-el-Salaam tells me he went campaigning with 1,500 of his tribe, in the first year of Ismaïl's reign, to the Soudan, taking the outer road of the Oases, and as far as Darfur and Kordofan. He told me also much about Jebel Akhdar (the Cyrenaica). There are five springs in it, he says, with streams running from them, all well wooded with trees, *zeytoun* (olive) and *karub*, with much grass and crops watered by rain. It is held by the Harabi tribe with whom the Oulad Ali had been *goum* (enemies) from the time of Saïd Pasha. But he, Abd-el-Salaam, has friends amongst them. He has travelled to Benghazi and to all the Oases, but not to Tarablus (Tripoli) or Tunis. He boasts that the Oulad Ali are of Anazeh blood; as to the Harabi they are of Harb blood. He is fasting for Ramadan, which no one else of us is, and is rather cross and obstinate. I am not sure about taking him beyond Kasr-el-Jibali. There is beautiful sweet camomile here for our camels.

"*7th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—Off at half-past seven. A plain desert march, following a track made by sheep and cattle the whole way. Sighted a fox in the early morning on his way home to some limestone cliffs. Also passed two cattle droves. No other incident. I remember twenty-one years ago travelling this way and having a tussle with a young Arab horseman, who had jeered at us for our European dresses. He pointed his gun at us, and I took hold of it and pulled him off his horse, his girths giving way, and he came a tumble, much to his discomfiture. This was in 1876. We are encamped under the tamarisks, where formerly Fraser, who was travelling with us, and I shot hares.

"Abd-el-Salaam has gone on with his recollections. The expedition he tells me was six months away on their Soudan campaign, each horseman receiving 200 piastres a month and all found, including camels and horses; also their families received from £13 to £14 while they were gone. There was no fighting, 'victorious without fighting.' In all this Western desert southwards there is no pasture, except a little *nossi* that comes up after the rain, or northwards till you come near the Mediterranean.

"*8th Feb.*—A continuous march of eleven hours through the Fayoum, passing by Toumiyeh, Senuris, Fidimin, Senhur, Abuxeh, and Bisheh. Then, having crossed the river, a branch of the Bahar Yusuf, we camped on the other side, at nightfall, a couple of miles short of Kasr-el-Jibali. I preferred taking excuse of the night to stop, for I was tired, and I knew that going on to the castle would mean sitting up till midnight waiting for a sheep to be killed and cooked. The Fayoum is a bad country to camp in, all black mud and crops, with hardly an open spot; and we were lucky, after travelling five or six miles looking in vain, at last to pitch upon a dry unoccupied field on the edge of the cliff above the river.

"At Toumiyeh the land has been taken possession of and cultivated by some Jews, who got a concession from the Government. Otherwise the town is much as it was in 1876, when I remember going to see a poor notable of the town who was dying, they told us, of love. The Mamur of the district in those days had taken from him forcibly one of his wives, the youngest, last, and best beloved of them; and we found him lying on his death-bed, surrounded by his friends lamenting his loss, and he smelling an onion which he held in his hand.

"*9th Feb.*—I was already asleep last night when Abdallah Minjowar, hearing of my being in camp so near him, rode out to see me; and I had to get up to receive him. We drank tea together and made all the arrangements necessary for my onward journey. He will send two men with me, Minshawi and another, with camels to El Wah (the small Oasis), Siwah, Jerabub, and Jebel Akhdar, and will write letters to the various Sheykhs, and see me through to Benhazi or Dernah.

Abdallah is by position a great man. He has an immense territory and lives in a castle, which if not mediæval belongs to the age of Mohammed Ali, and has a really beautiful stone gateway worthy of any century. He tells me his father and his tribe came into Egypt first in Mohammed Ali's time, having been invited here from Jebel Akhdar in Tripoli. He was once there with his father, Minjowar, as a boy. In appearance he reminds me of the Emir Abd el Kader, and is in truth a man of high and generous character, a great personage here on the desert edge. The Government has recently made a high road for him to Medinet el Fayoum, of which he is proud. I rode in to see him after breakfast, and we are camped now inside his wall. Many poor people, particularly boys and women, have run up to kiss my hand yesterday and to-day. Expenses besides *bersim*, 10 piastres. Yesterday we passed an immense swarm of bees covering the rocks in a ravine by the river.

"All is satisfactorily arranged. Abdallah will send Minshawi with us, and a second man with two camels, and a head man, Beseys, on a *delul*. He is to carry letters of credence for us to the chief persons at Siwah and Jerabub, and to the two principal Harabi Sheykhs of the Jebel Akhdar, at whose tents I am promised to alight within twenty, say thirty days. I shall not be able to see Senussi as he has left Jerabub, but I shall see the head of the Zaghwiyeh, the Monastery there, and be well received. We are to start on Thursday, 11th, with four *ardebs* of beans for the camels and barley for the mare. Salem is to go into Medinet el Fayoum to-morrow, to get what things are still required, as nothing will be procurable anywhere beyond. I have spent the day slugging in my tent — very hot, with many flies, an object of attention for the villagers, and of attentions from Abdallah, his relations and friends. Beseys, who is to go with me, is an oldish man, with a rugged, ugly face, but I think that he will do. Minshawi we know already. Abd-el-Salaam has left us. He was too old for the journey, and required too much in the way of comfort, and did too little in the way of work. Also Abdallah objected to him, and he himself was inclined to leave, so I paid him his five days, and he is gone.

"We spent the evening talking, principally with a very intelligent man of fellah origin, and of good education, who had been an Arabist, and now is living here, cultivating a few feddans, which Abdallah has let him have more or less as a charity. He gave us his views of Egyptian politics, which are exactly Arabi's old ones. It is refreshing to hear them in these days. Old Beseys listened with an occasional word of approval, but Abdallah was sent to sleep by it and retired.

"Kasr-el-Jibali is a place of religion, and it being Ramadan, prayer goes on nearly all day long, from an hour before sunrise, when a kind of matins is chanted by a select few, till sunset, when there is a general

service attended by everybody. The singing is far from good, as each worshipper intones in his own key, and the effect is not unlike that of the old village hymn-singing of fifty years ago in England. There is even a certain non-conformist popular character about it, which is different from anything I have heard elsewhere. The mosque is a new one, built close to the castle, in excellent taste. It might be a hundred or two hundred years old for all one can tell from its architecture. It has no minaret, and is a plain square buttressed building, with a slight ornament on the top and lancet windows. We are camped too near it for quiet, and have been exposed all day to the curiosity of prayer-goers. Also the ground is very dirty, and life is made difficult with flies. Indoors, in the castle, it is hardly better, for the guest rooms are built for the summer, and are cold to sit in, being away from the sun. So I am obliged to wait on in my tent till the hospitable pleasure of Abdallah is exhausted, and I have his permission to begin my march. These days of hospitable waiting in towns and villages are a heavy price one has to pay for the joys of desert travelling. But my departure is promised for to-morrow at noon. Suliman's expenditure in provisions for the journey comes to 275 piastres, something under £3.

"*11th Feb.*— Away at last in the highest of spirits, with a cool westerly wind blowing in our faces. The camels arrived early, and I obtained Abdallah's permission, dear good man, to mount and go. When all was settled I told him I wished to have a few words with him alone; and we went into the great room of the castle, and I told him I was very anxious to see, if not the Sheykh el Senussi, who has gone south to Kufra, at least one of the principal Sheykhs of the *tarik* (the religious order) at Jerabub, and I begged him to give me a letter for one of them. 'You know,' I said, 'that I have for a long time been with you at heart, of the *mumenin*, but I have not borne witness for reasons you will understand. I wish to ask certain questions of the Sheykhs of the Senussia, and to understand their teaching, and it seems to me that the members of the *tarik* are the only good Moslems in the world, or at any rate are the best.' The good man readily assented, and showed me much affection, and told me that he had already written to the head of the community at Jerabub, introducing me as the son of Hajji Batran of Aleppo, for he thought that would give me a favourable reception. But I begged him to write again and tell the Sheykh the truth of the case, that I was an Englishman who desired instruction, and he has accordingly done so, though he has left the other letters, those written to the Harabi Sheykhs of the Jebel Akhdar, as they were with my name as Ibn Batran. Fortunately I knew Hajji Batran when at Aleppo, or rather I knew his son, Hajji Mahmud, and may, perhaps, be able to personate a grandson from

so far away. A cousin of Abdallah's, one Ali, who accompanied me on horseback as far as this camp, has given me particulars of the arrangement made and tells me that it is necessary, inasmuch as the Arabs of the Jebel Akhdar bitterly hate all of European race, whereas, if presented as a relation of Hajji Batran, who had married a *hatherieh*, townswoman, of Dernah, I should be accepted as a relation. The Hannádi, he explained, were of the Beraza clan, the same as the Harabi. There was a son Naïf born to Batran; and I must personate him. I do not like this. But Ali said there was real danger in going among people so wild as his mountain kinsmen; and he besought me to be content with Siwah, and to turn back from there by the sea-coast route to Mariut. I am, however, in the mood for an adventure, dangerous or not." [N.B. It will be seen that these letters of Abdallah, whatever their precise nature, were unfortunately conceived, and brought about the misunderstanding which led to the attack made on me at Siwah.]

"We are encamped five miles from Kasr-el-Jibali in a bit of tamarisk underwood well screened from the wind, at the outmost edge of Nile irrigation in the direction of the Oases — how happy to be at last alone! The Nile water reaches no farther westwards. A little run of it feeds the last fields, which are of wheat, barley, and *helbeh* (a sort of clover). On the *helbeh* Yemama is turned out to graze, and the camels eat it brought in to them. The two new camels have arrived, sturdy little beasts of the Western type, brown both, and rough haired — not beautiful, but good. The men, too, are of a wholly other type from that east of the Nile. Suliman and his two Howeytat companions have almost a look of breeding contrasted with them, while Ali's mare, of which he is proud, as being of western blood, is a plain barb, honestly shaped, but of no distinctive type. Beauty is the natural gift, to desert man and desert beast, only of peninsular Arabia.

"*12th Feb.*— Abdallah appeared again last night, having been preceded by his younger son, a pleasant youth of mixed type — the son of his *jari* (concubine) Salem said — who had dined with me. Though grown up, the young man has never seen more of the world than Medinet el Fayoum and El Wah, not even Cairo or the Nile. Abdallah has a separate establishment with the boy's mother close by here. He and I embraced affectionately at parting. He has done everything in his power to further my wishes about the journey and has brought seven or eight letters which he has written to various persons on my route, including the most important of all, one to Sidi Abu Seyf, the head prior of the Jerabub monastery, Senussi's right hand. He has entrusted me to old Beseys, who is one of the confraternity, and who is to explain to Abu Seyf how matters stand with me religiously. 'Abu Seyf,' Abdallah said, 'is as my own heart to me, and he will treat you

as myself.' Letters, too, have been written for the two principal Bedouin Sheykhs of the Harabi in Jebel Akhdar, and I am to go on to Benghazi if I like or return by Dernah and the sea route to Skanderia.

"We started to-day at sunrise and I walked an hour or more on foot, it being cold, before mounting my *delul*. Our course south by west, then turning more westward. At eleven we came to the edge of Wady Rayyan, a great chaotic depression from 50 to 150 feet below the Nile. It is absolutely barren, and there is no trace in it of Nile mud or clay of any kind, most of the surface soil being drift-sand and grit, with the bare limestone rocks showing here and there. This effectually disproves the theory that Rayyan was the Lake Mæris of Herodotus. it is nothing but a dried up *sebkha*, like the Jôf and many another desert depression. There are curious rocks in it set in lines, which look exactly like the remains of buildings; but they are all, I think, natural. Nor do I believe that any part of the Valley was ever inhabited except perhaps by hermits, who planted the palm tress which still struggle to live on near the springs. Descending into the belly of the wady, we quickly found ourselves among *nefuds* (sandhills) which run across it here and there in lines from north-west to south-east, and make effective fortifications against camels. Here Suliman's desert craft became of service (for the three Harabis with us were useless for anything but pottering along a track) and he and I went forward to look out the easiest places for the camels to cross, while in the steepest Suliman and Eid made paths for them slantwise in the deep sand. The old camel man, Haj Abd-el-Rahman, not choosing to follow us, was left behind, and we consequently had to camp some four miles short of the main spring, but in a nice spot, a deep hollow under sand hillocks and *tarfa* clumps. This part of the wady has vegetation, *tarfa, ghurkud, erta* — none, however, in green leaf — much of it dead, firewood abundant. Barom. 50 feet below the Nile water at Kasr-el-Jibali.

"*13th Feb.*— At sunrise we started, after a good night's rest for me under my *hejeyra* (my carpet shelter, the one with a scorpion worked on it), and on to the spring. This lies due south of the *khusm* (snout) of Rayyan, at the extreme edge of the vegetation, a number of bush palms together, with a lovely spring welling up in a sand-bottomed basin, the water running in a little stream for twenty yards, when it disappears. The two Harabis, Beseys and Minshawi, attribute to it miraculous virtues. The water only runs, they say, when travellers come to drink, and it varies in volume with the number of their camels. When there are many camels you have only to encourage it by calling to it 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!' and it comes bubbling up so fast that you can water 200 camels in the afternoon. It is hot by night, cold by day. To-day, the wind being cold, it was lukewarm, rather

for the hap of a dead beast, the foxes for dropped dates. We passed a place where foxes had been gathering scraps at the site of an encampment. At Balbal yesterday there were fresh gazelle tracks, besides larks singing and wagtails quite at home. There are no Bedouins in these deserts as there is no water and little pasturage. The thorn trees are consequently uncut, and the *nossi* grass of last spring stands uneaten. Balbal is a beautiful spot. The Bahr is much less interesting, being merely one of those long serpentine depressions so common in the desert. This one being 350 feet above sea level cannot have ever been a mouth of the Nile. Its bottom is of limestone without a trace of Nile mud. A caravan carrying dates was just setting out from the spring as we arrived.

"*17th Feb.*— We have moved camp to a spring just north of Bawiti, which is the last village of the Little Oasis westwards.

"Last night I had a long ride alone to get a look at the Oasis, climbing on Yemama to the top of the Harra which stands like an island in its midst. The top of it is level ground, smooth enough to canter on from end to end, one of the loneliest places I ever saw, for I crossed no single track of beast or bird or reptile, nor was there trace of men having ever been there, though so near the villages. It is apparently volcanic. One gets a good bird's-eye view from it of the palm groves and the four villages, Sabu, Mandija and the double village of Kasr and Bawiti. It is clear that much more land was cultivated formerly. The *ithel* and tamarisk clumps must have been private property. They are being fast destroyed now. There is a deal of rough camel pasture in the Oasis, so that we grazed as we went.

"I met a man cutting palm leaves to-day to make matting and asked him to get us a guide to Siwah, as neither Beseys nor Haj Abderrahman, nor yet Minshawi know the road any farther. I was riding alone in front on Udeyha, and having stopped was sleeping under a palm tree outside Bawiti when I was wakened by a man greeting me. He was a Berber from Farafra who offered to be of use and showed us the spring hard by. Now we have sent Minshawi and Salem in to market and are camped in the sand hills.

"In the evening I rode round the Oasis with Minshawi, but did not enter the village, as the Government Chiauss has been inquisitive about me, and I think it prudent to run no risks. There is nice *halfa* grazing here. Everywhere there are bunches of palms with springs more or less in use for gardens, some of which are beautiful with large olive trees, *esshaar*, *sont*, and *safsaf* (willow). The palms are the most vigorous I ever saw, having, as the saying is, 'their feet in the water, their heads in the fire.' We passed the ruins of a building, probably Roman.

"*18th Feb.*— Haj Abderrahman has left us to go home. He would

have taken the two camels back with him but I would not allow it, as they are Abdallah's, not his, and I told him I would be answerable for the price of the beasts. He was unwilling to go farther. Now Minshawi has brought us a tall Soudani, Osman, from Siwah who will travel with us, and we hope to be off not later than noon. There are many tracks of foxes and jackals about, and I heard an owl at dawn.

"Off at 10.30, and marched till sunset. The nukbe lies due north, and is steep. There was no marked track till we crossed the caravan road and turned west. The plain on the upper ground is an absolutely barren hamad, gravel and sand grit, quite devoid of life — 500 to 600 feet above the sea. No sign of recent travellers on the road. A very cold north-west wind. Camped under lee of a low tell.

"*19th Feb.*— Thermom. 42° and a bitter wind. I find that Osman the Soudani has only been this way once before, and that twenty-five years ago, and travelling by night, and in the opposite direction to what we are now going. He is a Falata from Bornu, which he left when seventeen years old 'on account of a war.' [He had been taken as a slave, and had been carried by his captors to Merzouk, the northern oasis, and ultimately to Siwah, whence he had escaped to El Wah, travelling by night, and hiding in the daytime. For this reason he knew almost nothing of the road, except the general direction. He did not tell me this till afterwards.] He has been astray in the oases ever since, and may now be about fifty. I like him as he is plain spoken, and with an agreeable black face, nearly pure negro blood, though he boasts of the Falata as Arabs. The Falata have a Sultan of their own, he says, and know nothing of the Dowlah.

"Eleven hours' march to-day — thirty-two miles. Camped amid driving sand, barely protected from the wind.

"*20th Feb.*— Crossed several *nefuds* to-day all running north-west and south-east, which obliged us to travel far south, and then north-west again — then came to another deep depression where the caravan track disappeared for fully ten miles. We had much trouble following it, but by the help of skeleton camels recovered it at the nukbe beyond. At one place we came across an old *menzil* (encampment) with a dead camel, and the wooden frame of a *hedajeh* (camel saddle) all at least two years old. But Eid and Minshawi collected the *jelleh* (camel dung) finding it still good for firing, and Suliman made prize of the saddletree. Beyond the nukbe at four o'clock we came for the first time since leaving El Wah, on a bit of camel pasture, *sreygá* and camomile and *nossi*. The *nossi*, though a year old, had not been grazed, but I found the hole and track of a desert mouse. Yemama eagerly devoured the *nossi*. Osman surprised me by saying of her, 'Her sire is perhaps *koheyl*.' I find that he knows all about the horse breeds, Duheym, Jilfa, and the rest. He assures me that in Bornou and Wadi they have

thoroughbred *koheyls,* the great people as many as ten of them, besides great multitudes of camels. We are encamped in a pleasing spot, with just enough of the pasture to feed our ten camels.

"*21st Feb.*— To-day has been full of excitement for us. After about four miles from our start we came to the edge of another great depression, the nukbe being well marked with stone heaps pointing to a corresponding nukbe beyond, about eight miles off. We went down, therefore, confidently, though the track quickly disappeared. The depression was choked with *nefuds* to our right, but to our left was clear, the loose soil being composed mostly of old shells. Its height above the sea at the lowest point was 100 feet. It soon, however, became plain that we were out of the track, though the westerly direction was good, and we had to cross a *sebkha* (salt swamp) with a treacherous bottom, and climb a very steep gradient to the nukbe. Osman, nevertheless, maintained that all was right, but soon we found ourselves in a wilderness of *nefuds.* Here Osman's knowledge came to an end, and after floundering over ridge after ridge for some time, he acknowledged that he knew not where he was. We therefore sat down and called a council, and having watered Yemama from the skins, somewhat solemnly, for we felt that it was the last we could spare her, it was agreed that Suliman and I should go forward alone scouting, either to come across the track or find some height from which we might get sight of a landmark. It seemed an equal chance to try right or left for the track. At starting we crossed the tracks of a gazelle, an ariel Suliman said, and it seemed to me a good omen. After a while, bearing somewhat to the right, we got out of the *nefud,* and on to a hard gravel, and I sent Yemama along at a good pace in the direction of some hills to the west north west, saying all the prayers I knew to my saints, Mohammedan and Christian, for a good issue. Nor had I long to wait. At first it seemed a very hopeless quest, with a brown horizon all round me and low brown hills each like the other. But it was nice cantering with the fresh wind in my face, and as I got on to higher ground the view opened and I saw the hill I was following rise higher and higher apparently about five miles off. At a point of the plain where there was a little mound I stopped and looked all round me. Far away to the west there seemed to be a little break in the horizon, and examining through my glasses I felt sure it was a wady, the wady of Sittarah (where the water was said to be which we were looking for). Still it might be a mistake, an effect of mirage, and I galloped back to Suliman, who was following on my *delul,* to ask his opinion. We then both agreed that we saw a wady with mounds of tarfa, perhaps palms, and that this was our wady. So I sent him back with the good news and to bring the camels on, and cantered on to the hill to get a better view. From the top of it I saw everything, as I thought, clearly, the tarfa

mounds, the dark green wady, and the hill, blue beyond — almost like the Nile valley.

"We were, therefore, in the highest spirits, and Suliman and the camels having joined me at the foot of the hill, and he having also climbed up and convinced himself, we went on singing with joy. Two more hours, I thought, and we should be at the spring, and I led the way over the intervening *nefuds* gaily. The sun was in our faces as we topped the last of them, and saw at last the plain of our hopes before us. Suliman and I looked in each other's faces blankly. There was nothing at all of what we were expecting — only another long, low, shining plain. The tarfa clumps had resolved themselves into as many bare black stones, and nothing to break the horizon but a single pyramidal hill far away, a full day's journey off. It was a bitter disappointment. We asked Osman when he arrived with the camels whether he recognized the valley as Síttarah, and he said 'no.' We were worse lost than before. Nevertheless, we were convinced that the valley must be still before us, and like an old hound Suliman ran off to the left casting for some sign of it, and presently came, by extraordinary good fortune, on a track, and then a mile or two still farther on, at the very place where the black stones were which we had taken for tarfa clumps, to our exceeding joy, lay the great caravan road — we had not seen it for two days — running with at least a hundred parallel camel paths bearing due westward. This, 'if not the work of the *ján*,' we know *must* be our road. It led straight to the pyramidal hill, and '*there*,' said Suliman, 'the water will be.' So now we are camped at sunset, once more praising God for his bounty, and in good heart and hope. Old Beseys and all of them had given themselves up for lost. They had made no complaint, but also had made no effort to find the road, but had ridden silently — Beseys saying his prayers at intervals. Perhaps they were heard in heaven." [N.B. What is very remarkable in this adventure is that both Suliman and I, he being a master in desert craft, having been deceived by the mirage, were so not to our own hurt but to our advantage, for the apparent vegetation lay precisely where the caravan road was emerging from the sand. The mirage in our case saved us. Not that we were yet in great straits for water, except for the mare, for we still had skins enough for our own drinking, and the weather was cold. But, if we had failed to hit off Síttarah next day, we should have soon been in sorry plight, for Síttarah is the only water between El Wah and Siwah. What makes travelling without guides so dangerous in the western desert is that the oases are mere cup-like hollows in the plains, which one may pass to right or left of without sign of their being near. There are almost no landmarks visible from the plain, and the sands have encroached, obliterating the ancient roads, which are most of them now abandoned. In former days the oases

must have been all inhabited, but are not so now. The sand drifts are gradually overwhelming them. To pass by one of these and so miss the water is for a caravan a terrible disaster.]

"*22nd Feb.*— Close to our encampment we found the skeletons of two donkeys, which Osman recognizes as connected with a gruesome tale. Last year at El Wah, a witness being wanted in the affairs of a certain khawajeh, probably a Greek, who had died there, the Egyptian authorities, urged on by an officer of the Inglis, sent to Siwah for the man, who was brought to El Wah with his wife and his two boys. These, when the inquiry was over, wanted to return, and, notwithstanding that it was summer, the man set out for Siwah with his family, and his two donkeys carrying jars of water for the road. The donkeys, however, broke down near Síttarah, doubtless here; the water was finished, and the father sent the elder of the two boys forward with a jar to Síttarah to bring them water. On his return the boy found his mother and his brother already dead of thirst, while the father was still alive. But having drunk, he too died, and the boy was left alone to bury them and tell the tale. We found the graves by the roadside near the donkey skeletons. These, Osman says, were the last who travelled here, and it was two years ago.

"As I walked with Osman this morning he told me the story, and also much about Burnou and Wadai. There are there, he assures me, wild *koheyl*. The Arabs catch them at their watering places in pitfalls or traps which catch them by the leg. They keep these horses tied up fast for three days, then put bits into their mouths and ride them. They can go ten days without water. This he told me in almost the same words as those used by Leo Africanus 400 years ago. I asked about their colours, and he said they were bay, white, and dark; they had long manes and tails; some Arabs ate them, calling them *halal*. I asked him about the *lant* (mentioned by Leo Africanus), and he said, 'Oh, yes *el ant*,' and described it as red (bay) above with a white belly and dark markings between the red and the white, like a gazelle — the male alone with horns, big like a cow. I am convinced this is the Eland of natural history. There are also elephants, lions, and giraffes. The elephant is half *halal* (permitted food), half *haram* (forbidden food), the fore toes *halal*. He has eaten the flesh. He described the giraffe as a tall camel with two small horns. The Falata, he said, hunt all these — and the gazelle with hawks. They ride *koheyl*s after the ostrich and the *lant*. All this is most interesting. There are also wild asses.

"All this time we were following the caravan road, and at about eleven we sighted bushes — this time real bushes — and I galloped on some three or four miles to the dry edge of the Lake of Síttarah. It lay exactly as Suliman had said, under the pyramidal hill. This eastern

end of the lake (which is a salt lake and quite undrinkable) is clearly a paradise of wild beasts. The tracks of the ariel gazelle were like those of a flock of sheep, and of the hares, like those of rabbits at Newbuildings in the snow, round every bush. And there were jackal tracks, and the track of a wolf and of a wild boar quite fresh. I was surprised to find the jackal tracks, as I had never seen them before far from inhabited places. But their being here was later explained by the dates, which they doubtless feed on. Of bushes I found *ghurkhud* and *aghur*, the latter always a sign of former cultivation, tamarisks on a mound or two, and a single palm bush. I should have liked to encamp here on the chance of seeing an ariel; but it was necessary to find the water first. Osman could not recollect where the spring was, except that it was under palms, and about two miles farther on palms were visible. So I once more cantered on. The first palms stood in a swamp near the lake, just opposite the pyramidal hill, with blue water beyond them for quite a mile. The swamp, too, was a main home of the wild beasts, but as yet I saw no birds. I was driven out of it by the midges and mosquitoes, which assailed me in battalions from the reeds, and I was glad to get back to the desert and wait there for the camels. When they arrived we all dispersed in search of the spring, which Osman could not find, examining palm clump after palm clump. At the western edge of the lake there is no marsh, and the *nefuds* come down to the water's edge with only a fringe of reeds and tufts of palms, which we found covered with good fruit. Of these we plucked and ate. The first hopeful sign of water was when with a rush and a scream out of a palm clump flew a blackbird, a real English blackbird. I had never seen one in the desert, or in Egypt, except in my own garden of Sheykh Obeyd. This was a proof there must be good water, and soon after Suliman discovered good water by digging in the sand to his elbow at a place which seemed frequented, and Osman found more under the very last palm of the Oasis westwards. The springs had been choked with sand drift, but were easily dug out.

"Minshawi, meanwhile, had got another supply from the shore of the lake. The lake itself is salt, like all desert lakes, but by digging a few yards away from the edge, drinkable, though brackish, water can be had; and of this Yemama drank her fill. She was very thirsty, as yesterday she had been on half rations. We all felt very happy, and agreed to spend two nights and enjoy the water. There is all here a man with a few she-camels can require to live on, good pasture, good water, and good dates. The lake is covered with flamingos, and I saw a heron and heard wild geese. I think I saw pelicans. I also saw one *chrysippus* butterfly, but no land bird except the one blackbird. It would be a paradise for a hermit, but for the gnats. These came out in swarms at sunset, and drove me out of camp, and a mile away into the

nefud, where I spent the night alone with Suliman and our two ***nagas.*** Of all the hermitages I have yet found this is the best. It is ***never*** visited by man. There are no Arabs anywhere within a hundred miles, and it is very beautiful — a winter hermitage, I mean, for in summer it must be a furnace. It is hot even now.

"*23rd Feb.*— After a delightful night I walked at sunrise to the top of the highest ***nefud,*** from which the whole lake can be seen. It is very interesting. Clearly the Oasis has been inhabited, but has been overwhelmed by the ***nefuds*** advancing on it from the south and west. The lake may be seven miles long, and is very beautiful. The northern shore is bounded by low cliffs, the ancient limit doubtless of the lake, which is shrinking, and will some day be a mere chaos of ***nefud,*** as so many others are. It was somewhere in this desert, they say, that Cambyses disappeared with his army. I can well believe it, for we were within a little of such a misfortune two days ago. If the weather had been less clear and cool I could not have seen the valley, and with a sand wind we might easily have perished. Now all seems easy and delightful. In the afternoon I went out for a ride, intending to visit the pyramidal hill, but got into a quicksand, crossing over a half dry arm of the lake, out of which I had some difficulty in dragging my mare. The blackbird I saw again at the same place, and a kestrel. It is so hot to-day that I had the tent pitched for a shade — the first time we have used it, as I sleep under my carpet shelter. The barometer shows the lake to be 120 feet below sea level.

"*24th Feb.*— Started at sunrise, believing our difficulties to be now over, but we took a wrong track, which led us south-west instead of farther north, towards some distant palms we had sighted an hour after leaving. This took us to what I believe to be the oasis of Bahreyn — at least such an Oasis is marked on my map. [N.B. A very excellent German map.] This Oasis is very like Sittarah, though with two lakes instead of one — whence its name. Osman pronounced this to be Araj, and said we were now close to Zeytoun and Siwah, which I knew could not be the case, and was sure when we came to the second lake it could only be Bahreyn. The road, too, westwards, we found blocked by a great ***sebkha*** (a dry salt marsh), and we were obliged to turn north and travel several hours to recover the right road. Fortunately we fell in soon with the track of a donkey, and two men who had been to the oasis, we think, to gather dates, a track of about ten days old, which we followed. The barometer at Bahreyn showed exactly 0° above the sea. The donkey track led us to a ***nukbeh,*** where we fell in with a well-marked road bearing north-west by north over a plateau of limestone hillocks, each about ten feet high, like the crested waves of the British Channel in rough weather, with the space between them sand. The road was carefully marked with ***rijms*** (cairns), and easy

to follow, and I cantered gaily on to find a camping place, where we now snugly are, screened from the north-east wind. It is fortunate we found the donkey track, or we might not have hit off the road. Yemama is now in excellent condition, and ate up her two *melwas* of corn during the night. The camels were all watered before starting. At Bahreyn to-day I saw a kite and a raven.

"I find Beseys is very unwilling now to go to Jerabub, being afraid, I think, of displeasing the Akhwan. We have agreed to find out at Zeytoun or Siwah whether Abu Seyf is at Jerabub or not, and to pass by without alighting if he should be absent.

"*25th Feb.*— To-day we are in a worse plight than ever. We started very early, taking up our path of yesterday, which brought us in a couple of hours to the end of the limestone plain, and to my great delight to the edge of a new and very deep oasis which I knew must be the Araj we were looking for. Araj has no lake, only a little standing water and a tamarisk marsh. But a vast number of palms are scattered over a wide basin with many isolated clumps, very beautiful, in the sand. It was no case here of the *nefud* having destroyed the villages, as in the other oases, but of abandonment, one cannot say why. There are palms enough left to support many villages. The cliffs here are on the south and west sides, the sand slopes on the north and east. Still on the track of the donkey and the two men we chevied along the edge of the jungle north westwards, the ground covered with the tracks of gazelles, hares, and jackals. Of birds I saw only three, mourning chats, black with white beaks and rumps — nothing else alive. The depth of the oasis puzzled my barometer. It must be about 150 feet below the sea. From the bottom the track led up by some clumps of palms, where I am sure there must be water underground, across deep *nefuds* to the opposite *nukbe* marked by some wonderful rocks — one quite square, white as marble, and with curious architectural markings, another like a tall chessman, both 100 feet high at least, their tops level with the plain above, a splendid hermitage where one might find shade and shelter at all hours and in every weather. They are geologically of limestone, with layers of shells, their tops black, like lava. One layer of the chessman, one of those round white flakes, Suliman calls *dirahem* (money). This place was the wildest, the most romantic, the most supernatural in its natural structure I have ever seen, an abode of all the *jan*.

"I cantered up the sand slope to the top of the pass, elated at having found Araj corresponding so well with my map, and being in front forgot to give orders for water to be looked for, and the girbehs filled. Hence our present trouble. For on gaining the upper plain, instead of the well-marked track we had expected, we found nothing but a wind-swept plateau of *nefud* interspersed with mounds of stone, where the

donkey track speedily disappeared or was lost, nor could we ever again find it. We were left now to our sole wits and the mercy of God, for the wind was blowing hard from the north-east and was drifting the sand hopelessly. Suliman, now in command, recommended descending towards some hills to the north-west, and this brought us to a new formation of limestone ground, arranged in flat masses with sharp edges, the most abominable imaginable interspersed with sand. Across this we floundered with our camels for several hours, when Suliman, having climbed to the top of a low tell, announced that he had seen a valley with palms, and it was resolved, much against old Osman's wish, that we should cross the whole valley on the chance of striking a track near the hills. The trend of the valley was westwards, and if it was the beginning of the Siwah valley, Suliman argued, it must have a road passing up it. So Suliman and I went scouting with the tall buttresses of a crag to west-north-west for our object. Now we have almost reached these, but have found no sign of road or life — only a poor wagtail lost in the strong wind. We have camped for the night, feeling ourselves to be out of all reckoning (for this according to the map should have been the Siwah valley, yet it is absolutely without trace of human passage, old or new). We are camped in a hollow near two *seyyal* trees, ill screened from the wind, and in very miserable plight.

"*26th Feb.*— I spent a restless, uncomfortable night, disturbed at finding that of our five water skins three were already empty, and reproaching myself with having let the men pass Araj without replenishing. I felt myself responsible, too, from having taken the direction of our route out of Osman's hands. Old Beseys and the rest, except my own Bedouins, were clearly of opinion that I was wrong. The wind, too, raged furiously, and kept me waking, and in the darkness I imagined all kinds of disaster, more especially when I found the stars overhead obscured with drifting sand. I said prayers to all my saints and repented of my sins, and so I think did all the party. Once in the night the sky cleared and I got a sight of the Pole Star and made a line on the ground with my camel stick as a guide in the morning, for my pocket compass is out of order and cannot be relied on. There were even moments when I thought gloomily of ordering a retreat to Araj.

"In the morning, however, more courageous counsels prevailed, and we took our due course west towards the *khusm* (the headland) determined to go straight forward and solve the question of this being the Siwah valley or no. Nor were we long in suspense. We had hardly gone a mile when, riding in front, I came upon a little single path leading to some *seyyal* trees which had been pollarded by Bedouins, a sign of human neighbourhood, and presently, to my delight, to the old caravan road, reappearing plain and unmistakable. It relieved us from all anxiety, and following it we found ourselves by mid-day at the first

bushes of the Siwah oasis." [N.B. It is well here to note, as a general rule of travelling in the desert without guides that, when looking for a lost camel track or road, there is more chance of finding it at the point of a headland in the wady than elsewhere, for the reason that it is there that the shortest cut would be made in rounding a trend of the hills. This justified Suliman in making for the *khusm* yesterday.] "Soon afterwards we came to *sebkhas,* where there were tracks of many pasturing camels, and then within sight of the oasis of Zeytoun and the Senussi Zaghwiyeh standing on high ground a mile or more from its palm trees. As it was near sunset we resolved to rest here and have made a pleasant camp under some *ghurkhud* bushes. *El hamdul Illah.*

"*27th Feb.*— In half an hour from leaving camp we came to the Zaghwiyeh, and Yemama started at the sight of strange human beings, the first she had seen since leaving El Wah, who came out to receive us. These were servants and slaves of the monastery, and we were shown by them the well where we watered mare and camels — a small well just outside the buildings. These were not different from an ordinary small village, a score of low square houses with a mosque attached. The servants may have been half-a-dozen or more, an unhandsome set of men, especially those of the Siwah type, which is one of the ugliest in the world, yellow skinned, brown haired, snub nosed, hare-lipped and light eyed (such one imagines the Huns to have been). In marked contrast to them was the 'brother,' who came out presently to entertain us, an Arab of the Western type, not unlike my friend Abdallah Mijower, with a singularly pleasant smile. One could imagine him having great influence with the people. He had a look of goodness which could not be mistaken. His name, he told us, was Sidi Hamid of the Mujábara tribe of Aujla. He has with him only one fellow brother, a Siwan, inferior to him in every way. He gave us all the news of the brotherhood, how that, after Sidi Sherif's death, Sidi Abu Seyf had also died, leaving Sidi el Médani head of the community at Jerabúb. He said we should have no difficulty in our journey to Benghazi. It was four easy days to Jerabúb, and from thence we could go straight to Bir Menús in nine days, with one water on the sixth day. He would like to go with us himself. He was very kind to me, and though he did not eat with us, it being Ramadan, he gave me some good *gazali* dates and some pomegranates, and milk and dates to the servants, who were not fasting. Then he called his fellow brother Mohammed, and they recited a *fatha* for our safe journey, all standing together outside the monastery, and we went much pleased on our way.

"Old Beseys tells me it is their practice to entertain all comers for two nights with milk and dates — otherwise to occupy themselves only with prayer and the superintending of the palm cultivation. (Cardinal

Lavigerie's White Fathers imitated in this their way of life.) One might do worse in the world than be a Senussi brother. Every difficulty seems now to be in the way of solution. Beseys is confident of accomplishing our journey by Jerabúb to Benghazi.

"Thus we travelled till four o'clock, when we reached the first isolated garden outside Siwah, where Beseys found a friend, who invited us to stay with him, and we should have done well to accept, and presently we encamped for the night just outside the Eastern town, of the two of which Siwah is composed, half a mile away south of it in the sand among some groups of palms.

"*28th Feb.*— A day of disaster. Last night after dark, Mohammed Saïd, Omdeh of the Eastern town, came out to see us; a fat, well-dressed, dark-faced man whom Suliman pronounced to be 'a splendid prince.' We had bought a lamb (for Sheykh Obeyd), and Suliman cooked it for us, and Mohammed Saïd ate of it largely with a friend and he had just got up to say good-night and go, having promised us a guide and all we wanted for next day, when we saw lights coming, and a number of persons, horse and foot, and the word passed that it was the *hákim* (government representative), a *maoun* (police officer), the chief man being away at Skanderia. He was polite and amiable, a slender man with no palate to his mouth, speaking almost in a whisper, and with him a number of Siwans who, as I understand now, were Sheykhs of the Western town. These all sat down, and I, too, was obliged to stay out their visit while coffee was being made. Old Beseys, as his way is, made most of the conversation, and he began very imprudently to tell them we intended going to Benghazi. The sheykhs, upon this, became curious and inquisitive. Old Beseys strung tales of my being from Nejd, and I was obliged to join in to the extent of saying that I was from beyond Sham (Damascus), between Sham and Bagdad, and my name Sakr. They were curious to know my business, but I answered vaguely, also as to our road. I did not for a moment suppose there was anything hostile in their intention, and they drank their coffee and said good night amiably enough, the only disagreeable incident being that during the night a thief came to my tent and stole away my carpet shelter, which I had used to seat my visitors upon outside. It had been carelessly put back at the door of the tent, and the night was one for thieves, being without a moon. I was awoke out of my sleep by Suliman's shout, who had seen the thief stealing away between the palms, but too late to stop him with his prize. I was put out at this and all the more resolved to move away early — Mohammed Saïd had suggested it — to another place 'near his castle.' This castle was barely half a mile away (to the west), a country house built upon a rock, and we accordingly moved camp by daylight and pitched the tent a hundred yards from the house on open ground.

"I had just settled that the servants were to go to town to buy what we wanted when Suliman came to my tent to tell me of an armed party approaching from the town towards us, and that we ought to get our guns ready. I loaded my gun, and then looked through my glass, and saw in fact a little army, some 200 men, on horse and on foot (and with camels), advancing from the Western town, which, though evidently armed, I could not believe had any intention hostile to ourselves. The servants were for flight with the camels, and old Beseys and Salem and the younger Arabs disappeared. Only Suliman and the good old slave Osman stayed with me, and, seeing it was absurd to think of defence, I told them to put up their weapons, and sat down again in my tent waiting the event. Presently the Siwans arrived, and I heard them call out 'Salaam aleykum,' and 'amán,' and supposed it to be all right. But half a minute after I found myself surrounded by a number of men, mostly Soudanis, who were pulling the tent over my ears. On seeing me sitting there, they rushed forward and caught hold of me by the wrists and pulled me to my feet. I expostulated with them, and they became more violent, and though I made no defence except in words one of them struck me a blow on the side of the neck and others began to try and pull my clothes off me, others pointed guns and pistols at me, and there was a vast hubbub and confusion, one dragging me one way and another another. I received several blows on the head and one from some weapon on the cheek. All I could make out of their cries (for there was an immense uproar and they were shouting the most part in a language — Berberi — I did not understand), was something about Sidi-el-Mahdi.

"There were half-a-dozen sheykhs on horseback, with an old white-bearded man brandishing a drawn sword, others with blunderbusses and every kind of impossible weapon. I recognized in them several of those who had drunk coffee with us the night before. My captors hustled me towards the town, tearing me nearly in pieces in their desire to get my pistol from my belt, which at last they tore away. The sheykhs on horseback were evidently in direction of the whole affair. I had lost sight of Suliman and the slave Osman, but I heard afterwards that they, too, were considerably knocked about. I received a rather nasty blow on the nape of the neck and another with some weapon on my cheek bone, but neither very serious, and, not being really hurt, I managed to keep my temper. The sheykhs made no effort to protect me in any way; but, when they had got my pistol, my assailants left me more or less alone, as there was a general rush to pillage the baggage. Fortunately the leather bags with spring locks were a puzzle to them, and they could not tear them open. But I had no leisure to attend to this, and my captors marched me off towards the town, every now and then having a drag at my cloak or my *hezam*

(girdle); 'el dirahem, el dirahem!' ('the drachmas, the money!') they shouted; 'you have a thousand? you have two thousand?'

"At last a man, with a better face than most, came up to me, and I made myself his *dahil* (according to the Arab formula, '*ana dahilak*,' by seizing his cloak, an act of surrender), and he took me to join a second body which had been waiting behind the first, and some of these threw their cloaks over my head to protect me from further blows. It was a rabble rout as ever was seen, and they marched me to the town, where the women were all shrilling their triumph (*ulu-lu-lu-lu*) from every housetop. I did not know in the least what it was about or what they intended, but they seemed all very angry, and at times I thought they meant to kill me. But, strangely enough, I was not at all frightened, and felt interested in it all almost as a spectator." [The truth is it was a very lovely morning, the air sparkling and clear, and the whole thing, with its almost mediæval and quite barbaric costuming and staging, was more like a pageant than a reality, so that it seemed difficult to realize that it was quite in earnest; nor had I time to think much or consider what it meant.]

"Arrived inside the town, I was marched to an open space where there were two erections not unlike gallows, and for a moment I thought that I was perhaps to be hanged. All I could imagine in explanation of the affair was that some revolution had broken out in which I was accidentally involved. But we did not stop at the gallows, and presently I was bidden inside a house and up a stair which led to a nice open room with *mastabahs* (seats) and a pleasant outlook to the north. This proved to be the *mejliss* (council chamber) of the Sheykhs of the Gharbieh (western town), and there we sat down. I took the best place, and called for water, which was brought; and a great talk began among the Sheykhs, who were now by way of protecting me. Having drunk and recovered my breath, I asked them the reason of all their wrath, and of the attack made on me, but could get no intelligible answer except that the Maown was coming. I explained that I was a person well known at Cairo and a friend of Effendina's (the Khedive's). But they said they knew nothing of Effendina — they had a government of their own, and that I should go to the diwan (government house). Soon after the Maown arrived. He had made me the kindly offer of his services last night, and I now whispered to him that I was an Englishman. This made him still more courteous, and I think, poor man, he did all he could to set things right, with considerable tact, too. And, as things went on better, I whispered the same intelligence also to one of the sheykhs who sat next me, and with the same good effect. There was now a great hurry to restore the plunder, and most of the things taken were by degrees brought in, the chief losses being two of my three guns, and my good Persian sword (the sword Moham-

med Ibn Aruk of Tadmor had given me), also my little store of gold — £29 had been abstracted from my small red bag, which must have been done by the sheykhs themselves, for the silver had been left, and certainly the common plunderers would have left nothing. And so, little by little, matters cleared. The Maown brought water, and himself washed my cheeks from the blood, and a *katib* (scribe) having arrived, I dictated a statement of the case, though I don't think it was signed by any one.

"After this, my servants one by one appeared all with tales of the losses, and Suliman and Osman of their bruises — and we were escorted by the Maown to the diwan, which is the general Government House of Siwah. Here we now are, in not uncomfortable quarters upstairs, with several mud-built rooms and a nice roof top. The camels are below in a great yard; and after all the trouble nothing serious has really happened. Only it is clear our onward journey is stopped. Our money and our arms are gone, and there is a general demoralization among the servants. Salem is thoroughly frightened and has given warning, and the others all declare for an immediate return by Alexandria. So here my expedition ends. The timid Beseys, it turns out, ran away to his friend Mohammed Saïd at the first news of the approaching army, and came late, on the Maown's summons, to the *mejliss,* where the Sheykhs set upon him, excusing themselves for the attack by laying it on Beseys' assurance to them that I was this that and the other; and, indeed, I think it has been mainly his fault. It was quite unnecessary for him to talk about my going to Benghazi to anybody but Mohammed Saïd; and I am not sure he had not talked also about the road to Jerabūb. Still we must be thankful for small mercies, and it has all been in the way of the adventure I was seeking. None of us is hurt, and for the small losses I shall make the Egyptian Government responsible. They should either give up holding Siwah or keep order here. As it is, the Maown, poor man, is powerless. He told me his sorrows to-night. He has been twelve years here, on £7 a month, and has but six men under him for the preservation of the peace, four of whom are disabled by fever, and he himself suffers from it. His second in command is dying of consumption, and spits blood continually. His superior, the Mamur, at £25 a month, has just been recalled, and I think he cannot read or write. His *bashkatib,* chief secretary, is down with fever, and the second, too, is sick.

"*1st March.*— Things look pleasanter this morning. It is arranged that we are to leave to-morrow with a messenger the Maown is sending to Alexandria with the news of our adventure. We shall take the northern road by Akabah and the sea coast. Last night was a noisy one, of chaunting and processions, as Ramadan is ending. [N.B. The diwan overlooked the great square of the mosque, which was crowded

all night with a multitude of devotees, and a wild concourse of Oulad Ali Bedouins who had come in to Siwah from the north and west to buy dates and attend the coming festival. The Oulad Ali are all more or less adherents of the Senussia, and what may truly be called 'fanaticism,' was rampant among them. It was a curious and impressive sight, and cannot have been very different from the condition of things at Omdurman and el Obeyd in the time of the Mahdi. At midnight and again at the hour of the morning prayer a gong was sounded, apparently by the blows repeated singly of an iron hammer, with the effect of a series of sharp reports like those of a rifle, sharp and penetrating, followed by the call to prayer splendidly chaunted by the *mueddhin*, and then a general chaunting maintained for an hour or more, wild and menacing as anything to be heard in the world.] The best explanation of the attack made on me is Ramadan. The Siwans are mad with it. Beseys tells me the Akhwan took part in yesterday's affair. It is quite likely. Others say it is on account of our having gone on arrival to Mohammed Saïd, who is at the head of the opposite faction, that of the Eastern town. But I think plunder had not a little to do with it, and the recklessness which Ramadan brings. Certainly the whole of the Gharbieh town was concerned in the attack. I regret it as upsetting my plans for the Jebel Akhdar, but it cannot be helped. It may serve as a useful instruction as to this western Islam of which I had hoped something. If the condition of Siwah is all the fruit the Senussia has to show, the tree can be but little worth.

"*2nd March.*— The day has passed in going to and fro on the part of the Maown to arrange matters for our start to-morrow. They have imposed two *khabirs* (guides) on us, one from each village, for whom I am to pay £4 each. This will leave me with only fifteen reals and a piastre, all counted. The Sheykh of the Gharbieh, who is chief guarantor in the transaction, is the same who led the attack on us yesterday. There is little doubt that the prime movers in the affair were the Akhwan. Some say that Mohammed, the Siwahi brother who recited the prayer with us at Zeytoun, followed us on his white donkey, and that he was the cause of the night visit paid us, and the questions asked of us as to our projected journey. The Sheykh of the Western town led the *ghazu*, but the men who first attacked me were, I am sure, slaves of the Akhwan. I remember among their cries when they struck me with the gun, '*ya kelb, la te fut and Sidi el Mahdi.*' Indeed it was all done in the name of Sidi el Mahdi. Now old Beseys says he recognized one of the Akhwan as leader in the attack.

"Of the Sheykhs there were three prominent leaders, Othman Habbun, the old man with the naked sword (this I believe to have been Hassuna), and the young dark man with the prominent eyes, who afterwards sat next me at the *mejliss*, Mohammed Kuli. All these three

were on horseback. I am certain, too, that the gold stolen from the red bag was taken, not in the general plunder, but afterwards — this because the bag, though not locked, was shut with a spring, and if the plunderers had got it open they would not have left the silver or the pistol, both of which were inside. I suspect it was Othman took it. Beseys says that the arms are in his hands and in those of the Akhwan. The name of the man who first protected me is Abu Bekr Mohammed Daoud, and another was Mohammed Mansur, Hassan Mansur's brother, on whom they now lay all the blame. Mohammed Kuli was among the advanced riders. I consider Abdallah Homeydeh among the most responsible of the second division. The three commanders of the advanced party are then — Othman Habbun, the worst, Hassuna, and Mohammed Kuli. It was Mohammed Kuli, I think, who pointed the pistol at my head. They lay all the blame on Hassuna now, who they say is *asi* (in rebellion) against the Government, and has possession of my sword and guns.

"Othman has been to see me and has brought back the money, or rather its equivalent of ten sovereigns and twenty-five *bintos*. The Sheykhs of the Gharbieh have all been with me, talking, and are now polite enough and anxious their quarrel with me should be settled; and I have used a little *siasa* with them, acquiescing in their view of Hassuna's sole guilt. They have asked me to get him removed by the Government as a mischief maker. It was Abdallah Homeydeh who made the remark in the *mejliss* 'We know nothing of Effendina. We have a government of our own.'" [N.B. I am sorry not to have noted more in my journal of these Sheykhs' conversation, for much of it was interesting as connected with the affairs of the Senussia. I found Othman Habbun by far the most able man among them, a strong, capable rogue. The rest were very poor creatures, some of them of the most degraded physical type I have ever come across, and apparently without those sentiments of honour most Arabs pretend to even if they are without them. The Siwahi are, however, no real Arabs, but men of very mixed origin with much negro blood, and apparently some northern blood too, for there were individuals with yellow faces, pale eyes, and tow-coloured hair. They are probably descended from the criminals formerly sent here in Roman and later times, for Siwah was a convict settlement.]

"3.30.— I have had a last talk with Huseyn Effendi, the Maown, and have learned several things from him. Othman Habbun is no other, he tells me, than the Wakil of the Akhwan at Siwah. This explains the whole affair, and it is on him and the Akhwan that the whole responsibility of the attack rests. He is now anxious not to compromise the Senussia with the Government, and represents Hassuna as the dangerous man, making him scapegoat in his place. Hassuna is Sidi el Mahdi's

at Lebbakh. We chose the northern way. We are camped at the first palms of a new oasis.

"*7th March.*— All day till three skirting a great *sebkha* with cliff to our left, and camped at a spring. Found a dead pratincole and saw two falcons. Barometer shows 165 below sea level. The name of our camp, Gatara. Water pretty good, an open spring with a run of water from under palms. Chats with white heads and tails, as at Siwah. A yellow wagtail with black head. Twenty-five miles.

"*8th March.*— Rounded the point of Gatara and on to El Haj, six hours. El Haj, an open spring in a sandy ravine, water salt. At 2.50 crossed a bay of the *sebkha*, and camped at a *hattieh* — perhaps twenty-eight miles. Saw a gazelle on the *sebkha*, and flushed a quail. We are camped 1½ miles east of the pyramidal peak of El Tartur. Good *guttáf* pasture for the camels.

"*9th March.*— Took water from an open pit under Abu Tartur. It might be easily passed unnoticed, being marked only by some burnt palms. A great bird of prey, brown, grey, and black (?), and some pippits. All day coasting the *sebkha*, with lines of hill still in front. Eleven hours' march, thirty miles. We have now travelled, according to my calculation, 198 miles from Siwah in seven days.

"*10th March.*— To Lebbakh well, eleven hours, say thirty miles, good *nossi* and *sgaa* pasture. The well is about three-quarters of a mile south of the headland, the last of the range eastwards. It is marked by a low *tel*. I am tired, and Yemama is tired. The *sebkha* ends here.

"Later. I was premature about the well. After three hours' absence Kheydr and Eid have returned, having failed to find it. So we are without water. I have given what remained in my *girbeh* to the general stock. Yemama had a *jerdel*, and there is now absolutely no drop in camp, except one quart bottle I keep always in reserve. Kheydr promises water to-morrow at noon at Maghara, 'sweet as the Nile.' We are now, I calculate, 160 miles from the Nile valley.

"*11th March.*— A long forced march of thirty miles. I did not ride Yemama, as she is suffering from thirst, and is looking thin and tucked up. They found the well this morning, but it was salt, and the mare would not drink. To-day we passed through herds of wandering camels. There is pasture, *erta*, *nossi*, *adr*. At half-past two crossed a party of Oulad Ali, who told us we were going wrong, and took us to Maghara water — most fortunate. Maghara is a small oasis three miles south-west of the first *step* of the hill.

"*12th March.*— The Bedouin who showed us the water, Abu Bekr, lives in the neighbourhood. Every ten days he visits Maghara, and fetches ten *girbehs* of water on donkeys for his household, a bright, good Bedouin, who was really unwilling to take the present I offered

him. I said, 'For the water.' He answered, 'It was not worth it.' (If we had not chanced to meet him it would have fared ill with us.) From this point I took command, as Kheydr had no clear idea of the direction. Abu Bekr had told us, 'go towards that star,' pointing to one rising in the east. I made my course a point north of west, and made a nine hours' march, perhaps twenty-three miles, letting the camels feed, and am camped in a good wady, with *erta* and *eshub*. Yemama eats the *erta*, and several kinds of *eshub*, besides the *nossi*. We have our six *girbehs* full, to last us till the Nile or the Wady Natron.

"13th *March*.— Another nine hours' march due east. I insisted upon this, as they wanted, all of them but Suliman, to go south-east, which I knew must be wrong. So across country we went, taking careful bearings at every height to keep our line true. It was all open ground. Some camel herders we passed told us the Wady (Natron) was in front of us, thus confirming my judgment. At 2.45 we camped in a bit of pasture, whence we disturbed gazelles. These are now once more of the smaller Eastern kind. (They are larger in the west). Came on a vulture on a dead camel. Saw cranes passing northwards overhead. Three days more should see us now at home. Twenty-seven miles' march.

"14*th March*— Held doggedly on my course due east, passing much petrified wood. There is a general discontent at my persisting in my own direction over hill and dale, all good going on gravel. At noon we crossed a well-marked caravan road, bearing north-east, but I held on by compass, and presently we got glimpses of a yellow wady about three miles off I knew must be Natron, and at four found ourselves within two miles of the westernmost convent straight in front of us (a good bit of navigation). Here we are camped. Some thirty miles to-day.

"15*th March*.— This morning our party broke up, Beseys and Minshawi making a line for their home in the Fayoum, our two khabirs also leaving us to visit friends in the Rif, and we down the Natron Valley, passing four convents on our way to Sheykh Ahmed and Fum el Bahr. We camped in the plain between Natron and the Rif. Twenty-eight miles.

"16*th March*.— This morning we saw a strange sight. The moon was setting, and we saw three moons, and the sun was rising, and we saw two suns. At noon we reached the Nile Valley and rested awhile, feasting our eyes on the greenness and the water near Sheykh Ahmed. Then on, and camped at Fum el Bahr. Thirty miles.

"17*th March*.— Reached Sheykh Obeyd on St. Patrick's day, at 11.15, a weary crew, having travelled 413 miles in fourteen and a half days, the fortieth day from our leaving it. *El Hamdul Illah*!

"24*th March*.— Sheykh Obeyd. I returned from my Siwah journey

on the 17th at a quarter past eleven, meeting Anne accidentally on her way through the palm grove from the station. I could hardly speak for tears of joy. I had been away the forty days, during which she was to expect no news of me, and this was the forty-first, and during the whole of that time I had not spoken a word of any language but Arabic, till I had come even to think in Arabic, and I was weak and worn out, and famished in mind and body. Our last run from Siwah, 413 miles, had been accomplished in fourteen days and a half.

"Since then I have been resting, except that on the 20th I went into Cairo and lunched with Gorst, and at his suggestion drew up a memorandum in writing for him of the circumstances of my journey. There have been two political events during my absence, the war in Crete and Rodd's mission to Abyssinia. I hardly know what to say yet on either case. Personally I have come back from my journey with my mind cleared on one point important to my life. It is as to religion. My experience of the Senussia at Siwah has convinced me that there is *no* hope anywhere to be found in Islam. I had made myself a romance about these reformers, but I see that it has no substantial basis, and I shall never go farther now than I am in the Mohammedan direction. The less religion in the world, perhaps, after all, the better."

CHAPTER XIII

OMDURMAN AND FASHODA

From this point my more violent activities in life may be said to have ended. My health had suffered seriously from the extreme hardships of my journeys, hardships which hitherto I had borne with easily, but which now at my age of fifty-six had taken their revenge on me. The next two years were for this reason an unhappy period of my life, and this, though I do not often make mention in it of my sufferings, is reflected in my diary.

We left Sheykh Obeyd on the 19th April. Four days before, on 15th April, I had gone to wish the Khedive good-bye. He received me pleasantly, as always, with pretty speeches about my friendship for him, and the good report of me he heard from everyone. He asked about my journey to Siwah and the attack made on me. I made rather light of it with him as a *ghazu* (an accident of travel), but he said he had heard it was the doing of the Senussia. About the state of affairs between Greece and Turkey he said things could not be going worse. The Sultan was ruining the Empire, the end could not be far distant. "But where can we look," he asked, "for another chief? In Arabia there is only your friend Ibn Rashid, and he is little more than a Bedouin." With Sheykh Mohammed Abdu too I had a farewell talk.

"*17th April.*—Abdu brought me news that war was declared between Greece and Turkey. We agreed that it was better things had come to actual war. Personally I think that it would be no loss for the Ottoman Empire if the Greeks should be able to hold their own in Macedonia, though I do not expect it, for a defeat of the Turkish army would bring about a revolution at Constantinople, and even a European war would do no harm. 'When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own.' The Ottoman Empire cannot be made to last in Europe, and as soon as the remnant of the provinces there are lost the better it will be. I expect, however, to see the Turks advance on Athens, when the Powers would doubtless intervene to stop the fighting, which they could do by pressure at Constantinople. Then there may be a second chance for the establishment of a better order of things on the Bosphorous, for it would be too great a scandal to allow the Sultan and his palace clique to go on for another twenty years on

a new lease of absolute power; possibly the victorious general might become the leader of a constitutional change in Turkey, but we shall see."

"*1st May.*— Back in England, where we arrived at the end of the month. The Greeks have been smashed badly by Edhem Pasha in Thessaly; they seem to have run away rather than fought, which would be more creditable to them if they had not been the aggressors in the quarrel. I am sorry, on the whole, as the Turkish victory is strengthening the Sultan's hand at Constantinople, and will put back the clock of reform. There is little chance, I fear, of Edhem's coming forward as a revolutionist, but I am nearly dead to politics as, indeed, to all else but the horses and the sunshine.

"*8th May.*— The Greeks are again beaten and in retreat, and the Turkish army will now advance on Athens and dictate its terms of peace. The Sultan is entirely rehabilitated in public opinion, for the world adores military success, and he will probably now go on in triumph till he dies.

"*18th May.*— Newbuildings. On the 13th George Wyndham came to spend the day with me and stopped the night. He was full of his journey to South Africa and of his South African Commission, where he has played the part of advocate for Rhodes and his gang, and is still playing it. With this I am of course in little sympathy, but George and I know how to differ without quarrelling. He told me much of the inner working of the great intrigue and promised more some day. We also talked about the Henley edition of my poems, and about his own 'New Review.'

"*3rd June.*— George was here yesterday. The South African Committee is virtually, not virtuously, over, and no one in his senses can doubt that Chamberlain was privy to the raid, not indeed at the last moment but in its initial stages. I asked George whether it was not so. 'Chamberlain has denied it,' he answered diplomatically.

"*15th June.*— Drove to Bramber and dined with Button in his newly purchased old house there, St. Mary's, which he has furnished with bric-à-brac, and had the little meadow behind it laid out in miniature avenues. We talked of old political times. He tells me that at the time Wolseley started for Egypt in 1882, the Rothschilds had the *whole* of their working capital in Egyptian securities, and were in such a fright about the Domains lest Arabi should flood the country and destroy the property pledged to them, that they got Wolseley to hurry on the campaign at all costs to prevent his cutting the canals. Button had this from Wolseley himself at the time, and it agrees with what he (Button) told me then.

"*17th June.*— Hyndman came to breakfast with me in Mount Street, and we discussed the state of Europe, Africa and Asia. He knows

a great deal and told me many curious things, among others the genesis of the English connection with the Suez canal. He assures me that it was not Beaconsfield's idea, but Greenwood's, who was at that time Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and on whose staff Hyndman was. Greenwood conceived the plan of the Government buying the shares, and after consulting with his colleagues on the paper went to Lord Derby to suggest it. Derby approved and sent him on to Beaconsfield, who at first was much disinclined, but eventually agreed, giving the job to the Rothschilds, a quite unnecessary waste of commission as the shares could have been bought with Treasury Bonds in the ordinary way. He told me much, too, of his dealings with Lord Salisbury at election times, and about French and German socialism. He stayed two hours with me.

"*20th June* (*Jubilee Sunday*).— The streets decked out with scaffolding and red cloth. London architecture lends itself to these disguisements, as there is nothing to lose by being hidden.

"*21st June.*— Alfred Austin's 'Jubilee Ode' is published in the 'Times,' and as good as a thing of the kind can be, and I have written to tell him so. When he was first made Laureate I did not write, because I really could not have said anything about his poetry that would have pleased him, but to-day I am able to do so with a good conscience. We are old acquaintances of something like forty years' standing, and personally I am pleased at his success.

"*22nd June.*— The Queen's Jubilee Day — the evening and night of which I spent on Chanclebury Down, camped among the thorn bushes near the top of the Ridge, a beautiful but rather hazy evening, quite warm, no moon, little parties of country people out on foot, others in vans, but not enough of them to injure the solitude. At half-past nine rockets began to be fired away at Shoreham, and a light appeared on Leith Hill, then illuminations at Shoreham and Brighton, and precisely at ten bonfires were lit up. I counted ninety-seven of them, and there were probably more, for the clump hid part of the horizon. It was an inspiriting sight, and we tried to make out our own bonfire at Newbuildings, which lies in a straight line between Chanclebury and Leith Hill.

"*26th June.*— The day of the Jubilee Review at Portsmouth. A Jingo apotheosis which contrasts strangely with my recollection of Portsmouth seventeen years ago, when our military and naval glory was at so low an ebb that even I felt humiliated.

"*27th June* (*Sunday*).— I am at Swinford on a visit to Austin. Austin is naïve about his position and dignity as Poet Laureate. He assured me that he had made it a condition in accepting the post that he was not to write Odes to order. I asked him how he had written his Jubilee performance, suggesting that it must have been troublesome

to manage. On the contrary, he told me, he had done it without more effort than just to fix his mind determinedly and reverently on Her Majesty, waiting till the inspiration came, 'and (after a pause) it came.' He showed me a letter from the Queen's private secretary, thanking him for the verses, and saying that Her Majesty thought them very pretty, but when he went to present them at Windsor, she did not ask him to recite them. A letter from Lord Salisbury was in the same sense; however, Austin is so loyal that he even apologized for depreciating Victorian architecture. In the afternoon we all sat talking on the lawn, Lady Paget and Lady Windsor being of the party, and it was suggested that each of us should give his idea of Heaven. Mine was to be laid out to sleep in a garden, with running water near, and so to sleep for a hundred thousand years, then to be woke by a bird singing, and to call out to the person one loved best, 'Are you there?' and for her to answer, 'Yes, are you?' and so turn round and go to sleep again for another hundred thousand years. Austin's idea was to sit also in a garden, and while he sat to receive constant telegrams announcing alternately a British victory by sea, and a British victory by land. He talked to us a good deal about Irving, and told us that Irving had begun life as a boy of all work in the family of a solicitor in Cornwall, where his father and mother were butler and cook. The solicitor put the boy into his law office as a junior clerk, but dismissed him because he paid no attention to business, only to play-acting in office hours.

"*6th July.*— A letter from Joseph Potocki telling the ugly news of the burning of the Countess Branicka's stud and stables; one hundred and thirty horses perished, including two colts they bought from us last year. It is said to be the vengeance of an English groom dismissed for theft. Her daughter Sophie is engaged to marry Prince Strozzi.

"*12th July.*— My new room at Newbuildings which I call the 'Jubilee Room' is finished, and looks already part of the old house. It was built without plan, elevation, or sketch of any kind, Thorpe and I working it out together as we went on." [The Jubilee Room was more than a room, being a separate building with two stories. Thorpe, a plain stone and bricklayer born and bred in the parish, a painstaking, conscientious man working slowly, but with a complete knowledge of his trade and its older traditions. The panelling inside was done by my estate carpenter, Dench.]

"*15th July.*— The South African committee has published a report, certainly the most scandalous ever jobbed. It absolves Chamberlain in these words: 'Neither the Secretary of State for the Colonies nor any of the officials of the Colonial office received any information which made or should have made them or any of them aware of the plot during its development.' It may be noticed that this pronouncement

carefully avoids what undoubtedly happened, namely that Chamberlain's attitude to Rhodes and Beit was practically this: 'Manage the matter your own way, but remember I am to know nothing about it.' Rhodes is condemned publicly in the report, but will be let off all punishment. He will not even be struck off the list of the Queen's Privy Councillors. I hear that the Queen personally assured the Emperor William when the raid happened that none of her Ministers were cognisant of the affair, and this assurance given by the Queen accounts for the strange attitude of Sir William Harcourt and other Radicals on the Committee who have signed the report. The whole of our public life is rotten, and will remain so till we have received a serious defeat in war. The Queen is at the bottom of half the Imperialistic mischief we do abroad. She is pleased at the title of Empress, and likes to enlarge her borders. I should not be at all surprised if she was really in the Jameson affair with her Ministers, indeed this is the best explanation of the extraordinary manœuvres of the Government, and the connivance of the official opposition.

"*24th July.*— Our annual Arab stud sale at Crabbet. Brilliant weather; an immense gathering; 320 persons sat down to lunch; a good many of these, foreigners and colonials; a successful but tiring day.

"*27th July.*— To London and lunched with George, whom I found triumphant over the issue of the debate on South Africa last night. He considers the triumph of the Rhodes group, which is his own triumph, due to superior ability in the Parliamentary management, the skill with which they split the Liberal opposition, the capture of old Harcourt, the forcing of Chamberlain's hand into open support of Rhodes and the bamboozling of the stupid M.P.'s. With regard to Chamberlain, George admires him as the grandest specimen of the courageous, unscrupulous schemer our politics have ever seen. He says that Chamberlain was not an accomplice of the actual armed raid made by Jameson — though he certainly was in the political intrigue — and he (Chamberlain) would not deny it — against the independence of the Transvaal. He described Chamberlain's speech and the menace he (Chamberlain) threw out to Dilke if any one should dare propose the cancelling of Rhodes' position in the Privy Council. Chamberlain did not name Dilke, but his eye, while speaking, travelled along the benches of the Opposition, so that it was clear to all what his meaning was. It was a base threat, and he would certainly have followed it up if the Radicals had dared accept his challenge. George triumphs in all this, but to me it is pitiful to see a young man like him, the heir of all the ages, connecting himself with such a scoundrel crew. The whole Cabinet is now the duumvirate of Balfour and Chamberlain, but I told George he would find one day that Arthur would be

the victim of some base trick in order that the other might reign alone."

In August I made a driving tour through the West of England and South Wales. The day before starting I received a letter from Edward Malet breaking the silence of fifteen years. It was very cordial and expressed regret for our troubled relations in the past. I have answered it in a way which I hope may bring about a renewal of our friendship. The occasion of his letter was the discovery among his mother's papers of a number of MS. poems he thought were mine. In reality they were Lothian's as I can see by the handwriting, and also by internal evidence — poems of dates between 1861 and 1864, the time Schomberg and I were most together and most with Lady Malet. I need not give a full account of this journey. We passed through Petworth and Rogate, where I found Hugh Wyndham, just retired from diplomatic work after his forty years' career. Then by Bishop's Waltham to Salisbury and Stockton, stopping for a couple of hours at Wilton on my way. This time I found Sidney, now Lord Pembroke, at home with his family of boys at cricket, much as I found the former generation thirty years ago. "Wilton is the paradise of England with its three rivers, eternally beautiful and unchanged while its owners change and perish. One passes by and finds Herberts living there, happily idling their lives away, as one finds swallows year after year nesting in a village, and one imagines them to be the same Herberts, as one imagines the others to be the same swallows. At Warminster next day I stopped to bait and dined at the ordinary at the Anchor Inn, it being market day among the farmers with whom I talked agriculture and the price of mutton. But when they found I was not there to buy lambs they lost interest in me. I found to my surprise that of the ten farmers dining with me five drank water only, the rest cider. Our meat was roast ducks carved by a chairman at the head of the table, and at one moment I was half afraid they were going to make speeches." I spent my Sunday, 8th August, at Mells, where I found a company of "Souls," then on to Bristol where I put up for the night at an odd place of entertainment called "The Bath," kept by a Dr. Shaw and his wife, a pretty woman, who had been long in India, and who was the attraction evidently of the guests, mostly retired Anglo-Indians, patients as well as guests, as indicated by the menu cards, which were marked with medicines as well as wines. Bristol is the refuge of such broken-down officials, who live at its cheap lodging-houses. The next day, crossing the Severn Channel by the tunnel to Cardiff and St. Fagan's, where I spent the inside of a week delightfully with the Windsors in their romantic castle, which is such a perfect thing, an old Carolan house set in the *enceinte* of an older castle wall, spoilt by nothing modern, the object of my pilgrimage, and back, still driving through the romantic

country of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Caerphilly, Caerleon, Chepstow, and the Forest of Dean, where I camped close to what is called the Devil's Chapel, and thence by Berkeley Castle, Easton Grey, Broad Hinton, and Savernake, Hurstbourne, Minley, and so home. It had been a journey of 385 miles, made in nineteen days with my four Arab mares, not one of which had tired or been off her feed for a single day, and trotted in gamely, eager to be at home. The journey had done me good. My journal of this tour is extremely interesting, but once more it is impossible to give it a place here, as it would lead me too far along the pleasant byways of social life and away from the prescribed high road of public things.

"*4th Sept.*— For the last three weeks there have been high doings in India on the Afghan frontier, and to-day expeditions on a large scale are announced. This is closely connected with our absurd policy at Constantinople. The position to-day with Russia protecting the Caliphate at Constantinople, France in alliance with Russia and Germany also in the coalition against us, justifies all I wrote and did in Egypt sixteen years ago. Dined at my club and had some talk with Nicholas O'Conor who, heaven help us! is now Her Majesty's ambassador to the Emperor of all the Russias.

"*25th Sept.*— To Saighton, where I find a house full of friends and acquaintance, Dick Grosvenor, Edward Clifford, Gatty, Henry Milner and Lady Clifden, etc., with nothing for a vegetarian to eat [Lady Windsor had persuaded me to become a vegetarian], and I dined off two mushrooms and a raisin; nevertheless a pleasant evening, George laying down the law about Shakespeare, Ronsard, Brantôme, and a number more.

"*27th Sept.*— At Saighton. Played lawn tennis with George. Spent the evening with him, arguing with some heat the eternal question of the right of savage nations to existence. George, who represents the general sense of modern Imperial England, denies them any such right at all. I am sick of their arguments from Darwin and the survival of the fittest.

"*29th Sept.*— Back to London and wrote going up in the train a piece of verse for Gatty's translations, the hymn beginning:

> If this dark valley of distress and tears
> So green appears.

"*1st Oct.*— Shooting at Newbuildings with Charles Wyndham, Scrope, and Evershed. Scrope is a nice young Yorkshireman, very understanding about horses, but in poor health. He gave us a naïve account of the Jameson raid as narrated to him by his brother, who took part in it. It seems to have been a regular drunken frolic. Jameson had up I forget how many wagon-loads of drink the week

before he started, including, I remember, thirty-six cases of champagne which he distributed to his men, with leave to get drunk for three days. There were among the men a number of loafers brought up from Cape Town, some of them waiters from the restaurants, who had never been on horseback before, and the whole force was more or less drunk when it started. Jameson had told off three men to cut the telegraph wires, but they were in such a condition that they mistook a barbed wire fence for the telegraph and cut off a hundred yards of it and carefully buried it instead of the other. When they got near Johannesburg, Jameson could not find the way and picked up Boers to show it them, who of course led them wrong. Scrope's brother and others knew the road but were not listened to. As to drunkenness, I can well believe the story, for I remember how, on a journey in South America in 1868, some English men of the party riding with me took for all provision on the road, a gigantic demi-john of spirits, which they strapped to the back of a horse and drove in front of them."

I left England in October once more for Egypt, still in bad health, indeed in worse, for I had foolishly allowed myself to be persuaded into becoming a vegetarian as well as the teetotaler I had been for fifteen years, and the life at Sheykh Obeyd, delightful to those in health, was too primitive to be suited to an invalid. On board the ship that took us to Alexandria I found Walter Harris, the "Times" correspondent in Morocco, who told me a good deal about his life at Tangiers where he has a garden four miles from the town. He talked also about the war in Thessaly where his brother was killed last summer while helping the Greeks. The Greeks had abandoned the brother when wounded, after robbing him of everything. They had behaved abominably during the war. The Crown Prince of Greece himself told Harris that he had seen the Evzoni throw paraffin on the Turkish wounded and set them on fire.

I found all well at Sheykh Obeyd, except that the desert round us was beginning to be cultivated and enclosed. The day will come when we shall be caught in a network of gardens and country houses, though so far no great harm has been done. People argue with me and say, "But your property must be increasing in value," as if that was any consolation for losing the solitude. Foxes are still plentiful in the garden and I have twice seen a very large wolf, old and grey, who, they tell me, has been here all the summer, frightening the boys who cut the grass for the horses. Salem says the wolf pursued him one evening and tore his shirt and Suliman that he had taken two of his lambs from his tent outside our wall. He comes and howls under our window after nightfall. There are certainly two sorts of wolves here besides jackals, unless, indeed, the intermediate size is a cross between wolf and jackal. Our present guest is of the big desert kind.

"*23rd Nov.*—I have been reading Froissart's 'Chronicles.' He must have lived a happy life, if what his biographers tell of him is true. The age of chivalry, brutal as it was in its fighting aspect, seems to have been sweetened by a good deal of romance, but to this Froissart hardly alludes, and, tells only of battles and sieges, which were most of them ignoble proceedings. Edward III's idea of war seems to have been to raid the French towns everywhere, except just where the French army was. Both Cressy and Poitiers were fought by the English because they could not get away from the pursuing French, and the victory in both cases was won by the skill of the English archers on the one side and foolish generalship on the other. As a rule, it was only the unarmed fighters on foot that were killed, the knights and squires surrendered to ransom as soon as they were knocked off their horses. This was all their chivalry of war.

"*26th Nov.*—Sheykh Mohammed Abdu came to see me, and told me the political and court gossip. The latest is about a trial in which a young man is being prosecuted for insulting and libelling the Khedive in verse. The true movers in the matter, Abdu assures me are Moharram Pasha Shahin and Sheykh el Bekri in conjunction with Sheykh Abul Huda at Constantinople, and it was done to please the Sultan. Cromer, however, has mixed himself up in it, and in order to obtain a verdict, or rather to screen some persons implicated who are favourable to English policy, has had the Egyptian Procureur of the native courts replaced by Corbet, an Englishman. The Khedive is still on bad terms with the Sultan, and the poem was written to please his Majesty, but by an unfortunate mistake in the printing, one of the insulting epithets applied to the Khedive is 'Turk,' so that it has given almost equal offence at Yildiz.

"In India, the Afridis I am glad to see are still gallantly maintaining themselves against General Lockhart, and our troops are getting nicely 'punished' in their turn. It is clear from their accounts that but for the superior fighting qualities of the Sikhs and Ghurkas the white regiments could not be got to continue the campaign. Lockhart has had to encourage them publicly not to be 'downhearted.' There is talk in England of conscription for the army, and our people will soon begin to understand that they can't have the amusement of empire without paying the price. The British Empire is a structure that might crumble at any moment, the sooner the better, say I.

"*29th Nov.*—We have a guest with us, Nasr el Mizrab, nephew of that Mijuel el Mizrab, who was Lady Ellenborough's last husband. He is a well-spoken man and has travelled more than once with Frankish explorers in the Syrian desert, Russians and Germans, buying horses for them of his Anazeh kindred.

"*9th Dec.*—Young John Evelyn has come to stay with us. His

father sent him to me on his way up the Nile, saying that he wished him 'to learn Arabic, to keep a diary, to acquire habits of observation and self-reliance and not to imbibe Jingo principles, also to marry early.' I find the young man excellently disposed to all these things except the last.

"*21st Dec.*— I am starting on Christmas Eve for Jebel Attaka near Suez, as I think I am well enough now for desert travelling. Eid, Suliman's young Howeyti cousin, who travelled with us last March to Siwah, and was so good a desert man, is dead. He had joined in a ghazu in the summer beyond Akabah, and, on his way home, being parched with thirst, drank of a well whose property it is to kill the drinker in fourteen days. He reached home alive, but died soon after.

"*23rd Dec.*— Had an audience with the Khedive and took Walter Harris with me. The talk was principally about the Turco-Greek war, as to which Harris gave us some curious details. The King of Greece himself told him that the reason that he left Vasos in Crete was so as to bring about a blockade of the Piræus. 'I should then,' the King said, 'have been able to tell my people that but for the intervention of the Powers I would have marched with a hundred thousand Greeks to Constantinople. As it turned out, we were not prevented by the Powers and so had to make a war, for which none of us had bargained."

Abbas afterwards told us of his cousin Prince Aziz's attempt to go to Nejd. The Prince had got as far as Sherm, a small port in the Sinai Peninsula, intending to cross over from there to Moelhi, and then on to visit Ibn Rashid, but the Khedive had stopped him by telegram. He was afraid of being compromised in Constantinople by the visit, and was also unwilling that so light-headed a member of the Khedivial family should be the first to visit Nejd after the conquests of old days. Aziz is now at Nakhl, where he is being detained by the Egyptian governor of the fort.

"Lunched with Rennell Rodd, and called afterwards on Riaz Pasha and on Gorst. Harris was to have started with me to-morrow on my desert trip, but has been prevented."

The desert trip was a bit of exploration connected with a map I was making of the country between Cairo and the Red Sea. I returned from it on the last day of the year.

"*12th Jan.* 1898.— News has come of the death of Mohammed Ibn Rashid at Haïl, 'in his bed,' they say after a seven days' illness. If truly in his bed, he may rank as one of the most uniformly successful of Arabian monarchs. For five and twenty years he has reigned in Nejd, warring every spring upon his neighbours and always victoriously. He has not once been defeated in the field, and has reduced every tribe in succession to his obedience. His only misfortune has been that he has left no son, and his inheritance will probably be disputed between

Abdul Hamid, son of Hamoud, his first cousin once removed, and Hamoud Mattaab, his nephew. Both, they say, claim 'the seat,' and are appealing to Constantinople for support. This may bring the Turk into Nejd, for the Sultan was never so powerful in the desert as now. Still, it is a far cry to Haïl.

"The Soudan campaign is being pushed on, and British soldiers are being sent up the Nile, on a pretext of defence against an attack by the Khalifa. How anybody can be green enough to believe these official tales I cannot understand. The true reason is the advance of the French expedition [under Marchand] to the Upper Nile at Fashoda, and so the desire to be beforehand with them at Khartoum. The sending of British troops is not at all because they are needed, for our English regiments are inferior in every way to the Egyptian ones for such work, but to gratify the English Government, and especially the Queen, who considers the glory of her reign tarnished by the death of Gordon and who wants it avenged. If Egyptian troops alone recaptured Khartoum it would be a reproach to the British army, which was defeated in its attempts to relieve Gordon there. They like, too, to be able to say that the British military Occupation is necessary to Egypt for its frontier defence — only another false excuse in the long list of false excuses for staying in Egypt begun twenty years ago.

"*21st January.*— Gorst and his two sisters and Captain Fitzclarence lunched with us. Gorst has given me a list of the people reported to have been killed at Siwah on the 20th April of last year in a local fight. It includes several of my friends there, including Hassuna, but I feel sceptical about the whole story.

"*22nd January.*— A visit from Cogordan, the French Minister here. We talked about the Soudan expedition. He tells me Kitchener will be in command of forty thousand troops including those recently taken over from the Italians at Kassala, and the ten thousand English who were in Egypt. Of the Marchand expedition he disclaimed its importance, and laughed at the talk that a French flag will be found flying at Khartoum.

"*26th January.*— Old Charles Villiers is dead, the father of the House of Commons. I remember him at Frankfort as long ago as the winter of 1860–61, dining at our Legation with the Malets. He impressed me at the time as the most wonderful and delightful talker I had listened to. He seemed to take an interest in me too, and drew me out till I talked a deal of boyish nonsense. The recollection of his wit and charm is strong with me still."

Here follows another six days' journey in the Eastern desert on *deluls*, travelling fast and map-making as we went, as I was anxious to complete my survey of the country north of the Kalala range. It

was bitter cold on the upper plateaux, and the hard life nearly finished me, and hastened my return to England.

"*15th February.*—The papers report the Queen's speech on the opening of Parliament. It contains, perhaps, more than the usual number of insincerities. Politics in England are in a hopeless condition, and will remain so until the Empire begins to break up, when it will be too late to say or do anything. I shall not be sorry if I live to see it. The British Empire has done so much harm to so many nations and peoples that it deserves to perish, and we English will be better off as a Nation shorn of our dependencies than now. It will hurt our pride, but injure no true interest.

"Prince Osman is dead. He was riding to the Pyramids on his camel, and fell off suddenly; they say apoplexy. He was the cleverest and most amusing of the Khedivial family, if not the most reputable; a brother of Princess Nazli, and first cousin, once removed, of the Khedive. He had been brought up at Paris, and was always a bit of a *boulevardier,* very pleasant and good-natured, and with an extraordinary knowledge of the events, political and social, of his time, a fat Falstaff in appearance, but like the others of the Khedivial family, with a certain bodily hardihood and endurance on camel back; my oldest friend among them, and I am sorry to lose him.

"*25th February.*—Anne and Judith lunched a few days ago with Bill Gordon, who told them that the real reason for his uncle's resigning his post as private secretary to Lord Ripon in India was as follows. When Ripon was appointed to India it was resolved by the Cabinet that he should break up the gang of permanent officials who form the Simla ring, and it was on this understanding that Gordon accepted the post. A special point to be attacked was the treatment of Ayub Khan (the Emir of Afghanistan) as to which Government had evidence showing our English officials to have acted unjustly and tyrannically. Gordon had drawn up a special memoir on the subject which was to be acted on immediately upon Ripon's landing at Bombay, but Ripon was no sooner on shore than the officials got hold of him and persuaded him to let the matter rest. Gordon, upon this, threw up the appointment, for he saw his chief was too weak to carry the policy through. A Viceroy of India needs to be a man of iron to hold his own and Ripon was every good thing except that.

"There is talk of Cromer's going to the Foreign Office. What the Tories want now is a strong man to carry out their policy of violence, and Cromer will suit them. I care little how things go, for the time of reasoning is past. There will be no change till the Empire breaks up and Cromer may as well sit on the Imperial safety valve as another. I had a long talk to-day with Mohammed Abdu about this and other matters.

"In Paris Zola has been condemned to a year's imprisonment for bringing forward the Dreyfus case. This is an event of great significance, for it means that in France as in Germany and Russia, militarism reigns supreme. It will be so in England, too, before many years are over, and then good-bye to liberty of any kind. If the nations of Europe will only cut each other's throats in a Thirty Years' War there might be some hope for the world, but they are too cowardly for that. All they dare do is to swagger hideously, and talk about their honour. It will be with them as it is with the Spaniards who are ruled by military pronunciamentos. With regard to the Dreyfus case, when I was at Gros Bois last autumn, I asked Wagram the truth of it. He told me that it was to please the Austrian Government that the case had been tried privately, that justly or unjustly condemned, Dreyfus was an *affreux canaille*, and had made some confession of guilt, but I see little difference in point of canailledom between these wretched military spies and their wretched military superiors, who employ and pay them. Spying, whether by a paid agent or a paying agent, demoralises those that indulge in it, and the military code of to-day recognizes every treachery and every baseness as lawful. What nonsense to talk about military honour! There is no such thing. Can one conceive any greater blackguard than the *soi-disant* Esterhazy unless it be his military backers, Pellieux and the rest? On our side the Channel, too, we have some pretty blackguards to show lately.

"*9th March.*— Left for England. Mohammed Abdu came to wish me good-bye. I was suffering with great pain so that I felt almost dying. Two years ago under like circumstances I should have made him my profession of faith, but to-day no, though I was moved at parting with him as though I were saying last words to a dearest friend, but I feel now there is no reality in it all. The Moslems of to-day who believe are mere wild beasts like the men of Siwah, the rest have lost their faith. Still less does Christianity appeal to me. I do not wish to live again. I only wish for the extinction of the grave. I am going home alone, Anne staying on for another six weeks in Egypt. I have telegraphed to my servant, David, to meet me at Venice and see me slowly home. My sole idea now is to be for a week with George in Mount Street, and then to be nursed by Cowie at Newbuildings. It was fortunately quite calm weather on my voyage up the Adriatic, and at Venice I found an invitation waiting me from Lady Paget at Bellosguardo in Florence where I stayed two nights, and then on, arriving in London on the 23rd March, where I found George Wyndham established in my rooms in Mount Street, which I had lent him: there was room for us both there, and his cheerful influence did me good.

"*24th March.*— George is taking a less practical part now in politics, being up to his eyes in literature, but he walks home most nights with Arthur Balfour from the House and hears a good deal of what is going on. He tells me Lord Salisbury does not intend resigning, and though he has made over the Foreign Office temporarily to Balfour, he still keeps interfering with affairs there not altogether to Arthur's pleasure. In talking about the scramble for China, I had remarked that I should have thought an alliance with Japan was the obvious English policy. He said, 'Yes, but it looks as if Japan had been squared by Russia.' [This is the first mention I can find in my diary of what was afterwards to develop into the Anglo-Japanese alliance.]

"George's new edition of Shakespeare's poems is just out, and he is busy editing a new weekly paper, 'The Outlook,' started as a 'raft' on which to save the fortunes of Henley and the other writers wrecked in the 'New Review.' Gladstone is dying of cancer, poor old soul, and it has been agreed to soothe his last days with morphia as he cannot live long.

"*29th March.*— Lady Gregory came to see me and talked much about Ireland. She has now become a strong Nationalist, and has been busying herself about the demonstrations for '98.' If I were well enough I would go over for them in May.

"George is much put out at the inaction of our Government in China, where there is a combination of Russia, France, and Germany against us, and at the general failure of Lord Salisbury's policy as a check to the British Empire. He asked me why I wished ill to the British Empire. I said, 'because we had done too much harm in the world, and though the other nations of Europe also do harm, they are not able to do it so effectively as we do through their lack of knowledge, and of those qualities that make of Englishmen an administrating race, also because the *Empire* is a poor cockney affair invented hardly twenty years ago to the ruin of our position as an honest *Kingdom* at home.' I remember well the disgust of George's father and of other old-fashioned Tories, when Disraeli first foisted on them the Queen's brummagem Imperial title.'

"*31st March.*—'The Chronicle' has a sensational but probably true account of an ultimatum sent by the American President to Spain on account of Cuba. It seems likely to lead to war. If so I hope that Spain may be able to hold her own, not that Cuban independence lacks my sympathy, but because between Spain and the United States I am obliged to be on the side of the older and more barbarous country. The Yankees as the coming race of the world would be worse even than ourselves.

"*1st April.*— At five to-day Lady Gregory brought me the poet Yeats, an Irish mystic of an interesting type. He is tall, lean, dark,

good looking, of the same type of countenance as John Dillon's, very narrow between the eyes and short-sighted. We talked much about the '98' demonstrationes of which he is organizer, and of the coming doom of England, and we talked also of another mystical poet and patriot, Russell, (A. E.), with whom Yeats was a fellow student at Dublin. Russell, in order to subdue his will, became cashier in a haberdasher's shop, where he acquired repute as an accountant, but always spent his Sundays and holidays in the Wicklow Hills, writing poetry and seeing visions. Russell has now been removed to a higher sphere as political organizer. Both believe in ghosts and fairies and in the transmigration of souls, and have magic powers of seeing the future and of prophecy.

"Yeats experimented magically on me. He first took out a notebook and made what he called a pyramid in it which was a square of figures, then he bade me think of and see a square of yellow as it might be a door, and walk through it and tell him what I saw beyond. All that I could see at all clearly was that I seemed to be standing on a piece of green, rushy grass, in front of me a small pool from which issued two streams of very blue water to right and to left of me. He then bade me turn and go back through the door, and told me I should see either a man or woman who would give me something. I failed to see anything but darkness, but at last with some effort I made out the indistinct figure of a child, which offered me with its left hand some withered flowers. I could not see its face. Lastly he bade me thank the person to whose intervention the vision was due, and read from his notebook some vague sentences prefiguring this vision. The performance was very imperfect, not to say null.

"*5th April.*— Arthur Balfour made his statement in the House to-day of the Government's China policy. George tells me the speech was 'statesmanlike,' but I gather from him that it was no very pronounced success. Indeed, how should it be? The British Government has leased Wei-hai-wei, which seems to be a sort of second best to Port Arthur, but of no very practical value for coercing Pekin as it cannot easily be connected with it by land. I should have thought it would have been wiser either to make an alliance with Japan and war with Russia, or else to let the whole thing severely alone, but George thinks Japan has already been squared by Russia.

"*6th April.*— I had a bad return of pain which lasted all night until twelve to-day when I took an infinitesimal dose of morphia, which at once stopped it and raised me from the depths of misery to the state of happiness of a schoolboy just loosed from school.

"*9th April.*— There is an announcement in the papers of 'A great British victory in the Soudan — Gordon avenged.'

"*11th April.*— Saighton. I came here for the Easter holiday, arriv-

ing in a miserable plight of pain, but to-morrow Sibell (Lady Grosvenor) is to take me to Holywell to be bathed by the miraculous fountain there for my cure. Some Vandals, calling themselves the Town Council, are claiming the well which they want to let to a soda water company at £500 a year, but George intends to oppose this in Parliament. There is nobody here but the family, including little Percy and Bendor, the latter grown into a very nice young man. George has been entertaining Mr. Cecil Rhodes at my rooms in Mount Street while I was away, using them, I fancy, as a place of secret communication between the Government and Rhodes, whom they dare not publicly avow.

"I see the old Tichborne claimant is dead, asserting his rights to the last. Certainly there was something about the man not wholly vulgar. I saw a good deal of him at Buenos Ayres in 1868, and, though a mountain of flesh and of no very refined clay, he seemed to me a gentleman born, gone down in the world, rather than a mere plebeian. Richard Burton, who was there at the same time, and who travelled across the Pampas with him in the Mendoza diligence, believed in him as authentic at the time, and so we all did. I remember seeing him once involved in some vulgar dispute in a café, while playing billiards, and he seemed to me to behave as a gentleman would have done under somewhat trying circumstances, and now they have buried him with considerable pomp and a coffin plate recording his baronetcy, attended by the licensed victuallers who supported him as a show in his last days.

"*12th April.*— I have been to St. Winifred's well at Holywell. After a very bad night of pain I nevertheless made up my mind not to put off the visit. Fortified with a dose of morphia I set out with Sibell and George. We went by train from Chester, passing not far from Hawarden, where the G.O.M. lies dying, and the sands of Dee. We were fortunate in our day, which, though wild at starting, turned into a perfect spring afternoon. Sibell had written to Father Beauclerk, the Jesuit at Holywell, to expect us, but he was away. I was glad of it, as thus I was free to bathe as a plain pilgrim without religious supervision. I suppose no pilgrim ever washed there with less Christian faith and at the same time with so little of the mocking spirit. I have a belief in holy places and holy people quite apart from all religious creeds, and I felt a great confidence in the Saint that she would do me good. We arrived at the best moment of the day, at one o'clock when everybody was away at dinner, so that we were alone and there was no difficulty in that sweet old place in supposing ourselves back in the fifteenth century. The girl in charge of the gate gave me two towels, and I had brought a nightgown with me, and so plunged in. It was cold work, though the water, they say, is 52

degrees, but I did the traditional three journeys through the water up to my armpits, going down into it by steps and up the opposite side, and then took a complete dip over my head in the outer tank and knelt on St. Bruno's stone. I was quite alone while doing this, except for George. Then, when I had dressed, we sat awhile together in the sun, and went on to the inn for luncheon, where Sibell was, and so home in the afternoon to Saighton. The buildings of the well are still almost perfect, the shrine just as it was put up in Henry VII's time, not a stone of the pavement renewed nor anything of the modern kind except some wooden dressing sheds and a few stupid scrolls with texts hung up inside the shrine.

"13*th April*.— I have had no pain all day, thanks to St. Winifred, a long night of sleep and to-day no pain. I spent the afternoon with Sibell, talking about the chances of life and death and of a world beyond. The longer I live, the less I believe in any such, at least as far as my own living again goes. I feel that I have worn out my vital force and that eternity can bring me nothing but a dreamless sleep. All the same, I believe in St. Winifred and her Well, and include her in my canon prayer as my patron saint, which I have a right to do, seeing that I was named after my great-grandmother, Winifred Scawen."

My miraculous cure thus wrought did not last long. I had no sooner turned my back to St. Winifred and Saighton than my pains began again, and I began to think that the Saint had made a fool of me. I saw new doctors in London, but they were unable to help me, and after lingering on there until the 6th of May I went down to Newbuildings to bear my troubles alone. "The world," I wrote, "is only meant for those who are in health, and the maxim of our forefathers was a sound one, that a dying man should keep wholly out of sight." This was the last entry in my diary before the crisis came. On the following Sunday, after a night of great suffering, I broke a blood-vessel, and for a week or more lay in danger of death, nursed by the careful hands of the good Cowie, our housekeeper, and of Sydney Cockerell, who had just entered on his duties with me as my private secretary. Between them and my hospital nurse, Miss Lawrence, who then first undertook my charge, they saved my life. Then I recognized that St. Winifred had only deferred her benefits, and that, as in the case of most miracles, she had chosen a natural road of cure. However that might be, the cure, though it nearly killed me, was an indisputable one. The pain from which I had been suffering so long had left me desperately weak, it is true, in body but clear in mind, and able once more to take an interest in life, and at the end of three weeks to resume my diary. The first entry I find in it contains the following:

"*28th May.*— To-day Mr. Gladstone is being buried in Westminster Abbey.

"*6th June.*— Cockerell is a treasure, arranging my books and getting me others. He is full of interesting recollections of Morris. *Apropos* of the lovely little Kelmscott volume, containing 'The Nightingale and the Cuckoo,' he assures me that Morris had never heard the nightingale sing, and that he used to complain of it; also what seems even more incredible, that he had not read the poem through, and was waiting to do so for it to be in print. The proof-sheets came the day he died, and he never read them. We are putting the new bookplate into our Kelmscott books, where it looks a natural part of the volumes as the bookplate was cut by the man Morris employed for his armorial designs. Cockerell has been of the greatest use to me, arranging my papers and giving me new interests in life. I have written several Sonnets and an inscription in verse for the table Mrs. Morris gave me; my mind is vigorous and clear." [The table here referred to was the dining-table used by Morris and his family when they lived at the Red House, and given to me by Mrs. Morris when she was dispersing her furniture on leaving her house in Hammersmith.]

In the meantime Anne and Judith had returned from Egypt. They had been lingering on at Paris, but had been hastened back by my illness, and were now in London, having taken a house there for Judith's London season.

"*19th June.*— Burne-Jones is dead. This is a vast misfortune. He was to have painted Judith as one of the figures for his last picture, 'The Vale of Avalon,' but that will never now be. According to his wish he is to be cremated, and then buried at Rottingdean. It is an honour for Sussex that it should hold his ashes.

"*5th July.*— Percy Wyndham, who has been down to see me, tells me that he had spent the afternoon with Burne-Jones two days before he died. Burne-Jones was in the highest possible spirits, playing at 'Bear' with Pamela's children. Later, however, a friend had dined with him, to whom he had talked gloomily of the prospects of the world and of the human race. The friend had remarked that no one should have such pessimistic views who was not an atheist. To which Burne-Jones had exclaimed, 'Thank God, we are not that.' He had been taken ill suddenly in the night, and had died in half-an-hour. With Madeline, too, I have had much conversation about Burne-Jones. She had written me a beautiful letter about him and Morris, and had asked me to write a sonnet for her about them. 'I should like it better,' she says in it, 'than anything else you could possibly do for me, and you are the only person almost who could, if even you can, and I will wait no matter how long for it, and if I depart from this life from pure old age while waiting, well, I shall hope that then I shall be even better able

to appreciate it in my future and next development than now. But, for the sake of the world, a sonnet, something beautiful about them, ought to be written. Such writings act as beautiful reflectors to the divine light (that immortals such as those two were) have left to the world, in the beauty of their work, it directs the eyes of those that knew them not, to see and know them, for the world in some ways is so dark that even the Divine Light needs a reflector or glasses to guide the eyes, the spiritual eyes, darkened eyes I had rather say, for it is the darkened eyes in the human race, not the darkened world that prevents them seeing and knowing the glorious divine light and beauty that is in this world, only few see it, either in Nature or Art. Some are blind, hopelessly blind, others have films on their eyes, but they can be removed. At first they only see trees as men walking, but finally they can see, see and so live, but they at first require glasses and reflectors, and artificial means of help, and, to my mind, Poetry can be and is the art of all others that helps us most in this world to see. Each divine art acts as a guide and reflector to the other; Poetry helps Music, Music Poetry, both cast light and concentrate it on the other arts.' This suggested the sonnet I have since published, and which begins; 'Mad are we all, maids, men, young fools alike and old.'

"*15th July.*—Wotton. I find Evelyn with strong Spanish sympathies in the war that is going on, on the same grounds with mine. The papers announce the news of the surrender of Santiago de Cuba on honourable terms, and there is great talk of peace being made, but I doubt its being near. Spain has less to lose than America by going on with the war, her colonies being practically already gone, and Europe being almost certain to prevent a Yankee invasion of Spain. The financiers who inspire the Press call out however, for it, and would have it made at any price, as it is injuring trade.

"*2nd August.*—Bismarck is dead. My only personal recollection of him is of meeting him at old Lord Brougham's in Grafton Street. Lady Malet, who was Brougham's stepdaughter, some say his natural daughter, asked me to tea alone, to meet him, and he came and stopped talking with us very pleasantly for an hour. He had been an old admirer of Lady Malet's when they had been together diplomatically at Frankfort, and they were still on very intimate terms. This may have been in 1862. My memory of him is of a tall rather thin man, with agreeable manners, and talking English perfectly. At that time somewhat of an Anglomane, he was still unrecognized by the general public of Europe as a great statesman. Indeed, he was laughed at in Germany for his reactionary, out-of-date opinions, and was not a little unpopular with the masses. If he had failed to win at Sadowa, he would certainly have been torn to pieces by the Berlin mob. Lady Malet had always the fullest faith in his genius.

"*9th September.*— On Monday the 6th news came of the defeat of the Khalifa and the taking of Omdurman, and with it of Hubert Howard's death, my only friend there and almost the only one on our side to lose his life. The slaughter of the Dervishes seems to have been premeditated and ruthlessly carried out. When I was at Bramber the other day Button told me that 'a heavy butcher's bill' had been ordered, as it was intended to make the avenging of Gordon a chief feature of the business. Telegraphic communication with England was on this account stopped (the excuse being that the wires had been broken by a storm) lest any order of moderation should come, and as far as I can read the despatches since received, there must have been a wholesale massacre of the wounded and fugitives. The figures given to-day are ten thousand counted corpses, sixteen thousand wounded, who have crawled away to the river or the desert, and three hundred or four hundred more killed in the town of Omdurman after the fight, and only three thousand to four thousand prisoners!!! As Button told me, 'the performances of Tommy Atkins in the way of killing at Atbara (a few days before the fight at Omdurman), passed everything ever heard of. He was like a raging wild beast.' One may be pretty sure that orders were given to spare none.

"All this has moved my bile to the point that I have written in protest to the 'Times,' but I doubt if they will print my letter. The whole country, if one may judge by the Press, has gone mad with the lust of fighting glory, and there is no moral sense left in England to which to appeal. It is hideous but unmistakable.

"Hubert's death is pitiful. There was nothing in the world to take him there, for he was not in the army, nothing but a boyish whim. He dined with Anne and Judith in London almost the night before he started, and told them he was determined to fight. He was a delightful boy, with a ringing, merry laugh it did one good to hear, and he had considerable abilities, and the best of hearts, and he ends in a blind alley of Omdurman a paid servant of the 'Times.'

"*10th September.*— My letter to the 'Times' is printed, which is more than I expected. I am curious to see whether it raises an echo anywhere, but as yet no voice has spoken in any London paper, except that Miss Gordon protests in her brother's name against his being 'revenged.' A queer Christian country ours! On the other hand there has been an outbreak in Crete, a Moslem mob has risen against a party of English marines sent by the Admiral to raise the custom dues, and some have been killed, and the British Vice-Consulate has been burnt, and Cretan Christians massacred, Edhem Pasha and the Turkish garrison looking on."

One characteristic letter was written to me at this time, apparently by a parson; it says, "By a curious coincidence an answer to your let-

ter in the 'Times' of yesterday is given in one of the Psalms for this morning's service, viz., Psalm lviii, verses 10–11: 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly, so that a man shall say, Verily, there is a reward for the righteous, doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth." A more important letter, however, was to follow from no less a personage than Herbert Spencer. Spencer was not at the time known to me personally, nor had I at that time ranked myself among his disciples, and the letter came to me as a surprise. It reached me 4th October.

"*4th Oct.*— A most interesting letter has come to me from Herbert Spencer on the subject of my letter about Omdurman, and mentioning also an article on my poem, 'The Wind and the Whirlwind.' [This article, I afterwards learned, was by Francis Thompson.] Spencer has long looked out, he says, for a poet who should write a poem, the main lines of which he sketches in his letter and he asks me to undertake it. (It was to be a dialogue in Heaven after the manner of Goethe's 'Faust,' between God and Satan, Satan complaining that mankind has surpassed him in wickedness, sacrificing to Thor and Odin while nominally sacrificing to Jehovah.) I wish I could think myself capable of doing this with any effect, but I am too hopeless of getting such a subject listened to at the present moment and too little believing in the divine government of the world."

This led to a correspondence between me and the philosopher and eventually to my undertaking to write a poem, "Satan Absolved," more or less on the lines suggested. In a second letter, dated 6th October, Spencer writes: "My beliefs are pretty much as pessimistic as those you express. . . . Did I think that men would remain in the far future anything like what they now are I should contemplate with equanimity the sweeping away of the whole human race." [For the first letter see Appendix III.]

"*12th Oct.*— A visit from Mrs. Meynell and her husband, and Francis Thompson at Newbuildings. I had invited them to come for the night, but Meynell had explained that this was impossible, 'the poet (Thompson), having an inconvenient habit of setting his bed on fire.' They came down, however, for the day. I met them at the station, a very lovely day, and as we drove through the woods Meynell pointed out to me that 'the poet of nature' was wholly absorbed in the 'Globe' newspaper he had brought down with him in the train, such being the way with London poets. Thompson, though born in Lancashire and speaking English with a broad provincial accent, is a true Cockney. He is a little weak-eyed, red-nosed young man of the degenerate London type, with a complete absence of virility and a look of raptured dependence on Mrs. Meynell which is most touching. He is very shy,

but was able to talk a little when the general conversation was not too loud, and he seems good-hearted and quite unpretending. He has written no poetry, Meynell tells me, now for some years, being cured of his morphia. But Meynell thinks the fountain may some day break forth again. Meanwhile, he gets a living by literary criticism in the 'Academy' and other journals. When we all went out after luncheon to the woods, I found him quite ignorant of the names of the commonest trees, even the elm, which he must have seen every day in London. I pointed one out to him, and he said, 'I think, a maple.' On the whole, however, I liked him, for he was quite simple and straightforward. Only, it was difficult to think of him as capable of any kind of strength in rhyme or prose. Meynell has greatly improved conversationally with years, and has become a most agreeable man. Thanks to him, the visit was a pleasant one and they all went home in spirits.

"*15th Oct.*— All this week has been one of excitement over the quarrel with France about Fashoda. A Blue Book has been published giving the English case, and, imperial plunder being in question, all parties, Tories, Whig, Radical, Churchmen, and Nonconformist have joined in publicly extolling English virtue and denouncing the French. For myself I see nothing in it more respectable than the wrangle of two highwaymen over a captured purse, morally both sides are on a level. The English position in the case is that there has long been a scheme of appropriating the Soudan with all the Upper Nile to the Lakes — this, in anticipation of the event which must some day happen, of the British occupation of Egypt proper coming to an end, through European intervention. The scheme has so far been disguised, and whenever objection has been raised, the Egyptian claim to the old Soudan provinces has been put forward and, as we have seen, the Egyptian army has been made use of to do the rough work of re-conquest, only now and then have there been indications given of the truth. In the present Blue Book there is one where Lord Salisbury instructs Monson to declare at Paris that 'By the military events of last week all the territories which were subject to the Khalifa passed, *by right of conquest,* to the British and Egyptian Government.' Yet all the *gobe-mouche* press is ringing the changes on our 'legality.' And what a strange plea of legality as towards Egypt! What would be said in private life if a guardian and trustee who had undertaken to manage the estate of a minor, as we forced the Egyptian Government in 1884 to abandon the Soudan and leave it derelict, and then, the opportunity having occurred, should take possession of those derelict farms as belonging to nobody and should do this with the approval of the whole world, moral and religious! Yesterday, there was a great public meeting in favour of universal peace, and our leading Nonconformists on

the platform applauded Lord Salisbury for having thus swindled Egypt and defied France. We live in an odd age.

"Judith's engagement to Neville Lytton was announced to-day.

"*16th Oct.*—I think very seriously of the crisis between England and France. It will likely enough lead to a war, for both sides being in the wrong each naturally sees the other's wickedness and so believes itself right. The best road to an agreement between them would be that each should give up its preposterous claim to the Nile Provinces. Lord Salisbury, among his many reasons for renewing the Soudan campaign three years ago, said that the destruction of the Khalifa's power would make it easier for England to evacuate Egypt. Let him keep that part of his programme and France will be satisfied. Our people, however, want war, fancying it is a favourable moment for dealing single-handed with France. I hope we shall not be invaded in Sussex.

"*17th Oct.*—To Saighton. Things look very warlike with France, and war would certainly happen if the position in Europe were at all less unfavourable to the French, but as it is their Government will certainly not risk a fight if they can help it. The danger lies in the weakness of their Government, in the long discredit into which France has fallen, and in the ascendancy of the army. There may be a revolution any day and representatives of the Bourbons and of the Bonapartes are announced as being on the frontier.

"Arrived at Saighton. I have had it out with George about Fashoda. He states the English case with brutal frankness. 'The day of talking,' he says, 'about legality in Africa is over, all the international law there is there consists of interests and understandings. It is generally agreed by all the Powers that the end of African operations is to "civilize" it in the interests of Europe, and that to gain that end all means are good. The only difference between England and France is which of them is to do it in which particular districts. England intends to do it on the Nile, and it makes no difference what the precise legal position is. We may put forward the Khedive's rights if it is convenient or we may put forward a right of conquest, or a right of simply declaring our intentions. One is as good as another to get our end, which is the railway from Cairo to the Cape. We don't care whether the Nile is called English or Egyptian or what it is called, but we mean to have it and we don't mean the French to have it. The Khedive may be kept on for some years as a sort of Indian Maharajah, but it will end in a partition of the Ottoman Empire between England, Germany, and Russia, France will be allowed North-western Africa. It is not worth while drawing distinctions of right and wrong in the matter, it is a matter entirely of interest.'

" This of course is the true thought of our Government, and has been for at least ten years, but for the first time to-day it is beginning to be avowed. George represents all that is most extreme, most outrageous, in modern English politics, and it marks the decline of the higher traditions to find one like him proclaiming and defending it. I shall not write again to the 'Times,' I should only mar the effect of my last letter, which has certainly been great, and do no good. The dispute between France and England is a dispute between rival card sharpers, and the very best thing that can happen is that they should beat in each other's heads.

" *18th Oct.*— Worked all the morning at 'Satan in Heaven' ['Satan Absolved']. George has gone up to London.

" *19th Oct.*— Made my pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Holywell in drizzle and fog, taking my nurse, Miss Lawrence, with me, and my crutches, which I deposited at the Shrine, bound up with a nightgown and a label thus inscribed:

" 'Set here in thankful token of a cure from long sickness after bathing in St. Winifred's Well. By her servant W. S. B. October 19, 1898.'

" The scene inside the shrine was the most interesting I ever saw in Europe. Three men were being passed through the water stark naked, but for a slight bathing drawer round the loins, and each time after passing they knelt on the pavement, dripping wet and prayed aloud. A priest was reciting 'Hail Marys,' and at the end of each 'Hail Mary,' 'Holy Winifred, still in an unbelieving age, miraculous.' There were lighted candles and flowers, and the fervour of these naked men, one a mere bag of skin and bones, was tremendous. In the dim light of a foggy day nothing at all congruous to the nineteenth century was visible. It was a thing wholly of the middle ages, the dark ages, the darkest of the dark ages, magnificent, touching — it brought tears to my eyes. I hung up my crutches in a corner with other relics, and placed Sibell's flowers which she had sent as a thank offering on the altar, and knelt for some ten minutes reciting the Penitential Psalms.

" Outside the shrine I found Father Beauclerk, a young, good-looking Jesuit, but deaf and afflicted with some ailment, perhaps paralytic. He told me that the Town Council of Holywell was about to try its power of closing the Well, and so of preventing the bathing, which has gone on here precisely as it is to-day since the rebuilding of the Shrine in the reign of Henry VII, and doubtless for many hundred years before it. The true legal ownership of the water seems in doubt. The Duke of Westminster is Lord of the Manor, and granted some thirty years ago a long lease to the Town Council, but by some accident never signed it. The Town Council in its turn leased it to the Jesuits, who put up a railing and established a charge of twopence a head for maintenance of

the place. This charge the Town Council holds to have barred the free access of the public to the water. Otherwise the public right would seem absolutely clear. Certainly no bather has been refused admission since before the Norman Conquest. Father Beauclerk took me to see one Lambert, an innkeeper, who gave me further particulars, and who agreed if guaranteed in costs to contest the matter as a Holywell ratepayer and habitual bather. He tells me religious feud is at the bottom of the mischief. Father Beauclerk has been imprudent in making use of the Well for purposes of conversion, and in running it as a religious show. This has enraged the Nonconformists, who have determined to put down the pilgrimage as a Popish nuisance. In order more completely to desecrate the Shrine they propose to lease it to a Soda Water Company at £500 a year, and close the Well on a plea of sanitation. Lambert himself is a Protestant, but having been cured of sciatica by bathing there, is a partisan of the Well. As an innkeeper, too, his interests are affected, for the town depends largely on pilgrims for its prosperity. It is clear that steps must at once be taken to save the Shrine, and I gave Father Beauclerk a cheque for £20 towards legal expenses. He seems, however, to be sadly unpractical, and we must put the conduct of the case into other hands.

"*20th Oct.*—Back to London, where I saw Treherne, the Anti-Scrape lawyer, about St. Winifred's, and also Cockerell. In the evening a telegram came from George to say that the Duke of Westminster would take action in the matter, so that relieves us of a great difficulty."

CHAPTER XIV

"SATAN ABSOLVED"—THE BOER WAR

"George is in high spirits, as he has just been appointed Under-Secretary for War, a less interesting place than the Foreign Office, but still important, especially at the present moment. Things look more and more warlike, as Russia seems to be backing France, and I suspect most of the Continental Powers are against us. It is impossible Lord Salisbury should maintain the full ground he has chosen, that of refusing to negotiate without a war. The French will not give in like that. The way out of the mess would seem to lie in the direction of a European Congress, or at least of European intervention in the interests of peace. George says that the British fleet has its programme ready, and the French fleet would be shut up in their ports in a few days. He and the ultra Jingo section of the party are all for war. He gets £1,500 a year by this appointment.

"*22nd Oct.*—To Paris, by Newhaven and Dieppe, much the pleasantest route. I have not travelled by it since I landed at Newhaven in a storm with a shipload of frightened refugees flying from Paris after Sedan.

"*23rd Oct.*—Neville came to breakfast with me, and later old Julienne, Francis Currie's *bonne,* who amused us with her view of the political situation. The government of France, she said, was in the hands of 'un tas de gueux, passez-moi le mot,' who were pillaging the country, and there must be a new *régime*—Orleanist, Bonapartist, or what ever else, she did not care, so long as it was not Dreyfusist. As to the Fashoda trouble, it was all the rapacity of 'la grosse Victoire,' meaning our own gracious Majesty, who wanted all the earth for herself and would leave nothing to poor France. 'Nous sommes bien bas, allez.' I fancy this represents pretty fairly the general opinion at Paris.

"At 3 to Gros Bois, where I found our hostess entertaining two Parisian ladies, dressed up like Parisian dolls, a ci-devant Russian beauty, the Comtesse de Talleyrand, and Mme. Chevreau, her neighbours. We were a party of six at dinner, lively in the usual French way, which means all talking at once. I had some quiet conversation, however, with Wagram before the guests arrived. He refuses to believe in a war and thinks the thing will be arranged. Russia, if it came

to war, would fight too, and we should be attacked in India. I see that Redmond is openly declaring himself at Dublin in favour of the French, but I doubt if either Ireland or India is really attackable.

"*24th Oct.*— Wagram was away all day shooting at Chantilly with the Duc de Chartres. Prince Henri d'Orléans was there and showed him a number of abusive letters he had received, mostly from Germans, in connection with the Dreyfus case, he being a violent anti-revisionist. Wagram brought back with him in the evening the Fashoda Yellow Book just published.

"*25th Oct.*— The new Yellow Book gives a much more dignified form to the French argument than it has received in our Blue Book, and I consider that, logic for logic, M. de Courcel has the best of it. It is also clear that, as I suspected, Lord Salisbury *has* been negotiating, though it is equally clear that he has allowed his back to be stiffened by the London Press and his colleagues' speeches and Lord Rosebery's. The French terms are now pretty fairly formulated. They will evacuate Fashoda on being allowed to keep the Bahr el Gazal with access to the White Nile. A Cabinet has been called in London for to-morrow, when a final decision will be come to. In face of the extraordinary outburst of Jingo violence in England I doubt such terms being accepted and war seems probable; nobody, however, here seems of that opinion.

"M. Hanotaux, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Vandal were here to-day and I had much conversation with both. Neither would hear of war for such a trifle as Fashoda. M. Hanotaux maintained that no war would be popular in France, that nobody knew where Fashoda was, or cared three straws about the Marchand Mission. He even considered the Egyptian question itself one of small importance for France. As for the Bahr el Gazal, it was 'a country inhabited by monkeys and by black men worse than monkeys.' A war with England over such a dispute would be worse than a crime, a folly. He was of opinion that such a war would ruin both countries. It would last two years; it would be carried on interminably because neither could vitally attack the other. 'I admit,' he said, 'that your fleet may destroy ours, that you may blockade our ports, and that we could not land troops in England, but what then? You could not touch us in France, or even in Algeria or Tunis; it would ruin your trade and leave you at the end worse off than ourselves. You would find yourselves faced by a triple coalition. I do not believe in the possibility of war.' I told him of the military fever we were suffering from in England, but he refused to believe that Lord Salisbury, who was 'un homme d'Etat,' who looked at the future, would quarrel to this extent with France, England's only possible ally, for any such cause.

"I asked him about the Army, what its feeling was, what line it would take? 'The French Army,' he said, 'is always ready to fight when the

word is given, but it does not busy itself with politics, and will not intervene to force on any policy. It can be counted on absolutely to obey its orders, whether for peace or war. No war would be popular now in France, and there was no such military fever now here as I had described in England.' He added, however, that if the Army at any time found a leader in any popular general who should become Minister of War, the situation might change, the public might easily become excited. If an appeal were made to it by the Government against England then the Army would, doubtless, show its readiness to fight. The Dreyfus case was also discussed. Vandal and Wagram were against revision, Berthe and, cautiously, Hanotaux for it. This was continued between Berthe and Wagram to the point of violence all the evening, Wagram maintaining that there were secret pieces of evidence which if made public would ruin the Army and ruin France, Berthe that no conceivable evidence could have such effect, the only people to be ruined being the General Staff. Personally I am much charmed by Hanotaux, who talks well on many subjects and without display of vanity. He has a pleasant *regard* and a sympathetic voice. He gave me his views on architecture and art and talked to me, as knowing him, of Herbert Spencer. Vandal also talked well, but is less interesting. Both are academicians.

"*26th Oct.*— The Brisson Ministry has resigned and all is confusion in Paris. This will probably ease the tension towards England and make a peaceful solution more possible.

"M. et Mme. Sommier, the owners of Vaux, and a Mme. de Brie came to luncheon. Sommier is a man of cultivation and intelligence, who has taken in the 'Times' newspaper for years so as to get news of the outside world, a rare circumstance in France. Like all the rest he says war is impossible for such a trifle as Fashoda, that France is not prepared for war, and that nobody wants to fight.

"*27th Oct.*— Three men arrived to shoot pheasants, M. Chevreau, Comte de Gontaut Biron, and Comte de Kergoulet, all men of great intelligence and good talkers as well as good fellows. We shot in the forest beyond the park, but had no great sport. In the evening there was an excellent political discussion, turning principally on the overthrow of the Brisson Ministry and the chances of their succession. They think it probable that Delcassé will remain at the Affaires Etrangères. None of them will hear of a war with England, in which they say they would be beaten. My neighbour at dinner, M. de Kergoulet, a young Breton gentleman of old family, did not scruple to say they would withdraw from the Nile and apologize rather than that. None of the party, except Wagram, expressed any very different sentiment. I proposed as a bridge of escape from an impossible situation that the French Government should express its willingness to acknowl-

edge Egypt's right to the whole of the Nile provinces, but not the right of England. I believe that this would practically save them from their dilemma without loss of honour, and would leave the Nile question for a more favourable moment for raising it in conjunction with the whole Egyptian question. The question of Alsace-Lorraine was also debated, and it was generally admitted that there must be sooner or later *prescription*, a limit of time beyond which resentment could not be continued, though that time had not yet come. But for this the German alliance was what would be most advantageous to France and a coalition against England. I asked them whether they thought it true that the Emperor William had proposed such a coalition two years ago, and they said it was most probable, but not certain. Such a coalition was impossible at present on account of the sentiment about the lost provinces, and nations live by sentiment, it was the mainstay of their patriotism. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say patriotism is the virtue of nations in decay, but I felt that that would be hardly civil, though the aphorism would be a good one. [A better one would be, 'patriotism is the virtue of weak nations, it is the vice of the strong.']

"M. de la Siseranne was also of our party, an excellent talker like the rest, but with more pose, as one would expect from his position as *conférencier* and dogmatic art critic, a shock-headed man *taillé en brosse*, less attractive than the others. He was strong on the point of the time being nearly come when the animosity about Alsace-Lorraine could be decently buried. 'There is,' he said, 'prescription for all things, one does not now refuse one's hand to the descendant of him who guillotined one's ancestors in 1793,' meaning, no doubt, Carnot.

"*28th Oct.*— To Paris on my way home. Called on Abu Naddara, who gave me some details of the Marchand mission. Marchand had come to him three years ago to ask his advice about penetrating to the Upper Nile, and how to make friends with the Khalifa, and he (Sanua) had given him papers inscribed with texts from the Koran, and as I understood him, introductions from one or two persons at Omdurman. Marchand's idea was to go and make friends with the Mahdists and help them against England. He was certainly sent by the French Government. Sanua is severe on the stupidity of French diplomacy, and considers France very low down in the scale of European nations. He told me a good deal about his visit to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, who had received him with all honour, and allowed him to speak frankly and openly about affairs. He says the Sultan is acquiring an immense prestige from the Emperor Wilhelm's visit, which is everywhere in the East regarded as an act of homage. It was Abdul Hamid who first suggested to the Emperor to get rid of Bismarck. On his first visit to Constantinople they were talking about Bismarck's great power in Europe, and the Sultan said, 'I should not like to have so powerful a

servant, would your Majesty like to see how I treat mine?' William said, 'Yes.' Abdul Hamid then touched a bell, and when the attendant entered said, 'Send for Kiamil,' the then Grand Vizier. Instantly horsemen were despatched at a gallop through the city seeking the Minister, who presently appeared and stood, with head bowed and folded hands, before them. The Sultan for awhile took no notice, and let him stand, then casually 'You need not wait, it is of no consequence, go,' and the Grand Vizier went. William took this lesson to heart, and dismissed his Chancellor hardly less brusquely.

"Dined with Neville and his friend Geoffroi, a young fellow art student of a modest serious kind at the hôtel where I was their entertainer. We discussed art, literature, and politics. The young man is rather socialistic, hates the army, in which he is just about to be obliged to serve, and is a Dreyfusard. He assures me military service is most unpopular, and war still more so. It is clear nobody in France will take up the quarrel thrust on them by us over Fashoda.

"*29th Oct.*— Back to England. To-day it is announced that Marchand has left for Cairo, so the quarrel *solvitor ambulando*.

"*3rd Nov.*— Newbuildings. Knowles has agreed to my writing on the Fashoda affair in the 'Nineteenth Century,' but says he hopes I will not forget the motto which is his, 'my country right or wrong.' What absurdity! One would think that England was a poor struggling nationality, oppressed by a strong neighbour, and in need of the help of all her sons, not what she is, the mill in which all the nations are being ground.

"*4th Nov.*— Anne and Judith left for Egypt, I staying on in England for the winter. Lunched with George Wyndham at Willis's Rooms, where he is near his work at the War Office. We discussed the Fashoda business about which there will certainly not be war, George said. Also that our Government had squared the Emperor William. The Duke of Devonshire and Henry Chaplin were lunching at another table, and greeted George as 'dear George.' Of Chamberlain, George said, 'He is for war at any price.' He (Chamberlain) has just come back from America, where they are going through the same absurd military fever that we are here.

"*7th Nov.*— At Newbuildings with Cockerell. Delcassé has made his climb down about Fashoda, certainly a pitiful one, which reduces France almost to the level of a second-class Power. The Emperor William meanwhile has been touring it in Syria, and making speeches at Jerusalem. I fancy his concurrence with English policy has been bought by some promise of recognizing him as the Sultan's protector with a future reversion of the Holy Land. Our Jingo papers, especially the 'Chronicle,' have been clamouring for the annexation of Egypt, or at least the declaration of an English Protectorate, but that is probably

not within the limits of Lord Salisbury's present agreement with Wilhelm.

"*9th Nov.*— Left Newbuildings for Gorsey End, near Lyndhurst, for the winter, driving in beautiful weather by Rogate, where we are being entertained by Hugh Wyndham and his daughter Florence, stopping also to call on Charles Wyndham at Midhurst. Hugh, talking of the agreement with Waddington made in 1878 at the Berlin Congress in regard to Tunis, told me that he had had it from Odo Russell that the thing was transacted at the British Embassy. Odo Russell had said to him, 'You must be prepared for some startling moves,' and told him what had happened. This was soon after the agreement." [Sir Hugh Wyndham had been Secretary of the Berlin Embassy at the time.]

The whole of this winter I spent in the New Forest, having been advised to go there for my health, as I could get easy hunting there, and so be much out of doors. My principal friend in the neighbourhood was Sir William Harcourt at Malwood, whom I saw frequently, but otherwise I was much cut off from political society, though I went up now and then to London. At Lyndhurst I was busy writing my poem, "Satan Absolved."

"*20th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— To luncheon at Malwood. Sir William in excellent form, principally about the bishops, with whom he is now in violent conflict. He narrated to us a conversation he had had with the Duke of Devonshire as to the nomination to a bishopric. The Duke's account of it was this: 'He had written two letters to Salisbury, recommending a fellow, he couldn't remember the fellow's name, and Salisbury hadn't even answered. He had written because Courtney and another fellow, he couldn't remember his name either, had wanted it.' On inquiry it had turned out that the proposed nominee was Page Roberts, and Sir William had taken an opportuniy of asking Lord Salisbury why he hadn't made Page Roberts a Bishop. 'The fact is,' said Salisbury, 'I thought they were talking of Page Hopps, and we gave it to some one else.' 'That,' said Sir William, 'is the way they make bishops.' Our luncheon was quite a feast, as Lady Harcourt has a very good cook. Rawnsley and his wife were there.

"*22nd Nov.*— Knowles has returned me my article on 'Fashoda,' on the plea of its being too late, and that, besides, it would not be wise to publish it, doubtless the true reason.

"*28th Nov.*— Cromer has consented to give Judith away at her wedding if I am prevented from being present. This is as it should be, for personally I have always been on pleasant terms with Cromer, much as we may tilt politically.

"*3rd Dec.*— To London, where I saw George Wyndham. He tells me they had a tremendous dinner a few nights ago, all the Under-Sec-

retaries, at which, after the consumption of much champagne, they toasted each other as 'the youth of the day and the future Cabinet of 1910.' All were present except Austin Chamberlain, who had been run over by a cab.

"*8th Dec.*— Basil Blackwood came to breakfast with me in Mount Street, just back from a shooting expedition in East Africa. He gave me an account of it, as well as of Hubert Howard's death. He and Hubert had been very close friends. Basil is a nice youth, not a little like what his father was when he was young.

"*10th Dec.*— I have been buying books with Cockerell's help at Morris's sale, his 'Gerarde's Herbal,' a Berner's 'Froissart,' and Malory's 'King Arthur,' the Copland edition of 1557, the last a book to lie always on one's table.

"Last night there was given a great private dinner to George Curzon, at which most of the ladies who are our friends were present. [This was a farewell dinner to Lord Curzon of Kedlestone on his departure for India as Viceroy. I have an amusing letter from Curzon of that date, as member of the Crabbet Club, excusing himself for accepting an office which, according to our Rules, entailed a resignation of membership, but I cannot print it here.] Both George Wyndham and Sibell gave me an account of the feast. He, George Wyndham, recited a poem he had written for the occasion. Hugo (Elcho) proposed Curzon's health in a speech which George declared beat even his (Hugo's) record, and Curzon's reply was also most amusing. No pressmen were invited except Harry Cust, if he can still be called one. It is described in the evening papers as a 'congregation of the Order of the Souls.'

"*16th Dec.*— The event of the day is Harcourt's retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party. The true reason of his retirement is the conversion of the whole party, or at least the whole Liberal Press, to Jingo Imperialism. I wrote yesterday to congratulate him on his published letter. To-day I have a line from him in answer. He says: '*Anche io* have escaped out of gaol and am a free man.' I hope now that his tongue and Morley's will be let loose to attack the militarism of the day, of which Rosebery is the most outrageous champion. They will have plenty to say and will give dissentients heart. There must be a few lovers of liberty left in England, but for the moment they have no voice more powerful than Labouchere's. I consider Harcourt's retirement a distinct gain for liberty, if not for Liberalism.

"*17th Dec.*— To London on business, and dined at the 'Travellers,' where I was introduced by d'Estournelles to his new Ambassador, Cambon. I had a long talk with the latter about desert travelling, and my adventure at Siwah. Having mentioned that I was at Paris at the time of the late crisis they asked me 'which crisis,' and I without think-

ing said 'the crisis of Fashoda.' Cambon's countenance fell at the word, and he changed the conversation, though heaven knows I meant no harm. It is arranged between d'Estournelles and me that I should get up a little dinner at Mount Street for the Ambassador after the *Jour de l'An*, but I fear I should disappoint d'Estournelles' expectations. He counts, among other inducements, upon my inviting Lady Galloway, who, being Lord Salisbury's sister, he thinks would interest Cambon. He wants Cambon to make a good impression in English society. When he finds out how little I am a *persona grata* with the Government he will probably be less keen for my assistance; however, that is their affair. [N.B. Cambon had been sent to England after the Fashoda affair and the change of Ministry at Paris, expressly to bring about a good understanding between France and England, and in this he succeeded admirably. I believe it to have been due to him more than to any other Frenchman, except perhaps Delcassé, that the Entente Cordiale was come to four years later with the withdrawal of all French opposition to England in Egypt. It is probable that at the time of Fashoda an understanding was come to between Lord Salisbury and Delcassé for the partition of North Africa. England to have the East, France the West, Germany and Russia to be eventually allowed the spoil of Turkey and Persia. The full development of the plan being put off till the death, when it should happen, of Sultan Abdul Hamid.]

"19*th Dec.*— Old Lord Napier and Ettrick, Mark's father, is dead. He was a man of distinction, and no small ability. He was for many years in diplomacy, and was then sent as Governor to Madras. The last I saw of him was six or seven years ago, when I was at the Glen. His chief achievement in life was the making of Mark.

"*26th Dec.*— I have been staying at the Danes for Christmas, a family party. To-day we drove over to North Mimms, to make acquaintance with Loulou's *financée*. North Mimms, a beautiful old place, but turned inside out by a Victorian architect, who has been let loose on it regardless of expense. Loulou's new relations are Americans, the young lady simple and unaffected, and tenderly attached to Loulou."

I ended the year 1898 at Ockham with Ralph and Mary, more happily than was its beginning. "The first four months were of exceeding physical pain with the final breakdown, followed by a great contentment of mind and body. That great act of abdication, 'the taking to one's deathbed,' teaches one the value of the smaller pleasures of life. Intellectually I still feel growth, and while growth continues one is not yet old. Judith's marriage has been an event of supreme satisfaction.

"*1st Jan.*, 1899.— I am back at Lyndhurst. Lady Lytton tells me that the Queen was greatly opposed to Neville's marrying before he

came of age, and that her Majesty is constantly inquiring about the date of the wedding, and has been soothed by being told that Neville will at least be twenty on his wedding day.

"*4th Jan.*— To Malwood, where I had a long talk with Sir William Harcourt about the line he ought to take as an independent member of the Opposition. He told me that he intended to bring forward the whole anti-Imperial case on grounds of economy. I told him that I did not think he would get much following that way. Nobody cared enough about economy to be enthusiastic over it. I thought he would have more success if he gave his opposition a moral basis, exposing the demoralization of England through the violence and bloodshed Imperialism entailed, the fraud, lying, and hypocrisy, and the growth of militarism. Carried away by my argument I pressed him so closely that he almost lost his temper, and as a final word said: 'Well, what you say may be true, but this is my plan, and I mean to stick to it.' Lady Harcourt, however, who was there, took my side, and afterwards made me go with her upstairs to see her boy Bobby, and repeat to him my argument. 'It will do him good,' she said, 'for he is just at a moment of crisis when a very little may turn his ideas one way or the other.' I found the boy in bed with a cold, writing his views on politics in a copy-book, and I turned my eloquence on him. Old Sir William's ill-humour was almost pathetic, and did not last long, and Lady Harcourt said to me as we went upstairs, 'He will not really mind, and he will remember what you said when you are gone.' Really there never was a moment, when a man with convictions and some knowledge of foreign affairs, could do more in England.

"Bennett, one of the military correspondents in the Soudan, has written a powerful article in the 'Contemporary,' exposing the barbarity of the war, about which all the country has been shouting triumph, and about Gordon College at Khartoum. The British public are paying to ease their consciences for the incredible slaughter of Omdurman.

"*6th Jan.*— The run of the season with the New Forest deer hounds, in pursuit of an old roebuck from Lady Cross Lodge right across the open heath of Beaulieu plain, very fast to the far side, when he turned back and again faced the open. About the middle of the plain, on his second journey, he lay down, and jumped up in the middle of the hounds, racing away for two miles in view with the pack at his heels to Hackett Pond, where he took the water and swam for ten minutes with the pack after him, and out again, and was run into and killed in the open. They say they never had so good a run before. It lasted seventy-five minutes. I was riding Mahruss, who carried me in the front rank all the way, the only heavy weight that went fairly with the hounds.

"*7th Jan.*— Cromer has made a speech to the Soudanese Sheykhs at

Khartoum, declaring they will now be ruled by the Queen of England and the Khedive of Egypt. This lets the cat out of the bag. I was quite sure the thing was in contemplation from the reticence of Lord Salisbury. All these weeks he has been allowing the rest of his Cabinet to make altruistic speeches about the Soudan having been 'reconquered for Egypt,' but has been mute himself, remaining by his telegram to Monson. The high moral nature of the transaction has been appealed to by every newspaper in England notwithstanding Bennett's exposure of the atrocities of the campaign. I have written to congratulate Bennett on his courage.

"*13th Jan.*— Indoors all day writing about the new settlement in the Soudan. It is ludicrous to follow the antics of the so-called Liberal papers, the 'Chronicle,' the 'Westminster Gazette,' and the rest, in their endeavour to make the seizure of the Upper Nile for England fit in with their moral heroics about England's duty of 'reconquering it for Egypt.' What they don't understand is that Lord Salisbury was very quietly playing with them. He was delighted at the time of his ultimatum to France to get the support of the Radical Press, and he let them run on to their hearts' content about England being Egypt's trustee and the Nile being Egypt and Egypt being the Nile — that was Rosebery's phrase — and it pleased him that the Nonconformist conscience should call heaven and earth to witness what a moral and unselfish nation we were, and how abominable were the French, who would pilfer Egypt's inheritance. He was glad to get the support of the Exeter Hall people and the bishops and the clergy by letting them boast of the evangelical missions they were going to start at Khartoum, all the while having up his sleeve this card of Kitchener's, English Viceroyalty of the Soudan in the name of Her Gracious Majesty and a strictly Mohammedan Protectorate. The world are fools, or rather, they ask to be deceived, and deceived they are. The 'Chronicle' will very soon come fully into line with the 'Telegraph,' and find it an exceedingly clever trick to have made a cat's-paw of the Egyptian Government in English interests. What can be more amusing than to add the Upper Nile to the British Empire, and make the Egyptian fellah pay for his conquest and maintenance, the profit being wholly for England. Meynell tells me that when Sir William Butler (who is his brother-in-law) met Kitchener on his arrival at Dover, he said to him, 'Well, if you do not bring down a curse upon the British Empire for what you have been doing, there is no truth in Christianity.' Kitchener only stared.

"*14th Jan.*— Drove to Abbotsworthy to stay with George Lefevre,[1] where we have had a deal of talk about politics. Lefevre is of opinion that Rosebery's retirement from the Leadership of the Liberal party

[1] Now Lord Eversley.

was resolved on by him with the idea that he could get Lord Salisbury's succession, if not as Unionist Prime Minister, at least as Unionist Foreign Secretary. This is likely enough. We went to look at St. Cross and the Cathedral at Winchester. The old 'brother' at St. Cross, one Joyce, who acted as showman, was describing to us the mechanism of an ancient confessional in the wall of a church there, and I asked him, 'Do you hold, sir, with the modern practice of confession?' His answer was amusing. 'Modern confession, sir. I was taking a lady round the church last week, and when we came to this 'ole in the wall, I invited her inside. "Now, Madam," I said, "have you nothing to confess to me?" And she was a pretty woman, sir. "I confess," said she, "that I 'ave been in 'ere alone with you quite long enough." That's my idea of modern confession and you may let Sir William 'Arcourt know it with my compliments.'

"*15th Jan.*— Back to Lyndhurst, stopping on the way at Malwood for luncheon. Sir William is immensely pleased with my confessional story, which exactly hits his humour. Loulou was there, and Bobby, the younger boy, and we had a great discussion about poetry and poets. I expounded to them the glories of Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur.'

"*20th Jan.*— The papers give the text of a convention made between Cromer and Boutros Pasha — a leonine convention indeed. The text, however, shows it less of an annexation than Cromer's speech suggested. As far as I can read its meaning it would become legally inoperative if England evacuated Egypt, for it provides only 'a system for the administration and making of laws . . . giving effect to the claims which have accrued to Her Britannic Majesty's Government by right of conquest to share in the present settlement and future working and development of the said system of legislation.' This can hardly be construed into sovereign rights. Nevertheless, it is practically as bad as possible for Egypt, for it will saddle on her the whole cost and labour of the war of reconquest not yet completed and make her budget responsible for Soudan deficits.

"*21st to 23rd January.*— At Hewell. I have made friends here with Rowton and have talked Egyptian and other matters over with him. He is, of course, a Jingo of the Jingoes, as becomes a courtier of the Queen and Disraeli's once private secretary, but he can talk without asperity even on the delicate subject of the British flag at Khartoum.

"*2nd Feb.*— To-day is Judith's wedding day. I came up to London and joined Edith Lytton and the family dinner party, where we drank the health of bride and bridegroom. Edith had with her a telegram from Her Majesty expressing sympathy, and later another saying that she had telegraphed to Lord Cromer asking for news of the wedding and giving his reply, '*marriage duly performed.*' This Her Majesty had underlined to show, Edith explained, her disappointment at the

baldness of the answer. The Queen, she said, would have liked something gushing, but, of course, Lord Cromer treated it merely in an official way and would go to no expense. Both telegrams were signed 'V.R.I.,' which, Edith says, is always Her Majesty's signature now. I thought the 'I' had been reserved for communications east of Suez, but the Queen is pleased with her title of Empress and uses it always. She has shown great interest in the marriage all through.

"*7th Feb.*— The 'Times' publishes my Soudan letter in a prominent place, and as to-day is the opening of Parliament it may perhaps do good. Nubar Pasha is dead, and they are giving him a public funeral at Alexandria, while all the English papers are full of his praises, yet this wily Armenian arrived penniless in Egypt fifty years ago and has made four millions out of his various tenures of office. For this he is applauded by the London Press as an Egyptian patriot and statesman. He was unable, I believe, so much as to talk Arabic.

"*12th Feb.*— Lord Salisbury has given certain explanations in the House of Lords about the Soudan which are better than nothing, but the Opposition is too flabby to push him farther than he condescends to go.

"*16th Feb.*— Called at 44, Belgrave Square, where Mary, Pamela and Madeline are sitting for their portraits in a group to Sargent. It is being painted in the drawing-room. In the background there will be their mother's portrait by Watts.

"*19th Feb.* (*Sunday*).— Faure, the French President, is dead, and there is a good deal of excitement over the event, but I do not anticipate anything final at present. The chiefs of the Army would like to overthrow the Republic, but in the absence of any popular candidate for the throne, they are afraid to move. The rank-and-file, especially the conscripts, would not follow them.

"*22nd Feb.*— I have been helping to get up an agitation against the Parliamentary grant of £30,000 to Kitchener, and questions have been asked in the Commons. Brodrick admits the digging up of the Mahdi's body and the throwing it into the Nile, and they are bringing further questions about the mutilation, that is to say, about young Bill Gordon's having cut the head off to keep as a 'curio.' The whole thing is revolting — a piece of military revenge for the death of Gordon and the defeat of Wolseley and excused now on the absurd plea of its having been 'a necessity in view of the possibility of a fanatical revival.' What makes the desecration worse is that Sir Herbert Stewart's grave had remained all these years untouched in the desert where he fell, but the Liberal front bench is ready to condone every horror, being more Jingo than the Jingoes.

"*24th Feb.*— To the House of Commons for the Soudan debate which was led by Morley, ably and courageously. I heard Grey speak

in good parliamentary style, but without eloquence, the Tories applauding him. [He had become Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Rosebery.]

"*26th Feb.*— Morley's speech reads well in the 'Times,' and is founded for the most part on my letter published a fortnight ago. There is to be a separate debate about the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb.

"*1st March.*— Gave a dinner to the two Ambassadors, Cambon and Staal — with Margot, Lady Windsor, and Mrs. Benson for other guests; it was very gay, thanks to Margot, who talked imperfect French with great courage and volubility, and amused us all. Staal was as usual witty and charming, and after dinner Cambon, who is a bit of a *poseur*, sat on a sofa between two of the ladies, telling stories of Pierre Loti and his fabulous love adventures. Loti, when at Constantinople, had made the acquaintance of an Armenian lady of the half world, and on that slender foundation of romance built up his tale of an intrigue with the Turkish inmate of a harem of the Eyub quarter who died of jealousy for his sake. So successfully had he done it that he had convinced himself of its truth, and to the point that when he returned to Constantinople, and was staying at the French Embassy, he came in one day from a walk, and assured Cambon, who knew the true story, and Loti knew that he knew it, that he had just been to weep in the spot in the Eyub quarter where he had been so happy. He had found the quarter burnt, and the house reduced to ashes. Cambon assured us that Loti did this in all good faith, having been able to persuade himself to believe in these *bonnes fortunes* as things that had actually happened.

"*8th March.*— Lunched at the French Embassy. Staal, Maxse and his daughter, Margot and others. I asked Staal, who sat next to me, how it was that Tolstoy managed to remain on in Russia, untroubled by the Government. He said it was entirely due to the great literary position he held in Europe. It was thought wiser to tolerate him at home than to send him away to exile.

"*9th March.*— George Wyndham came to see me this morning, and I lunched with him and Madeline Adeane later at Belgrave Square, where we saw the first sketching in of Pamela's head which Sargent had just done in a couple of hours' work. It is wonderful as a likeness and as a bit of rapid execution, giving just her playful prettiness, and the peculiar wave of her hair, a sketch in the manner of Velasquez, with exactly his strong touches, unintelligible when looked close into, but alive when seen at a distance. Mary, too, has been sketched in not unsuccessfully, and Madeline less well. It should make a remarkable picture, probably Sargent's best. He is to be allowed no licence with the magentas and mauves he loves. I met him on the doorstep as he

was going out, a rather good looking fellow in a pot hat, whom at my first sight I took to be a superior mechanic.

"10*th March*.— By early train to Guildford to sit to Watts. (It had been arranged for me by Madeline Wyndham that Watts should do my portrait, a special favour he accorded her in deference to their long friendship.) The sittings were to be at his house, about three miles off by the Hogsback, an ornamental, not too ornamented cottage of the usual Victorian kind, which he has christened 'Limnerslease,' much to his friends' amusement, Cockerel tells me. Burne-Jones used to call it 'Dauber's Den,' 'Painter's Palette,' and other nicknames. The old man, well and alert, went to work at once on me, talking without interruption the whole time, and sometimes, finding me a good listener, with eloquence, though he complained of having been unable all his life to hit the right word in conversation, or even in writing. He is by nature, he says, a poet, but without the gift of expressing himself in any form of words. That is why he has worked all his life to express himself in colour, which after all he can only do imperfectly. He cares for his art, and desires to do it well, but principally as a means to his end of giving form to his ideas. He also wished to make these ideas intelligible to the widest circle of disciples, and for this reason he has refused to connect his art with any special epoch or any special creed. His figures are ideal figures, which will suit all ages and all beliefs. He once received a letter from a woman in Australia, who wrote to tell him that as a girl in Manchester she had found life so hard, she had intended to die, but by accident had seen a photograph of his 'Love and Death,' which had consoled her, and now she was married, and prosperous, and happy. She kept the photograph always hanging in front of her bed. This he said was a greater satisfaction to him than any success he had had merely as a painter.

"To some extent he blames Burne-Jones for being too much a man of one age. He (Burne-Jones) had locked himself up in the fourteenth century and had stayed there. Except for this he spoke warmly of him and of his charming qualities. He told how he had set Burne-Jones once on horseback at Little Holland House, starting him to canter round a ride he had made there, but he forgot some hurdles which had been put up and poor Burne-Jones fell off, nor would he ever be persuaded to mount again. Of Morris, he spoke with less enthusiasm, and I fancy there was a coolness between them in later years, though formerly he had seen much of them both. His heroes are Ruskin, Carlyle, and Rossetti, and he quoted 'The lost days of my Life' as the finest of all Sonnets, an opinion which has long been mine. He does not think very highly of Rossetti as a painter, rather as a poet. Millais and Leighton were his two special friends among artists, and how many charming and beautiful women! He spoke more than once of

Lady de Vesci. The handsomest head he had ever painted was Sir Henry Taylor's, but his best man's portrait he considers to be Burne-Jones', his best woman's portrait, Madeline Wyndham's. He sets greater store, however, on his allegorical subjects than on his portraits.

"*11th March.*— To Limnerslease again, having slept the night at Milford. To-day we talked much on the subject of the destruction of the weak races by the strong, and, like so many people nowadays, while deploring it Watts excused it as inevitable, a law of nature and the fulfilment of destiny. I thought he must have been talking about this to Gerald Balfour, whose portrait he has just been painting, but he told me how he had hardly had any conversation with Gerald during their sittings. With me he has talked uninterruptedly, sometimes leaving his work for five minutes altogether to explain and illustrate his arguments. Two of his illustrations I remember. Speaking of the ritualistic controversy and the necessity of ceremony in all religions, 'Ceremony,' he said, 'is the substance of religious belief, it is what outline is in a picture, it ought not to be required, indeed it does not exist in nature, but it is often impossible to understand what is meant without it.' This seemed to me a particularly good illustration. Again, speaking of the part reason plays in our religious ideas, 'Here,' he said, pointing to his forefinger, 'is sentiment, here is faith, here is charity, here is hope, all four fingers stand together on more or less equal terms, yet they can grasp nothing without this,' bending down his thumb, 'which is reason.' He was intensely pleased when I applauded and said he had always thought it good.

"*12th March (Sunday).*— At Newbuildings, gathering the first spring flowers, which I am going to colour in my Gerarde's Herbal, the one bought at Morris's Sale.

"I have concluded the purchase of Fernycroft in the New Forest from Lord Montagu, 31 acres of woodland. It formed part of the hereditary lands of Beaulieu Abbey, an outlying croft where the monks kept their cows.

"*14th March.*— Entertained York Powell with others at dinner. I have known him since 1863, when he was a boy, and I a quite young man, travelling in the Pyrenees, but we have hardly met since, though in correspondence now and then on literary and political subjects, where we mostly agree. He was made Professor of History at Oxford, some years ago, and is a good fellow, with a larger mind than Dons usually possess.

"*17th March.*— Again at Limnerslease. Mrs. Watts took me to see Mrs. Hichens' house close by, where there is a portrait of old Prinsep, the finest Watts ever did. Indeed, I think it almost the finest portrait ever painted in England. The house is set under a chalk

pit looking south, and screened from all cold winds. Princess Christian came in, but seeing strangers, decamped.

"*24th March.*— The Government has published a meagre parliamentary paper upon the doings at Omdurman, and the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb. Of course everything is denied, or made to appear to be denied, except the fact, which could not be concealed, of the throwing of the Mahdi's body into the Nile. As to the killing of the wounded, the denial does not include the general order which, without doubt, was given of killing men lying on the ground in battle after they had fallen. This is thought to be excused by the story, much exaggerated, of wounded men getting up and firing at our soldiers, but the true reason of the slaughter is that Kitchener was campaigning on the cheap, and did not wish to be encumbered with prisoners, and especially wounded prisoners. This, and the desire to have 'a record bag' as a revenge for Gordon. The destruction of the tomb is a crime of which Kitchener meanly excuses himself by saying he was away when it was done, though he had given the order, and for the political reason of preventing the tomb's becoming a centre of pilgrimage, and so of fanatical feeling. This is mere fustian. The thing was done to emphasize the revenge taken, young Gordon, Gordon's nephew, having been sent for from Cairo expressly for the job, and given command of the bombardment during the battle, with orders to fire at the tomb. Afterwards he was intrusted with the blowing-up of the ruins and the violation of the grave. Kitchener admits that 'the skull was preserved and handed over to me for disposal,' which leaves it to be implied that young Gordon performed the act of mutilation.

"*27th March.*— To Brighton to see old Herbert Spencer at his house in Percival Terrace. I found him lying on a sofa in a dressing-gown, with slippers on of an ornamental feminine kind. He began by talking for ten minutes about his health, and explaining that his fresh, rosy colour was no sign of health; then he got round to the subject of my visit, the militarisms and brutalities of the day, the idealization of football and all games of force, the rehabilitation of Napoleon and other war-making scoundrels who had long been condemned as such, with the rewriting of history to suit the agressive ideas now in fashion. He repeated what he had said in his first letter to me, that if he did not believe there would be a return to humane doctrines, it might be in a hundred, it might be in two hundred or three hundred years, he would not move a hand to prevent the destruction of the whole human race. He applauded what I had said in writing to him of its being probably necessary that we should be first beaten and invaded here in England by a foreign enemy, and he thought it would be the best thing that could happen. 'I am quite as pessimistic,' he said, 'as you are about the present, only I foresee a change in the remote future.' 'In the

remote future,' I replied, 'it will be too late, everything that is interesting and beautiful and happy in the world will have been destroyed. The world will be inhabited then only by the ugly and dull, and miserable white races.' This made him talk of the South Sea Islanders, the Burmese, and other unspoiled people. He said he had intended writing to William Watson to suggest a poem on the gradual degradation of a South Sea Island community by the missionary and the trader. Watson had not much backbone in his poetry, but he thought he could do this. Trade competition was only another form of war waged by the strong against the weak, less abominable, perhaps, than fire and sword. For this reason the Czar's peace proposals should be supported, though they would not result in any real cessation of civilized aggression. We talked also about race hatred and the influence women had in fostering it, and I told him about India. He showed me some beautiful photographs he had had sent him from Burmah, of the happy poor people there, and contrasted them with the faces of our own poor. Then complaining of being tired, for he had been talking very energetically, he sent me down to have my luncheon with the two ladies who look after him, a housekeeper and a young lady who plays the piano to him. They are both new in the house, and he seems to have no relations or belongings except these two, and they are strangers. After luncheon I went upstairs again, but Spencer soon tired of talk, and, ringing the bell, he sent for the young pianist, whom he directed to play Masaniello and a piece by Purcell, which she did for twenty minutes. She did this very nervously, as he was continually interrupting her, begging her to play either a little faster or a little slower. This done, we fell to talk again about the domestication of animals. While talking he occasionally gets excited, and jumps up from his sofa and walks hurriedly about the room, until suddenly recollecting himself and his health, he stops. He explained to me that he had been an invalid since he was a young man, and he will be seventy-nine next Tuesday, and has a right to be careful.

"On the whole I am rather disappointed with Spencer. He is so very dry, and so much wrapped up in himself, his ailments, his work and his ideas, to the exclusion, it seems to me, of individual sympathies. His mind is clear and logical, he expresses himself well, but without eloquence or such power as compels attention; not once was I able to feel myself in the presence of a *great* man, only of a very well-informed one, a pedagogue and able reasoner. There was nothing in him of the softening character which old age so often gives, and which is so touching. Still I am glad to have spent this day with him, for his is one of the great names of our time, and his work has been great. His rooms in Perceval Terrace are cheerful, facing the sea, and he seldom moves out, the ladies tell me, except for a drive in the after-

noon, nor does he often see people, so I may take his asking me to visit him as a very high compliment. He has promised to send me a copy of his volume on Sociology. At three I left him and walked back to the station, and so home to Newbuildings, glad not to be a philosopher.

"*12th April.*— Yesterday and the day before I have been entertaining Prince and Princess Sherbatoff, showing them the stud, with her brother, Count Strogonoff, both highly intelligent Russians, and breeders of Arab horses." [Sherbatoff had travelled in our footsteps in Mesopotamia, and had started an Arab stud on his estate somewhere between Moscow and the Ural mountains, on the same principle of thorough breeding as our own.]

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson sends me the heads of a speech he intends making on the Soudan vote. It reads like the speech of Balaam, and I have answered him: 'If English Liberals and humanitarians leave it to the Irish to express disapproval of Kitchener's ways with the wounded and his treatment of the Mahdi's head, I can only say that they had better vote in silence. You praise Kitchener for his deeds as a soldier. It is all the argument needed to justify the parliamentary grant. Kitchener did not make the policy of the war, for that he is not responsible, but he was responsible for the brutal way he conducted it, a brutality which makes his success, no very great one, a disgrace.'

"My final sitting to Watts. The old man was more agreeable and interesting than ever, and we parted on terms of real affection. The portrait is a fine one, the best, he said, he ever painted, but this is more than the truth, for it cannot compare with his great achievements of thirty and forty years ago. Our talk has never flagged for a moment during the sittings. I told him of my visit to Herbert Spencer, and asked whether he had ever painted him? 'How could you expect me,' he said, 'to paint a man with such an upper lip?' He has no opinion of the philosopher as a man, and declares him to be wholly selfish.

"*18th April.*— The first nightingale.

"Young Oliver Howard came to dine and sleep, and to consult me about a hare-brained expedition he was bent on to Jerabúb and Kufra. I strongly advised him to turn his thoughts elsewhere. It is quite enough that his brother Hubert should have got killed in Africa without his doing the same, and for even a stupider reason. Neither he nor any of his proposed companions have had the smallest experience of the North African desert or know a word of Arabic, though one of the party has been in Somaliland shooting lions. For his father's and mother's sake I dissuaded him.

"*22nd April.*— Anne returned from Egypt, having left Judith and Neville at Paris.

"*27th April.*— With Cockerel to see the new mosaics at St. Paul's about which there has been angry correspondence in the 'Times.'

They are not in the best style of decoration, but the over brilliancy of the mosaics will soon blacken in the London smoke and tone down to the rest.

"On my way back from London in the evening we travelled by accident with D——, who as usual was full of interesting talk. He told us, with a little pressing and on promise not to give him away, the true history of the Mahdi's head. The mutilation of the body seems all to have come of a mere bit of rowdy nonsense on the part of certain young English officers. He says it has long been a custom with the members of White's Club who are in the Army to bring back trophies from any wars they may be engaged in and present them to the club. He, D——, had jokingly proposed to E—— W—— to bring back the Mahdi's toe-nails from the coming campaign. Kitchener, on this hint, seems to have fancied having the Mahdi's head for himself to make an inkstand of, and gave Gordon the order to dig the body up and keep the head for him. This accordingly was done, and at the same time finger-nails were taken by some of the young officers, but they got talking about it at Cairo and hence the trouble. He says he had the whole account of the thing in detail from W——, and that Kitchener received the head from Gordon, who was charged with the destruction of the tomb, and he actually had it (he, Kitchener) as an inkstand until Cromer wrote about it, when he 'put it behind the fire.' D—— was quite incredulous about its having been buried at Wady Halfa, or anywhere else. It was just put 'behind the fire.'

'He gave an interesting account of Kitchener, whom he had known, he said, ever since they were both together at Woolwich, before the French war. He, D——, was at a preparatory military school, reading for the military college, but Kitchener had passed in. Kitchener was 'a rough young devil,' and he and another cadet got into a row, partly about a woman, partly about money, and Kitchener's father, who was poor, refused to pay up for his son. The son, consequently, ran away with the other boy, and was tried by court-martial as a deserter. The two went to France and enlisted in the French army and fought in the war in the Army of the North, and Kitchener got some credit for his handling of a mitrailleuse on one occasion, and eventually, when the war was over, came back to England and got old Linthorn Simmons, then the head of Woolwich School, to forgive and take him back, and he got his commission. 'But,' said D——, 'he always was what I have said, and did not know how to behave.' His conduct afterwards to the Khedive proved this. He was, however, a wonderful organizer, though a bad general. He had very nearly lost a battle at Atbara by his clumsy handling of the troops, and again at Omdurman, when he had wheeled the Egyptian army in such a manner as to place it between the Dervishes and the English contingent, so that

these last were unable to take any part in the firing. Now he had been given absolute power in the Soudan, and was using it in the most arbitrary way. When Carlisle went up to Khartoum to visit the grave of his son Hubert, Kitchener ordered him back immediately he had performed this duty. He would not hear of Carlisle's staying longer than the second day.

"*3rd May.*— Dined at the Centenary of the Sussex Club, a piece of local patriotism out of my usual way; indeed, it is twenty-five years since I dined with the Club. There were ninety-three members present, the Duke of Norfolk presiding, who did the duties simply and well. I sat between Henry Campion of Danny and Brown of Holmbush. They asked me to take the Chair at their next dinner, a thing which would have entailed a speech on me at this one, but I managed to get out of it. My father was one of the first members, having been elected in 1808.

"*18th May.*— Yesterday I was in London and met my friend Harry Brand,[1] just back from Australia, where he has been Governor of a colony. He found it dull work among people without literature, art, or culture of any kind, except a taste for bad music. He was offered to stay on as Governor-General, but wisely refused. Harry and I are contemporaries and we swore, long ago, the oath of brotherhood, so I have invited him to take up his residence in Mount Street with me till his country place, The Hoo, becomes vacant in August.

"19th May.— Lunched with George Wyndham at Willis's Rooms. He told me of a book young Winston Churchill is publishing, blurting out all kinds of inconvenient truths about the Soudan campaign. The desecration of the Mahdi's tomb Winston calls 'a foul deed,' as indeed it was.

"*26th May.*— I have written to Morley on the Kitchener case, as he is taking it up publicly and has made a speech on it at Lydney. The Liberal newspapers, however, are afraid of touching the matter, and the 'Daily News' burks this portion of his speech.

"*27th May.*— I have finished my poem, 'Satan Absolved,' and feel more content with life in consequence, having the sense of having done all I could, and having made my individual protest against the abominations of the Victorian Age. The 24th was the Queen's birthday, Her Majesty being now eighty. There is a foolish letter in the 'Times' pointing out the wonderful fulfilment of a prophecy of Sidney Smith's, who, sixty years ago, exhorted her Majesty to make it the boast of her life to avoid war and to have it on her conscience to say, 'I have made no orphans or widows.' This for one whose reign has seen whole races of beings exterminated under her rule, and only the other day thanked God that her troops had destroyed 30,000 Dervishes!

[1] Lord Hampden.

"*28th May.*— George Wyndham came down last night to dine and sleep, and to-day I drove him to Worthing, where we lunched with Henley. On our way over the Downs we stopped and walked up to Chanclebury Ring, which George had never done, and found some white dog-violets nearly at the highest point. George has told me a good deal about the internal rivalries in the Cabinet, which may well break out if anything happens to Lord Salisbury. What he calls the reactionary Tories are headed by Hicks Beach, but the young Tories, including himself, would not serve under Beach. As long as Arthur Balfour is there they will follow him, but if any accident sent him too out of the leadership they would revolt from the main Tory body and form a third party of ultra-imperialists with Chamberlain. About foreign politics George says that it is now simply a triangular battle between the Anglo-Saxon race, the German race, and the Russian, which shall have the hegemony of the whole world. France he considers gone as a great Power, as much gone as Spain or Austria, but the Emperor William means to be supreme overlord. He is holding his hand for the moment till he can get an efficient navy, but as soon as this is ready there will be a coalition against England. He, George and the young Imperialists are going in for England's overlordship and they won't stand half-measures or economy in pushing it on.

"*3rd June.*— Young Winston Churchill has made a speech in which, while condemning the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb, he excuses Kitchener on the ground that it was done in his absence and that he was keeping silence in order not to incriminate his subordinates. This throws the odium of the deed on young Gordon, a quite innocent person, for both Anne and Judith, who have been seeing Gordon and his wife at Cairo all through the winter, assure me that he repudiates the deed with absolute disgust. I have consequently written to the 'Daily News' telling the truth about it.

"*4th June* (*Sunday*).— Lunched at Sir Wilfrid Lawson's where I found John Morley. We had a long two hours' talk about the Kitchener vote which is to come off to-morrow. Morley is very fierce against Kitchener, and I gave him what help I could, besides what I wrote to him on the subject. But he is hampered by all sorts of conditions. I urged him not to admit the capture of Omdurman as a great feat of arms. It was a trumpery affair for which to give a peerage, but he would not take this line, though it really invalidates his whole argument. He is already in a depressed frame of mind, for Campbell Bannerman is to second the vote, and he thinks the result of the debate will be to make a further cleavage between the two sections of the Liberal party, his own anti-military section being left with a small minority. Even Harcourt's vote he thought was doubtful. I proposed to go and see Harcourt and try and persuade him to vote against the grant, but

Morley said, 'If you do, for God's sake don't tell him you have seen me,' which shows how little confidence in each other there is among the chiefs, even of the Anti-Jingo section. He ended, however, by saying I might as well go to Harcourt without mentioning him. I found Sir William at the Avondale Hotel in capital spirits, but when, after some talk about the New Forest, I mentioned the Mahdi's head, I saw his countenance fall, and he changed the subject to the Transvaal, where he thinks trouble is coming, and then while we were talking about it he was suddenly called out, and I did not see him again. I asked Lady Harcourt when we were alone to try and get him to support Morley, but she said, 'I have given up trying to get him to do anything but what he chooses,' which I take to mean he will do nothing.

"*5th June.*— Again to London where I found a note from Lady Harcourt, telling me that what had interrupted my talk with Sir William yesterday was the news brought him of Loulou having been taken seriously ill, so that his wedding, which was fixed for to-morrow, has had to be put off.

"My letter about Kitchener is in the 'Daily News' neutralized according to an editorial dodge by printing next to it what is headed as 'The true story' in contradiction to mine. At first I was alarmed lest young Gordon might have confessed, in spite of his denial, that he was the real culprit, so I went down to Chelsea and lunched with my kinsman, Gerald Blunt, at the Rectory (whose son's wife was a sister of Gordon's), and he reassured me on this point. He says that Gordon's family are furious at the slur cast on him. Then at four to the House of Commons. George had got me a good seat in the special gallery, and I found myself among friends, Rennel Rodd, George Peel, Canon Wilberforce, and others. Kitchener, who returned to England last night, was sitting with Roberts in the Peers' gallery. After the usual irrelevancies, Arthur Balfour opened the debate in a brief speech recounting Kitchener's services, for the Opposition was quite unequal to the occasion. Kitchener's name had not been very warmly received, and it would have been easy to appeal to the better feeling of the House, though the result of the vote could not have been altered, but Campbell Bannerman's rising to second the vote, though he expressed himself pretty strongly on the 'vulgarity' of the desecration of the tomb, put things at once into a false position, and Morley who followed to oppose it, with the strongest of possible cases, proved feeble beyond all recorded feebleness. His arguments were weak to fatuity, and he gave himself away over and over again till the House laughed at him. So much was this the case that Balfour already found himself in sympathy with the House before he rose to reply. He did this in a speech of great skill and eloquence, which, as mere oratory, it was a relief to listen to, and he succeeded even to taking a high moral line

with the wretched Morley, and in proving to him conclusively that Kitchener was absolutely justified, indeed bound by every principle of right feeling to blow up the tomb, dig up the body, chuck it into the Nile, and what he called 'disperse the remains.' Absurd as his argument was it was conclusive with the House, and Morley had not even the wit to ask what became of the poor head, or who was entrusted with the various operations. I doubt if Morley will ever make a speech again in the House, I should not if I were he.

"Personally I am not altogether dissatisfied with the result. We have gained at least this, that we have forced Balfour and the Government and the House of Commons to declare themselves in favour of the extreme abominations of war, and have in so far exposed the hypocrisy of modern England. It is better so than that the country should have it in its power to boast that it did not approve, although it did the deed. Kitchener got his £30,000, his money perish with him! I was glad to notice that, except old Roberts, who came with him to the House, none of his brother Peers in the gallery offered him a congratulation, or spoke a word to him.

"*7th June.*— In all the newspaper articles on the Kitchener Debate, not one has the wit to see the flaw in Balfour's argument. It rests entirely on Kitchener's assertion that he had the Mahdi's tomb profaned, and the body dispersed deliberately with a political intention, that of publicly showing the Mohammedan world of Africa that the Mahdi was an impostor. The untruth, however, of this is easily discoverable even in the meagre Blue Book published. If it had been true it is certain Kitchener would have reported the fact with the reasons to Cromer *at the time*, and that Cromer would have reported them *at the time* to the Foreign Office. But though the thing happened in September, and though Kitchener in the meanwhile had been back in London, and in personal communication with everybody, including her gracious Majesty the Queen, the Government professed to be ignorant of the facts until the month of February, the earliest document in the Blue Book being one of February 17, when Cromer sent home a communication of February 1 from Kitchener. Kitchener then for the first time gives his explanation thus: 'I would add,' he says, 'that my action regarding the tomb of Mohammed Achmet, the so-called Mahdi, was taken after due deliberation, and prompted solely by political considerations.' How anybody at all conversant with the way in which Blue Books are edited can be simple enough to believe in face of this comparison of dates, that the 'political considerations' were not an afterthought passes my understanding, yet is clear that Morley and even the Irish overlooked the absurdity. The whole discussion in Parliament was unreal, nobody wanted to believe, except perhaps Morley. The Irish look on Kitchener with a sneaking regard, as in some

measure an Irishman, while Dillon has Catholic sympathies which prevent his quite disapproving the crusade. In this way Balfour's absurd argument held its ground, and I suppose will hold it in history.

"*15th June.*— The plot for annexing the Transvaal has taken a new development. Chamberlain, to force the hand of the Government, has published a despatch of Milner's written on the 4th of May of the most aggressive kind, and the newspapers are full of flame and fury, the 'Daily News' leading the chorus. They talk about Milner's 'cool and impartial judgment' just as if Milner had not been specially selected by Chamberlain to put the job through. Milner was sent to Egypt ten years ago to convert English Liberal opinion to the plan of remaining on there instead of withdrawing the garrison, and having succeeded in that mission he has been sent to the Cape to convert English Liberal opinion to the idea of reannexing the Transvaal. Milner, though an excellent fellow personally, is quite an extremist as an imperial agent, and his journalistic experience on the 'Pall Mall Gazette' has given him the length of John Bull's foot very accurately, so that he is invaluable to the Empire builders. Now there will certainly be war in South Africa. They have tried every kind of fraud to get their way, but old Kruger has been too astute for them, so they will try force. They seem to have squared the German Emperor, France is in chaos, they think their opportunity come. Chamberlain will not rest until he has Kruger's head on a charger. The Boers, however, will fight, and there is some chance of a general war between the Dutch and the English in South Africa, which may alleviate the condition of the only people there whose interests I really care for in the quarrel, namely the blacks. It will also be a beautiful exposure of our English sham philanthropy, if at the very moment the Peace Congress is sitting at The Hague, we flout its mediation and launch into an aggressive war. Anything is better than the general hand-shaking of the great white thieves and their amicable division of the spoils.

"I am now staying at Oxford with York Powell at Christ-Church. Powell is an excellent good fellow, and seems to be much liked at Oxford in spite of his somewhat heterodox views on politics, for he has a certain Socialistic tendency enough to have widened his mind. We had a deal of talk to-day, principally on poetry and literature, of which he has a large knowledge. I told him, among other things, of my having consulted Jowett fifteen years ago half seriously about the possibility of my entering the University as an Undergraduate, and how he had answered me. 'You could never pass the examination for Balliol, but might try Christ-Church.' 'Insolent dog!' said Powell, resenting the slur on his College. It is lovely weather, the Christ-Church Meadow looking its best, and while we sat on a bench in the Elm Avenue talking, a little redstart was watching us. Then we went into

the Cathedral to see the Burne-Jones Morris windows. Prayers were going on for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Houses of Parliament, and they were intoning, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.' Then we dined in the hall, and talked with two Dons, Myers and another, about Eastern travel and horses, till I got away to bed.

"*21st June.*— Lane will publish 'Satan Absolved.'

"*28th June.*— Herbert Spencer consents to have 'Satan Absolved' dedicated to him, but is in a terrible fright lest it should be found out that he gave the idea of the poem, 'on account,' he says, 'of the *odium theologicum* and the injury it might do to the spread of his philosophy,' so I have written a preface without exactly saying this, though it is not very courageous of him to leave me alone in the coming battle.

"*29th June.*— Breakfasted with George and Sibell, who showed me two very interesting letters from her son Bendor, describing the interview between Kruger and his chief, Milner (whose private secretary he is) at Bloemfontein. The letters were written actually during the conference, and contained sketches of old Kruger, whom he described as very old and infirm, and also very sly. He talked of Kruger as 'bluffing.' He writes with a boy's enthusiasm for his chief, and seems to be enjoying himself greatly. I showed George my preface to 'Satan Absolved,' which he thinks cannot fail to attract attention.

"On my way home by the late train I travelled as far as Dorking with Harry Cust. I gave him my view of the way the Transvaal quarrel had been engineered by Chamberlain and Milner. He professed to regard this as the extreme of political scepticism. 'A poet,' he said, 'should not be so unbelieving in honesty.' He was on his way down to Admiral Maxse's, where he was to meet Meredith and others.

"*8th July.*— Our annual Arab Sale, an immense concourse of people, 380 sitting down for luncheon in the tent. Colonel Sdanovitch our principal buyer for the Russian Government.

"*8th Aug.*— I have been staying for the last few weeks at Fernycroft, but to-day I went to London, where I found Hampden at my rooms in Mount Street. He has been living there all the last month. We went in the evening to see the Savage South African Show. It is a return to the shows of Imperial Rome, minus the bloodshed, and is worth seeing as a spectacle, though it is monstrous to look on at these captives brought to London to make a Roman holiday. The white swaggerers who are given the *beau rôle* to play in the exhibition are of course disgusting, but the black men managed to preserve their dignity and make the others look foolish. The superiority of the black man over the white was throughout conspicuous, and it did not need the patter of the whites on the stage to explain that it was only their maxim guns that gave the latter their victory."

From 9th August to 16th August I was at Fernycroft, my new ac-

quisition in the New Forest, and after that on my annual summer driving tour once more visiting St. Fagans, where, amongst others, I found Lord Rowton and Sanderson, of the Foreign Office.

"*21st Aug.*— Both are good company, and we have had much friendly discussion of politics. Rowton tells me that never with his consent will Dizzy's Memoirs be published. He is light in hand and eminently reasonable, full of amusing anecdotes, especially of his old master, and of his lodging-house plans, an odd hobby, for it is not altogether a charity, paying, he tells me, 4 per cent. on the capital, but it doubtless does much good. Sanderson has talked freely on the Transvaal quarrel, and expresses very moderate opinions. He believes in a pacific arrangement. This in contradistinction to Windsor our host who, though the quietest and most moderate of men on other topics, takes fire about the Transvaal almost as a personal matter.

"*29th Aug.*— Back at Fernycroft. Chamberlain has made another violent speech, and it is clear now, as, indeed, it has been all through, that he is forcing on a war with the Boers. The Liberal press is childish, and there is practically no opposition. The Liberal party has swallowed so many violences and so many diplomatic frauds in the last twenty years that it may as well make up its mind to swallow this too. I, as an enemy of Empire, shall say not a word.

"*1st Sept.*— Partridge shooting with Mark Napier and Terence Bourke. I shot well, the first time since my illness, killing twelve birds in as many shots, but I am no longer keen for sport of any kind, and go out principally as an old custom and to justify the expense of game preserving. My logic about shooting here in England is, that it is the only way of preventing the destruction of wild animals. If there was no shooting, no one would be at the expense of paying gamekeepers, nor would it be possible to prevent the rag-tag and bob-tail of the towns from snaring and netting. The abolition of the game laws would mean the extinction not only of all game, but of the small wild birds and beasts, too, which enjoy the peace of the protected covers, while, if I did not go out shooting myself, my gamekeepers would take no trouble to prevent poaching, so I kill my few brace of partridges and pheasants, that the rest may live in peace. In Egypt, where there are no game laws and no birdsnesting, I never fire a gun.

"*3rd Sept.* (*Sunday*).— I have written a long letter to Frederic Harrison about the Transvaal, apropos of his open letter to Lord Salisbury, which has just been published. It is principally to explain to him that he is mistaken if he really relies on Lord Salisbury to control Chamberlain, or to do anything to prevent a war which he and the Queen desire. Also to let him know what Milner's position is in the affair.

"*11th Sept.*— The world has gone mad over the verdict of guilty given in the Dreyfus case. Of course it is abominable, but what did

anyone expect? It was clear from the time that Gallifet took office that there would be a compromise of the case, and that the compromise would only be that Dreyfus should be found guilty and then pardoned, and that be the end of it. As to our virtuous selves, we are of course in a state of splendid denunciation of our neighbour's sin, this at the very moment that we are pushing forward a new raid on the Boers, certainly no smaller public iniquity, huge though the other may be. I drove to-day to Malwood, but Sir William was away. Lady Harcourt would not hear of war with the Transvaal.

"16*th Sept.*— I have written again to Harrison about the Transvaal. He answered me a week ago, urging me to write to the 'Times' in the same sense as I had to him, and as to Salisbury saying, 'It is well to attribute virtue to a powerful man, even if he has it not. It must make him doubt of it.' This I cannot do, as I am certain the 'Times' would not publish such a letter. I have explained to him how Buckle is one of the gang acting with Rhodes, and how the Jameson Raid was concocted, so to say, in the 'Times' office, and how there is no true peace party in England. The only difference between Liberals and Conservatives in these cases is, that while both rob with the cry of 'your money or your life,' the Liberals would like the money given up peaceably, the others after a fight. I have told him that I do not believe in the possibility of any change of opinion until we have got a good beating ourselves, and that it is by no means impossible the Boers may make a formidable stand. In any case it would be better for the world that they should be destroyed fighting for their independence, than that they should be bullied or cheated out of it.

"18*th Sept.*— Fernycroft. A telegram came from Madeline Wyndham to say she was coming to spend the day here. I accordingly met her at Southampton. On the way there I read in the papers the Boers' refusal of Chamberlain's ultimatum. A very dignified document it is, and one very difficult for our people to answer. Morley had already a day or two ago at a meeting in Manchester given away the whole Liberal case against the war, publicly approving the Franchise demand, made by our Government on the Transvaal, a mere red herring which the Radicals have run to in full cry. The consequence is that the whole English press to-day is with the Government and war is certain." [N.B. The pretext of demanding the franchise for the Outlanders in the Transvaal was a trap laid by Milner especially for Morley and the Radicals who stepped into it precisely as was intended. Once having approved the demand it was impossible for these with any logic to disapprove the military steps taken to enforce the demand on Kruger, and war became a necessity.]

"21*st Sept.*— The news is all very ominous, indeed it will be a miracle if war does not break out of itself on the frontier without further

waiting, and so give our Government the pretext it wants. Under the circumstances I have resolved to publish my letter of the 2nd to Harrison.

"Dreyfus has been pardoned; and so the case ends according to programme. Our papers are in a righteous fury and Dreyfus swears he will continue the struggle. But it will not end here. It has cost France dear — her position on the Nile, her position as a great European Power, and her good name in the world. Gallifet deserves well of his country for the courage he has shown and the wisdom in ending it.

"*26th Sept.*— Frederic Harrison writes that he wishes to see me about the Transvaal. He warns me that I should have to modify my letter to him if I sent it to the 'Times.' It was 'violently actionable,' he said, and as I should have no defence, it would cost me £10,000 to have it printed as it stood. But he hoped I will publish something. He also tells me as a secret that, at his suggestion, the Queen of Holland has, he believes, written to our gracious Majesty, begging her to intervene to stop the war, which otherwise is inevitable. This would seem the best chance, though nothing is more certain than that Queen Victoria has been a prime mover in the Government policy. These military blood sheddings are not displeasing to Her Majesty, and she has just allowed Kitchener to make her a present of a white ass from Omdurman.

"On receipt of this letter I went to London and at Mount Street found Hampden. He tells me Lord Salisbury has arranged with Portugal to take immediate possession of Delagoa Bay.[1] This he has learned confidentially from the Colonial Office. I then went down to Sutton Place, in which delightful old house I now am staying with Frederic Harrison and his brother.

"*27th Sept.*— Sutton Place. I have had a long talk with Harrison about the Transvaal, which we both think must fight unless indeed there is royal interference in Holland. We have decided not to publish my letter as being too libellous, also the time is a little gone by for it to do much good. I read him my 'Satan Absolved.' He thinks it should be the sensation of the year. He will write a review of it in the 'Nineteenth Century,' refuting its attack on humanity and giving me an opportunity of defending my ideas in prose. This will make it almost certainly a success.

"The Harrisons, or rather, Sidney Harrison and his mother, have been tenants of Sutton for twenty-five years. The house is much dilapidated as to doors and windows, and is a fearfully cold house to inhabit even in September, having, unlike most old houses, ridiculously small fireplaces, which seem to have been always there. I slept in the west wing, the only spare bedroom, big as the house is. I have known

[1] Compare Dr. Dillon's book, "The Eclipse of Russia."

Sutton Place as long ago as the year 1855, when it was occupied by my cousins, the Lefevres. In those days there was a Catholic chapel in the east wing to which we used to be sent on Sundays from West Horsley. The east wing was then uninhabited, a melancholy romantic vacancy with a great staircase, hung with family portraits mouldering on the walls. The chapel was in an upper room used for mass on Sundays, according to an old endowment. Now the wing has been restored and is occupied and the chapel placed elsewhere.

"*29th Sept.*—Back to London. Lady Lytton tells me that Kitchener is a great favourite at Court. She was with the Queen and Kitchener when they went to Natley Hospital, and was impressed with Kitchener's manner to the wounded soldiers. 'What these Royal personages admire,' she said, 'is that he is such a stern man.'

"*30th Sept.*— My cousin, Gerald Henry Blunt and his wife (she is General Gordon's niece and sister to Colonel Bill Gordon) is here at Newbuildings to dine and sleep, and I have heard from her the whole story of the digging up of the Mahdi at first hand, or rather, as her brother told it her. 'Bill,' she said, 'was entrusted with the bombardment of the tomb from the gunboat on the river during the battle of Omdurman, and after it he was ordered to blow up the ruined remains of the dome, as being already shattered and unsafe. This he did, but it was no part of his orders to interfere with the body of the Mahdi. It was left untouched under the ruins until Kitchener's return from Fashoda, when Kitchener had it dug up and thrown into the river. Bill was not present at this, nor was the job assigned to him, but Kitchener and most of his staff were present, and Kitchener ordered the head to be kept, intending to send it to the College of Surgeons, as the head was a very large and remarkable one. It was sent on board the steamer in a kerosene tin and taken down to Cairo, but was never in Bill's charge, and he disapproved of the whole business. Eventually when the scandal was made about it, the head was entrusted to two English officers to take up the river again to Wady Halfa.' These reported that they 'buried it at night, somewhere in the desert,' they don't know where, so very possibly D——'s account of its having been 'put behind the fire' is correct. Mrs. Gerald Blunt thanked me profusely for the letter I had written to the 'Daily News' in her brother's defence, and said that Bill considered that Kitchener had treated him unfairly in the affair. They had all made a scapegoat of him because he did not stand in with them in certain not very straightforward things. She is a nice, cheerful little woman, enthusiastic about her 'Uncle Charlie,' and not at all conventional about the military nonsense of the day.

"*30th Sept.*— To the Hoo, where I found a family party. Hampden and his wife, and sons and daughters. Nothing is talked of but the

Boer war. I notice that Harry, who was quite moderate about it when he first came home from Australia, has now imbibed all the violent Liberal-Unionist views regarding it. His eldest son is ordered to the war, and the younger ones talked loudly about 'exterminating the Boers.' We expect hourly now to hear of guns gone off on the frontier.

"*2nd Oct.*—Back to Newbuildings. The 'Chronicle' is running a new red herring to-day, and has proposed sending the Duke of Devonshire out to South Africa, of all men in the world, to arrange a peace. They are ready, however, to follow every false scent thrown in their way. The Government's present plan is to try and make people think they don't want war, and don't want to wipe out Majuba, and don't want to annex the Transvaal. We shall see when it is over. If, after a successful campaign, the Transvaal is not annexed, and Milner is not made a peer, they may claim not to have intended it; but both these things will happen.

"*7th Oct.*—We have been expecting the Boers to advance on Natal all the week, but something has delayed them. Perhaps the abortive attempt by the Queen of Holland to intervene with our Queen. The Boers seem to be losing their chance by this delay, but I fancy old Kruger knows what he is about. He has, I think, to consult his friends in Europe, at Berlin and elsewhere, before each important move. He has managed to get the whole sympathy of the Continent with him, indeed, of the whole world except ourselves and the Americans. These last are backing us, as we backed them in their iniquity against the Filipinos. The Transvaal Committee, too, in Manchester, has been telegraphing absurd messages to Kruger, telling him that the Duke of Devonshire may be trusted. If this has at all influenced the old man, the Transvaal Committee deserves hanging, for the delay of the week may cost him dear.

"*9th Oct.*—The men at the Clubs now mock at Kruger, saying he won't fight, never meant to fight, and the rest. Reginald Carew, whom I met at the Travellers, talked in this sense. He leaves for South Africa with Buller's staff on Saturday, but I told him not to be discouraged, that the Boers would certainly not cave in. He thinks they have lost what chance they had by waiting. Perhaps so. Still they will fight." [N.B. This was General Pole Carew, who went on Buller's Staff. I remember him lamenting his bad luck in the belief he had that what little fighting there might be would have been over long before Buller's arrival. He distinguished himself during the war principally, I think, as being the first to burn down the Boer farms. He is a connection of mine through the Glanvilles. I have known him in India when he was Lytton's A.D.C. It had been arranged at that time that he was to go with me as representing Lytton on the journey we

proposed taking that year in Arabia, but which Cavagnari's death at Kabul and Lytton's recall from India prevented. (See 'India under Ripon.')]

"10*th Oct.*— The streets are placarded with the Boer ultimatum, so I hope the end has come.

"To the British Museum with Cockerell, and saw Dr. Budge, of the Egyptian Department. He gave us a deal of information about the Hyksos and Assyrians in connection with Horse History. But all these authorities differ so much from each other in what they tell you, that one cannot have much confidence in their knowledge. As Huxley said, it is still all 'guess work.'

"12*th Oct.*— Dined with Sibell and George, and Lady Windsor in Park Lane, and went with them to see 'King John' at Her Majesty's theatre, an egregious performance. I never cared about 'King John,' and, as acted by Tree, it was a violent piece of ranting. George, with whom I walked home after it, told me that Tree had chosen the play as being full of Jingo tags and no Popery talk. But the audience was too dull to seize the points.

"We talked much about the war, which is declared to-day. George's brother Guy is on White's Staff at Ladysmith, and he expects them to advance. White's orders from England have been generally to stand on the defensive, but George is sure he will not remain quiet, and 'of course we must leave all liberty to the men on the spot.' Baden Powell is at Mafeking, and there will be fighting there. He told me a good story of a certain J——, who is notorious for keeping clear of danger. He has just telegraphed to his wife from Kimberley, seven hundred miles away from Mafeking, 'War declared. Mafeking will be attacked by Boers to-morrow — probably destroyed. No cause for anxiety.' About the general prospects of the war, George still believes in the theory that Kruger is 'bluffing,' and that after a bit of a fight he will knock under to Buller and make terms, otherwise he thinks it will be a very long and tough job. He says that the Cabinet would really have come to an arrangement with Kruger but for the bitterness of the feeling against Chamberlain. There was a moment when they would have accepted terms which, while giving Chamberlain an appearance of a diplomatic success, would have left the real advantage to Kruger. Kruger, he thinks, ought to have accepted the proposal of inquiry and discussion, have agreed to go himself to Cape Town, and then have delayed and put off till everybody was tired of it. He had himself heard Chamberlain say when they expected such acceptance by Kruger, 'It seems my failure has been changed into a *pæan*.' Now, however, there is no way but to fight it out. I told him I, too, was glad it was to be so. My chief fear had been lest the Boers should be jockeyed out of their independence without fighting. Besides, I look upon the war

as perhaps the first nail driven into the coffin of the British Empire. I believe that if the Boers can hold out six months Europe will intervene.

"*17th Oct.*— In South Africa the Boers are advancing steadily southward, and have invested Mafeking and Kimberley. Their plan is doubtless to get the Dutch in Cape Colony to rise and join them. It seems their best chance. Buller went off on Saturday to take command of the British Army. They gave him what is called a 'send off' at Southampton by crying a bogus victory in the streets.

"Swinburne has published a ridiculous sonnet in favour of the war, and Kipling has also been in the 'Times.' My 'Satan Absolved' must stand for poetry on the other side. I got an advance copy of it to-day.

"*19th Oct.*— Newbuildings. Hampden and Neville are here. Much argument about the Transvaal war. Hampden very fierce in defence of the Government. We shot to-day, Mark Napier joining us as fourth gun. Violent discussions again in the evening, Mark maintaining that, while the English officers are good, the rank and file are worthless, and that in a long campaign the English regiments would go to pieces; Hampden annoyed, as having a son in the army. But all ended pleasantly.

"*21st Oct.*— The Boers have been beaten in an attack they have made upon White's Camp. George had the happy task in Parliament, as Under-Secretary for War, of announcing the victory.

"*23rd Oct.*— More victories. The 'Chronicle,' after championing the Boer cause all the summer, has now gone clean round, and shouts triumph with the rest. It is a dastardly world.

"*27th Oct.*— To London. People are not so pleased now with the war in Natal, as, in spite of the reported victories at Glencoe and Elandslaagte, Dundee has had to be evacuated, the guns and wounded being left behind. They say Ladysmith will now be invested. Guy Wyndham is there, with White's staff in the threatened position.

"*29th Oct.*— Herbert Spencer has written again about 'Satan Absolved.' He is disappointed at my not having stuck to his idea in the poem, but on the whole he approves. 'Unquestionably,' he says, 'Satan's description of man and his doings is given with great power, and ought to bring to their senses millions of hypocrites who profess the current religion. I wish you would emphasize more strongly the gigantic lie daily enacted, the contrast between the Christian professions and the Pagan actions, and the perpetual insult to One they call Omniscient in thinking they can compound for atrocious deeds by laudatory words.'

"*1st Nov.*— News of a great defeat of the British army before Ladysmith. Two of Her Majesty's best regiments, the Royal Dublin and the Gloucester, laid down their arms to the Boers, 2,000 men of our

most veteran troops. There seems now a chance of the whole British army capitulating before Buller and his men can relieve them from England. Letters from old Watts and Kegan Paul, both in sympathy about 'Satan Absolved.'

"*2nd Nov.*— To Malwood with Anne and stopped to lunch. After it, old Sir William took me into his smoking room, and we talked over the whole South African case. The old man is, I think, secretly just as pleased as I am with the success of the Boers, though, when I said I should like to see the Boers established in Cape Town, he protested he could not go with me as far as that. However, he spoke strongly enough, and told me a number of most interesting things about Rhodes and Milner. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1893, Rhodes came to him about his railway project and humbugged him not a little. Sir William showed me a map on which Rhodes had marked his schemes, and he came again, when he was in England after the Raid, 'to face the music.' Sir William says he is an astonishing rogue and liar, but occasionally blurted out truths other rogues would hide, and he had boasted how he bought up everybody by putting them into good things on the Stock Exchange. He said that, though he, Rhodes, was certainly privy to the projected revolution at Johannesburg, he did not think he knew precisely of the Jameson Raid. The reason the Outlanders at the last moment would not rise was that they found out that Jameson intended to hoist the British Flag, and that did not suit them. They wanted to continue the Republic and run it themselves. As to Milner, Sir William said he was certain he was sent out on purpose to pick a quarrel with Kruger. He had seen a great deal of Milner while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Milner came to wish him good-bye — and he had told him he knew why he was going. He knew, too, that Milner had told Lady Cowper at Panshanger before he left for the Cape, 'If I come back without having made war I shall consider my mission has failed.' Milner was an enthusiastic Jingo, but knew nothing of Statesmanship. Sir William also told me he had seen a good deal this year of Cromer, and had been charmed with him. He had found Cromer very moderate, hating Rhodes and hating Kitchener, and doing his best to keep them within bounds. He told me that if the Liberal Government had remained another fortnight in office they would have made Redvers Buller Commander-in-Chief, instead of Wolseley. Altogether my visit was a most interesting one. I wish I could remember a tithe of what he told me.

"*3rd Nov.*— A violent wind and rain, but we are snug here in our wood. Ladysmith is invested and isolated. There are reports of another defeat of White. I hope nothing will happen to Guy.

"*10th Nov.*— There is a severe article on 'Satan Absolved' in the

'Chronicle' quoting Newman, and complaining of my profanity. I have nice letters, however, from York Powell and Mallock.

"*20th Nov.*— At Inchmery. The Belgian Minister, who was here yesterday, tells me the Queen of Holland wrote to Queen Victoria to beg her to make peace with the Transvaal, as so many of her subjects were engaged in it. He says the Queen did not like the use of the word 'subjects,' and did not answer the letter. He considers that the war, as far as it has gone, has much damaged England's prestige abroad. It has shown people specially that English officers, though brave, are without science. They all play too much instead of learning their work. He has been nineteen years in England, and is an Anglophile, but like all the rest he disapproves this war, and thinks it will result badly for us, even if in the end successful. We have suffered defeats which will encourage our enemies next time they quarrel with us.

"*23rd Nov.*— Fernycroft is shut up for the winter, and I have gone to Newbuildings, and am to start for Egypt on Wednesday. Fernycroft stripped of its leaves looks melancholy enough, and the thought of Egypt with its birds and butterflies is irresistible.

"They are making an immense fuss in the papers about the Emperor William's visit to Windsor. He has come in spite of the disgust of his own people, who are furious against us on account of the Boer war. But I fancy he knows his own game, and hating us at heart has come to spy out the nakedness of the land with a fresh military eye. Our newspaper people, however, would go down on their bellies to him and lick his feet if they were allowed.

"*24th Nov.*— To Wotton to dine and sleep. They have fought a new battle in South Africa, and another in the Soudan, and announced them as two British victories — victories I suspect to order for the German Emperor's benefit. The South African one seems nothing much to boast of besides 200 of our men lost, mostly of the Guards. The other is probably less bogus. Dear old Evelyn still sticks religiously to his political principles with me. We are the last of the anti-imperialist Conservatives.

"My poem is getting fearfully maltreated in the newspapers where I have no friend, as it attacks the country and Christianity alike, and what is worst, the newspapers themselves. This, however, was to be expected, and it is not the first time I have had the world on my back.

"*25th Nov.*— Back to Newbuildings and shot rabbits with Neville. I am closing my accounts of all kinds for the year, and shut up this journal in no sanguine mood of having anything happier to relate in the diaries of another year. The only thing I love now is my cat, and I am obliged, alas! to leave it behind."

CHAPTER XV

LAST YEAR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"1*st Dec.*— On board the Messageries ship *Niger* off Corsica on my way to Egypt, having for the twentieth time shaken the dust of Europe from my feet. The day I started, Tuesday morning, I lunched with George Wyndham. He gave me the latest news of the war. They hope at the War Office to relieve Ladysmith in the course of the next eight days, but not without battles, one or two. They acknowledge now that the Boers are immensely stronger than they thought, that they are fighting according to the latest new scientific rules, and are armed with the newest of new weapons — they are officered in a large measure by Germans, and are holding their own determinedly. George does not make too much of the latest victories, Belmont and Graspan. But it seems to be part of the Boer tactics to invite attack on strong positions, and to hold these as long as they can inflict loss on their enemies — then at the last moment to run, so that, although the position is taken, the victor suffers most, and the Boers reassembling at a preconcerted rendezvous are not much the worse for their defeat. 'We could not let our men act like this,' said George, 'for if they once began to run there would be no stopping them.' So he by no means considers the matter over, sanguine as he naturally is. Guy Wyndham is still shut up with White at Ladysmith — and he showed me a most interesting letter from him written a month ago, immediately after the defeat of Nicholson's Nek, or whatever it is they call it. The letter described excellently an attack in three columns delivered by White, all of which failed in the presence of superior numbers, and it seemed to suggest of superior generalship. Guy had been with a detachment of a few hundred men pushed forward into an exposed situation from which it was more by luck than skill that they managed to extricate themselves. One of the officers had suddenly observed that the rest of the column seemed to be in retreat, and after pooh-poohing him at first they observed it too, and Guy volunteered to ride across the open hill under a heavy fire to ascertain the truth. This he did and discovered that the General in command had entirely forgotten the detachment, and sent it no order of retreat with the rest. So Guy had to ride back over the same rough ground with bullets and shells striking the earth all about him. The detachment was not brought in without considerable loss.

The letter, very simply written, gave a powerful picture of the haphazard character of modern warfare, and of the extreme helplessness of the units of an army while in action. The letter said nothing of the surrender of the third column, which was perhaps not known at the time by the writer, or it may have been purposely omitted, for what George showed me was a typewritten copy of the letter made for family reading. He was going down with it to his mother at Clouds in the afternoon, where there is naturally a great anxiety. Of the victory in the Soudan, and the death of the Khalifa, he seemed to admit that it, like Methuen's victories, had been timed to coincide with the Emperor William's visit to Windsor, just as the Dundee victory was for the Parliamentary vote. Personally, George was in the highest spirits, amply consoled for his disappointment at his not getting the Foreign Office instead of the War Office last summer.

"I have been reading Kegan Paul's Memoirs, which are extremely interesting. His description of his first school at Ilminster might stand for my own experience at Twyford, a mere hell upon earth — and I notice that the Ilminster master had been a Twyford boy, under Bedford, whom I remember as a very old man living on in retirement, near the school, when I first went there in 1847. The caning cupboards, on either side the head master's throne at Ilminster, were clearly modelled on the Twyford ones. I received a letter only the day before I left home from old Roberts who used to cane me in them, begging piteously for pheasants to eat in his old age. Now I am reading Aubrey De Vere's Memoirs. The two books are much on the same lines, and both interest me greatly, recalling memories of people I have known, and phases of thought gone through. Nevertheless Kegan Paul's is by far the best, being simpler and less literary. De Vere bores one a little with his poems, and his explanations of them. I remember him well when we lived at Mortlake for a year in 1853. He used to come and see my mother while he was staying with the Taylors at Shene. Mrs. Cameron was another of his friends, but Taylor was the central figure. For Taylor, Mrs. Cameron affected a great devotion, and had a portrait of him by Watts hung in a recess of her drawing-room before which a lamp continually burned. De Vere posed as a poet, and we children thought him a bore. All the same I have a very high respect for him now. An *homme de bien*, if ever one was in the world. Many years later, I came into communication with him regarding the letters of 'Proteus and Amadeus,' which he edited at Newman's suggestion. At one time Newman had almost consented himself to do the editing, for Dr. Meynell, the 'Amadeus' of the letters, was much at Edgbaston just then. But for one reason or another the old man changed his mind, and De Vere undertook the thing for him and wrote the preface.

"It was in connection with this that, in 1876 or 1877, I went to Edgbaston and stayed three days at the Oratory. I do not remember if at that time I kept a journal. I think not — and I may as well write here my recollection of the visit. I had stopped at Edgbaston on my way back from the west of Ireland, where I had been staying with Laprimaudaye at Treenlawr, and I had caught a toothache fishing on the Lough which worried me greatly, and I remember distinctly feeling as I knocked at the door that I should be thus *hors de combat* at the moment of my coming to consult the great man. Nevertheless my distress was vain, for I was shown up to him at once, and, at the instant of touching his hand when he received me, my pains vanished, nor did they return while I was staying in the house. Newman's was a wonderful hand, soft, nervous, emotional, electric; and I felt that a miracle had been wrought. I told Father Ryder of it at the time, but he charged me that I should tell no man, and I said no word of it to the Saint himself. Newman, though he knew well that I had come to consult him for the good of my soul, and though I had much conversation indirectly with him upon spiritual things, did not attempt to argue out any of the fundamental principles of religious thought, and sought to influence me rather through the heart by his great kindness, and by the confidence with which I was admitted to all the life of the community. It was a touching sight, indeed, to see the old man taking his turn with the rest to wait on us at table in the Refectory — and living his simple life of piety and cheerful unselfishness. The lives of monks and nuns are alone in some accordance with the life of Jesus. All the rest of Christianity is an imposture and an impudent negation of Christ.

"*5th Dec.*— Arrived at Sheykh Obeyd after nearly two years' absence. At Alexandria I had to wait some hours, and spent them in the company of Hewatt and his family at Ramleh. I found the Hewatts, to my surprise, very anti-Jingo about the war. There has been another 'victory' on the Modder — and another heavy loss of officers and men. I am sorry to see among the killed one of Mrs. Earle's two 'splendid sons,' about whom she wrote to me a month ago. She did not deserve this misfortune, for she was very humane in her ideas, and hated soldiering and all its ways.

"Anne met me at Cairo, and we went on home at once, having the good luck to travel in the same carriage with Sheykh Mohammed Abdu. Of all Easterns, perhaps I might say of all men, my dearest friend, Mohammed Abdu, after having been imprisoned for his Liberal opinions, and exiled by the Anglo-Khedivial restoration of 1882, has gradually become recognized for what he is, by far the ablest and most honest man in Egypt — and they have made him our Grand Mufti, the highest religious authority in the vice kingdom. I gave him an acre of land two years ago, and he has built himself a country house on it,

and so is now our nearest neighbour. When we said good-bye on my leaving Egypt last I little thought we should meet again.

"*6th Dec.*— Coming back here is like rising again from the dead. Everybody connected with the place clearly took it for granted I should be seen in it no more, and acted on the supposition. Nothing very bad has been done, and some changes are for the better, but still they have been made. My gazelles have been sent to the Zoölogical Garden, some of the horses have been sold, the house has been re-arranged. I feel like a guest in it — the *revenant* — the ghost who has returned. Perhaps it is all the more delightful, for the garden is in splendid leaf, and the trees never had a thicker shade in a more brilliant sunshine. Encroachments in the way of new wells and cultivated fields have been made all round us in the desert, and we are already almost completely cut off from the open plain. But it is the least of the evils that threatened us four years ago. First the sewage farm, and then the building operations. So that the new corn fields may be looked upon as a comparative blessing in an age of unscrupulous progress.

"*15th Dec.*— Two new Boer victories, or rather British defeats. One at Stormberg, the other at Spytfontein. People will soon be getting angry in London, and perhaps leave off some of their music hall songs. There is a ridiculous swaggering one in the papers, promising Uncle Paul to dine with him on Christmas Day. It reminds me of the Paris cry, 'à Berlin,' which became historic.

THE NEW PATRIOTIC SONG

Now Sung at the Music Halls and Theatres with immense success.

KRUGER'S DINNER PARTY; Dec. 7, 1899

or,

We'll be There.

Written by Fred C. Smale. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Oh, Uncle's giving a party and he's asked us all to come,
We'll be there!
We're marching up from Durban town, behind the fife and drum
And we'll be there!
There's some from Dublin City, there's some from out the West,
The Devon lads "be vitty," there's Gordons with the rest;
Oh, Uncle, don't you trouble, there is time enough to spare—
We'll be there!

(Chorus) So please you, Uncle Paul, light the Lantern in the Hall
(We know we're welcome as the flow'rs in May),
Just keep the pudding hot for the lively little lot
Who are coming up to dinner Christmas Day.

We've got some little sailor men, we thought you wouldn't mind,
They'll be there!
We are bringing them to see our Uncle Paul so good and kind,
They'll be there!
They have come across the ocean, they would like some tea and buns,
Then they'll just give you a notion how they work their little guns.
No, Uncle, dear, they are not at sea — they travel everywhere.
They'll be there!

(Chorus) So please you, Uncle Paul, just arrange a little ball
(They're having one or two upon the way);
Majuba some went through, and they want to speak to you,
So they're coming up to dinner Chrismas Day.

Pretoria's a place we've often wanted for to see,
We'll be there!
The air with us, there is no doubt, will splendidly agree,
We'll be there!
Perhaps I may just mention, we are coming up in style,
And with the firm intention of remaining for a while;
Still, Uncle, don't you worry, for mother's paid the fare.
We'll be there!

(Chorus) So please you, Uncle Paul, see that there's enough for all.
There's fifty thousand Tommies on the way,
And somewhere in a bag they have got a little flag
To stick up in the pudding Christmas Day!

KEITH, PROWSE and CO., Cheapside, E.C.

[N. B. Several of our regiments *did* dine with Uncle Paul that Christmas Day, but it was as prisoners of war.]

"A torrent of newspaper abuse has fallen on my 'Satan Absolved.' The first notices were fairly moderate, but as the war has gone more and more against our Army, they have become more and more vindictive. They began by admitting that the poetry had some eloquence; then it was found clever, but vulgar; then blasphemous, vulgar, and stupid. Now the condemnation is extended to all my poems. It has been discovered that the 'Songs of Proteus' were a plagiarism on Meredith's 'Modern Love': and that in the rest of my works I have been ever sinking deeper in the mire.

"*17th Dec.*— The third and main British army is badly beaten on the Tugela River. MacDonald (John Murray MacDonald), Anne's cousin by marriage, who is staying with us, declares he shall go off himself to fight. He is a mild semi-Jingo Radical of the school that believes the British Empire has a divine mission to subdue and occupy the waste places of the earth. I have been arguing the Boer case with him for

the last ten days. To me it is incredible how any reasonable creature should believe such trash. His wife and her niece Irene Noel are generally on my side. But to-day when I say, 'Now we ought to make peace with the Boers' they are all against me. Even Anne thinks that the rights of the blood feud forbid *that*. Yet what absurdity! War, when it is a war of aggression, as they all admit that this is, is mere murder, and though it is humiliating to make peace on a defeat, it can't be surely *right* to go on.

"As to the wisdom of persisting, the Boers are really better soldiers than ours. We had a few good regiments to begin with, but they are pretty well used up now, and the rest is of a feeble kind. Our army, if it can fight, cannot march, and has to stick to the lines of railway. Our superior numbers are consequently of little advantage. The Boers are making a splendid fight for their freedom, and are winning all along the line. Every honest man, English or not, ought to rejoice. Instead of this, we English are in league with the Americans, we, who were the two peoples who have posed as champions of freedom in the world, to subdue two small, weak nations, the Boers and the Filipinos, fighting for their independence, and not a word of disapproval is heard amongst us.

"Young Walter Gaisford, Talbot's A.D.C., was here the other day, lamenting that the Khalifa and his dervishes had all been killed, so that there would be nobody left to shoot, he complained, even in the Soudan. 'There is hope, however, that, when the Boers are polished off, we may go on to a war with Abyssinia when more sport will be to be had.' This is the way our young fellows look at war ('a high old rabbit shoot'). It is good for them and the world that they have at last met their match. War will be unpopular enough in England soon if it goes on as at present, and there will be a chance then for the weak nations to remain unmolested.

"*20th Dec.*— Prince Aziz was here yesterday and told me things that were interesting. He was once a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers, and talks intelligently about the war. Gatacre, he says, was always a fool, violent and abusive to the natives in India. He had been certain he would get into trouble when it came to fighting. The Prince holds the British Army cheap. They would never have been able to get to Omdurman but for the Egyptian troops, who did all the work and all the fighting, and in South Africa they were inferior in everything to the Boers. Things have come to a pretty pass when this fat Egyptian Prince can hold such opinions. But they are perfectly justified. Kitchener, as a last hope of saving the situation, has been named Chief of the Staff to Roberts, and is to start at once for the Cape. The Dutch in Cape Colony are in revolt. The English newspapers say there has not been such a position of things since the Indian Mutiny. It is

thought old Roberts, who is popular with our rank-and-file, will be able to restore confidence. But he is too old for serious work, and they have shoved Kitchener forward to the real command. I don't believe either of them is a bit better than our beaten Generals. I had long talks with Roberts in India years ago, and he gave me a poor notion of his intelligence, good old fellow as he is. As for Kitchener, he knows nothing of European war, and his Soudanese experience will serve him little. He has the curse on him of the Mahdi's head, and deserves to fail. There is a paragraph in the papers this week giving an account of the Khalifa's end, and how courageously he met it. This man has been uniformly represented as a contemptible coward. Yet he met death as nobly as any of Plutarch's heroes.

"*25th Dec.*— Christmas Day. Kitchener has left Egypt. Though he sailed from Alexandria he had not the grace to go to Montaza, where the Khedive was, to bid him good-bye. Yet he has been drawing £6,000 a year latterly from the Egyptian Treasury, and high pay for the last fifteen years. A bearer of the white man's burden at £6,000 a year!

"*29th Dec.*— I have received a nice letter from old Herbert Spencer about the attacks made on my poem by the critics, and saying he thinks I was probably right when I told him I thought it would need a foreign army landed on our shores to bring us quite to our sober senses. There is at present a lull in the South African fighting, the Boers waiting to be attacked again and the English not having got their second wind.

"Margaret Talbot came to-day and spent the afternoon. Her husband is in command here of the English garrison, and is, of course, much grieved at the way the Boer War is going. He would like to be there, but at the same time would dread the responsibility of failure where so many others have failed. She described Kitchener's departure. He was only half an hour at Cairo — the time between one train and another, and said hardly a word to anyone. No one here regrets him, for he has made no friends.

"*31st Dec.*— The last year of the 1800's ends disastrously for England, or rather for the British Empire. For England can only gain by the break-up of that imposture. I think now there really is some chance of such a consummation, for we are sending the whole of our armed force into South Africa, where it is likely to become engulfed, and we have got the whole sentiment of the world, civilized and uncivilized, against us.

> Thou hast deserved men's hatred — they shall hate thee;
> Thou hast deserved men's fear — their fear shall kill;
> Thou hast thy foot upon the weak, the weakest
> With his armed head shall bite thee on the heel.

"Percy Wyndham writes: 'In this terrible struggle in South Africa we see a picture in little of what will be the close of the present dispensation, to use the language of those who believe in prophecy, when the survivors of Teutonic blood will fight for the mastery of the world — in that struggle the Dutch, South African or Native, will have a look in.'

"Two young British officers were here this afternoon. They are both agog to join the fighting, looking at the whole thing entirely from the professional point of view. 'If we are not in this show,' they said, emphatically, 'we may as well hang up our hats.'

"*1st Jan.*, 1900.— The Emperor William, the papers say, has issued a rescript, ordaining that the new Christian Century is to begin in Germany to-day. This, if true, goes one better than Carlyle's Emperor, who was *super grammaticam*. I find the Moslem centuries go down to the end of the hundreds, and begin again with the year one.

"Mohammed Abdu, our Mufti, was here this afternoon. And to him I read Herbert Spencer's letter, which immensely interested him, and afterwards described to him my poem. He considers Spencer the first of living philosophers, and has translated his book on Education into Arabic. I also explained to his brother Hamouda my views of the rights of animals, which was one absolutely new to him. Though on reflection he said that it was strictly in accordance with the Koran and Moslem teaching, which enjoins respect to animals, and even to inanimate objects. So that it is forbidden wantonly to deface so much as a stone. In truth, it is Christianity that is really responsible for the brutal attitude of modern man towards animals. No other religion that can be called a religion tolerates it, but our Christian doctors have laid down the atrocious doctrine that beasts and birds were made solely for man's use and pleasure, and that he has no duties towards them. It is only in the last hundred years that Europeans, having partly freed themselves from Christian teaching, have begun to take a humaner view. The doctrine of evolution has pushed it a bit forwarder, for though it has injured the cause of savage or coloured man as having equal rights with the white man, it has established our far away kinship with the beasts, which was formerly denied. So that there are a few amongst us who begin to doubt our right to bird and beast slaughter. My own view is that wild birds and beasts who do no harm to man have a right to be left in absolute peace. But that those whom we help to breed by giving them protection may fairly pay a certain tribute, just as our tame beasts are made to do, though the higher law would be to let all live. We argue these things nightly at dinner.

"*5th to 10th Jan.*— We were occupied with a desert excursion to within sight of Ismalia on the Suez Canal and back, our furthermost point being a prominent dark brown rock, which stands some hundred

feet above the plain overlooking the Bitter Lake. From this point we marched north north-west to the Sand-hills and the Wady Tumeylat. The following day, the 9th January, Anne and I made a long camel trot of six hours across the gravel plain, crossing Wady Jaffra to another conspicuous rock south of Belbeis, and so on the 10th back to Sheykh Obeyd. It was a pleasant excursion, but contains little worth recording.

"*10th Jan.*— Mohammed Abdu was here to-day, and confirms to the full the accounts of Kitchener's dealings with the Mahdi's head as I gave it last summer in the 'Daily News,' especially as to Cromer's disapproval of it and his dislike of Kitchener. We agreed that at last God's Providence was moved to anger against these abominations, and that England's Empire would go the way of all the rest.

"There is a letter in the 'Times' just come which I think caps everything yet written for absurd bombast. Its author is old Reid, the naval constructor, a former Gladstonian Radical, and still M.P. It shows to what a pass of self-glorification we English have come, for the Radicals are worse now than the extremest Tories, and I have had to write home to tell them to cease sending me the 'Daily Chronicle' and the 'Manchester Guardian,' and replace them with the 'Daily Mail' and 'Morning Post.' The only London paper that speaks a word of sense is the 'Westminster Gazette.' Here is the concluding paragraph:

"'May I add, Sir, that my thoughts search history in vain for any spectacle of national heroism greater than, or equal to, that which Great Britain and her truly noble colonies are presenting to the world at this moment. The crafty and foreigner-aided enemy lies in our territory and across our path, with shell guns on every available hill, and trenches dug between; with barbed wire stretched to protect their cunningly devised lairs, and cover spread to conceal their more or less rebellious persons. Their power to deal out death and mutilation is their delight; their skill in doing so is their pride; and it is known that the flag which they most hate is the Union Jack, the very symbol of freedom and equality throughout the world. They have done their level and their unlevel best to slay our men and lower our flag on our own soil. They are difficult to tackle, for they fight lurking, and fly alike from cold steel and the open field. All that human heroism combined with animal cunning can perform they will do against us, and they will add to these such prayers as even ignoble lips oft dare to address to the God of battles. But have they alarmed us? Have they "frightened the isle from its propriety?" Have they detached one colony from the motherland? Have they caused young or old, citizen or noble, poor or rich, small or great, worldling or worshipful, in any part of this Imperial Realm to shrink or hold back from the encounters, however deadly, to which they have challenged us? No, Sir, there has sprung from every

part of the Empire a flame of patriotism and of heroism so high that the whole world is, so to speak, alight with it, and, depend upon it, while we rejoice, the world wonders and admires.'"[1]

N.B. The total Boer population thus described as menacing the British Empire, with its 200,000,000 souls, is exactly that of Brighton.

"*15th Jan.*— I have been reading Mivart's article on the 'Continuity of Catholicism,' which has raised a tempest against him. It is certainly the most daring declaration ever made *in articulo mortis,* for poor Mivart is, I believe, dying. If, forty years ago, I had found a Catholic writer equally bold, I should have been saved from much infidelity, but now it is too late. Mivart is clinging desperately to his faith, but it is at bottom an impossible thing to reconcile science with any form of Christianity.

"*21st Jan.*— A letter in verse about 'Satan Absolved,' from Sir Wilfrid Lawson, which is bad verse but amusing:

Brayton, 9th Jan. 1900

Your work on the Devil, dear Blunt, I have read.
What a curious fancy to enter your head!
The World, I admit, is as bad as can be;
But how *he'll* make it better I scarcely can see.
I fancy if matters were right understood
There's a Spirit of bad and a spirit of good,
They're continually fighting in battle array
Each pulling like mad in a different way,
The one is Jehovah, Jove, Lord, Names like these,
The other is the Devil as bad as you please.
Then between these two powers comes man on the scene,
Where he comes from there's no one can tell us, I ween;
But still here he is with a body and soul
Designed, I imagine, for filling some rôle.
His rudder is conscience by which he should steer,
But at present it seems to be quite out of gear.
But come, my dear Blunt, do not let us despair.
Even yet we may make something of him with care,
At present he is — you and I never flatter —
At present he is just as mad as a hatter.
His brain has undoubtedly met with a shock,
Which has sent him through Africa running amock.
The nobility, gentry, and clergy of course,
His madness by all in their power enforce,
And all in this country are cutting their capers
At the murders recorded each day in the papers.
Well, in trying my best to hunt these matters out
That the Devil is in it I haven't a doubt
Well, I will resist him, as long as I can,

[1] "Times." 1900.

And so do my best to emancipate man.
Some good yet we may see when there comes to the front
The excellent doctrine of Lawson and Blunt.

"*28th Jan.* (*Sunday*).—A long talk with Mohammed Abdu on the whole subject of mankind and the dealings of the strong with the weak. I find he is as pessimistic as myself. He has been reading the *Towra*, the Old Testament Pentateuch, lately, and attributes the brutalities of Christianity largely to its connecion with Judaism. As to the treatment of dumb animals he quoted to me several of the *Hawadith* enjoining kindness, and it is certain that wanton destruction of these is contrary to the sentiment of Moslems. Wanton destruction is indeed peculiar to Christendom. Abdu believes in no good future for the human race, and I fear he has as little faith in Islam, Grand Mufti though he be, as I have in the Catholic Church.

"Buller has had another reverse before Ladysmith at Spion Kop. This time it is General Warren who has suffered defeat. I am glad of it. It was he that hanged the Bedouins for the Palmer affair after Tel-el-Kebir. I have written to Leonard Courtney to say I will join the 'Stop the War Committee,' and am sending £50. This though with some qualms of conscience, for if the war goes on another six months it really may smash up the British Empire.

"My once dearest friend Lothian is dead. What a grief this would have been to me five-and-thirty years ago! He was the lightest of all light-hearted companions, yet serious too. We made our storm and stress together at Frankfort when Darwinism was a novelty, and solved the riddle of the universe together gazing at the stars. We have gone different roads since then. He to lead an uneventful life of high and various dignities in Scotland, I to adventure in what devious ways. It is only casually that we have met for years.

"*29th Jan.*—I have written the following in answer to one who had criticized my 'Satan Absolved' on the ground that though splendid if intended as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Christianity, it stopped short of accepting Nietsche's doctrine of Force. 'Of course the poem was a *reductio ad absurdum*. The thing that seemed to me supremely in need of being shown ridiculous was the worship of humanity in any form. I am not a disciple of Tolstoy. He believes in the possibility of improvement, in moral progress, and in a far away Christian civilization. I do not. At the same time I do not mock at Christian ideals. If Man were not the ludicrous, vicious ape he is, but were capable of being converted to a quiet, harmless life without thought for the morrow —or ambition or desire more than to praise God and enjoy himself in the sun like the lilies of the field, the world would be a very happy place, as it was before Man came to disturb it. But of course this will never

come to pass. It never even really began. That, however, is no reason for adoring as you say you do Force even tempered by Fraud. There is nothing in the smallest degree admirable in either. If it is true that your worship of Force is to be the creed of the future, and very likely it will be so, it is only another proof of the innate vulgarity of man. Nietsche is an ass. The law of the strongest, as we see it in Modern Civilization, is not the law of Nature, only the law of *human* nature, which is a very different thing. The oak tree does not monopolize the forest, nor are the flowers which grow there trash. If Nietsche had been as many years as I have in the East he would not talk of the Christian ideal as being a creed of a slave for slaves. He would know it was far more truly the creed of the dervish, of the poor, happy vagrant who scorns property and scorns what we Europeans absurdly call the "dignity of labour," and who is as free as the birds of the air. It needs Oriental experience to understand this. The place for European civilization is the Paris boulevard; south of the Mediterranean a white skin is only a form of leprosy, and from an æsthetic point of view you might as well plant the New Forest with cabbages as have anything to do with applying the doctrine of Force to the world at large.'

"Mivart has been formally excommunicated by Cardinal Vaughan. It seems to me that if Catholics are really called upon to believe that the first man was the Adam of the Garden of Eden, and that all the books of the Old and New Testaments not merely 'contain Revelation with no admixture of error,' but were also 'written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and have God for their Author,' we may abandon the idea of any possible reconciliation between religion and science. Of course one knew the thing was hopeless, but still there were many Catholics, even priests, who pretended it was not.

"I have had several more talks with Mohammed Abdu. He tells me that several of the high English officials here make money in illicit ways. He is, however, as little in favour of internationalizing Egypt as I am, for that would merely be to exchange one wolf for a pack of wolves. He is bitter against Cromer, whom otherwise he likes, for having established nothing that can survive of indigenous Government when the English Occupation ends — nothing, that is, that can be counted on to work on Liberal and honest lines. There has been a general proscription of the patriotic and enlightened element in the country, and the men pushed forward have been those who had least self-respect and could most surely be counted on for their pliancy.

"*5th Feb.*— Parliament has met, and the Queen's Speech has been telegraphed. Pharaoh has hardened her heart, and declares that she will carry the war on to a successful end. Buller has, however, clearly been badly beaten again at Spion Kop and Ladysmith must fall. The famine in India is a new 'judgment of God' upon the Empire, and,

just as in old times, the stress of the punishment falls on the innocent. There are three and a half millions of people now on daily relief. Yet I suppose not a single official of all that have fattened upon India will forgo a third of his income — or a fourth or a tenth part of it to feed the people — this although they are subscribing and making the natives subscribe to the South African War. It is the 'divine mission' we are carrying out of making the world happy!

"Osman Digna has been captured at last and brought in chains to Cairo. 'A large crowd pressed forward eager to see the dark, long face, brilliant eyes, large mouth, and long grey beard, of a frightened and dignified old man who sat with chains round his sore ankles and swollen, bare feet.' I quote 'Our own correspondent.' This is how the British Empire makes its 'Roman holiday'! But the hour of vengeance is, I hope, now very near.

"*8th Feb.*— George Wyndham has made a very able speech in defence of the War Office and his political fortune is made. I am glad of this, though his principles in politics have been up to now abominable. He is no Philistine at heart, and will be sobered both by the defeat of his policy and his personal success, and may end as a great and large-minded statesman. He was wise enough to confine his speech strictly to the War Office, and did not attempt to explain the policy of the war: being a subordinate of very short standing in the Government he will not be held responsible, and people will only see in him what they most appreciate, a very clever parliamentarian defending a bad party cause in the best possible way. The only speech that was sound on the Opposition side was Sir Robert Reed's, which stated the whole case against the war fully and fairly.

"*14th Feb.*— I have written as follows to John Dillon in honour of the reunion of the Irish Parliamentary Party:

Sheykh Obeyd, *Feb.* 14, 1900.

"DEAR DILLON,

"I write to congratulate you and the rest of my old friends of the Irish Parliamentary Party on the reunion of the Party, and your resolution to be once more independent of English ones. You know that for the last ten years I have held aloof from politics and have been mute about Ireland. But I cannot help saying now how much I sympathize with you all. The moment certainly has come for a new departure — for Ireland's one chance lies in the check given to our English plan of a world-wide Empire which has been accepted equally by both parties and which leaves no room anywhere for Nationalism. I think, too, that the iniquity of the war we are carrying on in South Africa, and which both Parties almost equally approve, should make it intolerable for an honest man to remain any longer allied with either.

I don't know which is the more despicable, the boasting Tory who made the war openly for the fun of the thing and to fill his pockets, or the Radical, who has allowed himself to be persuaded that he might bully the Boers cheaply and in accordance with Liberal principles. At any rate I am glad to see Ireland free from both of them. There was always to my mind a certain danger to her high ideal in her connection, however temporary, with our ambitions. Imperialism is very contagious, and Scotch, as well as English Radicalism, has been entirely perverted by it. I have often thought that the 'union of hearts' we talked so much about in 1887 might, if it had become a reality, have only led to the perversion of Ireland too. It is best as it is — at least until we English are humbled to entire sanity.

"I shall be glad if you will show this letter to Harrington and Healy and Redmond, as well as to Davitt and O'Brien, as I intend it equally for all. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to think of you fighting once more well together for Liberty as in the days of our old campaign."

"15*th Feb.*— Cockerell arrived last night from London very keen for sight-seeing, and to-day Evelyn also came; he is strong for stopping the war, and also approves of my letter to Dillon.

"Mohammed Abdu was here in the afternoon and told me the true story of the military trouble at Khartoum. Kitchener has long been hated by the Egyptian Officers, whom he has throughout ill-treated, allowing the English Officers to behave arrogantly to them, and paying no attention to their complaints. The Egyptian troops have been made to do all the hard work, and have been given no credit, while the black troops have been petted and spoiled. When things began to go badly at the Cape Kitchener got alarmed, and tried to prevent any news of the English defeats reaching the Soudan, but he could not hinder it leaking through. Then fearing a revolt he ordered the ammunition to be taken away on the pretence that it was old and would be renewed, but the Soudanese regiments refused to give up the old till the new was supplied; the Egyptian Officers were suspected of encouraging the refusal and some were arrested. In the middle of it all Kitchener was recalled to go to South Africa, and the thing was patched up by Wingate who is less unpopular, though it is not wholly settled yet. Abdu tells me that the idea now is in the event of the Egyptian Question being brought on by the European Powers to call in Turkish troops to replace our English garrison. This would be a lesser evil than the advent of French or Italian troops, which would only mean the Internationalization of Egypt. Mohammed Abdu knows that it has been talked over among the Ministers and with Lord Cromer. I am inclined to hope that it may really end thus for there seems to be no chance of a simple

evacuation in favour of a native Egyptian Government. Abdu has a good opinion of Cromer personally. But says there are a number of shady things done by his subordinates.

"*16th Feb.*— Buller's third attack on the Boers and his attempt to cross the Tugela has failed as abjectly as the other two, and we may hear any day now of the fall of Ladysmith; a final attempt I fancy to capture a victory in view of the vote in Parliament for which it has served its purpose, though later it turned into a defeat.

"*17th Feb.*— To Cairo with Cockerell. The first time I have been there this winter, after seventy-four days at Sheykh Obeyd, so that I felt strange and naked in European clothes. On the road we met Prince Aziz who talked with much intelligence about the management of his property. These Khedivial Princes are all of them shrewd men of business. He also gave us news of the relief of Kimberley, a telegram having come last night. This will have the practical effect of putting that sad villain Rhodes once more on the scene of the world's intrigues. I am sorry for it.

"I called on various necessary people, including Margaret Talbot in her new official house as the General's Lady, and on Cromer, who talked to me for half an hour about Nile irrigation, the debts of the fellahin, the famine in India, and such administrative subjects as he talks best on. He is certainly a great man in his official way. We did not touch on any dangerous matters, nor allude in any sort to past differences. Personally I like him much. Amongst the plans he discussed with me was one in connection with the National Bank of advancing small sums of £5 and £10 to the fellahin at 9 per cent., to enable them to get out of the hands of the Greek usurers, who charge them thirty and forty per cent. This is precisely the scheme the Nationalists of 1881 had, and its adoption by Cromer is another proof of the foresight of those poor patriots whom we cannoned into silence. With the single exception of constitutional government, I believe every article now of the National Programme has been adopted by us.

"*24th Feb.*— The MacDonalds and Irene, and her brother are gone to Greece, after staying here three months. She is an attractive child, clever and pretty — and her brother, Byron, interesting, because quite uneducated, with a good heart and much sense. Young Ward was here yesterday, who is acting as correspondent to the 'Times.' He gave us news that Roberts, having raised the siege of Kimberley, has now got Kranje's army in such a position that it seems likely to surrender. This is important, and I fear will rehabilitate Chamberlain and the Rhodes gang. Lady Lytton writes to me after her waiting at Osborne: 'I enjoyed my three quiet weeks at Osborne, and the Queen is such a splendid example of wisdom over the war and all the sorrow and things that follow from it, and she always judges rightly without too

much emotion. . . . You say you wish they would stop the fighting. Every one wishes it also, but we must get to Pretoria first, and be able to get equal justice for all our people there, and for which reason the war has been brought on England, and it will be a very long business of years — so let us try and be patient, and good will come out of it in the end. The spirit of wishing to help is quite splendid everywhere in England, and the soldiers must be allowed to do better than they have done as yet before they stop fighting.' This no doubt is her Majesty's sentiment. Milner who arranged the 'equal justice' *casus belli* will now doubtless get his peerage. Sibell writes in the same strain about the unselfishness of the war, and the noble qualities of all concerned. One might think it was a crusade, instead of being the Stock Exchange swindle it is. The art of governing the world has become the art of deceiving, not only the people, but if possible one's own high-minded conscience.

"*1st March.*— I went into Cairo with Cockerell, and learned the relief of Ladysmith. Kronje capitulated a few days ago at Paardeburg, and the Boer army has evacuated Natal, and seems to be concentrating for a final stand on the Drakensburg line. One thing is satisfactory in it, the release of Guy Wyndham from his captivity. There have been debates in the House of Commons about Chamberlain's part of the Raid. He now says that his white-washing of Rhodes after the Committee Report only concerned Rhodes' money transactions. I remember George telling me at the time (and he was in the thick of the plot) that they had played a trick on the opposition in getting Harcourt and the rest of them to agree to the Report on an understanding that Rhodes was to be thrown over, and also, if I remember rightly, in forcing Chamberlain's hand to support Rhodes. This one thing is certain, Rhodes remained, and is still a Privy Councillor.

"*5th March.*— I have been very busy getting ready for our long intended pilgrimage to Mount Sinai. Anne is unable to go as Judith has written hurrying her departure for the expected baby, but Cockerell goes with me and my nurse, Miss Lawrence. We are to start on the 7th, and take steamer to Tor on the 8th, and be met there by our camels.

"*6th March.*— Evelyn spent the day with us having come to Egypt with his daughters. He is in trouble having just received a telegram from his son to say that he has joined the Imperial Yeomanry and is going to South Africa. It is the smart thing to do just now, and all the world is mad for fighting.

"*7th March.*— To Suez by train, a hot, disagreeable journey, and put up at the 'Bel Air,' next the station. Suez full of pilgrims, the streets crowded and gay.

"*8th March.*— Occupied in taking our places by the Khedivial

steamer for Tor, and getting passports for Suliman and Hassan at the Moudirieh. The people there very friendly, as the Governor was formerly an Arabist and the Katib had been secretary to Mahmoud Fehmy. The place was being besieged by pilgrims come for their passports, which cost them 150 piastres, to the Hedjaz. In the afternoon went on board the *Chibine* with the agent Beyts, whom I remember twenty years ago at Jeddah, where he had a house of business with one Wild. He did what he could to make us comfortable, but the *Chibine* is crowded with pilgrims, 350 of them, they say.

"*9th March.*— I went to my berth early and woke about half-past one, and opened the cabin window as it was very hot below, and so was lying awake thinking over the lapse of years since I was last at Mount Sinai and the poor issue of our short lives, when I felt as it were a blow received by the vessel, and immediately after a second blow. At the first moment I thought it was an earthquake shock — we had had one last Tuesday at Sheykh Obeyd — and called out to Cockerel, who shared my cabin, to that effect; but looking out of the window I saw a line of breakers close before us on the port side, and the ship began to be knocked about by the waves. It was very dark, but the breakers were plain enough, and I said to Cockerel, 'No. We are on a Coral Reef.' I had not undressed and had nothing but my shoes to put on to be ready for all events. And I went to Miss Lawrence's cabin and told her to get up and dress as we were aground. Then on Cockerel's confirming what had happened I went on the upper deck where Suliman and Hassan were, and got the life-belt I always carry out of the bullock trunk in which it was and put it on Miss Lawrence. She was not at all frightened, nor indeed was anybody else as far as I know — though the Pilgrims began reciting their prayers aloud. The wind was blowing pretty strong, and I could make out the line of the shore not far off and the breakers, though the night was dark. There did not seem to be any immediate danger, but we prepared ourselves for whatever might happen, and in the darkness, of course, there was room to imagine the worst. I did not stay long, however, on deck, but after some talk with Suliman went below and lay down again, for it was clear there was nothing to be done till daylight. I had looked at my watch as soon as the vessel struck, and found it was seven minutes past three. Cockerell and Miss Lawrence stayed on deck, I believe, till morning. After a bit I got to sleep again, for the ship was steady enough, and there was nothing very tragic in the appearance of things.

"By daylight we were able to make out where we were. Suliman thought at first the hills in front of us were the Hamam Faraoun. But later we made out Serbal and the mouth of Wady Feiran, so it is now agreed that we are ashore north of Ras Jehan. The Captain, Ross,

did not seem to know much about it. He told us he had only left the deck ten minutes when the thing happened. [This turned out afterwards to have been quite untrue. He had come on board late, having been at some entertainment at Suez, and gone to bed early without giving any proper instructions as to the course. No watch was kept, and we drove straight on a coral reef, without so much as slackening speed or with a cry of breakers ahead! We must be clear eight miles out of our course, and it looks like bad seamanship. Here we are, anyhow, stuck fast on a line of sand banks (they proved to be a reef about a mile from the shore) and with small chance of getting off to-day or any other day. The steamer is miserably ill supplied with boats, and still more miserably with seamen, there are only four boats capable of taking off at most a dozen passengers each, and of these one is already lost. They launched it, the Captain says, in order to put out a hawser for an anchor to windward, but it was swamped by a breaker, and at least one man has been drowned. I saw another holding on to the hawser for some minutes, and we thought he would be swept away too, but at last he got hold of a rope and hitched it round him, and was pulled up the ship side, but it was a near shave. The boat drifted away, and is now on the sandbank (reef) bottom upwards, and five lifebuoys, which were thrown to the drowning men, are drifting on shore. The captain asked me about the nature of the country on which we had run, the shore of the Sinai penisula, and I offered to let my Bedouin, Suliman, go in a boat if they could put him safely on shore when the wind drops; he would then take a message to Tor, which is not more than forty miles away, asking help. Suliman, however, is very unwilling to go, now that he has seen the *feluca* swamped and the man drowned, nor will I let him attempt it until the wind goes down. [It was Suliman's first experience of being at sea, and, like most Bedouins, he was frightened at being off his own element.] Should it become calm I shall propose that we are all sent on shore here with our baggage, as we are the only passengers for Tor, and we have provisions enough with us for a fortnight. I am writing this at 9.45 a.m.

"1.30 p.m.— Things look worse than they did. The tide going down has shown that we are on a coral reef, which may be half a mile in width, with, perhaps, three miles of comparatively still water beyond it to the shore. Also the wind has become stronger, and, though the waves do not break over the deck, we are beginning to heel over in rather an alarming way. I finished Tolstoy's 'Resurrection' this morning. It is a most depressing book, and makes one as willing as one can easily be to leave a life so miserable as Tolstoy shows it. I don't know which is the more hopeless, the picture of polite society *en décomposition*, or that of his convicts and political prisoners who

find a dreary satisfaction in helping each other in ways which human nature cannot really be satisfied with. All the same, one clings a bit to life. There is a certain physical menace in death which it is ill to face, and I feel it more strongly this afternoon than I did last night when the danger was vaguer and newer. The poor man drowned has saddened us, and made the danger seem more real, but as yet we have not even begun to feel discomfort. No water has reached the cabins, or even the decks, except now and then the spray of a wave, and the sun is shining brightly, and we are surrounded by flights of happy seagulls. The shore is romantic and beautiful between Serbal, in front to the north-east and Ghareb to the south-west, both mountains which I love and on which I could be content to die. It is the physical repulsion that one has, that of being knocked to pieces on the reef, or drowned in one's cabin. Two ships have been sighted far off, but they took no notice of our signals, and we are fully ten miles away from the usual Red Sea course. My own only satisfaction is to think Anne did not come with us. She has a terror of water, though of nothing else, and would have been unhappy. Both Cockerell and Miss Lawrence are cheerful and undisturbed; indeed, every one is behaving well. We are all three sitting on the upper deck now, on a carpet with one of the pilgrims next us, a man from Mitgamr. At every blow of a wave which shakes the ship he ejaculates, 'Ya robb! Ya róbbina'! (From God are all things. Yes, all. Our Lord is merciful. Ya, Robb!) Below there is an old lady who puts her head out of the cabin and calls to her son, 'Ya, Yusuf! Ya, Yusuf!' The rest are devout and quiet, and there is none of the affectation of merriment one would see under like circumstances on board a P. and O.

"10*th March* (*Friday*). [N.B. This part of my Diary is splashed with sea water, but still legible.] We have had a very bad night and things this morning look almost hopeless. With the rise of the tide at sunset the wind increased in violence, blowing still from the north-west, and the waves swept the upper deck. I went up to try and persuade Suliman and Hassan to come below, but they would not move. The whole night through the ship was banged upon the reef — raised by each wave, and let down with a thundering bang upon her keel, which prevented much sleeping. At times it seemed as if she must break her back. At midnight it was quieter, but it is worse than ever this morning, and the ship has settled lower into the water. There is only one comfort, she is now wholly aground, and cannot sink lower. It depends all on the wind. If it goes on like this for another night she will break up, and there is no chance of a rescue. There are practically no boats and no sailors. The captain would not risk trying to land the passengers except in a calm. Even the

arrival of another ship would be of no use, as we could not be got off. If the wind does not fall, it will not be our pilgrims' fault, for they pray strenuously, with a fine male devotion. The women have been drilled to silence, or at any rate to pray instead of complaining, even the little boys shout, 'Alláhu Akbar. Ya latif'! and the women add prayers to Seyd el Bédawi of Tantah. For my own part I say my usual prayers to the dead and to St. Winifred, who may help me, as she did three years ago, a superstition which quiets the mind. I have been reading the Gospels, too, in an edition Cockerell got me for our journey to Sinai, parts of Mathew, Mark, and Luke, the doctrinal parts of which are splendid, and as little like our English nineteenth-century Christianity as it is possible to conceive. How foolish my Nietsche correspondent's talk about it is. The water is coming into the cabin, so I must leave off. Miss Lawrence has been altogether admirable through all this, doing her duty to me as a nurse just as if at home, and cheerful and courageous as I never saw anyone. I have just been on deck and got wet through. It has made me feel more indifferent to what may happen, and I contemplate the water filling up the cabin and drowning us without much repugnance. It is the getting wet that one really dislikes. It is now 7.30 a.m., and we hope the wind is lulling, otherwise our prospects are poor.

"11 a.m.— Though things remain precisely as yesterday, and with rather less chance of a good issue, for the wind blows as hard as ever, everybody on board has settled down to the situation. There are no more querulous plaints of the women, and the prayers are less incessant. The children are playing merrily in the saloon, the little boy pretending to bastinado the little girl on the soles of her feet, and there is a group of women on the ground gossiping as if at market. This, I suppose, is in all human nature. People go about their affairs, however much there may be an earthquake or any other catastrophe impending. I have settled down to a novel, which I brought with me in case of accidents causing delay anywhere. There is no sign yet of succour from any quarter, and I expect to-night will be critical. The thumping and banging on the reef goes on, and all of our cabins are in a leaky state at the portholes; fortunately the ship stands pretty steady on her keel, with only a slight list to port. This has kept us fairly dry, though on the main deck the pilgrims must be suffering terribly. There has been no cooking done to-day, as the fires are out. Also salt water has got into the fresh water tanks, and we may be soon short of water to drink.

"Later. In the afternoon, at Cockerell's suggestion, we moved our quarters from the after-cabin, which is being much battered by the sea, to the upper platform in the centre of the ship. There we are sheltered by a bit of awning from the wind and spray, and the waves

do not wash quite so high. Suliman had already established himself there, and it is pleasant to have our little camp with him altogether as if we were in the desert. The sight of the waves breaking over the reef is interesting, and there are seagulls to watch and floating seaweed, and one can mark the variations in strength of the wind; the centre of the ship, too, is free from the thumping of the stern, and we have a feeling here that even if she breaks in two, the fore half where we are would remain firm on the reef. Nor is it a small advantage to be free from the incessant prayers of the rich pilgrims in the cabin, who shout in chorus all day long, and of the children who, in imitation of them, make treble invocations of their own. In the forecastle, which we overlook, the pilgrims, mostly Persians, confine themselves to an 'Alahu Akbar,' when any specially big wave breaks over them. There is one of them stationed on purpose to look out for the big waves and announce their coming. Here we are settling ourselves for the night.

"*11th March.*— The sunset last night was less yellow than the day had been, for there had been a thick haze, and the stars and the moon came out, but the wind blew all night as hard as ever, the waves running up to within a couple of feet of our platform, making one wonder whether the afterpart of the ship had not been carried away. We made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit under our awning, and I took a little dose of morphia to keep me warm through the night. I had got wet through in my European clothes, and have now got on my Arab things, and so dozed through the night, trying to fancy myself in Jendali or on Kalala. Miss Lawrence and Cockerell too, none of us in much comfort, for we could not lie down. Still things might have been worse, and we were able to keep dry, and the wind is not a cold one. The pilgrims, among whom we are now established, began by being not quite friendly, one or two thought I was masquerading as a pilgrim, and asked me why I wore the *akhram*, and whether I had a passport from Constantinople, nor could I altogether satisfy them, as they did not understand Arabic, being mostly Turks or Bokharists. But the feeling amongst them has quite changed now. This is owing to my having taken their side against the captain, and decided him at last to send off a boat to the shore. [The captain, since the ship had struck, had shut himself up almost entirely in his cabin, refusing to do anything or take any measures.] The pilgrims had insisted upon his sending off a boat, and had come to the cabin door in a body, under the leadership of an old sea-captain, a Moslem from the Caspian, a rugged fellow in an Astrakhan cap, who declared he could easily steer a boat on shore at high tide across the reef, and so carry the news of our shipwreck to Tor. This seemed to me a sensible plan; and I went with them to

the cabin, and got the captain to consent, though there was a difficulty in finding men to man the boat, as all the ship's crew (there were only five of them), odd men picked up at Suez, were frightened at the drowning of the sailor on Thursday, and I volunteered myself, if necessary, to go, and with me Suliman to run on with the news to Tor; and Cockerell also would have gone and Miss Lawrence, but there was no boat large enough for us all, and at last it was decided that Suliman alone should go, with five of the ship's crew. He was very unwilling, as he is terribly afraid of the sea, but I persuaded him there was really no great danger. He bid me a solemn farewell, taking off most of his clothes and handing over to me his money and his passport. Then the ship's crew would have nothing to do with the Caspian sea-dog as their commander, and at one time the whole plan seemed as if it would break down, for Captain Ross was without resource or power of command. At last, however, just on the turn of the high tide, they got the boat launched and across the reef, and so to the shore in safety. We were able to watch them till they landed. So Suliman at least is out of danger, and may bring us help from Tor. The boat was the last one left, as one was lost on Thursday, and the two others were destroyed last night by the sea. Some of the ship's company are making a raft, in case things come to the worst. Except the lack of drinking water, however, I don't think there is much immediate danger, as the wind has moderated and the sky has become clear. The difficulty is that there is no means now of getting the pilgrims on shore, even if it is calm, as we have not a boat left, and are without water. We ourselves fortunately have with us three quart bottles of water, which are still intact, and a large number of oranges, but unless help comes to-morrow or next day, it will fare badly with all of us. One of the pilgrims, though very amiable to us, has told me the captain's throat ought to be cut. They all think he is hiding water, though that is not the case. There never was a ship, however, sent to sea worse found, or with a more incapable captain.

"We have made special friends with two of the pilgrims, Russian subjects, one a Tartar, living at St. Petersburgh, formerly an Alem of Bokhara, who has spoken to me in high praise of Sheykh Jemal el Din. He is a very superior man, in a snuff-coloured robe. The other, a Mongol from the Crimea, who has been a student for the last fourteen years at the Azhar at Cairo. This one is a thick-set heavy man of the true Chinese type, or rather of the Mongol type, from which Chinamen derive their features. These have taken up their quarters next to us, and they are very polite to us — with them most of their friends. We have distributed a few of our oranges among them; all complain of thirst. The most interesting of all, however, is an Arab from Medina, a *Muhajjer* who affects the character of a wely.

He is the most beautiful human being I ever saw, going bareheaded, with an immense shock of black hair in ringlets; his face is very dark, and brilliant as a hawk's, his teeth splendidly white, and his eyes of womanish, gazelle-like lustre. His beard, too, like his hair, is a whole mass of ringlets, and his hands and feet are of perfect form. With all he is kindly and friendly, with a peculiar, inconsequent way, as becomes a saint. [He was fantastically dressed when he came on board, with gorgeous muslin robes, but these got soon draggled with the sea water, without thereby affecting his gay spirits or pleasant smile. He would go about from one to other of the pilgrims with a pleasant word to each, and gave away at once the oranges we gave him. His exact position in life, except that he was a *Muhajjer*, I never ascertained, but he invited me cordially to his house if I visited Medina, and was especially polite to all of us. Most of those that I have mentioned talked Arabic, but many knew no word of it, having come from distant parts of Asia.] They are evidently good, pious people, and it is a relief to find ourselves among them at a solemn moment like the present, when we have death, so to say, staring us in the face, and away from the few ungodly Englishmen who frequent the bar of the first class cabin. I never marked the contrast more, and it consoles me not a little for the rest.

"Miss Lawrence is wonderful in her simple courage and good sense. She makes us all as comfortable as the small space we have will admit, and has not said a complaining word. When I said to her half in fun, 'Your poor patient has almost come to the end of his tether,' she answered simply, 'I cannot think we shall be drowned. God would not allow all these good people who call on him to perish.' Cockerell, too, is full of help. He has made friends with a young Belgian and a young English accountant, who are better than the rest, and gathers a deal of information about all that is going on.

"It came on blowing terribly again in the afternoon, and the sea has put on the pale green look it has in the northern seas — each wave capped with foam. The waves are pouring over the lower decks, and the ship is sinking a bit in her bed. A great ship was seen just at sunset, and wild hopes were indulged. The sailors hoisted a torch at the mast-head, but the vessel was too far away and soon disappeared. Nor could she have helped us had she come to us for no captain would put out a boat in such a sea. Notwithstanding all this we under our awning on the bridge have passed (*12th March*) a not quite uncomfortable night. Only one woke every few minutes with a start, and thoughts forced themselves on one's mind of things beyond the world. There were signs of lightning in the hills in the direction of Mount Sinai, and one seemed to see in them God's anger in his dwelling place,

perhaps at one's impiety at seeking to set foot on it, and for the attitude I have taken of having complained or his dereliction of his duty and neglect of the World and Man. Towards morning just in front of us stood the Scorpion, for the sky was clear, and it reminded me of many things. It was then that Miss Lawrence used the words that I have recorded. This is the worst night that we have passed, and there seems little left to hope.

"*12th March.*— Our fourth day on the reef, which is whiter than ever with foam — the wind stronger and the waves higher. The cabins aft are flooded, and the people are leaving them, and crowding on to the bridge. Nevertheless there is a more cheerful feeling, for at eight o'clock a vessel approached which was recognized as one of the Khedivial Line Steamers, the *Misr*, evidently sent out to look for us. We could not, however, communicate with her, as there is no system of signalling on board, and the sea is far too big for them to launch a boat; they have therefore gone back in the direction of Tor, waiting we suppose for the wind to moderate. This gives us something to hope for, and all agree that the gale cannot last much longer, and that the ship is too fast on the reef to be in immediate danger — only that the pilgrims are in straits for water, and I hear that a woman and child have died. The stewards, meanwhile (for the government of the vessel and the administration of the supplies are abominable) are selling soda at exorbitant prices to the richer people. We dare not give away our water yet, as it would be drunk up at once, but we give oranges. Personally I have not drunk a tumbler of water in the last three days and have eaten nothing but half-a-dozen oranges. The morphia I have taken does away with both thirst and hunger, there is much dampness too in the air, and the pilgrims I think suffer much less from thirst itself than the thought of it, knowing there is no water. Most of them come from the northern countries where water abounds, and the thought of being without it frightens them, as it does not frighten the Arabs. They make very little complaint, however, considering how hardly they are treated. I go on writing my journal and reading and dozing between times. The sun is shining brilliantly, and we are not so uncomfortable for the waves do not reach us, and the spray here and on the forecastle is not very wetting. It is at night that the gloomy thoughts come.

"There is a Greek boatswain or second officer who tells me that he has been eight times wrecked, and twice in this same *Chibine*. If I get safe on shore this time,' he said, 'I go to sea no more. I sell oranges for a living, it is better.' He is certainly right. They have finished two rafts, or rather punts, unseaworthy looking craft, which I should be loath to embark in. The thought of the Red Sea sharks

has been, I fancy, with all of us, though we say nothing about it. The still water inside the reef must be full of them — here it is too rough, and there is only drifting seaweed and a multitude of gulls.

"Later. The weather shows signs of improvement, though the sea is as high as ever, and the wind is hardly less, but the sky is clearing, and the line of hills on the west coast is beginning to show again. We can see Ghareb and the rest. I feel confident the wind will fall at sunset. And the *Misr* should return and take us off to-morrow — but everything depends upon the fall of the wind.

"Evening. Our troubles, I hope, are over. At 4 p.m., behold as a *coup de théatre,* H.M.S. *Hebe,* a gunboat, arriving from Suez to our rescue. The sea was still very heavy, and the wind as strong as ever, but Commander Taylor in command of her, gallantly put off in a whale-boat, and has himself come on board our wreck. His arrival has relieved us entirely from our anxiety, for though he cannot land us to-night he is satisfied our ship is in no immediate danger of breaking up. He will return in the morning and take us all across the reef at high tide, if it is still rough, or directly to Tor if the wind has gone down. He is a good, clean-shaven, grey-eyed little British officer of the best type. To us personally he offered, if we wished, to take us all three off with him at once to-night, but as he seemed to think it would be rather a risk, especially with Miss Lawrence, we elected to stay on the wreck yet another night — and it is well we did — for the whale-boat as we could see it had a narrow shave of being capsized, and was unable to get taken on board the *Hebe* on her return until the *Hebe* had moved down a mile or two to leeward of the reef. What has caused Taylor coming is this. As long ago as Saturday the people at Suez became uneasy at getting no telegram about us from Tor, but imagined the *Chibine* must have neglected to call there and gone on to Jeddah, then rumours came that something was wrong, and the *Misr* was sent out to look for us, and later Cromer, having been referred to, ordered the *Hebe* out. The *Hebe* was to have looked for us on the West Coast of the Red Sea, but fortunately just as she was getting up steam our telegram, carried by Suliman and despatched from Tor, arrived, telling them where we were, otherwise they would have searched the Western Coast in vain, and might not have found us for some days. However, as our friend the Crimean pilgrim says, 'El hamdu l'Illah' (God has not forgotten his slaves). We are all congratulating each other now, and the pilgrims are showing their good-will to us, and thanks for having helped to get Suleyman sent ashore, in a number of agreeable ways.

"*13th March* (*Tuesday*).— Our last night on the wreck was a peaceful and a joyful one. At sunset the wind, as was expected, dropped — and it is now nearly a dead calm. I slept profoundly. With the

first light we got our traps together, and distributed all our remaining provisions among the pilgrims who were ravenous for our oranges. These were rescued at last from the water which had been sweeping over them on the after deck. They had been well packed and were not much spoiled. The best of them went to our friends, Sheykh Abdul Hamid, and the gallant sea-dog of the Caspian, Suleyman Ismailoff of Astrakhan, the rest I took with Hassan in a bundle to the forecastle where they were eagerly grabbed for by the Persian pilgrims, especially the women. Here are the names of our chief friends on board, Sheikh Abdul Hamid of St. Petersburgh, one of the Ulema, and his friend, Suleyman Ali from Crimea, a Crim Tartar Student of the Azhar, Captain Suleyman Ismailoff of Astrakhan; our friend the *Muhajjer*, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, Mohammed Ali, aged nine, a gay boy who was the captain's servant. Gilroy, an English accountant going to Jeddah, Dr. Edward Rist of the Sanitary Board of Alexandria (an Alsacian Frenchman, of whom we afterwards saw much).

"3 P. M. We are on board H.M.S. *Hebe*. At eight o'clock we were taken off among the first of those rescued by Captain Taylor, and are once more on the clean deck of a British man-of-war, feeling that after all the British Fleet has its beneficent uses and was intended for other things than only the bombardment of Eastern towns. Taylor tells me that but for the telegram sent by Suliman, we must have been several days longer on the reef — we might well have been overlooked till it was too late. All is ended now, however, and we can say 'El hamdu l'Illah.' In the course of the morning other ships arrived, and all the pilgrims having been taken from the wreck and placed on board them, they went on their way to Jeddah, while we returned to Suez on the *Hebe*.

"Names of the Officers of the *Hebe* are: Commander Taylor, Lieutenant Frederick Loder Symonds, Lieutenant James Kirkness, Surgeon Herbert Gill, Chief Engineer George Pascoe.

"The officers of the *Hebe* are an excellent set of men; they have entertained us all last night on board, feasting our hunger, and giving us stretchers for beds. Remembering the navy as I knew it forty years ago at Athens, these young officers seem to me superior in intelligence and manners to what they then were. The *Hebe* is one of the new and highly scientific gunboats which require men of head and education to work them, and they took pleasure in explaining to us everything, more indeed than I did in listening, for machinery is the least interesting of novelties. We might have been taken on to Tor if we had wished it, but I decided against this, seeing the peril we had escaped, and I have a superstition against continuing a journey in face of a strong warning; indeed to me this is more than a warning.

I see in it a menace forbidding me to approach the Holy Mountain. Perhaps another year I may return, but not now.

"In the early morning as we arrived at Suez I was awoke from sleep by a very terrible dream or imagination, for I was between waking and sleeping. The screws of the gunboat had been reversed, and there was a fearful vibration on board, so loud that it sounded like a storm. I thought that we had come to the head of the gulf to that place where Pharoah and the Egyptians were overwhelmed in the sea, and that an immense wind had struck us from the west, so that the gunboat was being driven on to the eastern shore. It was a storm so terrible that nothing could live in it, and I knew that it had been sent by God, and I heard a voice saying: 'There are no pilgrims here to save you again by their prayers,' and I was terror struck and I made my profession of faith—'La Allah ila Allah, wa Mohammed rasul Allah,' nor was I relieved of my fear until I had looked out of the scuttle and seen the lights of Suez, and smooth water, and the Scorpion in a quite clear sky. [I think the extreme vividness of this dream was probably due to the morphia I had been taking during the wreck.] I remember Captain Taylor, whose cabin I was sharing, asking me what o'clock it was, and I told him a quarter to three. He was surprised at my knowing this when, having struck a match, he found that I was exactly right. I had calculated it by the stars in the Scorpion's tail, which are an excellent clock at this time of year, but sailors have forgotten these old-fashioned observations of the stars."

The next fortnight of my journal is defective. The excitement of the shipwreck over, I felt the effect of it, and was once more suffering in health. My last days in Egypt before returning to Europe were occupied in laying before Lord Cromer the circumstances of the pilgrim case, and urging him to take up the defence of these Moslems, whose safety had been so jeopardized by the disgraceful mismanagement of the Khedivial Government, the lack of all proper provision for them on board, and the incompetence of the captain. I also wrote a strong letter in the same sense to the "Times," with the effect that a naval court of inquiry was appointed to be held at Suez on board H.M.S. *Halycon*. Consul Cameron presiding. This Court Cockerell and I and Dr. Rist attended, and we gave evidence with the result that on the 28th of March, the Court found against the Company, and Rist and I were publicly thanked for our "public spirited action," while it eventually led to new regulations being issued with regard to the pilgrim traffic in the Red Sea, which to some extent alleviated the evils of the system so long pursued. All that I find of importance in my journal is the following account of my final visit to the Khedive.

"*2nd April.*— To see the Khedive at Abdin, where I found Moham-

med Abdu also waiting for an audience. He introduced me to Mohammed Pasha Shukri, the Khedive's Turkish secretary, and other functionaries, all very amiable, as they had heard of the shipwreck and how I had brought the pilgrim case forward.

"Abbas received me with affection, and we had a most intimate and interesting conversation. It began about the pilgrim traffic, as to the better regulation of which he promised help. Then he went on to talk of his journey to the Western oasis. He told me that he had been extremely well received by the Senussia, and had found out everything he wanted to know about them. Their principle of conduct, he said, was to obey the law in all countries where they resided. In the Zaghwiyahs nothing was permitted to be done which could bring them into conflict with the Government. Although they imported arms and ammunition, largely from Egypt, these never passed through the Zaghwiyahs, but through individuals, generally poor men, so that if discovered it would not bring them discredit. In the Zaghwiyahs nothing compromising would be found. He assured me, however, that the Arabs of the Western tribes, all of whom belonged to the brotherhood, were well armed with Martini rifles; the brothers were very particular whom they would talk to; they would trust no Christian, and no Moslem who served a Christian, as, for instance, no Egyptian soldier, because the Sirdar and officers were Christians, also no Moslem who did not pray and openly show himself such. He was evidently much impressed by their strength and their organization, and by the instruction and high character of their leading men. All this seems to tally with what Mohammed Abdu told me lately of the Khedive's having become 'superstitious and opposing Liberal reform in the Azhar on the ground that he feared to lose the prayers of the old-fashioned faithful.'

"He then talked of his intended visit to England. I advised him to talk frankly to everybody, and promised to do what little I could personally to dispose people in his favour. Lastly, he told me Lord Cromer had spoken to him about allowing Arabi to return to Egypt, but he had a grief on this head against Lord Cromer, inasmuch as Cromer had refused to allow his grandfather, Ismail, to come back and die in Egypt. Ismail was suffering from cancer, and only asked to see Cairo before he died, but Cromer had refused, why then should he now come to him and say, 'Let Arabi return.' We stood together discussing this matter for some time, as I was going out, and it ended by his promising or half promising to grant Arabi's pardon. Another farewell visit was to my old friend and neighbour, Sheykh Hassan Abu Tawil, now very near his end. I found him (*5th April*) like Job upon his bed, surrounded with comforters, a mere skeleton, too feeble to rise. I asked him whether he had had the doctor to see him,

but he said 'No, he preferred to be doctored by God,' and this is probably best even scientically. I told him the tale of our shipwreck, and he besought me to have a lamb slain for Sheykh Obeyd, and I promised him so to do, though I have a quarrel with our local saint for the little good he did me two years ago. I shall be grieved to lose old Hassan, for he is good, and much beloved by his tribes-people. We leave Sheykh Obeyd for Italy to-morrow."

My journey home was made with Cockerell and Miss Lawrence, Lady Anne having preceded us, and at Brindisi I received a telegram from her, announcing the birth of a grandson. Another fellow-traveller was M. Cogordan, the French Minister at Cairo, a man of great intelligence and knowledge of art and archæology. We stopped the night at Ancona and several days at Florence, where we found Lady Paget and Lady Windsor, and where I made acquaintance with Mrs. Ross, Lady Duff Gordon's daughter, who was so long in Egypt, as to which she had pleasant recollections of things that happened thirty and more years ago. Our next halting place was Lucca, which I had not visited since 1852, when, as a boy of eleven, I spent the summer at the Lucca Baths. I remember having been taken to see the Holy Coat, and of having beheld in the streets the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, with the fat grand ducal children, pass in their carriage in days before the invention of the Kingdom of Italy.

The next day I went with Cockerell to call on Ouida at her villa at S. Alessio, some three miles from Pisa. I had been in correspondence with her on literary matters, and took the opportunity of paying her a visit. "Our driver did not know the house or who we wanted, until he suggested 'the lady with the many dogs.' We said, 'Oh, yes, the lady with the dogs,' and so it was. Ouida's house proved to be a nice old villa with a high garden wall and an eighteenth century iron gate, towards which from inside seven or eight dogs, poodles mostly and nondescripts, came at us, open-mouthed, when we rang. It was some time before we could make our ringing heard, and the bell was answered at last by a portly man-cook in cap and apron, who, after some further delay, on my sending in my card, admitted us. We were shown into the front hall, and there found the lady of the house seated at a small table, as one sees in the opening scene of a play, arranged apparently for the occasion. She was a little old lady, dressed in white, who rose to meet us and reprove her dogs, still yelping at us in chorus. A mild reproof it was, nor did it save us from their caresses. The largest poodle placed himself upon my knees, and another took my hat in his mouth. 'They do not often bite,' she explained, 'except beggars.' I had been prepared by the violence of her writings and anecdotes I had heard of her from Lady Paget and others, to find a person somewhat loud and masculine, but Ouida proved the

reverse of this. In face she is much more French than English (her father, she told us, was French, M. de la Ramée, and her mother an Englishwoman), small featured, soft, and distinguished, with a high forehead, rather prominent blue eyes, dulled and watery with age, almost white hair, and that milk and roses complexion old people sometimes acquire, and which gives them a beatified look. It was difficult to believe her capable of such a malevolence as her novel, 'Friendship.' She can never have been a sensual woman, whatever passions she may have revelled in in her writings. Her conversation is good, intellectual, without being affected, or the talk of a blue stocking. It gives you the impression of a woman who has thought out her ideas, and has the courage of her opinions. We talked about the inhumanity of modern Europe, especially modern England, and the rage for slaughter, which is its chief feature. Also about Italy and Crispi, who is her *bête noir* there, as Chamberlain is in England. She talks English perfectly, as she says she does also French and Italian, and complained to us of the slipshod writing of the day. It was evidently a pleasure to her to talk, and to find us such good listeners. With Cockerell she was immensely taken, and was curious to know who he could be, for I had not introduced him, and persisted in thinking him a personage in disguise. At the end of a couple of hours we moved to go, but she would have detained us, and made us promise to come again. She cannot, she says, now go to England, on her dogs' account, and, indeed, they monopolize her life. Altogether she is a pathetic figure, condemned to solitude, not by choice, but by necessity, and regretting the cheerful society of Florence, an exile imposed on her, I fancy, by poverty and her bitter pen. 'The world,' she said, 'takes its revenge on us for having despised it.' We both left her with feelings of respect, almost of affection, certainly of sympathy and pity." [With Cockerell Ouida corresponded to the day of her death, though I believe they never met again.]

Yet another visit in Italy was to Princess Hélène, now Duchess of Aosta, at her palace in Turin, where I had luncheon with her and her husband, who struck me as a kind of understudy of the Emperor William, a good talker but somewhat brusque. As fourth at luncheon there was his stepmother, the Dowager Duchess Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of old Plon Plon, who is much with them. I was introduced to both as a revolutionary character in connection with my adventures in Ireland. There was talk also of the Transvaal War, which they, in common with all foreigners, consider an unfortunate, not to say ridiculous, affair for England. The meal was a pleasant one, and in the afternoon Cockerell and I went on by the night train to Paris. My companion in the sleeping car was Colonel Needham, military secretary at the Rome Embassy, who told me that Kitchener, who had

been the best hated man in the British army, is now becoming almost popular in South Africa. A visit to Gros Bois followed where, as usual, there was much interesting talk. Among other things told me was this, that the seriousness of the anti-Semitic rage in France was due to Alphonse Rothschild's neglect to buy up Drumont. He might have done it for a small sum early in the day, but did not recognize Drumont's power sufficiently and now it is too late. The Jews are put in Coventry by all the great French world. There, as elsewhere abroad, I found it considered that we had made ourselves ridiculous in South Africa and that the war ought to be stopped.

We arrived at home in England 25th April.

"*1st May.*— To the Danes to see Lady Lytton, travelling there with Betty Balfour, who told amusing stories about Ireland, one being of a voyage the Queen had made in her yacht. The Queen used to be a good sailor, but is disturbed now if it is at all rough and likes the doctor to sit with her in the cabin and look after her. It came on to blow and a wave struck the ship rather roughly, which alarmed and made her indignant. 'Go up at once,' she said. 'Sir James, and give the Admiral my compliments and tell him the thing must not occur again.'

"I talked to Lady Lytton about the Khedive's intended visit. She said the Queen would certainly see him if she was at Windsor, but would most probably be away at Balmoral, and there was nobody else who could be depended on to be polite. Lord Salisbury, now Lady Salisbury was dead, would give himself no trouble, no more would the Duke of Devonshire. Broderick and Lady Hilda were worse than useless and the rest would not think it their business. She knew nothing about the Prince of Wales. There never was a time when it was more difficult to get the duties of politeness done to foreign princes.

"*2nd May.*—Lunched with George Wyndham at Willis's Rooms, he in high feather with his parliamentary success, though things are not going as smoothly as they might at the War Office. They are in trouble there about despatches they have published blaming Buller, and George will have to defend the Government on Friday. Evan Charteris was lunching with us, which prevented any very intimate talk.

"*17th May.*— Button spent the day with me at Newbuildings, his mother having come with him. He tells me the relief of Mafeking is being carried out by Kitchener, though his name has not been mentioned in the newspapers in connection with it. He went on to describe the different systems of slavery and forced labour of the blacks in South Africa. One of the great grievances of the Johannesburg people was that they were not allowed by Kruger to have compounds in which to keep their 'labourers.' Kruger was afraid they would arm and drill

their blacks, and consequently forbade it, leaving them to hire labour as they could, which cost them a good deal more. The 'compound' system of 'free labour,' as practised at Kimberly and elsewhere in Rhodesia is an ingenious substitute for slavery. The negroes are recruited with promises of very high wages, and the wages are actually paid, but once inside the walls of the compound they are permanently prisoners and have to spend their wages there. To prevent their leaving with a show of legality, a rule is enforced that each negro before going out must be dosed. This has the double motive of preventing them from swallowing and carrying away diamonds and, as the dose is an immense one, of frightening them from undergoing it. The dose plan was invented by the Jew Porgés, who is now a millionaire at Paris. Such negroes as, having saved money, face the dose and are allowed to depart, are waylaid on their way back to the Zambezi, from beyond which many are recruited by Boers in league with the mining authorities, and stripped of all they have. The Government, he says, is making itself very unpopular in Ireland and he thinks also in England, but I cannot agree with him that there is the least chance of their being turned out at the General Elections.

"*21st May.*— The streets of London are decked with flags for a foolish victory, the relief of Mafeking, and even the cottages in Sussex flew their Union Jacks. This war has been so little glorious that our patriots are thankful for the smallest of small mercies. One would think that Napoleon and all the armies of Europe had been defeated by the British arms.

22nd May.— The Poet Laureate has published an absurd effusion in the 'Times' about the relief of Mafeking.

"Called in the afternoon on Keegan Paul, who is still confined to his room and chair, and learned the details of Mivart's death, which are dramatically terrible.

"*23rd May.*— Called on Father Tyrrel, the Jesuit, at Farm Street. Keegan Paul had shown me a letter from him about my poem, 'Satan Absolved,' in which he had said, amongst other approving things, that my account of the Incarnation was precisely the one he had always had in his mind and he had suggested my calling on him, so I went. I found Father Tyrrel very sympathetic, a thin, somewhat ascetic figure, with a nervous, imaginative face, his age perhaps forty-eight. We talked of Mivart, for whose ideas he clearly had much sympathy, but he blamed him for having lost his temper in the quarrel. He spoke strongly against the Roman Congregations, thought Vaughan had been unfair in denying to Mivart an answer to his questions, but all the same he was severe on Mivart for the final quarrel. It could only be excused by the failure of his mental balance through ill health. I asked him what really was the theology of Mivart's position, especially

with regard to the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Was Mivart bound to accept the Pope's Encyclical? He said the Pope's Encyclical, though an interesting pronouncement as being made by the Pope, was in no way binding, though the extreme theologians maintained that it was. Vaughan had no right to demand of Mivart adhesion to it, an adhesion which was beyond what was ever demanded of converts before their reception into the Church. Mivart's fault was one of temper. He should have held his tongue and let the Congregation say what they would. I asked him whether he knew Meynell, but he said, 'No, not personally,' and added that as to his Liberalism of thought, he did not mind how liberal a man was so long as he retained a definite basis for his ideas. By this I suppose he meant that there must be a certain bed-rock of faith in the Church, however ill-defined. We talked of Stonyhurst, and he was surprised when I praised his system of protecting boys from all contact with evil. I said it had been good for me if not for everybody. He called it a French system, not peculiar to the Jesuits, and said it was much altered now at Stonyhurst. Certainly, Father Tyrrel is as enlightened a priest as I have ever met. He agreed with me that it was impossible not to believe in Evolution, whatever might be pronounced at Rome. 'Rome,' he said, 'is two hundred years behind-hand. They never read any modern work of criticism there, and do not take the trouble to understand the opinions they condemn.' Forty years ago a priest so outspoken would have saved my faith.

"Herbert Vivian looked in on me, fresh from Abyssinia. He tells me the Abyssinian army has just been beaten by the Mohammedans of the Southern Province. He gave a curious account of the French colonists at Zeila, who sleep, he says, naked in the streets with the native women, and who do every kind of violence, without restraint, against the natives.

"*26th May.*— Old Philip Webb came down for the day with Cockerell, a worthy old fellow, who is leaving off work at his trade of architect, and is searching for a hermitage in which to end his days. He has been too honest to make his fortune, and talks of living in a £10 cottage. I shall try and find him one.

"*28th May.*— All is satisfactorily settled about the Khedive's visit to England, Lady Lytton writes from Balmoral that he is to be lodged at Buckingham Palace and the Queen will give him private audience.

"*9th June.*— Roberts is now in Pretoria. Our country fools have been in ecstasies again over this, though it is quite manifest that both Bloemfontein and Pretoria have been purposely evacuated by the Boers who have not lost a gun or hardly a man in their retreat. The papers are all saying the war is over, but I think it may well last till next year. The Boers' campaigning season begins in October, and if they can

manage to hold out in their mountains till then, they may turn the tables yet.

"*26th June.*— I have moved to-day from my rooms in Mount Street to 37, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, having taken the whole of that house, a small one, with Hampden, as Mount Street was too small for us both.

"*27th June.*— Dined with Godfrey Webb and Hugh Wyndham at the Travellers. The excitement of the moment is the trouble in China, where the Foreign Embassies are in danger from the mob. The Chinese, after a long course of bullying by the Powers, worrying by missionaries, and robbing by merchants and speculators have risen, and are, very properly, knocking the foreign invasion on the head. Admiral Seymour, with two thousand men, mostly English, who was sent up to relieve the Embassy, is himself blockaded, as is Tientsin behind him, and the rumpus is general.

"*28th June.*— The Khedive has arrived at last in London at Buckingham Palace.

"*3rd July.*— To London and lunched with Wilfrid Lawson, who told me a number of splendid new stories, and took me to an Aborigines Protection Conference. Dined with Charles Russell and his wife.

"*7th July.*— Our Arab Sale Day. An immense concourse of guests but few buyers, some five hundred sitting down to luncheon. Hampden proposed my health as a poet, politician, and horse-breeder, which, in my reply, I said was unkind, seeing that in the first two characters I had been a failure, and I then gave them my idea of how to breed horses for war. Many were prevented from coming by the news from China, where all the European Ambassadors, they say, have been murdered by the mob. People are shrieking against the Chinese, as inhuman barbarians, and there is wild talk about the Yellow Terror. I wish I could believe that Europe stood in the smallest danger from it. [This tale about the murder of the Ambassadors turned out to be a Stock Exchange scare invented by the 'Daily Mail.']

"*13th July.*— Drove with Anne to Wotton, stopping on the way at Holmwood to lunch with William Gibson and his wife, a pleasant Frenchwoman. He is an odd creature, much engrossed in ecclesiasticism and the Irish Celtic revival, in honour of which he wears a drab kilt, being by birth a Dublin Irishman of the Castle persuasion.

"*15th July* (*Sunday*).— At Newbuildings. Alfred Austin is staying here. We put him on a horse, but he was not happy on it, and made ingenious excuses for ending the ride. We have had long talks and discussions on theology, philosophy, and the Catholic church. He is an acute and ready reasoner, and is well read in theology and science. It is strange his poetry should be such poor stuff, and stranger still that he should imagine it immortal.

"*17th July.*— It is certain now that the Europeans in Pekin have all been massacred. [Nevertheless it turned out that the whole story was a fable invented by the halfpenny press.]

"*31st July.*— The King of Italy has been assassinated. The wonder is that he has not long ago fallen a victim to his subjects whom he has led into miserable poverty and ground down with taxes for his political ambition. He wanted to be an Emperor like the rest of them, Emperor of Ethiopia, and this is the end.

"*13th Aug.*— Started on my summer driving tour, going by Oldhouse, where I had a long talk with Auberon Herbert about the great affairs of the world. His son Bron has gone as correspondent to the 'Times' in South Africa, not much to Auberon's contentment. Then on to St. Giles', where I dined and slept at the Shaftesburys'. The next day by Rushmore to Clouds, where I stayed a week or more.

"*4th Sept.*— Arrived by the night train in Paris, and drove straight to the Horse Show at Vincennes, where I am exhibiting a number of Arabs, but the feeling just now is too strong against everything English for much hope of our getting prizes. The judges are French military men, of the same class that sat in court-martial on Dreyfus. Also the Sultan has a number of horses at the show which he has entered in the names of various Turkish Generals, so as to elude the rule making Government studs ineligible for competition. There were some *saises* looking after them, whom I cross-questioned in Arabic. and they let out to me that all really belonged to the Sultan. The handsomest Arab mare is one sent by Prince Sanguscko, a very great beauty with a fleabitten coat. Then on to Gros Bois.

"*5th Sept.*— Gros Bois. There is nobody here but the family. Alexandre, the boy, is a good talker and a good fellow, very superior in intelligence to most young fellows of his age, which is seventeen, while the two girls are charming and begin to make a feature in the conversation and amusement for the house.

"*6th Sept.*— To Paris to see the International Exhibition, a fatiguing affair. I went through the Pavillons Etrangers, of which incomparably the best is the Spanish, most of the others are cluttered up with the rubbish of modern manufactures, and even the English Pavilion, which represents a Victorian Gothic country-house, has a certain vulgarity, but here in the Spanish section there is an incomparable dignity. By a stroke of genius worthy of her days of splendour, Spain, ignoring altogether the nineteenth century, even to its bric-à-brac, shows us a mere empty house with tapestries on the walls, tapestries the most magnificent ever shown, and in two small glass cases in the centre of the room, the armour of Charles V, and the dress worn by Boabdil el Chico — absolutely nothing more. The beautiful Morris tapestries in the English House looked tawdry after these.

"*7th Sept.*— To Vincennes with Wagram where we breakfasted, and saw the horses paraded before President Loubet. A Fourth Prize of 1,000 francs has been awarded to us for Mesaoud, and one of 500 francs for Bozra. All the superior prizes, however, have been got hold of by the Sultan, under the name of Muzaffer Pasha, and with the help of his own Inspector of Studs, Fuad Bey, and of one Hector Passega, manager of the Ottoman Horse Show, both of them being judges here, has manipulated the jury and swept the board. There was only one first-class stallion in the Ottoman show, sent from Bagdad, and that has been left out of the prize list. The others are rather ordinary beasts, the First Prize being taken by a small black stallion, whose colour is his chief recommendation. Only one is fit to show at all with ours; however, it does not much matter, as we have had many admirers of a serious kind, and have already sold one mare, Makbula, to Count Strogonoff for 10,000 francs.

"To-day is Berthe's wedding-day, and I have written her a sonnet. Giovanni Borghese and Madame de Jaucourt, a friend of the Prince of Wales, have come. After dinner, there were fireworks in the park, and a crowd of people from the neighbourhood.

"*8th Sept.*— With Berthe in her new automobile to Paris for the day, going at about fifteen miles an hour. It is certainly an exhilarating experience, quite new to me, and if the machine could be made cheaper (hers cost £800, and an ordinary one £400) would doubtless take the place of horses and carriages. In France it is already much used, but in England, where the roads are neither so broad nor so straight, I doubt whether they will become popular until the mechanism has been simplified and cheapened very considerably. We went a round of the Colonial shows of the popular kind, representing Marchand setting fire to African villages, and French generals bombarding the Madagascans. Then to the Petit Palais with its splendid bric-à-brac, and alongside it the Grand Palais, a modern monstrosity forming together a caricature of the nineteenth century. On the one side a huge show of everything hideous the century has produced; on the other, giving its eclectic fancy for ages gone by.

"*9th Sept.*— Paid a last visit to the Horse Show, where we have taken four medals and prizes, 1,000 francs, 800 francs, 600 francs, and 500 francs. The printed list calls them *recompenses* it being not even pretended that the judging is according to merit, the medals being awarded to the exhibitors rather than to the beasts. As a rule those who sent most animals got most prizes.

"*10th Sept.*— Back to Newbuildings, taking Alexandre with me for some English shooting. He is a nice young man, extremely well educated and full of ideas, which he expresses fluently in somewhat imperfect English. 'In France,' he said to-day, talking of duels,

'when men quarrel and one receives a *giffe,* he is expected to beat himself.'

"*22nd Sept.*— Politically much has happened in the last week. Kruger has abandoned the Transvaal, and the Boer army, though never yet beaten in battle, seems to have broken up into small bands, so that our Government has some ground for saying the war is over. On this, Parliament has been dissolved. I shall take no part whatever in the new elections, as neither political party has the slightest claim on my sympathy. It is difficult to say between Rosebery and Chamberlain which would be the more dangerous in power.

"*1st Nov.*— I left home on Monday for Egypt, this being Thursday. London, when I passed through, was in an absurd uproar on account of the return of the City Volunteers from South Africa. People have become idiotic over this war, to the extent that they really think something chivalrous and noble has been achieved, while we have been making ourselves not only detested, but a laughing-stock the whole world over. I found George getting ready for a speech he is to make at Dover. He talked very scornfully of Rosebery and the Imperial Radicals, who had dished the chances of their party by supporting the war, and had put his own party in power for another fifteen years. 'There will be a reaction, of course, some day,' he said, 'but they won't profit by it. Rosebery will have to join us altogether, as Burke did Pitt, or be left out permanently in the cold. He talked of his own prospects of promotion, which he said had been a little injured by his candour in admitting defects in the conduct of the war, though he had saved the Government by the line he took last Spring. 'But it does not matter,' he said, 'politics are a long game, and I shall not lose in the end by telling the truth.' As it was, he had some chance, he said, of being shifted to Ireland, and he said I must write and tell him what I thought of it if it came to pass. I said the Irish remembered he was Lord Edward Fitzgerald's great-grandson, and it would be something to start on, but would not carry him far. George's political hard work has aged him and he is much greyer than I am, though only thirty-seven. Hampden, who expresses Chamberlain's ideas about the war, said to-day, 'It looks as if the only way of ending it will be to deport all the Boer women and hang all the Boer men. Roberts will come home and leave Kitchener behind him to do the butcher work.' He argued quite seriously that this was not only necessary but implied nothing disgraceful to us as a nation, yet Hampden was a Gladstonian Radical M.P. of the most advanced non-intervention type twenty years ago, and is now a respected Liberal nobleman and ex-Governor of a Colony.

"*6th Nov.*— On board the P. and O. *Valetta.* Among the passengers is a Mr. Seton Karr, a lion shooter, who showed me photographs of his victims in various parts of the world. These amateur killers for

killing's sake, who compass the four continents of the earth at vast labour and expense only to destroy, are a pitiful feature of the age we live in. What have the lions and elephants in Africa done to Seton Karr that he should travel 20,000 miles, and spend a fortune to extinguish their race? Men of his stamp, though he seems a very worthy man, need to be put under restraint, far more than half the lunatics in our asylums. They do a thousand times more harm. There is no pretence with him of science, missionary work, or Imperial politics, and in so far he is respectably sincere. His work of destruction does not injure his moral nature, but he is a dangerous criminal all the same, and ought to be straight-waistcoated. I see that my letter to the 'Times' of last winter has had the effect of causing regulations to be issued in Egypt which, if carried out, will do something towards saving the small wild birds there from extinction at the hand of European gunners. If this succeeds, the British occupation will have done something to justify itself in the eye of whatever force rules the world.

"I have been reading Mrs. Browning's letters. They are interesting in many ways, but on the whole poor literature, lacking, as they do, all wit. They are gossiping, too, in not the best sense, and commonplace, far inferior to her poems, for which I have the highest admiration. There is nothing in them which makes one love the writer, and very few of them would be worth preserving if not written by so famous a poet. Browning stands out well in the volume, and the few scraps that are given of his writing show the superiority of the man, as an intellectual power, over his wife. Her enthusiasms are poor stuff in prose. There are a few meagre allusions in them to Robert Lytton, and one, a pretty one, to Anne, but the whole series written in Italy is infected with the sentimental vulgarity of the Anglo-American colony, which had its headquarters in Storey's rooms in the Palazzo Barberini, and which so nauseated me thirty and more years ago at Rome. Browning himself was not exempt from it, though this does not appear in the volume, for I remember him in his later years, a gossipy diner-out in London and teller of second-rate funny stories. He did not on these occasions show to advantage, though beyond question he was a thinker of a very high order, the most intellectual poet we have perhaps ever had.

"Another volume I have skimmed is Watts Dunton's absurd romance, 'Aylwin,' a thing of the lowest order of childish melodrama. Kipling's 'Stalky' is the third volume. Here, at least, we have vigour and wit, though it is brutal in its realism and displays the seamy side of our British schoolboy life without mercy. It needed courage to print it. Kitchener, I fancy, has served in some sort as his model. Lastly, I have read Tourgueneff's 'Smoke,' which is excellent.

"*7th Nov.*— A day of great enjoyment. We landed at Alexandria

and came on by special train to Cairo, arriving at sunset, a light wind blowing from the north, which puts one in the gayest of spirits. There are few things more beautiful than the Delta at this time of year, or where one sees more life from a railway carriage window. The appearance of plenty and happiness does one good after the squalor of Europe. The country districts are still quite untouched by our Western ugliness. On the whole journey from Alexandria I did not see a European or a European dress, yet the fields were full of people, with their buffaloes and donkeys and camels crowding the country roads, men, women, and children gathering cotton in manifest enjoyment of their lives. How different from our own agricultural England, where one may travel for miles without seeing a living being and where all labour is done silently, except at hay and harvest times. The splendid wealth, too, of the crops, especially the maize, delights one. Then there are the birds, I counted nine kingfishers, some blue, some pied, and as many hoopoes, besides numbers of spur-winged plovers, which are far more brilliant than our English ones, and kestrels, kites, hen harriers and other large birds, to say nothing of the flocks of smaller ones. I was met by my mare and Mutlak at the station, and rode through the moonlit garden, which was alive with cicalas and so enjoyed its whole beauty. Then, after a drink of fresh milk with Mutlak and a cup of his scented coffee, we got on our mares again, and rode out into the desert. It was as light as day with the full moon, and we were able to canter our mares with their unshod feet noiselessly on for some miles till we came in hearing of dogs barking, which showed us where Suliman's tent was. It was set behind a little hillock surrounded by sheep and camels, and we had some difficulty in waking them, but Aida (his favourite wife) heard us, and looked out and then Suliman. Here, too, seemed an abode of happiness as good as is to be found in the world. It was eleven before we got back to Sheykh Obeyd, and we must have ridden ten miles.

"There are three bits of news. Aared has revolted from Ibn Rashid in Nejd; the Sultan is building a railway from Damascus to Medina, and a French company has bought up a tract of land beyond Kafr Jamus to build a new town near us like Helwan, Heaven forbid! There are three fox earths in our stable yard, and I heard the jackals cry outside my window between one and two.

"*9th Nov.*— Mohammed Abdu called to-day. He has seen the Khedive, who came back from England highly pleased with the civility shown him by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Government, but as I had told him would be the case, there had been no talk of Egyptian politics, though those at Constantinople had been mentioned. He sent me messages of thanks through Abdu, and said he had intended going to Crabbet according to my invitation, if his illness had

not prevented him. Mohammed Abdu praised him for his power of making himself agreeable when he chose, as he had done in England, but said he had been most indiscreet afterwards, having told everything that had happened there to the editor of the 'Mokattam,' who had straightway published it.

"George, according to a telegram, has got the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland. I am glad of it for him as a step in his ambition, but it is a thankless task, if he thinks to reconcile Ireland to English rule."

During the rest of the month my diary is mostly filled with an account of explorations made in the eastern desert, interesting in themselves, but not of sufficient importance to be here transcribed. We were back at Sheykh Obeyd the first week of the month.

"*10th Dec.*— Oscar Wilde is reported dead. He was without exception the most brilliant talker I have ever come across, the most ready, the most witty, the most audacious. Nobody could pretend to outshine him, or even to shine at all in his company. Something of his wit is reflected in his plays, but very little. The fine society of London and especially the 'Souls' ran after him because they knew he could always amuse them, and the pretty women allowed him great familiarities, though there was no question of love-making. Physically, he was repellant, though with a certain sort of fat good looks. There was a kind of freckled coarseness in his colouring I have seen at times in other Irishmen. I was never intimate with him, though on superficially cordial terms when we met. He had been two or three times at our Crabbet parties and was a member of our Club, but only attended one regular meeting. The last time I saw him was at that brilliant luncheon party at Asquith's in Upper Grosvenor Street which I have already described. His poetry, though nothing very wonderful, was good, especially his 'Ballad of Reading Gaol,' as was also a protest he wrote on leaving prison against prison treatment, and if he had then begun a decent life people would have forgiven him, but he returned to Paris and to his dog's vomit and this is the end. I see it said in the papers that he was received into the Catholic Church on his deathbed, a strange ending, and yet not strange!

"*22nd Dec.*— The old century is very nearly out, and leaves the world in a pretty pass, and the British Empire is playing the devil in it as never an empire before on so large a scale. We may live to see its fall. All the nations of Europe are making the same hell upon earth in China, massacring and pillaging and raping in the captured cities as outrageously as in the Middle Ages. The Emperor of Germany gives the word for slaughter and the Pope looks on and approves. In South Africa our troops are burning farms under Kitchener's command, and the Queen and the two Houses of Parliament, and the bench of bishops thank God publicly and vote money for the work. The Americans are

spending fifty millions a year on slaughtering the Filipinos; the King of the Belgians has invested his whole fortune on the Congo, where he is brutalizing the negroes to fill his pockets. The French and Italians for the moment are playing a less prominent part in the slaughter, but their inactivity grieves them. The whole white race is revelling openly in violence, as though it had never pretended to be Christian. God's equal curse be on them all! So ends the famous nineteenth century into which we were so proud to have been born.

"*25th Dec.*— Christmas Day. I have embodied some part of my feeling in a letter to the 'Times,' if they will print it ('The Shame of the Nineteenth Century'). The Boers have shown themselves alive within the last week and have won two battles, capturing over 500 men, and are now in full march forward into Cape Colony. The railroads are cut behind them and Kitchener seems pretty well bewildered. There is something like a panic in London for the last week of the old century.

My old friend and neighbour here, Sheykh Hassan Abu Tawil, at last is dead. I went to see him four days ago and found him lying speechless with his eyes closed, in the little closet he used as his sleeping room. He looked the picture of frail, worn-out humanity, with a Job-like Eastern patience on his fine old countenance, over which the flies were crawling as they doubtless crawled in his childhood in the tent where he was born. He died last night at midnight, and we heard the women wailing a short mile away at daybreak, while we were breakfasting on the roof. Now they have buried him, walking in beautiful procession, men and women, past our gates to his grave in the desert. These country funerals are touching things, with the flags flying and the chaunting and the wailing, dignified, and with something in them of triumph as well as grief, which mitigates the ugliness of death. Old Sheykh Hassan has gone to his grave, full of years, the last of the old-world Arab Sheykhs of Lower Egypt. His tribe, the Aiaidé, were all tent-dwellers when he was young, a wicked, turbulent lot, whom he has controlled with a mild humanity much to his credit. With me he has always been on more than friendly, on affectionate terms, and I grieve for him as sincerely as his own people. It is a link broken for me with a pleasant past which will not be joined again, for the fashion of the old world passeth fast away at Sheykh Obeyd and we shall soon be engulfed in the town.

"*31st Dec.*— I bid good-bye to the old century, may it rest in peace as it has lived in war. Of the new century I prophesy nothing except that it will see the decline of the British Empire. Other worse Empires will rise perhaps in its place, but I shall not live to see the day. It all seems a very little matter here in Egypt, with the Pyramids watch-

ing us as they watched Joseph, when, as a young man four thousand years ago, perhaps in this very garden, he walked and gazed at the sunset behind them, wondering about the future just as I did this evening. And so, poor wicked nineteenth century, farewell!

END OF PART I

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

My Paris Diary of 1870

The fragment of Diary here printed was begun by me at Paris in the early summer of 1870, a few weeks only before the rupture of relations between France and Prussia. I already knew Paris well, having been a member of the British Embassy there in Lord Cowley's time, and I had remained in pleasant personal relations with my successors on the Embassy staff, and so found myself in close touch with all that was going on diplomatically. There were few days when I did not see one or other of my Embassy friends. I had only just left the diplomatic service, and now on my marriage I had come to Paris with my wife, meaning to make our temporary home there, before settling down finally to country life in Sussex. I had a romantic feeling about the great capital of the world's pleasure and was deeply interested in all that concerned France when the war broke out, and was fired with a corresponding sympathy when it resulted in her unlooked for overthrow.

Of Germany, too, her adversary, I had had experience. Among the many posts I had filled as attaché and secretary I had been twice at Frankfort, a place at that time of first diplomatic importance as capital of the Germanic Confederation and seat of the Diet, and had made there my apprenticeship in Central European politics. When I was first appointed to Frankfort in 1860, Bismarck, though already noticed as leader of the Junker party at Berlin, was still at the outset of his political career. The old King Frederick William was still King of Prussia, and Bismarck was not much in his good graces. His place at Frankfort had just been taken by his rival, Count d'Usedom, who was in better favour at Court. Usedom was a highly intellectual man, a leading member of the Liberal party in Prussia, and his sympathies were with the movement for a United Germany, then a Liberal movement having for its acknowledged head the Duke of Saxe Coburg, elder brother of our English Prince Consort, nor was it till Frederick William's death that Bismarck's power with the Hohenzollerns found its opportunity.

With Usedom I was intimate, spending most of my time at the Prussian Legation, where I held in some sort the position of child of the house through the favour of Madame d'Usedom, the good-natured Scotchwoman who figures in Bismarck's memoirs under the name of Olympia as his *bête noire*, the subject of his unsparing jests. Both she and Usedom were too outspoken to please the Bismarckian ideas of diplomacy; and in their society, though I took little interest as yet in the great world's politics, I learned much that I have not forgotten of Berlin policy and of the hopes and fears of German patriotism in which the Hohenzollerns under

the old King had as yet refused to play a part. I remember a visit paid to Frankfort by the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William I, and his accession a little later to the Prussian throne, which set Bismarck securely in the saddle and began that intrigue which resulted in the war with Denmark over Sleswig Holstein, as to which Usedom was daily eloquent.

I have dreamlike memories, too, of many hours — some pleasant, some wearisome — spent in attendance on the Princes and Princesses of the Royal and Electoral Houses to whom we at the English Legation were accredited, including Princess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt, our Queen Victoria's daughter, and a vast number of cousinly allied royalties assembled one summer at the family château of Rumpenheim, where I had the privilege of paying an early court to our future Queen Alexandra while she was still a girl of seventeen, and her sister, afterwards Empress of Russia, pretty but plainly dressed maidens of no acknowledged importance, though we at the Legation had been secretly apprised of the intended marriage of the elder with our Prince of Wales.

All these incidents were unconscious elements in my diplomatic education. My thoughts, however, at the time ran more on poetry than politics, and what interest I took in German thought lay rather in the direction of science which was beginning to perplex me, for Darwin's "Origin of Species" had only just been published.

My second appointment in Frankfort found the Bismarckian policy in full swing. After three years' absence at other posts — Madrid, Paris, and Lisbon — I had returned in 1866 in time to witness the great duel in the Diet between Prussia and Austria shortly after to be decided at Sadowa, which displayed Bismarck as the leading force of his generation.

Of the great man himself I have but a single personal recollection, that of a couple of hours spent in his society at tea alone with Lady Malet. He was then still an object of dislike and even ridicule at Frankfort, but already recognized by Lady Malet, a very clever woman, to whom he had paid a certain court while at the Frankfort Legation, and who already saw in him the man of genius he was soon to show himself. My memory of him is of a tall, distinguished personage, still slight in figure, who, having been told about me by our hostess favourably as having some faculty of verse, talked pleasantly and well on literature and science in excellent English for a couple of hours, affecting a certain Anglomania, where he touched on politics. He showed himself thus at his best, and left me with a feeling of the heroic such as a young man gives to one already beginning to be famous and who had been kind to him.

All this, however, had failed to give me when I left Frankfort after Sadowa any enthusiasm for Germany, and when the war of 1870 broke out I was strongly anti-Prussian. My connection with the Paris Embassy in the days of the Napoleonic glory had made me a partisan of France, and I had come to look upon Germany as intellectually the home of barbarism given up to the grosser forms of social life and clumsy in its politics as in all else.

With these few words I leave my diary to tell its own story.

"*Paris, 27th May,* 1870.—I have taken the first floor of No. 204, Rue de Rivoli, at 8,000 francs rent. My proprietor is M. Desfontaines, one of Louis Philippe's councillors. He is an old man who lives at Noissy, and his house is managed by his concierge, whom we call the *faux bon homme.* He sits with his wife all day under the arcade, and the people of the quarter dislike him because he has made 100,000 francs. Every Monday morning he brings us from the country a country bunch of flowers. .

"To-day I went with my cousin Francis Currie to the other side of the Seine for furniture. We went to one Recapet's, a bric-à-brac dealer, and having to ask the way I inquired of a shopwoman in the faubourg, a dealer in religious prints, the road to the 'Passage Marie.' 'The Passage S^te^ Marie,' she answered, correcting me. There is still religion in France! Yesterday Francis Currie saw a dead man fished out of the river near the Pont Royal. A woman in the crowd asked what it was all about. 'A naked man,' my cousin answered. 'If it is only that!' said the woman. I afterwards drove with my wife to the Jardin des Plantes, and back through the Faubourg St. Antoine. Coming home we saw the carriages of 'Le Singe' as they call their Sovereign.

"*30th May.*—We drove down on Saturday to Chantilly by the old Royal Road passing through St. Denis and Luzarches. There are some fine views on the way, but the road is still paved nearly the whole distance. In the Forest we noticed two large oaks on the boundary between Oise and Seine. These are the only trees more than twenty [*sic*] years old. The races on Sunday were pleasant and the weather fine. A horse called Bigarreau won the principal stakes.

"*2nd June.*—To Fontainebleau to play tennis. Our party was Frank Lascelles and his wife, Henry Wodehouse and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ricardo. Lascelles and I played from two till half-past six. The *paumier,* Garcin, is eighty-three years old. In his time he has played tennis with Wellington and others of the Waterloo heroes. 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' he told us, 'played in the tennis court at Fontainebleau, but did not show much aptitude. Il n'avait pas même des dispositions. Quant a Wellington, il ne faisait que s'y amuser, il venait de gagner la bataille de Waterloo.' (The old man hobbled into the court to play us a *chouette,* supported by a granddaughter, who picked up and handed him the balls. He pretended at first not to be able to send the ball over the net, but with five francs on the set he soon recovered his skill and won his money. Anne made an excellent drawing of the court while we were playing.)

"*3rd June.*—Two great fires have taken place, the one at Fontainebleau, which destroyed a large part of the Forest, the other at Constantinople, a thousand houses burnt at Pera, including the English Embassy.

"People in Paris seem to be becoming aware how grossly they have been cajoled in the matter of Liberal reform. I myself thought three months ago that it was sincere, and I was only surprised that so long-sighted a policy should have been adopted by the Bonapartes, who have always held by small expedients. For the future of the dynasty there could have been no greater folly than a sham conversion to constitutionalism and a repetition of the old trick of the plebiscite. Another such vic-

tory and the dynasty is lost. They complain already that Ollivier is nothing else than Rouère over again, and that personal government is precisely what it was last year. I care nothing for all this, not being one of the Singe's subjects.

"*8th June.*—We dined last night at the British Embassy, thirty covers. Amongst the guests were some of the new French Ministry — Grammont, Mège, Richard, also Monsaud, Under Secretary at the Affaires Etrangères. Lord Lyons keeps great state at the Embassy, with Sheffield managing the household, and Edward Malet for Private Secretary. They all three go out driving in a barouche every afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, with a dog named Toby on the fourth seat. The Parisians mock at it calling Malet 'le petit brun,' and Sheffield 'le petit blond.' The Duke and Duchess of Montmorency were at the dinner. He is the hero of a rather mean adventure. Being by birth a Perigord, he solicited through his wife, who was an Aguado and partly Spanish, one of Empress Eugénie's set, a grant of the Duchy of Montmorency, the direct line of the Ducs de Montmorency having failed, though there were still collaterals. One of these, the Comte de Montmorency, who now represents the family, scratched out the new Duke's arms from the panel of his carriage the first time he drove up in it to the Jockey Club. It led to a duel in which the Comte was slightly wounded, and the Club, indignant at the affair, expelled the Duke from their house. On this the Duke appealed to the Court, the Empress happening to be Regent at the time, and the police received orders to close the doors of the Jockey Club if they persisted in the expulsion. The Club succumbed, and so the matter ended. [I was constantly in and out of the Chancery at our Embassy during all this time, having through my former official connection with the Embassy still many friends there, Lascelles, Malet, Saumarez, Claremont, and Atlee, thus I heard the news pretty regularly as the Embassy heard it.]

"The 'Figaro' has published a *charge*. Villemessent, the editor, begins by announcing that he has sold his paper to the Irreconcilables, and articles and letters follow, signed by the chiefs of the revolution. The best is a piece in verse, purporting to be by Victor Hugo in which his style is well imitated. Half the town has been taken in by the hoax.

"*11th June.*—There is news from Lisbon of disturbances, Saldanha being the hero of these. I used to see this curious old Field Marshal very frequently during the summer I spent at Cintra in 1865. He was a *poseur* of the first water, and nature had given him a head and figure exactly suited to the part of *ancien militaire*, which he had been playing ever since the day of the Peninsular War. He is now eighty-five. Twenty years ago he made a revolution in Portugal very like the present one. He got a few regiments together, and when the King marched out against him with the rest of the Portuguese army these at once joined the Marshal, and the King had to gallop back alone with his A.D.C.'s to Lisbon. Saldanha had no political principles, but being a restless, vain old man, could not bear to be forgotten. I saw him again at Rome in 1867, on his way in uniform to the Jesuit church in Easter week, his whole coat, front and back, a mass of stars and orders. He is the most completely

decorated personage in Europe. Also he has the pretension of universal knowledge, and has written a book or pamphlet on every possible subject from Pisciculture to the Immaculate Conception. At Cintra he had a garden of acclimatisation. His wife, the widow of a British navy surgeon, was a worthy Englishwoman on whom he imposed absolute silence in society so as to conceal her defects of education.

"Another revolution is an absurd one at Monaco, where the *Prince héritier*, who married Lady Mary Hamilton last spring, has slapped his wife's face, and asks for a divorce. The late Duke of Hamilton, her father, so well known here at Paris as the Empress's cousin and intimate friend, with many faults of conduct, was a grand seigneur. His worst folly was his marriage with a Baden Princess who despised his Scotch nobility and gave him a heavy set of German heirs. He met his death by slipping down the narrow stairs of the Maison Doreé where he had been supping with Henry Howard and a couple of women after an opera ball. The Empress learning what had happened hurried to his rooms and was with him till he died.

"Déjazet is retiring from the stage on which she has been popular for nearly seventy years, having begun as an infant prodigy at the age of five.

"Yet another scandal has been one in the Spanish Royal Family. The ex-King's pension has been left unpaid, and he sues the ex-Queen Ysabel for arrears.

"I have bought a pair of horses of Mrs. Lyne Stevens for 4,000 francs. She was on the stage, and her husband dying left her an immense fortune which Claremont, our military attaché here, manages for her at a salary of £1,000 a year.

"*26th June.*— The Orleans princes have addressed a letter to the French Parliament demanding their readmission into France. Courbet, the painter, has refused the legion of honour. The Paris papers consider the refusal a miracle of virtue.

"*28th June.*— The claim of the Orleans princes has been refused through fear, probably, that they should go on to demand their property in France confiscated by the Republic. The Chantilly Estate is said to be worth 280,000,000 francs. Among the wills and bequests I see that this Estate, bought of the Duc de Nemours, has just been left by Sir Edmund Antrobus to his son, held I suppose fictitiously for the Orleans family.

"Yesterday morning died Lord Clarendon, our Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I met him four years ago when I was staying with the Usedoms in the Villa Capponi at Florence, a sleek white little old man, with a pulse, it was said for some years at forty, and an agreeable old-fashioned manner. His brother, Charles Villiers, I met several times at the Malet's at Frankfort in 1860, a very brilliant talker, who was kind to me, and interested in my young man's chatter. Their mother was the Mrs. Villiers of the Byron correspondence.

"*1st July.*— To Versailles to see whether the historic tennis court there was in a fit state for play. A nice litle girl in charge of the place told us that an order had just come from the Ministry for its restoration. The court is miserably out of repair, the floor chipped, and the plaster falling

from the walls, the brass plate commemorating the oath of 1789 was taken down by Dalmand the *paumier* some years ago, and *remise à neuf*. The court had not been used for four years, and there are but a few rotten old balls to play with, but the court was played in this summer.

"Queen Ysabel has signed her abdication publicly of the Crown of Spain, and the Prince of Asturias, her son, becomes King Alphonso XII. On the same day a rival Prince of Asturias was born to Don Carlos at Geneva. The Pope has sent his blessing to them both. I well remember the Court of Queen Ysabel, and the *besa manos* ceremonies in which the little Prince Alfonso figured with his parents, set in a tall gilt chair, having his hand kissed fast asleep. He had in those days a most beautiful little Andalusian pony, a miniature horse, but only twelve hands high, with silky mane and tail sweeping the grounds, legs fine as a gazelle's. When the revolution came which drove the Bourbons from Spain, Prim gave the pony to his son. I met General Prim in the summer of 1863 at the baths of Panticosa, a pale, ugly little man, with no kind of distinction, suffering from an internal disease which gave him constant pain, half his political energy, they said, was caused by this. General Prim was the leader then of the Progresista Party. He was at the baths for his health with his aide-de-camp, General Milans del Bosch."

The abdication here mentioned of the exiled Queen of Spain was the occasion of the quarrel between France and Prussia a week or two later, which resulted in the disastrous war, the capitulation of Sedan and the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty. I was, at the time of writing, strongly anti-Bonapartist, a reader of the "Lanterne" and other journals of that type, more than my diary shows. In this I shared the general view of the Parisian mob, and even of the *bourgeoisie* who were sick of the Empire. The gossip of the Paris streets was retailed to me daily by my old *bonne* Julie, who had a curious faculty for gathering news as she was constantly wandering about the streets where she had become a well-known character by reason of her kindness to birds and beasts, and sufferers of all kinds. With the sergeants-de-ville of the Tuileries quarter she was a favourite, for she was always ready to help in cases of sickness, or accident, coming within their province. A Bretonne peasant by birth, (she had had an uncle a priest, massacred during the great Revolution on the steps of the altar, while he was celebrating mass). Her political prepossessons were strongly Orleanist, as became one who had been in their domestic service, for she had been housemaid in her young days under Louis Philippe in the Château, as she called the Tuileries, and knew every room in it from cellar to garret. Another informant of the same class was my cousin, Francis Currie's *bonne* Julienne, a pendant of my Julie. She had a German husband, waiter in a restaurant, and brought us gossip from the German point of view, also an amusing woman. To these two may be added our man-servant Desiré who appears from time to time in the diaries.

"*4th July.*—The 'Constitutionel' publishes the news that Prim has offered the Crown of Spain to one of the Hohenzollerns, a brother of Prince Charles of Roumania, and that the candidature is accepted. On

this a general outcry from all sides. A Hohenzollern, it is said, at the Escurial will complete the wild beast show of Europe. We have already seen a Bonaparte at Fontainebleau, a Savoy at Venice, a Hapsburg in Mexico, to-day the rage is for German Kings, the most wonderful phenomenon of the age. Yesterday we drove to St. Germain with a mixed company of Americans, French, Jews, and Brazilians, to dine there on the terrace. The event of the day was Grammont's speech in the Chambers. He declared that if the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern was not withdrawn 'France would know how to act without hesitation and without weakness.' This being considered a declaration of war with Prussia was tumultuously applauded by all parties in the House. The move is considered an excellent one for the Bonapartists, who need a show of energy to cover their humiliations of the past four years, for the first place in Europe is every day becoming more plainly Prussian. Whether the Germans are beat in the war, or the Emperor Napoleon, I shall feel some satisfaction. St. Germain looked lovely as it always does."

Though my diary does not record it, I remember well the excitement there was among us that evening at the news which had been brought down by Frank Lascelles, or some other diplomatist of our party, and how in the beautiful summer's night we walked upon the terrace after dinner, and looked across the river towards Paris, and how someone suggested, though we none of us had much misgiving as to the fortunate issue of the war, the possible trouble there might be for the fair city which we loved. Our imagination for a moment encircled it with a girdle of armed men, and a gulf seemed opened suddenly at our feet of unknown adversity. Yet, as I have said, none of us, not even those who ought to have known it, had a suspicion of the unreadiness of France for a serious campaign. There had been a comparative lack of interest in the Paris newspapers at the first announcement of the Hohenzollern candidature, which was treated by them as only another rebuff for the Imperial diplomacy, and it was not till Grammont made his valorous speech, and after him Ollivier that a cry, *à Berlin*, began to be raised.

"*8th July.*—There has been a report that Prim has abandoned his Hohenzollern, but this is not true. The German papers affect not to treat the French menace as serious. At Madrid the Cortes are to assemble for the vote on the 20th. If the present candidature is not withdrawn before that date the position of France will become less simple.

"To-night I start for Southampton to meet my brother Francis, leaving Anne here. He is returning from Australia via the Cape and Madeira."

[A fortnight's break occurs here in my diary caused by my absence from Paris.]

"*27th July.*—I have been more than a fortnight in England, and my journal has been interrupted, but I will recapitulate the events which have led to the declaration of war. In answer to the French demand of a withdrawal of Prince Leopold's candidature Prim denied the right of France to interfere. At first all previous knowledge of the candidature was denied in Prussia, but it soon appeared that King William had given his assent to the Prince's acceptance. But on the matter being pressed by the French

Government William withdrew his consent, not as King, but as head of the Hohenzollerns, saying at the same time that if Spain still chose to elect the Prince he would not as King of Prussia interfere. Nevertheless France insisted on a formal disavowal of the plan by the Prussian Government. Things being in this position, to the astonishment of all, Prince Anthony, Leopold's father, writes to the Spanish Government withdrawing his son's candidature, Leopold himself remaining silent, and the Prussian Government professing not to know even where he is. In France Leopold is thought to have gone incognito to Madrid, as his brother Charles in like circumstances went incognito to Roumania. I have no doubt in my mind that some such stroke was contemplated by Bismarck, as Usedom has often told me that Prince Charles' expedition was sanctioned by the Prussian Government, and that it was Bismarck's policy to raise up anti-French influences in every corner of Europe, in Greece, in Italy, and in the Turkish Provinces. In England it was very generally believed that Prince Anthony had settled the matter, and the 'Times' sang a Te Deum of peace, the stocks rose prodigiously in London, and two days after, Sunday the 16th of July, as I was sitting in the balcony after dinner in Belgrave Square (number 44, my cousin Percy Wyndham's house), I heard the news hawkers bawling out, 'Declaration of War.' A story had appeared in the 'Times' that morning, relating that M. Benedetti the French Ambassador at Berlin had accosted King William contrary to etiquette in the Public Garden at Ems, and had there again urged the claims of France, and that the King turning on his heel had told his aide-de-camp to inform the Ambassador that he had no more to say to him. This story has since been denied, but it has been made use of both in France and Germany to inflame popular passions. On Monday morning the 'Times' announced the war, and declared that the French Emperor had committed the greatest crime Europe had witnessed for thirty years. The 'Times' has since persisted that the war is one of aggression on the part of France with the Rhine Provinces for object, but I have never met for years past a Frenchman who has not laughed at the idea of taking possession of the Rhine, or who would have given a fig to annex. People expected a battle would be fought at once, but ten days have passed, and no blow has been struck.

"This morning the 'Times' gives us a new surprise, the draft of a treaty between France and Prussia (undated) in which the annexation of Belgium and Luxemburg by France is agreed on if necessary by force of arms. The draft has no appearance of authenticity, its style being unlike that usual in treaties, and the French used is poor. Some such scheme may have been talked over between the French Emperor and Bismarck, soon after the late war (the war of Sadowa), but I cannot conceive its having been thus put on paper. I expect the French Government to deny the authenticity of the document, and perhaps ultimately they make make a counter-charge against Prussia of designs on Holland. Feeling in England is pretty well balanced between France and Prussia, but people fail to see that France is in reality fighting for her existence. This is no war of Government against Government, but of race against race, of France the last of the great Latin nations against Germany. If Germany

is beaten she will recover, if France she will go the way of the other Latins. The Radical Party in England side with Prussia because they see in it a triumph of atheism and socialism in Europe. France after many years goes forth to the Rhine singing the Marseillaise in the cause of order and religion. It is strange.

"*28th July.*— We drove this morning to St. Cloud to see the Emperor and his son start for the war. He went off by the back door, and nobody saw him go. The flag was pulled down exactly at ten o'clock. The Emperor has his headquarters at Metz.

"*29th July.*— It is decided that the French garrison is to leave Rome. M. Visconti Venosta, the Italian Foreign Minister, has engaged to protect the Holy See from the Garibaldians; the Pope, however, is I am sure quite able to take care of himself at Rome. The Foreign Legion is, or was, when I saw it in 1866 as fine a body of men as any in the south of Europe, they did not need the French *chassepots* to beat the Garibaldians at Montana; however, we shall see. The announcement of the new dogma of Papal infallibility has passed almost unnoticed after all, though there are rumours of a schism in Germany.

"*30th July.*— To-day we have a full explanation of the projected treaty [that published in the 'Times' of the 27th, about Belgium and the Rhine provinces]. Benedetti writes to the official journal, stating that soon after the war of 1866, being one day with Bismarck at Berlin, and talking as they had often talked of proposed territorial changes in Europe, Bismarck said: 'What is the good of always talking, why not put our ideas in writing.' Thereupon giving Benedetti a pen and paper, he dictated the famous draft and kept it, as he said, to show the King, a stroke worthy of the golden age of diplomacy. I know positively from Usedom, who was in the thick of affairs in Prussia during the war of 1866, that Bismarck promised the Rhine provinces, or, at least, those south of the Moselle, to France as the price of her neutrality, but never with the intention of keeping the promise. Benedetti must have been a great donkey to be gulled by Bismarck in this way, but the story he gives of the transaction bears the impress of truth. It explains what was so odd in the draft, namely, that in quoting the names and titles of the high contracting parties the King of Prussia's name stands first. Bismarck is the most wonderful man of his age, but he has outwitted himself as well as Benedetti here. Public opinion in England is veering round from Prussia; and Belgium, which is most interested, acquits France in the matter.

"A skirmish has taken place on the frontier, where strangely enough an Englishman in the Baden service was killed, the first victim of the war, his name Winslow. The addresses of the Emperor and the King to their troops are both published. The King appeals to God the Emperor to Glory, quite in the old style.

"Yesterday we drove to Versailles through the Forest of Meudon, a lovely old deserted road, never used apparently since Versailles became a royal residence and the new high road was carried through Sèvres.

"Lascelles tells me the true history of the message sent by King William to M. Benedetti 'Allez trouvez son Excellence,' the King said to his aide-

de-camp, 'et priez le de venir baiser mon c—l.' He also related an anecdote of Bismarck illustrative of his equally Rabelaisian style of humour." [This anecdote is omitted as unprintable.]

"*Aug. 2nd.*— Went last night to the Opera to hear 'Masaniello.' Between the third and fourth acts the stage represented the French camp, and Faure in the uniform of the Garde Mobile sang the 'Rhin Allemand': Nous l'avons eu votre Rhin Allemand. The Marseillaise was then called for and Marie Sasse came forward with the tricolor and gave it amid great enthusiasm. It was the most emotional thing I ever saw on the stage. Faure afterwards was called for and sang the Marseillaise in his turn, kneeling down at the last verse, and wrapping himself in the flag. All the house stood up while it was being sung. The effect was lessened to me by the uniform and by the tricolour having on it a little gilt eagle, but in spite of this I have seldom been so touched. [The Marseillaise was then being sung for the first time in Paris, after having been proscribed there for twenty years.]

"*3rd Aug.*— It is officially announced that a division of the French army has captured the heights above Saarbruck and driven the Prussians out of the town, Saarbruck being just over the frontier. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were present and under fire.

"*5th, Aug., 9 p.m.*— Learned at the Embassay that the Prussians had taken Vissembourg yesterday and that General Douai had been killed, one gun captured. They told me a battle was being fought to-day, the news hitherto rather unfavourable to the French. MacMahon had 80,000 men under his command, so it should be a great battle. [This proved to be the battle of Worth.] I have arranged in case of a defeat to send my wife and Miss Noel [her cousin Alice Noel who was staying with us] to Havre with the carriage and horses. I shall stay here myself. Paris has been very silent this evening. I told Julie at dinner that the Emperor had been killed. 'Quant à cela,' she said, 'si je vois aujourd'hui passer son enterrement je ne dirai que tant mieux.' The weather since noon has been sultry with an attempt at thunder. There is a heavy black cloud over the sky to-night.

"*6th Aug.*— Last night at half-past ten, hearing that something was happening on the boulevard I went out. Bands of men were marching up and down singing patriotic songs, the boulevard crowded, people talking in knots. There was the rumour of a defeat. (According to the 'Times' the French had been driven out of Vissemberg, one gun taken and 500 unwounded prisoners, also the French camp taken. Vissembourg is a few miles from Rastadt, where the Prussian Crown Prince has his headquarters.) I sat down outside Bignon's to read the 'National,' and was joined there by Malet and Lascelles. They are both staunch Frenchmen. They considered it looked very bad there being no news. They knew a severe battle was being fought that afternoon. I dreamed all night of Prussians and their victories. God rot them!

"This morning I went to the Embassy to volunteer my services to the Chancery, as they have more work there than they can do. They seemed to think that after all there had been no fighting yesterday. At half-past

two Julie rushed into the room telling me that a great victory had been won, the Prince of Prussia and 20,000 prisoners taken. It was too good to be true, but flags were being put up everywhere in the streets. I ordered out the carriage and drove down the Rue de Rivoli eastwards and on round the boulevards. The Faubourg St. Antoine and all the east end of Paris was a mass of flags and excitement. After the Boulevard des Italiens, however, on our way back these thinned and at the Madeleine all was bare as on ordinary days, till on arriving at the Embassy, we found that the whole thing was a gigantic *canard*. Somebody had posted up a telegram with this news at the Bourse, and in a couple of hours the excitement had reached every corner of Paris. In the afternoon an attack was made by the mob on the Bourse and its frequenters. The man who had posted up the telegram was nearly torn to pieces, and the Jews and other rascals who were there had the coats torn off their backs.

"*7th Aug.*— This morning the news seems bad. The 'Figaro' says that it is a time for calm and dignity.

"4 *o'clock* — MacMahon has been defeated in a great battle at Reichshoffen [Worth]. He has retreated on Nancy; his communications with Metz were cut, but seem now to be restored. On the same day yesterday General Frossart was driven out of Saarbruck. The Emperor in his bulletin says that great sacrifices must be made by the country. There is great depression in Paris. A band of respectable people came past our house shouting '*La patrie en danger! Des fusils! A la frontière!*' At this moment a great crowd is collecting round the Tuileries. Julie has gone out to see what the news is. Claremont says the French have been outnumbered, that they had not 200,000 men in the field. The Empress is at the Tuileries. People begin to talk ominously about the present dynasty. Dalmand at the Tennis Court [he was third *paumier* to the tennis court of which I was a member close by in the north-east corner of the Tuileries Gardens] says he has only one wish, to die by a Prussian bullet!

"Yesterday a mob assembled at the Place Vendôme and forced Ollivier to make a speech from his balcony. He promised the news should be placarded every two hours. Paris is declared in a state of siege. I have ordered the carriage for ten o'clock to-morrow to drive to Nantes, whence Anne and Miss Noel will go on to Deauville. I shall return by train. I am afraid of the horses being seized for the war.

"5 *o'clock*.— Julie has come back to say that the Emperor's despatch was that he did not know where MacMahon was. This looks very bad.

"The battle where Frossart was beaten was Forbach. MacMahon's they call Freshvillers. If MacMahon has been cut off we may expect the French centre to be attacked on both sides and probably beaten somewhere in front of Metz.

"*8th August*.— No news this morning. MacMahon seems to have joined the main army before Metz. The Parisians are rapidly becoming demoralized, the Bonapartists blaming the Republicans, the Republicans the Bonapartists, and both blaming Fortune. All parties seem inclined to lay down their arms directly the army is beaten. I was not wrong in believing that twenty years of Cæsarism had destroyed virtue in France.

It is well to talk of 1792, but the Republicans then were other men than now, and when their army was beaten the people fought on. To-day French patriotism is limited to killing the enemy. Nobody cares to be killed. Paris will probably open her gates to the Germans, and having consented to a disgraceful peace she will then settle matters with her rulers. I have sent Anne, Miss Noel, and the horses to Deauville to wait till events declare themselves. There were no particular disturbances last night. The English are flying from Paris. I believe Paris to be impregnable if held by a sufficient force. It is also too large to invest. If the remains of the army after a defeat were to throw itself into the capital it might form a nucleus for the whole nation. Let them proclaim a Republic if they will or take one of the Orleans princes for king, but let them continue the war. France can never make peace on her defeat or she must perish. The windows of the Tuileries were lighted all last night. It is remarkable that not a word of sympathy with the Empress Eugénie can be heard.

"*7 o'clock.*—It is reported, but not officially, that King William crossed the Rhine last night with 120,000 men at Colmar. I have been playing tennis with Lascelles. He takes a brighter view of things than I do. He thinks that a defeat would not end the war, but that a Republic will be proclaimed under Gambetta or Jules Simon and the war be carried on. He thinks that if the Prussians enter Paris they will find a Republic there, and will place the Comte de Paris on the throne, but I am certain no Orleans Prince would accept the Crown at such hands. Perhaps Napoleon will put himself in the hands of the Prussians. Who knows, perhaps Bismarck might re-seat him on his throne. All the foreign Ministers have been to Lord Lyons to ask what they shall do in case a Republic is proclaimed. Metternich (the Austrian Ambassador) has sent his Pauline (Mme. de Metternich) to Calais. As we came out of the tennis court we saw Persigny driving past in his Victoria towards the Tuileries.

"*12 o'clock (midnight).*—Dined on the Boulevard. Great crowds of people. Saw a carriage attacked by twenty or thirty people, a man standing up in it looking very pale and waving his arms. A troop of dragoons came down the Boulevard and people cried, '*A la frontière!*' This is because they think no troops should remain at Paris. The dragoons trotted on to the Louvre and are now in the Carrousel.

"The Prince Imperial has come back and it is said the Emperor was also there (in the Tuileries); some think he is there now. Ollivier is also supposed to be in hiding at the Palace, though a cordon of police guards his house in the Place Vendôme at night. Julienne's husband, who is head waiter at the Hôtel Meurice, told Julie that the Comte de Paris was there five days ago. I believe he will be in Paris again as President or King before a month is out. Sedition is talked openly and by respectable persons of all sorts. The 'Soir' used guarded but very plain language to-night and I believe it is certain that the deputies of the Left signed a document requesting the Bonaparte family to withdraw from France. If the French can get rid of this incubus they may find heart to fight their battle out. The Emperor has shown himself in this crisis

what I have always held him to be, an irresolute man, incapable of any great sustained policy. I believe him to have permitted Grammont's original speech on the Hohenzollern question with the intention and full expectation of the matter being compromised, but the country carried him away and he was obliged to follow. He has been carried fairly off his legs; even a great victory could now hardly keep him on his throne. *Il a gêné la patrie.*" [What I did not know at the time of writing this was that Napoleon III was incapacitated from playing the difficult part demanded of him in the crisis by an attack of the stone, which caused him great suffering. The decision, therefore, between peace and war had been left practically in the Empress's hands, to whom the blame of the decision rightly belongs.]

"I am more hopeful of the National honour to-night. The army beaten, the French ought still to have heart to win the campaign, holding as they do the sea [Prussia at that time had almost no navy]. They can in time starve the enemy out. As I sat at dinner the poet Morin came to speak to me. He was very earnest in asking my candid opinion on the state of France. He seemed much *émotioné*, but I noticed that he ate a capital dinner.

"*9th August, 12 o'clock (noon).*—At the Embassy they talk of a Republic under the dictatorship of General Trochu. I confess I never heard of him before. The Chamber opens to-day. Great bands of blouses have marched there, and a great band also of police. They say the Opposition will demand the immediate arming of all the citizens of Paris inscribed on the Electoral Roll. This morning Julie came in to me with my little dog Rachael dying in her arms.

"Something must have happened to the Emperor: he has either run away or abdicated or been shot. These ideas pass through one's mind. No one ever mentions him.

"*2 p.m.*—They are shutting the Tuileries garden gates.

"*6 p.m.*—I ran out and found the gates shut, but at the Tennis Court gate by saying I was a *sociétaire* they let me in, and looking over the balustrade of the terrace, saw some thousands of people collected in the Place de la Concorde and on the Bridge in front of the Corps Législatif. Biboche and Sérafin and Dalmand, the three *paumiers*, are absurdly impressioned by the course of events. Biboche is a Bonapartist, Dalmand a patriot without colour, Etienne, the marker, fancies the Republic, and Sérafin has *tout simplement* a wife at home with the scarlet fever. All look upon France as lost. At three o'clock we were turned out of the Tennis Court, and the garden was cleared of nurses and lovers. I went and sat in the Place de la Concorde for an hour, till driven in by a thunderstorm, which stopped any revolution, if such was intended.

"A band came by our house just now, singing, with a ridiculous young negro marching in front flourishing a wooden sword. I am beginning to tire of the crisis. General Lebœuf has resigned his command, Bazaine becomes Commander-in-Chief. [It was Lebœuf who, when the Emperor asked him whether the army was completely ready for war, answered '*Jusqu'au dernier bouton.*']

"12 *p.m. (midnight).*— On a motion by Jules Favre for the organization and arming of the National Guard throughout France the Government have been beaten by 243 to 21. A second proposal for the formation of a Committee of National Defence in the House was also thrown out. In consequence of the first vote the Ministry has resigned. Count Palikao (General Montauban) is charged with the formation of a new Ministry. This is considered as being virtually an overthrow of the Empire. It is expected that the new Ministry will declare the House the supreme authority, and that the Imperial Family will be invited to leave France. Marshal Bazaine has accepted the command in chief. General Changarnier the Republican has been received by the Emperor at Metz and has appeared in public with him. [Changarnier had been a rival candidate to Louis Napoleon when they stood for the Presidentship of the Republic in 1850.]

"I dined with Lascelles and met M. de Hübner (the Austrian). He is a violent hater of Prussia, but declares that she must crush France. I cannot think that if only Frenchmen will be true to themselves, if the army can throw itself into Paris, all may yet be well. Austria, Denmark, and even England may think it the moment to intervene; Prussia cannot support a long war with all her ports blockaded. But if the French accept the terms offered on a defeat they will be lost for ever. Imperial France has no virtue to fall back upon; a Republic is their best chance; it is the only name that has a power to rouse.

"When I came home Julie talked of her recollections of the Emperor. She remembered seeing him when he came back to Paris in 1852, and, when kneeling on the steps of the Madeleine, he was blessed by the curé. As he rode from the church and entered the gate leading from the Place de la Concorde into the Tuileries garden, a crown of flowers was let down from the upper part of the grille upon his head, and the people called out for the first time, 'Vive l'Empereur!' Three weeks later he was crowned at Notre Dame. She also talked of his marriage, and Julie knew the details because she was in Henry Howard's service, and he was Mrs. Gould's lover.[1] Mademoiselle Montijo was taken to Compiègne by Mrs. Gould, though she was not invited, and there the Emperor saw her out riding. She was very beautiful, and had a wonderfully fair complexion. The Emperor, although he knew she was the Marquis d'Aguado's mistress, had a caprice for her, and wanted to make her leave Aguado, but she said he must marry her and he did so, in spite of his friends and Ministers. He said in his excuse that having, as they told him, done so much for France, France must do this for him. According to Julie, Napoleon and Eugénie made *mauvais ménage* at first, but the Empress had never been reproached for misconduct since the marriage. The child, the Prince Imperial, was certainly hers, as any one could see by comparing her photograph with the boy's. People had said that he was not, but this was untrue. Julie has often been with letters from Howard to Mademoiselle Montijo, when she lived with her mother in the Place Vendôme, *un misérable entresol sur la cour.* The house is No. 4, I think she said, in the south-east corner of the square. She and her mother kept two women

[1] The Honble. Henry Howard, Secretary at Paris.

servants, a cook and a *bonne*. Julie cited as a sign of the *misère* in which they lived, that these women wore handkerchiefs on their heads instead of caps. Aguado, elder brother of the Comte and Vicomte, kept a one-horse *remise* for her, and provided for them in other ways. Julie declares that Eugénie had other worshippers, too, '*même des Allemands.*' Aguado was married to an Englishwoman, who is now remarried to his brother, the Vicomte. He went mad when Mademoiselle Montijo married the Emperor, and afterwards died. She lived on in the Place Vendôme till the week before her marriage, when she was taken to the Tuileries to be married from there at Notre Dame. Such is Julie's account. Julie and M. Perrier, Howard's valent, used to talk these over together, '*Ce pauvre M. Perrier qui est mort.*' History is written from such intimate talk.

"My own recollections of the Emperor are not very many. I saw him for the first time in 1851, on the day of his *coup d'état*, when he became President for life. We, my brother Francis and I, with our mother, were passing through Paris on our way to Italy, and we were staying at the Hotel Wagram, only two doors from my present apartment here in the Rue de Rivoli. Francis and I went out with our tutor, Edmund Coffin, to see what was going on in the streets. The Rue de Rivoli was full of people, and there was a cordon of gendarmes between it and the Place de la Concorde. '*Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*' was still written up everywhere on the walls. The President rode by close to us with his Staff, and passed up the Rue Royale. This was a very early recollection, before he was Emperor. When I next saw him it was at Biarritz in 1863. He used to walk about there leaning on the arm of his Chamberlain, Tascher de la Pagerie, moving slowly like an old man. I went one evening to a ball at the Pavillon, and was presented to him and the Empress. The Empress reminded me that she had seen me at Madrid some months before, which was true, for I had been to an audience of the Corps Diplomatique when she was paying her visit to Queen Isabella. At the ball the Emperor walked about looking bored, not at all as if he was in his own house. He is a thick-set, coarsely made man (with legs too short for his body), and in his uniform might be taken for a sergeant. He has nothing remarkable in his face, except his cold green eyes, which have a strangely fascinating, but repellent power. They give him a certain distinction. I have since, while at the Embassy, been to balls at the Tuileries, but have never had personal speech with him. I have listened to him, however, talking once for twenty minues at a time with Lord Cowley, at one of the receptions while the Empress was finishing her *cercle*. They were discussing on that occasion a review there had been of the English and French fleets, and his remarks were the essence of commonplace. He has none of the ease of manner, the lightness of thought, the *esprit Gaulois* which go so far in France, a heavy, slow-thinking man, talking French with a provincial accent. It is strange that such a man should have ruled the French for twenty years. If he had died a month ago he would have left a great name in history. Now who knows? He may be ranked on a level with Louis Philippe. Such are the chances of a man's glory.

"10*th Aug.*—I have drawn £40 in five-franc pieces for the siege. It is

already difficult to change bank notes. The town is quieter to-day. No news from the army. A list of the new Ministry is published, Palikao, La Tour d'Auvergne, Magne, Rigault, Girardin — more Bonapartist than ever. The Chamber supports them for the present. Paris is full of troops, 500 Marines marched past our house this morning on their way to the war, all stout, smart fellows. I take it no troops have ever fought better than the French have done.

"I have been reading Prévost Paradol's last book, 'La France Nouvelle,' published last year. The concluding chapter reads prophetically now. He gives the future of the world to the English race, true enough if it includes our off-shoots, American and Colonial, but he hardly foresees what must happen, the extinction of England herself. England's political life will be over the day that Holland is annexed to Germany. There is also little sign of the continuance of the intellectual eminence of our race. Literature never long survives a nation's decline, and in the English speaking off-shoots no sign of intellectual life has yet been given, though America has had a hundred years of independence. The English language, however, is never likely to become a dead one. Her literature will still live, even if it ceases to be productive; in France it is otherwise. French will be a dead language, as dead at least as Spanish is. As for German, which is to become the language of Europe, it shows no sign of producing a readable literature. The only German I can read is Goethe's, who took the best of his inspiration from Rousseau. Where he is purely German, he is pedantic and wearisome. Germany possesses some good lyric poetry, but romance, tragedy, history, all are dull. What is really meritorious is the scientific writing, but that is owing to the matter rather than the manner. The Volkslieder have the melancholy charm of barbarous poetry, but the serious poets are without humour. German is bourgeois and its literature bourgeois. [This is a poor diagnosis. I ought to have at least excepted Heine, but I left him out, I suppose, as being a Jew living at Paris, and more of a Frenchman than of a German.]

"*14th Aug.*— Deauville. I came here on the night of the 11th, as there was no special news at Paris. The day I left, old Barre (the doyen of the Paris Tennis Court) came to breakfast with me and after it we played tennis, Brinquant making us a *chouette*. Barre was playing in better form that I can remember him. Brinquant has just been called out to join the army, being between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. He will have to go as a '*simple pioupiou*.' Substitutes are still to be had at 8,000 francs, but it is considered dishonourable not to march in person. In the middle of our game a company of grenadiers marched in through the door by the net, and took formal possession of the Court, turning us out. The officer in command saluting us politely from the net with his drawn sword, saying, 'Messieurs, vous êtes priés d'evacuer le jeu.' [This proved to be absolutely the last game old Barre, the champion *paumier* of his day, ever played, for he died of the hardships of the siege, though not till 1872. He was a wonderful player, especially on the floor of the Court, so that though I was then young and active, he could still give me the walls. In private life he was excellent company, and some of us used to

invite him to restaurant dinners, where his stories were of the best of an extreme *grivois* kind, for he had led the gayest of gay lives.] In the train, as I came down here from Paris, I got into conversation with two deputies from Mantes. One narrated his having asked Grammont how it was that the army had been caught unprepared? Grammont had answered that before making his declaration to the Chamber he had inquired of Le Bœuf, 'Are you ready?' and Le Bœuf had replied, 'I can put 600,000 men on the Rhine in a fortnight.' Everybody is angry with Le Bœuf.

"A letter is published from the Prince de Joinville offering his services to the Emperor. Changarnier has been made Commandant de place at Metz. He is seventy-two years old. On Friday the 12th, Anne, Alice Noel, and I drove to Glanville, from which village the Glanvilles of Catchfrench claim originally to have come. There is a château there, which we visited, of the time of Louis XIII, undergoing restoration by its propretor, M. de Glanville, a man of sixty, whom we found at work weeding in his grounds. I noticed that the coat of arms over the door was not our English Glanville coat, and he told me that he had not the pretension of descending from the original family. It must have been a picturesque old place before the restoration, the avenues and the park round it good, the elms just like the Cornish elms at Catchfrench, the country about it beautiful and very English. We then drove on to Pont l'Evèque, a charming, sleepy old town full of cats, and dined at the Bras d'or, a drum was beating there, and a crier calling out all men from twenty-five to thirty-five for the war. Later we saw the mayor posting up a notice announcing the capture of Nancy by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry.

"*16th, Aug.*—Paris. I came up yesterday morning by train from Deauville, and on my way to the station read a telegram announcing that the French army had crossed to the left bank of the Moselle, and meeting the Prussians in force had repulsed them. The telegram is dated Longueville and signed Napoleon. The Emperor seems to have left Metz on the 14th at two o'clock intending to go to Châlons. Nancy, which is in the hands of the Prussians, is a town of 30,000 inhabitants. It is quite open, and was occupied by them without resistance. The advance posts of the enemy have been pushed on to Toul and S. Mihiel.

"Yesterday was the festival of S. Napoleon, probably the last which will be ever celebrated in France. Paris was silent as the grave, and when I first arrived I thought a disaster must have happened. Bands of men were at work on the fortifications. There is much to do before Paris can resist a siege, houses to be razed and trees cut down. There were no illuminations and scarcely a flag. I remember the fête of the 15th of August in 1864 when I had just joined the Embassy as attaché. The Emperor was then still popular, believed to be the longest head in Europe. The Place de la Concorde, the Quays and the Invalides were one great crowd, theatres open to the public gratis, shows and entertainments at every corner. A balloon was being sent up from the Champ de Mars. Carriages were forbidden to circulate in the too crowded streets, all but those of the foreign Ambassadors. I had only that morning arrived, and Lady Cowley took me with her and her daughter, Lady Feodore, and

Sudley in her own barouche, and we drove up the Champs Elysées at a foot's pace, a conspicuous figure in the good-natured Parisian crowd for the illuminations. Now *quel degringolage!*

"The night before last there was an *émeute* in the Villette, a band of men crying 'Vive la Republique,' attacked some unfortunate *pompiers* in their guard house, killed two or three, and then fired into the mob who were coming to the rescue. They were some fifty or sixty armed with daggers and revolvers, but after a show of fight they ran away, some being caught and almost torn to pieces. The incident has been put down to 'the gold of Bismarck,' just as in former days there was talk of 'the gold of Pitt.' Paris is still full of Germans; there will be a general massacre of these if it comes to a siege, perhaps of us English too. At this end of the town everything is quiet. Count d'Aquila who arrived at Deauville with eighteen of his favourite horses the day before I left, has made over his house in the Avenue de l'Impératrice for an ambulance, so I hear has Evans the American dentist.

"5 *p.m.*— A letter has been posted officially from the sous-prefet of Verdun, stating that cannonading was heard the whole of yesterday, and that it was reported the Prussians had lost 40,000 men the day before near Metz. On the other hand the 'Independence Belge' gives a despatch from Berlin from King William to the Queen of Prussia announcing a glorious victory. Edmond About writes in the 'Soir' describing the entry of the Prussians into Saverne and MacMahon's retreat. The French, he says, were ridiculously commanded. The Prussians are levying contributions in France just as they did in Frankfort and Homburg in the war of 1866.

"17*th Aug.*— This is my birthday of thirty, it finds me healthy, wealthy, and wise, three things I never thought to be. Anne has made me a birthday present of a silver coffee pot, I have long coveted, a Louis XVI one of very beautiful French design. I have nothing left to wish for as a birthday gift, except the destruction of the German army.

"I went last night to the Gymnase theatre, where they gave 'Diane de Lys,' the moral of which is, 'Il a voulu garder sa femme et il l'a gardée.' The French pieces now generally give the *beau rôle* to the husband on the stage as is also the case sometimes in real life, such as in that of Beaumont who wounded his wife's three lovers one after the other. One of the three duels was with Metternich. Metternich has, as all the world knows, been Mme. de Persigny's lover, and then made court to Mme. de Beaumont. She taxed him one day with his former devotion, and to prove to her that it was at an end he made over to her Mme. de Persigny's letters to him. These were found by Beaumont in his wife's drawer along with letters to her from Metternich. The Ambassador, who is no Palladin, refused to fight. Beaumont threatened to expose his treachery to Mme. de Persigny. The matter was laid before the Emperor, and Metternich, it being decided he must fight, was run through the body, but soon recovered. Beaumont also wounded du Hallay and another, whose letters also had been found. Now nobody dares approach Mme. de Beaumont. Metternich is what is called a *gros fat*, who likes to be called Monseigneur.

I have played tennis with him, but he is a poor performer. Du Hallay is a fat, funny young man, fond of a joke, but one would think innocuous in a virtuous household.

"De Voguë, MacMahon's aide-de-camp, was killed at Worth, a good-looking, very charming man of about thirty-five, bald, but the ideal of the *beau militaire*. I used to know him in 1865, meeting him often at Madame Arcos' (the Empress Eugénie's lady in waiting). He was at that time Princess Poniatowska's lover — she a very pretty woman, tall, blonde, and amusing.

"The Orleans Princes have been refused service in the army.

"*18th Aug.*— Yesterday at half-past five Blount, the Banker, came to the Embassy, and announced that a great victory had been won the day before, the 16th. He stated that he had seen press copies of the despatches, and that the details were most complete. Schneider, President of the Chamber, fully believed the news, and Ministers were only waiting to announce it till written accounts should come. All the result was a telegram published '*hier* 16. Il y a eu une affaire très sérieuse du côté de Gravelotte. Nous avons eu l'avantage dans le combat, mais nos pertes sont grandes. Comte de Palikao.' And this morning the 'Figaro' gives an account of the battle of Borny fought under the walls of Metz, otherwise called of Longueville. Gallifet is reported to have charged the enemy. Gallifet is a brave man, and I always liked him in spite of his swagger. It used to be a fine thing to see him play tennis with Smijthe of our Embassy, who is a cool-headed man with one shoulder higher than the other, an accident which gave him an extraordinarily heavy cut stroke on the floor, most exasperating to Gallifet, who is a wild hitter. Gallifet plays well, but was overmatched by Smijthe, who was the best player in the tennis court three years ago. Gallifet used to call out, 'Ah dites donc, M. Smijthe, vous m'exasperez avec votre damnée patience; tappez donc, M. Smijthe.'

"I have been talking with Julie. She tells me her father was maire of a village in Brittany and her uncle a bishop murdered at the altar during the revolution. She had a brother older than herself killed in the campaign of Russia under Bonaparte, and her father died of grief. He left her a *dot* of 40,000 francs, but her worthless husband ate it all. She tells me that we have a *mouchard* here on the fifth floor, whose wife is a chatterbox. She has let out to Julie that the Empress has just sent the husband to England with her jewels.

"*19th Aug.*— General Trochu is named Commandant of Paris. I went yesterday to look at the fortifications. The guns on the walls are ridiculous old pieces such as my Uncle Toby might have mounted on his horn work. I was sent about my business by the sergent-de-ville. Carriages still pass into the Bois de Boulogne over a narrow plank bridge. The Germans describe the battles of Borny and Gravelotte as victories, and say the French army has been driven back into Metz.

"*21st Aug.*— Caen. I went down on the 19th to Deauville by train, where I found Anne much better, and the next day, yesterday, we drove here, stopping at Dives for half an hour to see the church. This is inter-

esting on account of the list of names kept there of those knights who followed William of Normandy to England in 1066. I counted some seventy names of families still existing in England, among them the Byrons, de Buron. Here at Caen we are at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The town is full of conscripts, some in blouses, some in coats, all in red trousers, young and happy. I have heard more singing in the streets here these two nights than during all the last fortnight at Paris.

"With difficulty I procured a copy of the Paris 'Journal.' Things seem drifting towards a quarrel with England. The 'Times,' which has taken a violent side for Prussia in the war is now exasperating the French with its good advice. Now, it says, is the moment for the neutral powers to insist on peace. I expect to see proposals made for an armistice, to be followed by peace on the principle of the *status quo ante bellum*, France to retain Alsace and Lorraine, but with the condition of immediate disarmament. If such be accepted *tout serait sauvé fort l'honneur*. I consider the position so critical that, instead of going to Brittany as we intended, we start to-morrow for the north. France, if she quarrels with England, will be virtually outlawed and fighting for her life, and we cannot expect any but the laws of necessity to rule her. Already the days are being recalled to mind when France threw defiance in the face of all Europe in the shape of 10,000 heads upon her scaffolds. She will scarcely stop to distinguish between friend and foe, but I trust my precautions may not be needed. The French army may yet be victorious, and the 'Times' is not England, but who can say? In the case of a rupture my sympathies must be with France, but I am bound in form at least to my own country.

"*22nd Aug.*— Pont l'Evèque. We left Caen at ten, and driving on got here at five, having stopped three hours for breakfast at Dozulé, our inn there the White Horse, rustic, but good. Another capital country inn here, the Bras d'or.

"The news to-night is bad, none for two days from Bazaine, who is shut up in Metz. A letter has come from Lytton in Vienna, who expects nothing but disaster for the French army. I still believe the Prussians will be driven out of France. Prussia is blockaded and nearly bankrupt.

"*25th Aug.*— On the night of the 23rd we slept at La Bouille, a village on the Seine to which Rouen merchants go out to dine on summer evenings, and yesterday to Rouen, Hôtel de France. We shall have to wait here two days until our carriage wheels have been new tyred.

"The news to-day is better. Communication with Bazaine restored. Bazaine declares that if he is still in Metz it is that he chooses to stay there. The news from Prussian head-quarters absolutely contradicts this. In England they choose to believe the Prussian account. I do not. Neither Bazaine nor Palikao would dare in the present state of France to publish news directly false. The position of Englishmen in France is becoming precarious, indeed of any person without visible occupation. Prince Lubomirsky was arrested two days ago as a spy, and many quite innocent people have been mal-treated by the mob. I shall go back to Paris for a night to see how things are going on, and then drive to Dieppe and send Anne and Miss Noel to England.

"Strassburg is being besieged. There was a report yesterday that Phalsbourg had been taken. The King of Prussia has appointed Governors of Alsace and Lorraine as Prussian provinces.

"*27th Aug.*— Rouen. I have been again to Paris. Going up in the train I heard another spy story. The man who told it seemed to be a Rouen merchant and the victim a friend from the country, a Normand, a *bel homme* of fifty years. He had asked some questions about the mobiles in front of the barracks, had been arrested by a sergent-de-ville, and got his clothes torn by the mob. In Paris a decree has been issued expelling '*les bouches inutiles.*' A letter in the 'Figaro' asks whether the ladies of pleasure may be properly so styled. The Government has answered the question seriously by sending 2,000 of these women to the Conciergerie, ready to be packed off at a moment's notice.

"At the Embassy I found them in little anxiety. Brinquant is not yet ordered off. Webster, the old Queen's messenger and Philip Currie's boon companion, is dead. Lord Hertford has also chosen the moment to die at Bagatelle, his house in the Bois de Boulogne. He also was a type, the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne. He remained to the day of his death a patron of the half world, and has left illegitimate children and no will they say. He was fond of jokes, *à la Regence*. The most amusing of them was connected with a young clergyman he had engaged as chaplain [but I forbear transcribing it]. His Lordship has long been *légendaire* in Paris, yet such is the disturbance in the public mind, his death is mentioned without special comment in the papers.

"The Prussians are at Châlons, and in a few days, unless great events happen, must be in front of Paris. The city will be summoned to surrender and threatened with destruction on refusal. The army is far away and the garrison insufficient for defence. The Prussians will hardly postpone a bombardment, and it is possible Paris may be taken by storm and burnt. The Crown Prince, who is believed to be marching in advance, probably counts on an insurrection as soon as he shall make his appearance at the gates, or he would hardly risk so desperate an adventure with two French armies in his rear. The Chamber is in an uproar, Gambetta calling for news of the army, but the town is quiet and cheerful and the Parisians seem ready to do their duty. Trochu has command of the place. Edmond About, in the 'Soir,' croaks ominously. He has been in the jaws of the lion and dreads its teeth. The 'Gaulois' says that the Emperor is in such a state that a surprising announcement might be any day made. How strange it is to remember the early days of the war a month ago when the Empress told her son 'Va donc mon enfant et sois digne du sang des Bonapartes et des Guzmans,' and when the train was out of sight, 'Sa Majesté redevint femme.' At the first engagement at Saarbruck we were told: 'Le Prince Imperiale ne se laissa nullement impressioner; les vieux soldats le voyant si calm fondirent en larmes . . . Quand commenca la canonade le Prince demanda a l'Empereur "Dites donc papa c'est une balle qui siffle auprès de nous, ou bien un boulet." "On ne peut jamais savior au juste mon fils," repondit l'Empereur. . . . Après la defaite de l'ennemi le Prince Imperiale presenta au jeune Conneau [his favourite playfellow]

une balle qu'il avait ramassée sur le champ de bataille.' This is what the 'Gaulois' used to tell us.

"I left Paris last night, looking sorrowfully on the Tuileries and its garden, with the trees brown in it like autumn. The sergent-de-ville and the sentinel stood as usual at the garden gate, the fountain played, the sun shone, and the children and *bonnes* chattered as though the world were not already crumbling about their ears. Julie is left with orders to bring away the plate and pictures in case of the worst, and I shall take Anne over to England and then come back if the siege is not begun, but one cannot foresee. I dream every night of armies and victories and defeats."

This was my last visit to Paris before the city was invested by the German armies and the siege began.

There is not much in my diary worth quoting after this. Having had our carriage wheels new tyred we drove on to Dieppe, arriving there 29th August, in heavy rain, to find the whole place full of refugees. "There are a thousand men drilling here on the beach in blouses with a red cross on their left sleeves. I am struck with the number of able-bodied men one sees everywhere idle, although the whole country has been called to arms. Perhaps there is a want of weapons. Dieppe is full of English who affect sympathy with Prussia. General Trochu has at the eleventh hour ordered all the Germans out of Paris within three days, one would have expected within three hours. The bombardment of Strassburg has done great damage. Kehl has been burnt. A shell burst in a Pensionnat at Strassburg where the young ladies were at their history lesson. Seven were killed. Phalsbourg holds out bravely.

"*30th Aug.*— Julie has just arrived from Paris; very amusing about her troubles in getting away. The Hôtel Meyerbeer, where I used in former days to lodge, has been sacked. Some Frenchmen came to dine there, and the landlord (a German), seeing them out at elbows, thought fit to remark, 'You are too poor to dine here. I have just got an order from the King of Prussia for a dinner of ninety covers for this day week.' The men, upon this, fell on him and wrecked his house. There are said to be 40,000 Germans in Paris. Our Proprietaire, M. Desfontaines, has come into No. 204 from Noissy, through fear of the invasion.

"*31st Aug.*— The Embassies are to remain at Paris, the Empress Regent having declared her intention of remaining. Princess Mathilde has sent away her valuables, as have probably most others who are rich. The heroism of non-combatants in Paris will be shown mainly in their purses. I go to England to-morrow to see Francis [my elder brother], who starts shortly on his way back to Madeira.

"*2nd Sept.*— At Worth Forest Cottage. The 'Daily News' announces in large capitals, 'Decisive Battle, MacMahon totally routed,' and prints a telegram from William to Augusta: 'May God, who has hitherto befriended us, continue his protection to our arms.' I felt very sick and angry, the more so because I have found everybody here at home crowing over this final result of the war. Awake half the night, thinking bitter things There was a great battle before Sedan yesterday.

"*3rd Sept.*— Spent the morning fishing at Cinderbanks. On coming

in I heard the news of the surrender of the remains of the French army by General Wimpfen, MacMahon's second in command, and of the Emperor. Great numbers of French and many German soldiers, driven on to Belgian soil, have laid down their arms. Count Flahault, one of the last men of the First Empire, died yesterday. Many years ago he eloped to Gretna Green with the heiress of the Keith Barony, and always after Madame de Flahault came to England for her *couches*, so that her children should be British subjects, and her son have a right to his seat in the House of Lords.

"*5th Sept.*— To London for the day, and saw Philip Currie at the Foreign Office, who gave me an alarming account of the disturbed state of France. He showed me a letter just come from a girl who was governess at a French château in the south. She wrote that the peasantry were surrounding the house.

"*6th Sept.*— Back to Dieppe.

"*8th Sept.*— Crossed back again with Anne to Newhaven in a gale of wind. We were thirteen hours at sea, and ran some risk of being driven on to Beachy Head. At Newhaven we found our Swiss horses, and drove on to Worth Forest. Before leaving Dieppe I sent Julie a box containing 100 lb. of ship's biscuits, with a letter of instructions as to her conduct during the siege. I also offered my apartment to the *maire* as an ambulance, but my proprietor refused his consent. [The biscuits fortunately reached Julie just before communication with Paris ceased, and proved a Godsend to her during the four months the siege lasted. My cousin, Francis Currie, whom, though I have said nothing about him in my diary, I had seen constantly during my last weeks at Paris, making our speculations on the course of events together, remained on quietly in his rooms in the Palais Royal right through both siege and Commune, continuing his philosophic occupation, the pursuit of pleasure, without disturbance or much hardship. I should have stayed on with him, but for my wife's expected confinement, and seen the drama out. It was an opportunity missed I still regret.]

"*25th Sept.*— Since my return to England I have not read a newspaper, nor shall till peace is made."

A few extracts from letters, written me just then by my friend Robert Lytton, dealing with public events, may here be added. He was at the time first Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, but on leave in England, and in close touch with all our chief diplomatists.

"*11th Sept.*, 1870.— Knebworth. I am very doubtful as to the Germans claiming Alsace and Lorraine, but if they do claim it, it will be baseless, abominable, unprecedented, and irredeemable should England stand by quiescent while her boasted ally of yesterday is being dismembered. Yet a colleague whom I met yesterday, fresh from the Foreign Office, told me the Government is firmly resolved to do nothing, and does not seem to think the situation worth a Cabinet Council. We shall pay dearly and perhaps more than we can afford by and by for the excessive prudence of

our present policy, which is, I am told, strongly recommended by Lyons, who is afraid of burning his fingers and losing his reputation as a safe man. France will, of course, be thrown into the arms of Russia, and sell her support in the East for a European alliance of Vengeance on her faithless friend across the Channel."

I remember that my own feeling at the time about Alsace Lorraine was one of rejoicing that the Germans, whom I hated, should have let slip an opportunity of high-minded moderation which would have redoubled the glory of their victories. While at Worth Forest with my brother Francis, we used to argue the French and the German case, he strongly maintaining against me that the French defeat had delivered Europe from its chief danger. Germany, he thought, could never be a serious menace.

"*3rd, Oct.*, 1870.—Ormeskirk. Odo Russell [our Ambassador at Berlin] who sees all the despatches now as soon as they arrive, and is therefore a good authority, writes to his wife, who is here, that Bismarck has intimated to us his intention of eventually, after taking Paris I suppose, sending the Emperor back to France with a slice of Belgium by way of a letter of recommendation to the French people. You may fancy how this has fluttered our Downing Street dovecote. I can myself hardly believe the story, but if Bismarck really does play off this practical joke on us what a *reductio ad absurdum* it will be of the lauded prudence of the Gladstone Cabinet in regard to that absurd Belgian treaty. Odo adds that Bismarck wishes to keep Bazaine locked up in Metz with the whole garrison till the end of the war, but not to attack them or destroy them, because it is his wish to hand over to the Emperor at the end as large a remnant as can yet be saved of the Imperial army. Meanwhile Russia is certainly arming fast, and the Russian merchants in the city have already created a panic there by their expressed apprehension, which seems to me perfectly well founded that she is about to attack Turkey. I take it that whenever she pleases Russia can do this with perfect impunity and success."

"*7th Oct.*, 1870.—Knebworth. In connection with the story I mentioned in my last, Odo says that Bismarck avers that, although it is necessary to keep Bazaine safe in Metz, he is anxious, if possible, not to starve or otherwise destroy the army shut up in that town, in order that at the end of the war he may hand over to the Emperor as much as can be spared of the Imperial forces for the preservation of order in France. However, I still disbelieve the story. In a letter which Lady Emily received from her husband the day I left Lathom, he said: 'The French Government has again for the third, and it says for the last time made a most earnest and pathetic appeal to us as the old friends and allies of France to come to the rescue, to which we have replied by a long despatch to the effect that we pity France, but can't help her. This document is a very painful one to read, and it is one which I am certain your dear father [Lord Clarendon] would never have written.'

"Lady Cowley, who did not go to see the Emperor at the request of the Empress but on her own hook from Frankfort, said he was looking in

much better health than she expected to find him, that he seemed deeply mortified by the abuse of the French Press, but maintained that he was still the favourite of the French people, and seemed to count on returning to the Tuileries. The Empress wrote him a most insulting and heartless letter calling him a '*lâche*,' the receipt of which was the occasion of that fainting fit which gave rise to the rumour of his attempted suicide. He told Lady Cowley that he was literally without a sixpence. Grammont, who has been staying with Lord Malmesbury, declares this to be perfectly true, and that the utmost the Emperor's few remaining friends hope to be able to make up for him is £1,200 a year. The Empress, I believe, has some fortune of her own, but they are on the worst possible terms. I hope I shall soon be able to invite myself to Worth as Lady Cowley invited herself to Wilhelmshöhe.

"Did you see that the French papers, learning from the English Press that the Prussians were supplied with the best information from their general staff, exclaimed in chorus: 'Nous savons maintenant qui est cet espion qui a fourni aux Prussiens tant de précieux renseignements; c'est M. le General Staff, homme d'une astuce remarquable.'"

END OF MY PARIS DIARY OF 1870

APPENDIX II

Memorandum as to the Evacuation of Egypt

The evacuation of Egypt is a question partly of honour, partly of prudence. Of honour, in view of the pledges given; of prudence on military grounds.

If Egypt could be held honourably and without risk of war, there is much to be said in favour of continuing the English protectorate. It secures our Mediterranean route to India at a small cost. Its prestige to us is of value, and we should be spared the discredit of a withdrawal under French pressure. We owe it, too, to the Egyptians, whose army and political aspirations we destroyed in 1882, to continue to them our assistance in their weakness as against other Powers.

Nevertheless the risks appear to me great. Egypt's position on the Suez Isthmus is too important geographically to be allowed permanently to any one European Power by the rest of the Powers. It stands marked out for neutrality as between them, and France will certainly not consent to our holding it permanently without a war. As a question of near danger I have reason to feel sure that a complete agreement has been come to between France and the Sultan (probably, too, the Czar) regarding it, and that the return of the Liberal Party to office in England will determine their joint action.

It is therefore of some urgency to consider whether we are strong enough by land and sea to refuse at all hazards.

I agree entirely with Mr. Gladstone when he hopes that Lord Salisbury rather than himself may negotiate the evacuation. Mr. Gladstone's position abroad will be weak, as he will be without cordial support from the Central Powers, while his position in honour towards France will be hampered by his many pledges. Lord Salisbury could get better terms for the Egyptians, and would be less likely to sacrifice them to the exigencies of European diplomacy.

I believe an evacuation might be effected on one or other of the following lines:

(1) The simplest and most expeditious plan would probably be to hand over the military responsibility to the Sultan. This would have the advantage of postponing the ultimate question. It would place Egypt, as regards European ambitions, under whatever degree of integrity the Ottoman Empire enjoys. Ottoman troops could certainly guard her southern frontier and prevent surprise from other quarters. England, this quarrel about Egypt settled, would then revert to her former friendly relations with Turkey, and in the event of a break-up of the Empire would be free to take

whatever steps her interests required. As regards Egyptian opinion, I believe that on the whole it would be not unfavourable to such a solution. There is no love for the Turks among the fellahin, but the Sultan's authority would be accepted by them as natural and legal, while it must be remembered that the Khedivial rule is also Turkish. The Sultan, indeed, might be expected to protect in some measure the Arabic-speaking population against a renewal of oppression by the Turkish Circassian Pashas, and, in any case, he would be jealous in their favour of European aggression.

No administrative interference, however, need be conceded if the transfer of military protection be made under agreement. It is probable that, if the right claimed for England in the Wolff Convention of ultimate intervention were withdrawn, France and Russia would not oppose such a solution.

(2) A better plan, if honestly attempted by England, and as honestly accepted by the Powers, would be to re-establish the National Government on liberal and progressive lines, under guarantee of neutrality.

Although much time and opportunity have been wasted during our nine years of occupation in repressing political life among the Egyptians, I am still of opinion that something in the shape of Constitutional Government would give them their best chance of permanent independence and progress as a race. It must not be forgotten that in 1882 a Constitution on a European model (decree of March, 1882) was obtained by the Egyptian National Party, which gave considerable promise of efficiency as a means of asserting native right against both the Turkish ruling caste and the European colonists. If it had not been put down by England's armed intervention, it would in all likelihood have given a new impulse of progress not only to Egypt, but to the surrounding Mohammedan lands. I am of opinion that even yet its restoration at Cairo would have this effect, and is not impossible. The National Constitutional Party, though broken as an organization, exists in the individuals who composed it, and in younger men of a new generation holding similar ideas. From among these a Ministry could be formed to set the Constitutional machine in motion under sympathetic English auspices, nor do I doubt that within a couple of years it would be found competent to conduct the business of the country without further military aid. It is by men of this party alone that Sir Evelyn Baring's better work in Egypt is appreciated, and it is only to their hands that the work of continuing it could be reasonably entrusted.

Unfortunately for such a solution, the Constitutional idea finds many adverse influences under present conditions. The Khedive and the Turkish Party, which we have replaced in office, are wholly opposed to it. The European officials representing financial interests consider any form of popular government less manageable by them than the present absolute *régime*. And Sir Evelyn Baring would as little approve. Lastly — and this is perhaps the greatest obstacle — the French and foreign policy generally in the East desires nothing so little as to see a genuine resuscitation of political vitality among the native races. Under the present despotic yet feeble *régime*, France counts on succeeding England in controlling

a weak prince and weaker people until such time as Egypt may fall to her share of the Ottoman spoils.

The attempt, therefore, if made at all, must be made honestly and with the thoroughgoing support of a sympathetic English representative, otherwise it cannot but fail.

(3) The third solution of placing Egypt under joint European guardianship and political control, is one against which, however it may recommend itself as a settlement of European differences, I feel bound to protest in native Egyptian interests.

Under English rule the native populations have been carefully protected, and their rights maintained against the encroachment of foreign colonists. But under any other European rule than England's the reverse would certainly be the case. Egypt under French or Italian or joint European control would be exploited in whatever direction it was thought that revenue could be best increased. The fellahin now enjoying their hereditary lands would be speedily dispossessed and reduced to a practical slavery worse than any they have hitherto known, and as a race would probably be little by little displaced, the demoralized, and extirpated.

As already remarked, the fellahin in 1882, alarmed at this very danger under the Anglo-French control, had asserted themselves politically and forced their rulers to grant them a means of self-defence in the form of a Constitutional Government. They had acquired the support of a large army with sufficient prestige to deter attack from more than one of the Powers, and they were backed by much sympathy east and west in their attempted reforms. Having for our own reasons suppressed all these possibilities of good for them, it would be a supreme injustice to overlook their interests now in the settlement to be made. To Mr. Gladstone especially, who is so largely responsible for the intervention, it should be a matter of honourable concern that this race and people should not perish.

(4) To withdraw the British garrison under present conditions and without a political settlement would be to court future difficulties.

Sir Evelyn Baring's policy of the last five years, based as it has been on the view that Egypt was to remain a permanent annex of the Indian Empire, has practically destroyed all authority there but that of the English Occupation. Egypt's present government is a mixed European, Armenian, and native bureaucracy controlled by half-a-dozen Englishmen with the British garrison at their back. No native government in any sense of authority exists. The Khedive, indolent and without initiative, is a mere dummy Prince. His Ministers, most of them Turks of advanced years, have been chosen for their pliancy rather than their ability. Their names have no weight, and their duties are little more than to sign without reading the documents placed before them. The great departments of Finance, Irrigation, War, and latterly Justice, are directed by Englishmen. The army and police have English superior officers; and even the Interior is, I believe, in process of being taken over by us.

This Anglicized condition of the Government could not long survive a withdrawal of the English troops. Even were it consented to by France, it would rapidly lose its authority. English control, though not unpopular

with the fellahin, is disliked by every class in Cairo and the towns, and would at once be the object of attack, open or secret.

It is a mistake to suppose the Khedive attached to English influence, or to be depended on in any way to support it. On the contrary, while leaning on English support these last ten years he has deeply resented the usurpation of his authority, and the many indignities he has been made to accept. It is more than probable that seeing French influence in the ascendant, he would secretly favour the intrigues which would be begun against the English commands in the Army and the English Civil officials. A couple of years would thus see the downfall of the whole structure of English influence so elaborately reared. In the absence of any native political organization in the country its government would then become practically French; and this is doubtless what the French Foreign Office counts upon. I deprecate such a result both for English interests, and especially for the Egyptians for the reasons already given.

Such, I take it, are the various lines on which evacuation could be effected. If the Liberal Party is prepared with a definite plan by which Egypt could be provided with a satisfactory Government preparatory to withdrawing our troops under settlement with the Sultan and Powers, I think its leaders do well to press evacuation on public attention. But it is idle for them to entertain the idea that any such Government has been already formed, or even that a first step in that direction has been already taken. Sir Evelyn Baring's policy is entirely one of remaining in Egypt, and each year sees more and more authority placed in English hands. Otherwise I see no alternative but to re-establish the Sultan's military authority, or to brave the danger of European complications, as Lord Salisbury will doubtless do, and remain. An English protectorate would be a lesser evil to the Egyptians than any form of European Joint Control.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

Paris, *Nov.* 5, 1891.

N.B. This memorandum was written for Lytton while staying at the Paris Embassy, but I am not sure whether he ever read it, for he was lying on his death bed. Edwin Egerton, however, then first Secretary and *chargé d'affaires* of the Embassy, highly approved of it — so much so that he gave a copy of it to Blowitz, who sent it to the "Times," where it may be found, though not quite in its full text.

W. S. B.

APPENDIX III

Mr. Herbert Spencer to Mr. Blunt

[Recd. *October* 4, 1898]

5, Percival Terrace,
Brighton.

DEAR SIR,

For some years I have been casting about for a poet who might fitly undertake a subject I very much want to see efficiently dealt with. At one time I thought of proposing it to Mr. Robert Buchanan, who, in respect of vigour of expression and strength of moral indignation seemed appropriate, but I concluded that the general feeling with regard to him would prevent a favourable reception — would, in fact, tend very much to cancel the effect produced. Afterwards the name of Mr. William Watson occurred to me as one who had shown feelings of the kind I wished to see expressed. But admirable as much of his poetry is, the element of power is not marked; he does not display a due amount of burning sarcasm. Your recent letter in "The Times," and since then a review in "The Academy," in which there were quotations from your poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," lead me to hope that you may work out the idea I refer to.

This idea is suggested by the first part of Goethe's "Faust"—"The Prologue in Heaven," I think it is called. In this, if I remember rightly (it is now some fifty years since I read it), Mephistopheles obtains permission to tempt Faust: the drama being thereupon initiated. Instead of this I suggest an interview and dialogue in which Satan seeks authority to find some being more wicked than himself, with the understanding that if he succeeds this being shall take his place. The test of wickedness is to be the degree of disloyalty — the degree of rebellion against divine government.

Satan gives proof that his rebellion has been less flagitious than that of men.

He confesses to having been a rebel, but an avowed one.

He has not, like men, professed to worship the Christian God while perpetually worshipping the pagan gods; he has not day by day sacrificed with zeal to Thor and Odin, while nominally sacrificing to Jehova.

He is not like men who, tepidly joining in praises of Christ as a model on one day in the week, on the other six days bring up their sons in glowing admiration of blood-stained Homeric heroes.

He is not like men who, nominally admitting on Sunday that forgiveness is a virtue, emphatically insist on and practice on all other days the duty of blood-revenge.

He has never done like men who, professing the Christian principle of submitting to injuries, ridicule as idiots the few Christians who propose to act on that principle.

He has not, while professing to relinquish the savage law of retaliation — a life for a life — adopted the far more savage law — for one life many lives.

Satan goes on to urge that he has never with rebellion joined perpetual insults as men have done.

I have never turned your churches of mercy into pagan temples by hanging up in them the torn flags of conquered peoples.

I have never blasphemed by thanking you for aiding in mowing down tens of thousands of men who worshipped you under another name.

I have never blasphemed by calling you Omniscient while ascribing to you unutterable stupidity — the stupidity of being ready to accept perpetual professions of obedience as sufficient to cancel perpetual acts of absolute disobedience: being so pleased with laudations, prayers, and obeisances as to overlook the contemptuous disregard of peremptory commands.

THE REPLY

If while sacrificing to me in name men have sacrificed to Pagan gods in act, it is your doing. You have betrayed them into this rebellion. Only by your delusions has it been possible to make them think that I should accept words in place of deeds. Joined though it is with lying and hypocrisy, the rebellion of these beings is not worse than your rebellion, because you have prompted it.

SATAN

But if I deceived them it was only because they wished to be deceived. They wished to gratify their revenge while having the blessings promised to those who forgive.

REPLY

You cannot be pardoned.

SATAN

But may I mete out their punishments according to their own measure? They ask to be forgiven their sins as they forgive the sins of others. May I torture them in proportion to their unforgiveness? For every time they have professed the religion of love and practised the religion of hate, may I thrust them a step lower down in hell?

Might not some such ideas as these, presented with power, produce considerable effects upon a few men, though not perhaps on many?

I am faithfully yours,

HERBERT SPENCER.

END OF APPENDICES

PART TWO

THE COALITION AGAINST GERMANY

PART II

1900 TO 1914

CHAPTER I

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1901

"23 *Jan.*, 1901. *Sheykh Obeyd.*

The Queen is dead of an apoplectic stroke and the great Victorian age is at an end."

Such is almost the first entry in my diary of the new year and the new century. I was in Egypt when the tidings reached me. It was the second day of the Bairam festival, and all our country folk at Sheykh Obeyd were keeping holiday, a glorious morning of sunshine, and I had been watching the foxes in the garden at play among the beans which were coming into flower. It was thus the news reached me. The entry goes on:

"This is notable news. It will mean great changes in the world, for the long understanding amongst the Emperors that England is not to be quarrelled with during the Queen's lifetime will now give place to freer action. The Emperor William does not love his uncle, our new king. On the other hand, it may possibly lead to a less bloody régime in South Africa; not that the Prince of Wales very likely is any more humane than his mother, who had a craze for painting the map Imperial red, but because he knows European opinion better and the limitations of England's power and the necessity of moderating English arrogance. The Queen it was easy to flatter and mislead, the only paper she read was the 'Morning Post,' and the people about her did not dare tell her the real truth of things, but the Prince of Wales hears and knows everything that goes on abroad far more than does Lord Salisbury. All this is to the good. I suppose there must be a new dissolution of Parliament — this also is for the good. As to Her Majesty personally, one does not like to say all one thinks even in one's journal. By all I have ever heard of her she was in her old age a dignified but rather commonplace

good soul, like how many of our dowagers, narrow-minded in her view of things, without taste in art or literature, fond of money, having a certain industry and business capacity in politics, but easily flattered and expecting to be flattered, quite convinced of her own providential position in the world and always ready to do anything to extend and augment it. She has been so long accustomed to success that she seems to have imagined that everything she did was wise and right, and I should not be surprised if the discreditable failure in South Africa had hastened her end. I see that Roberts went down to Osborne just before the seizure took place, and perhaps she may have insisted upon hearing the whole truth from him and, realizing it for the first time, have had the stroke of which she died. We shall probably be kept in the dark about this for a long while, for the public has got to look upon the old lady as a kind of fetish or idol, and nobody, even now she is dead, will dare print a word not to her glorification.

"*3rd Feb.*— The Prince of Wales has been proclaimed as Edward VII and begins his reign with the usual acclamations of the vulgar, the vulgar in this instance including everybody, all his little failings forgotten or hidden well out of sight. He has certain good qualities of amiability and a Philistine tolerance for other people's sins which endear him to rich and poor, from archbishops down to turf bookmakers, and the man in the street. He will make an excellent king for twentieth century England. His nephew, the Emperor William, has come forward to stand his sponsor in face of the world, an evil conjunction, for William is the Apostle of European violence. All the same I should not be surprised to see German influence brought to bear upon the Boer war. Our people are pretty nearly at their wits' end what to do in South Africa. The war is costing them a million and a half a week and the financial gamblers are losing money. There is a reaction against the war now that it looks like a losing concern, and perhaps they may be glad of a pretext, such as the Queen's death affords, to try and bring about an arrangement with the Boers. William would be flattered to be the *Deus ex machina* and so recover his popularity in Germany which has been much compromised by his refusal to receive old Kruger. I am not sure, however, that the Boers will accept anything short of entire independence. There is talk of the Queen having expressed a strong wish for peace on her death-bed. What I hear through a very confidential channel is that Her Majesty's last wish was a very human one, that her little dog should be allowed to jump up on her bed and that it was with her till she died.

"*6th Feb.*— We are preparing for another desert expedition. Things go on in South Africa without change, the Boers having

overrun the British colonies and cut the railway lines and Kitchener and the army are at a deadlock, unable to move, the soldiers tired of it and pinched for supplies. There is a report, however, that the arrangement entered into with Portugal is to come into effect and that English troops are to be landed in Delagoa Bay. It is very doubtful, however, whether this will affect the issue much.

"The new hero in England just now is the Emperor William, whom all abused and laughed at four years ago and whose boots our people are now licking. There is nothing so mean in the world as the British mob, unless it be the British aristocracy, but now our fine lords and ladies, though they adulate royalty, do so with their tongues in their cheeks, and this saves to some extent their self-respect. Wilhelm, however, has been made a Field Marshal of the British army! and I verily believe our people would offer him the crown of England if he expressed a wish for it. I suppose all this means that Edward VII has joined the Triple Alliance.

"The Duke of Aosta is attending the old Queen's funeral as a *persona grata* on account of Princess Hélène and her sister the Queen of Portugal, to whose good will very likely the Delagoa Bay job is due. These things are managed nowadays between Kings and Princes far more than between Ministers and Ambassadors, and royalty was never in such high feather as now. The Queen has left an unknown number of millions, it is said, to her family, but the heir to the Crown is to have his debts paid by the nation at a time when not a single million has been spared for the famine in India — truly we deserve to follow Spain and Rome and the other Empires into the gulf. There is an article in the 'Fortnightly' signed 'Calchas' closely on the lines of George's conversation with me eighteen months ago about the coming struggle of the Empires to eat each other up. I wonder what George thinks now of his precious policy of forcing on the war and getting a leader for his government who would allow him and the other young bloods of the Tory party their 'occasional amusements.' I think that was his phrase the day we went up Chanclebury Ring together and he foreshadowed to me the policy of world-grabbing Chamberlain was to inaugurate.

"*13th Feb.*— Charlie Adeane spent yesterday with us and we took him for a gallop round the Birkeh. Hampden writes that the war must go on until every Boer has been killed or wounded or made prisoner, but he says nothing now about deporting the Boer women, perhaps because that part of the work has been already done. His *saugrenu* opinions are of value because he gets them direct from Chamberlain.

"*14th Feb.*— To-day, while we were waiting for luncheon, we heard screams from the kitchen, and running to the window, I saw an

communicated to him by the wolf? Anyhow, it is a pitiful event. The boy was his father's only son and support, who was doing his work quietly and well in the kitchen. The wolf, too, they tell me, leaves a widow and cubs in the garden. The old man complained pathetically of his loss. 'I have seven daughters,' he said, 'anyone of which the wolf would have been welcome to, and he has taken my only son!'"

As to hydrophobia being perhaps an effect of civilization, there is more to be said in favour of its being so than I first imagined. I find that all the old travellers in Egypt, or at any rate many of them, make the remark as a noticeable circumstance that the dogs in Egypt, though there are so many of them, do not go mad. Hydrophobia seems to have been introduced with other Western diseases from Europe during the nineteenth century.

"*16th March.*—Left Sheykh Obeyd with my nurse for Europe, leaving Anne and Judith to follow later, and slept at Alexandria, especially to see Dr. Ruffer, on whom I called in the morning at his villa at Ramleh. I went on purpose to consult him as a pupil of Pasteur on our kitchen tragedy. What he told me is briefly this. He tells me that, whereas only 13 per cent. of bites inflicted by dogs proved by dissection to have been mad are followed by hydrophobia, it is more serious in the case of wolf bites, 60 or 70 per cent. being the proportion of the bites followed by the disease. On the other hand, he tells me that the Pasteur treatment itself kills a proportion of 2 per cent. of the cases where it is used. It would therefore, he considers, be most rash to have oneself treated on the Pasteur system in the case of a simple dog bite and unless the dog had been ascertained by dissection to be mad. In the case of wolves or jackals, however, the advantage of the treatment would be far greater, though it would not be at all certain. In the case of being bitten Dr. Ruffer recommends nitric acid as the best immediate treatment of the wound. Burning, he says, is quite insufficient, but he is not very encouraging as to any cure."

Ruffer's opinion is of value as coming from so distinguished a disciple of Pasteur. I remember asking him at the end of our talk whether in his own case he would submit himself to the Pasteur treatment if bitten by a dog ascertained to be mad. He said: "I think so, but I should first make my will." My impression is that he believed in the Pasteur treatment as of practical utility only in the case of wolf and jackal bites, while there was a certain risk of 2 per cent. in all cases subjected to the treatment whether the dog was mad or not.

This was the end of our stay in Egypt that winter of 1900–1901. I had a pleasant voyage from Alexandria to Marseilles in company

with Lord and Lady Chelsea, Hedworth Lambton, Lady Wolverton, and Lady St. Oswald. With Lambton, who was then in command of the Royal yacht, I had much conversation about Arabi, whom he had been to see three years before in Ceylon, a conversation which I think had much to do, seeing his position with the new King, with Arabi's release later. He is a good fellow and a gallant officer, and we made friends.

After spending a week at Hyères on our way homewards with the Wyndhams, who were established there for the winter, and where I found George with his son Percy, I went on to England, arriving at Newbuildings on the 10th of April, where I take up my diary.

"*19th April.*— Parliament met yesterday and Hicks-Beach's budget has produced a sensation. He avows a deficit of 55 millions, and that the South African War has already cost 152 millions, which means that it will cost fully the 200 millions I predicted when the war began. He also had the courage to say that the working class which made the war ought to be taxed for it, and has clapped a duty on sugar and coals as well as an extra twopence on the income tax. This is better than I had dared hope from the Tories, though by rights the whole deficit should have been raised at once by a 20/- in the £ income tax if necessary.

"I went to Park Lane and found George Wyndham rather crest-fallen over the narrow majorities the Government got last night and the show up of his preposterous war 'amusement.' He said he was all against the sugar and coal taxes as they would make the voters 'tired of the Empire.' Doubtless, too, he is angry with Hicks-Beach for his plain speaking, for George has always been a member of the intrigue which, as he told me two years ago, had for its object to get rid of the old Conservative leaders, especially of Hicks-Beach, who stood in the way of their little war amusements. George, however, will not take it too much to heart. His theory of politics is that a politician should 'play the game,' and that he owes no duty except to his party. All the same he is more responsible for the war than anybody else not actually in the Cabinet, for he was one of those who under Rhodes' inspiration worked to bring it about. It is amusing to see that Rhodes, whose prime object in making the war was to slip out of his personal responsibility for the raid indemnity, a matter of a million sterling, has succeeded in getting the Government to wipe that matter publicly off the financial slate.

"After my talk with George, Sibell took me with her to Grosvenor House where we found the young Duke, her son, resplendent in uniform, having just come back from seeing Roberts of whom he has been begging a transference from the army to the Yeomanry. The

morning sun was streaming through the windows, which made the rooms very beautiful, the 'Blue Boy' being especially splendid.

"*21st April* (*Sunday*).— To see Meynell, who was as usual full of gossip. It appears that the King's debts have been paid off privately by his friends, one of whom is said to have lent £100,000, and satisfies himself with £25,000 in repayment plus a Knighthood.

"*22nd April.*— Hampden dined with me in Chapel Street. As to South Africa he is quite converted now to ideas of peace and economy, the effect of the extra twopence on the income tax. He has two sons still at the war.

"*15th May.*— As I was walking in Rotten Row this morning I was accosted by an imposing personage with the face and figure of a Roman Emperor, seated on a huge drayhorse, and I recognized in him John Redmond. I had not seen him since 1888 when I knew him in Ireland, and he has since become head of the Irish parliamentary party. He was very cordial in his greeting, and I was able most truthfully to congratulate him on the position of Irish affairs, which have never been so hopeful since Parnell died. We talked about George Wyndham. 'He is a nice fellow,' said Redmond, 'and I like him much personally, as we all do.'

"*25th May.*— Arabi has been pardoned. A fortnight ago I had a letter from him from Ceylon, telling me that the Duke of Cornwall had given him his royal promise to do what he could to obtain his release, and this is the result. If he had been recalled sixteen years ago, as Gladstone intended, he might have been of great use in reforming Egypt, but as it is the pardon has come too late. Arabi will find that the world has marched far during his absence, and the National Party has followed new lines which are not altogether his.

"*11th June.*— To Sotheby's where the Ashburnham MSS. are being sold. They are very splendid, but quite beyond my reach as a collector. I intend to confine my purchasing to Oriental MSS., where the field is open to a moderate purse, as for some inexplicable reason no one cares for them. Being in Quaritch's shop a few days ago I heard the Librarian of the Bodleian declare that he was inundated with offers of these, for which there were no buyers. With Cockerell's help I have got together about twenty illuminated ones at prices ranging from £4 to £10, though I gave £50 for one, a very fine 'Shah Nameh,' which had belonged to Morris. Some day these Oriental MSS. will be worth much larger sums, analogous to those given for European ones of equally fine execution.

"*14th June.*— Hampden, whose son has just returned from South Africa, leaving another son still fighting there, and a nephew Campion dead, is now loud in denouncing the war. He would like to have Kruger and Rhodes and Chamberlain tied in a bag together and

droppe. into the sea. This from the ex-Liberal Unionist whip is a pretty good conversion.

"The Ashburnham MSS. have sold for £33,000, the finest of them a French version of *Lancelot du Lac* for £1,800, a cheap price for perhaps the most beautiful book in the world.

"*27th June.*— I have been going over old letters. Of men's letters George Wyndham's are by far the best, and I have a good series of them written at the most interesting period of his life, that of his literary interlude between the days when he was Arthur Balfour's private Secretary, and his taking office as Under Secretary of State. They are all a man's letters to a man can be, in some ways better even than Lytton's, wonderful as those are.

"*29th June.*— Hedworth Lambton came over from Portsmouth, where he is in command of the King's yacht. He tells me the Duke of Cornwall's intervention in favour of Arabi's must certainly have been prearranged, probably before he left England, with the King. I took him over to Crabbet where he greatly admired our horses, regretting that his Majesty did not breed Arabs instead of Hackneys.

"*6th July.*— Our annual Arab sale. A great concourse of people from London, including not a few notabilities. We sold twelve lots at an average of over 120 guineas, four (stallions) were bought for the Indian Government, three for New South Wales, two for Java, and one for Germany.

"*25th July.*— News has come of a conflict at Sheykh Obeyd between some English officers fox hunting, and Mutlak, and our Arab guards. Our people have been arrested, and I went up to London to the Foreign Office for information and to protest. Old Giglamps (Sir Thomas Sanderson) received me with a little official manner, and talked of its being necessary to leave the matter to be settled by law, but I overbore him with a torrent of indignation, which is the best way to break down the official fence, and he became amiable, discussed the question with me, promised to speak about it at once to Cromer and advised me to address Lord Lansdowne formally, stating my view of the case. We parted the best of friends." [This was the beginning of a long correspondence between me and the Foreign Office, which as it is embalmed in a Blue Book of forty-seven pages, I need not here relate in detail. The Blue Book is one of the most amusing ever issued by the Foreign Office.]

"*26th July.*— Lunched with Frank Lascelles at the Travellers Club, and we talked of old days and of present days too. His success as Ambassador at Berlin, where he has captured the friendship of the Emperor William, is the greatest diplomatic achievement of our day, which he attributes modestly to his talent for making small jokes of the kind which royal personages like. He would not hear of Wil-

helm's being called 'a clever ass.' 'No,' he said, 'not at all. He knows everything and does everything, including painting and fiddling, and most things he knows well. In shipbuilding and engineering he surprises all the experts who have to do with him. Also he is a man. He really commands his army, and really governs his Empire.' 'A second Frederick the Great,' I suggested. 'Just so,' he said. 'That is what he would like to be thought.'

"*27th July.*— With Cockerell to Parkstone to see Alfred Russel Wallace, the Grand Old Man of Science. Cockerell, who knew him already, had asked him to have a talk with me about the prehistoric horse, and an excellent talk it was. He lives in an uninteresting little red villa near the station, but the old man himself is a treasure. Though not able to give me much information on the subject I had come to him about, the early domestication of animals and especially of the horse, he was most instructive about the primitive races of mankind. He divides mankind into three great families, the White, the Black and the Yellow. Among the first he classes not only Semites and the lighter coloured Hindoos, but also the Dravidians, the Hairy Ainus and the Australians. He classes them by their features, and by the quality of their hair, which is long and wavy. The black races are the negroes, the negritos and all others who have crisped hair. The yellow race is characterized by comparatively hairless faces, and the absence of wave in their hair. The Aryans, he says, are a mere linguistic division of the white family, the distinction has nothing to do with the race. He holds it probable that civilization had only one birthplace, and from it had spread everywhere. The taming of animals was imitated from a first example of success by tribes communicating with the successful tribe. His socialistic talk was also interesting, and he displayed wonderful vigour of intellect for so old a man. He complimented me on my pamphlet, 'The Shame of the XIXth Century' and expressed strong views on the pauperization of India. There was a number of the paper 'Light' lying on his table, and I asked him if he still adhered to his belief in spiritualism, and he said very positively that he had not receded from it in the smallest degree."

The month of August was occupied with a driving tour I made to Clouds and the West of England. While at Clouds I saw a good deal of one of our Royal Princesses, who was staying there, and whom it fell to my lot to entertain on a number of drives seated by me on the box seat, for I had my four in hand there. This was Princess Louise, daughter of Princess Christian and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. My conversations with this royal lady

were a revelation to me of the political atmosphere in which our royal personages move.

"*20th Sept.*— In London. A day of disaster for His Majesty's arms by land and sea. Two defeats in South Africa, three guns lost to Botha in Natal, the 17th Lancers cut to pieces in Cape Colony, and His Majesty's ship 'Cobra' totally wrecked off the Yorkshire coast. I called on George Wyndham and talked the situation over with him. The whole army, he says, is overdone and stale, the 17th Lancers have been on the run since the 10th of May, trying to catch the Boers, without a day's rest, and it is the same with them all, horses and men can do no more. He thinks now the winter is over and the grass up on the veldt, our army will have to mark time and stay on the defensive till next year. He is beginning to think we shall have to make terms with the Boers. I suggested a 'Reservation' for them such as the Basutos have where they could be free and govern themselves and live in their own way. He told me in confidence he had long ago proposed exactly this solution as the only one to end the war. The Boers ought to be allowed a 'blow hole.' What they wanted was to lead a patriarchal life according to their own ideas. He thought that if this was allowed they would be eventually amalgamated with the rest of South Africa by the natural processes of progress. George is much pleased with his work in Ireland, and is glad now he did not get the War Office as he had wished. He is taking my advice of doing nothing, and waiting instead of forcing the situation, as people were urging him to do. He described a yachting tour he has made in very stormy weather with his son Percy. We also talked over the Fox-hunting case at Cairo; he has been staying with Lord Lansdowne.

"*21st Sept.*— There is another defeat this morning, two more guns taken. Hampden is now all for ending the war.

"*25th Sept.*— Rennell Rodd is gazetted our Ambassador to Rome.

"*28th Sept.*— Cromer's marriage with Lady Katharine Thynne announced.

"*3rd Oct.*— Captain H—— came to shoot with me and Neville. He has just come from the war. He thinks the fault lies in not hanging the Boers, man, woman, and child.

"*4th Oct.*— To London. Met Austin Lee at the Club. He tells me Cromer's engagement was a very sudden affair. Cromer had been down to lay a wreath on his late wife's grave at Bournemouth, and had taken his place in the steamer for Cairo with Gorst. Gorst had gone on to Paris, and he was to meet him there, but this engagement has intervened.

"*11th Oct.*— At Gros Bois on my way to Egypt, and find here a large party of French people come over from Paris for the day, the Duchesse de Trévise and her daughters, and her son-in-law, de Brissac, and with them Lady Windsor and Lady Paget. In the afternoon I was taken out shooting by Wagram, the other two guns being country neighbours, de Kergoulet and Lagrange, in the Forêt de Notre Dame. Berthe's two girls are growing up charming, with the prettiest possible manners, and quite unspoilt.

"*13th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— The ladies all went off in Berthe's new automoblie to Vaux, and I with Wagram to Paris. There we were met by Alexandre, and after breakfasting at Durand's we went to see a new play at the Theâtre Antoine, 'L'honneur,' a piece translated from the German of an exaggerated Ibsen kind, which interested me not a little. Alexandre acted the cicerone there to his father and me, explaining the play to us learnedly as it went on.

"*14th Oct.*— Shooting again with Wagram. All his ground here is beautiful and of great extent, and he has pride in every inch of it. Some 7,000 acres, if I understand him rightly, in a ring fence, for France a very large estate, and only surpassed anywhere near Paris by those of the Rothschilds, who have between them about 30,000 acres.

"*15th Oct.*— After a last day's shooting I left in the evening for Marseilles and Egypt with Anne, who had joined me in Paris.

"*24th Oct.— At Sheykh Obeyd.* Mohammed Abdu came to spend the morning. He tells me he has incurred the Khedive's displeasure by having performed the marriage ceremony for one of the Khedivial Princes in Switzerland this summer. The Khedive had given his permission, but had intended to back out of it. We discussed the Fox-hunting case. This, he assures me, contains not merely strainings of the law, but positive illegalities on the part of the English authorities. Then we talked of Arabi's return to Egypt. Mohammed Abdu blames him for having held communications with the newspapers, and without waiting to ascertain the true state of things, having proclaimed that everything done by the English in Egypt was good. This has got him into trouble with the native official world, which has given him the cold shoulder, though he is much run after by the common herd. Boys follow him in the street shouting '*Allah yensurak ya Arabi!*' (God give you the victory O Arabi!), and in the mosque when he goes to pray the poorer sort kiss his hands. He, Abdu, disapproves of this, and has not called on him, but I think I have persuaded him that it will be best to make the most of the popularity, and he has promised to meet Arabi at my house when he comes. I am of opinion that a deal might be profitably made of Arabi in the cause of Egyptian free-

dom, but Arabi's popularity with the vulgar was always a source of jealousy with the well-to-do.

"Later Raffiuddin Ahmed, a leader of the Mohammedan community in London, called on me, and I had with him also a long and interesting conversation. He told me things that were interesting of the influence over the late Queen Victoria exercised by her Indian Munshi, with whom he was intimate. Her Majesty allowed the Munshi to have the key of her despatch boxes and to read all their contents, even during the Cretan difficulty and the Sultan's war with Greece. He read the despatches every morning, and told the Queen which were the most important. The Prime Minister knew this and did not object, as the Munshi was really discreet. As soon, however, as the Queen was dead he was packed off back to India. Raffiuddin seems to have read everything I have ever written, and has a surprising memory of dates and facts. He tells me that through his friend the Munshi, he got the Queen to read my protest published in the 'Times' against the massacre of Omdurman. He was to have been put forward by Lord Salisbury for a seat in Parliament, but happened to be away in Constantinople at the time of the general elections. Now, poor man, I fear he is in very ill-health, and is on his way back to India to recover, or, as to me seems more probable, to die.

"*26th Oct.*—To-day Arabi came to lunch with us in company with Ali Fehmy and their friend the doctor. Arabi is still a hale and hearty man, and his white beard becomes him well. I found him simple and affectionate, and very grateful to me. It appears that my telegram of congratulation received by him on the 23rd of May was the first news he had of his release and pardon. It was not officially communicated to him till the 26th. I had a long talk with him about the attitude he was to observe on political affairs, and was pleased to find him with definite opinions. He is too trustful, to my mind, of English good intentions, having experienced only kind treatment during his exile, and it is right he should be grateful, otherwise his view does not differ much from mine or Abdu's. I advised him to be content with what he had already said publicly, to call on the Khedive, if the Khedive would receive him, and on Lord Cromer. He has so much dignity, frankness and honesty that his personal presence must do good. Then Mohammed Abdu came in and they embraced, and talked till luncheon, and through it and afterwards for an hour and more, recounting old experiences and discussing modern men. The meeting was eminently a success, and was really a touching one for us all in many ways. I had, however, fever on me, and was glad to get to bed as soon as they were gone."

Arabi's return to Egypt was robbed of the success it ought to have been by his initial mistake of having allowed himself to be interviewed

on his landing at Suez by one of the staff of the "Mokattam," a newspaper carried on by certain Syrians in the interest of the British occupation, who gave a garbled account of what he had said in praise of the reforms introduced under the English régime so as to make it appear like a recantation of his patriotism. The Khedive, too, never really forgave him nor did Lord Cromer. Arabi was too simple-minded a man not to give opportunities to those ill disposed towards him, and he made the mistake when calling upon Cromer of concealing the fact that he had first called on me, and this was used against him. On the 19th Nov. I called on Lord Cromer and spoke of this with him, who made me a history of the pressure he had put on the Khedive to get him to consent to the exile's return, the line taken by him being that Arabi was no longer of any political consequence. He had received him but they had had little conversation together.

The history of Arabi's recall from exile is without doubt that King Edward thought it would be politic and insisted on it with the Foreign Office. I have always suspected that Admiral Lambton's visit to me at Newbuildings, though ostensibly to look at my horses, was really in connection with this matter as during it we had talked much of Arabi. Lambton had been a believer in Arabi from the time of Arabi's trial in 1882, when he had given useful evidence in his favour. Lambton was also with the Duke of York (now King George V) when he visited Colombo and had the talk there already referred to with Arabi. The exile's recall had been in consequence imposed on Lord Cromer, who was conscious that the whole case for intervention by England in 1882 rested on the logic of Arabi's being a rebel and his patriotism unreal. While therefore Cromer submitted to the pressure put upon him by the Foreign Office he was determined to neutralize the good effect of it as an act of tardy reparation for a wrong done by managing to get the pardoned exile put in coventry by Mustapha Fehmy and the rest of the Khedivial Ministers. In that way Arabi's initial popularity was neutralized and robbed of any political effect.

"*23rd Nov.*— To-day I went to see the Khedive who was as cordial and affectionate as usual. He began by making me an elaborate apology for not having paid me his promised visit at Crabbet when he was in England in June 1900 (I had not been to see him since) and how he had several times asked Rennell Rodd, who had been appointed by the Foreign Office to look after him, to arrange the visit, and how Rodd had always said there was no time. Then I thanked him for having pardoned Arabi, and he told me that Arabi had displeased him by his political pronouncements on arrival and by his always being with Ali Fehmy who had behaved so badly to his father Tewfik, and how he had also heard of Mohammed Abdu's having been

to lunch with me when Arabi came to Sheykh Obeyd, and how wrong it was of Abdu. But I told him I was the only person to blame in the matter as I had entrapped Abdu who had been most unwilling, and he laughed and said he would make it all right with Abdu when he saw him. Then we talked about the Fox-hunting case and he told me of the *peur bleue* he had been in for years past lest the English soldiers should break in on him at Koubbah where his garden was so little protected; also of the Omdeh of Waila having been stopped on the road by a party of Lancers on his way home as he was riding with two servants, and how they had struck him on the head and how he had died a fortnight after it. He is off to Khartoum next week and he went with me to the door shaking hands and assuring me of his great affection and that I was the only true friend they had in Egypt.

"*28th Nov.*— Our yearly *mowlcd* of Sheykh Obeyd, a festival attended by about a thousand people and all the Arabs and Sheykhs of the villages round, and we had horse races and *jerid* play the whole day long in the bit of desert outside, and not a European showed his nose from dawn to dusk.

"*19th Dec.*— Rosebery has made a speech which is causing much excitement at home, offering himself as alternative Prime Minister to Salisbury on equally jingo lines. Salisbury is bad enough, but Rosebery would mean merely Government by the Stock Exchange.

"*30th Dec.*— Left Sheykh Obeyd for England, having hurried my departure principally on account of the fox-hunting case which was being brought forward in Parliament. We went by way of Port Said and Brindisi. Rhodes, Jameson and other of the South African gang were to have taken the same steamer but I believe missed it. They had come to Egypt with the intention of going up the Nile to Khartoum, but Cromer, who hates Rhodes, put a veto on that and stopped the party at Assouan.

"*16th Jan.* 1902.— London. Hampden dined last night with Rosebery, where he was more or less solicited to join Rosebery's party, and we talked over the prospects of Liberalism. My advice to him was that if he wanted office or further employment of any kind, Rosebery was as likely to give it him as any other, though he would never come into office as head of the Radical party. Apart from this, however, there were only two policies on which party lines could run, the first of Imperialism, which meant a bid for the Empire of the world, a gambling venture which would entail the sacrifice of everything we have of value at home, personal liberty, freedom from conscription and financial prosperity; the other Anti-imperialism, which meant letting the world alone and leaving the colonies to work out

their own destinies without our interference, and the same for Ireland.

"*22nd Jan.*— Lunched with Labouchere, who was as usual very amusing, describing the intrigues and dissensions of the Liberal leaders. 'If you were to take them all together,' he said, 'and boil them in a pot, Campbell Bannerman, Asquith, Morley, Rosebery, and Grey, you would not get the worth of a mouse out of them.' Of the Liberal Imperialists none had any following in the country except Rosebery. He told, too, some interesting stories about his own past adventures, how he had ridden once from Cairo to Suez in company with Shepheard, the founder of the hotel, sleeping one night on the road, also from Damascus to Palmyra with Lady Ellenborough and her Bedouin husband Mijuel some time in the fifties, when she was still almost a young woman. And again in Mexico with a notorious robber. He was in every way most pleasant. I have known Labby now for forty years and feel a real affection for him.

"*24th Jan.*— Called on Redmond at St. Ermin's Club. He holds a high position now in the House of Commons and in the world. He was in America last autumn and tells me everyone there is pro-Boer including Roosevelt, the President.

"*28th Jan.*— I have been, since Saturday, at Hewell and have seen much of Rowton who is staying here. He has been most agreeable. I have had him pretty nearly to myself and we have made great friends. He still delights to talk of his old master Dizzy and described how they first met at Raby in 1865. There was a large party in the castle, and Rowton, a young fellow then of five-and-twenty, was asked by the ladies one evening to play the fool for their amusement, and he had sung a comic song and was in the middle of a breakdown when he caught the eye of the old man fixed on him and was filled with shame at being detected in such absurdity, but in the course of the evening a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a lugubrious voice said, 'Mr. Corry, I shall ask you some day to be my impressario.' This led to a talk on serious subjects, and eventually to Rowton's being taken on as assistant private secretary. Ralph Earle was then the first private secretary, but he threw up his position with Disraeli to take an appointment in the City soon after, and made use of his former position to look in at Downing Street and read the confidential papers for his profit on the Stock Exchange. Rowton was given his succession, but had the disagreeable task assigned him of telling Earle he was to come there no longer. Earle revenged himself by making a bitter speech against his former master at a critical moment in the House of Commons. The thing affected Dizzy deeply, less from the ingratitude shown by Earle than from shame at having been taken in and trusted his secrets to such

a man. Rowton is full of such anecdotes, and when I pressed him to write them, even if he did not publish, confessed that the real reason was that he lacked the literary gift and could not do it well. He told me, too, of the story current that Dufferin was really Disraeli's son, but he had found evidence in the papers left him that Disraeli had only made Lady Dufferin's acquaintance six years after Dufferin was born. Dufferin, who had heard the story, was most grateful to Rowton for letting him have the memorandum proving this, and had inserted it in his mother's life. Another story was of how Disraeli came to be Christianized. Isaac Disraeli, the father, had given offence to the Jews by his unorthodox writings and was fined £50 by his synagogue. This angered him and he went straight away and joined the Church of England and had his children christened, Dizzy being then about ten years old. But for this quarrel the son never could have got into Parliament or made even the beginning of a political career.

"*3rd Feb.*— Lunched with Mark Napier who is just back from India where he has been settling a legal claim for a native prince. It had been hung up for thirteen years, but he got it pushed through by George Curzon in ten days. (Such is the virtue of the Crabbet Club.) He gave a good account of George and of his surprising energy and power of work, which leaves him no time for amusement. He is master of everybody, Mark says, and so is not altogether popular with the high officials, but seemed to be so with everybody else.

"*4th Feb.*— Called on George Wyndham and had a long talk with him about Ireland, which wholly occupies him. He is far more in sympathy with the Nationalists than with the Castle party which he despises for its sycophancy or the Ulster Protestants whom he dislikes for their sour bigotry. His own people, however, are constantly worrying him to coerce, and he has been obliged to make a show of doing something in that way though most unwillingly. He told me he had quite come to agree with me that there was no possibility of doing anything of real good in Ireland under present conditions and the less done by a Chief Secretary, the less the harm. He thinks, however, that if Ireland could be governed as a Crown Colony for five years things might come right. This is a curious remedy which would need fifty, not five years to have any effect. He was delighted when I repeated what Redmond said about him and that the Irish members still regarded him with a friendly eye.

"Then he read me a long letter from his brother Guy written at the end of the year, describing a fight he had been engaged in in Cape Colony against Smuts in which he took credit that he had held his ground. I remarked that I had thought the Boers had long ago been

cleared out of Cape Colony, at which George laughed aloud. Guy in another letter said that to try to prevent Boers going where they chose to go was like trying with a single squadron to prevent two squadrons passing a line between Bath and Salisbury. It is clear the war is far from over.

"*14th Feb.*— Found George Wyndham at breakfast and walked with him across Green Park to his Irish Office. I congratulated him on the new Japanese Alliance (the Convention of Alliance with England had been signed on 30th Jan.) which is the best thing the Government has done for a long while, but George is quite disillusioned about politics or the possibility of much affecting the course of the world's events. Chamberlain is the hero of the day in spite of his absurd blunders in South Africa, because he talks big and defies European opinion.

"There is a funny story current:

Master to Boy: "Who was it made the world?"

Boy: "Mr. Chamberlain."

Master: "Think again. Wasn't it God made the world?"

Boy: "Oh, go on! You are a pro-Boer."

"*22nd Feb.*— Rosebery has cut the Liberal painter and has passed out into the wilderness.

"*23rd Feb.*— Lord Dufferin's death is in the papers. His end was tragic, but carelessness in money matters was the weak point in his character. When he came of age, I remember hearing, he had a quite unencumbered estate of £20,000 a year, but he muddled it away. Heaven knows on what, for he was not a gambler nor a runner after women, only he kept no accounts and liked to do things on a grand scale. For the last thirty years he has lived on his pay as a Government servant, always in the highest posts. Then when his time of service was over he found himself with a large family of children and a pension of less than £3,000 a year. He took Whitaker Wright's £6,000 a year to enable him to live. In all things else he was singularly high-minded, with a chivalrous devotion to his mother, the one passion of his life. He trifled with women rather than made love to them, and when his mother died, his chief affections went to his children. He was a faithful friend, retentive of old memories and was rightly beloved by all. I knew him when he was only thirty-three, a good-looking and attractive young man travelling in the East with his mother. His marriage was arranged for him by his mother, a year or two later, and he accepted it as he would have accepted anything else from her hands.

"*28th Feb.*— Yesterday I went to see poor Peploe Brown (the painter), and found him strangely altered. He has been paralysed for some years and is now a little wizened old man, quite helpless

in his chair, but preserving all his old powers of talk. He sits there a pathetic figure in his studio in York Place surrounded by canvases of gigantic size, the monuments of ancient failures in his art, blind and alone but for the devotion of a man servant who waits always within call. This man, Fred, deserves a medal of gold if ever a servant did, for he puts his whole soul into his service, and I fancy even without wages, for Brown is almost penniless. Poor Brown, what a terrible life! yet he does not complain because he can still see light out of the corner of one eye, also he suffers no pain, and he sleeps well.

"*2nd March* (*Sunday*).— Walked across the Park and lunched with Frederic Harrison. I sat next to Miss Hobhouse, recently come back from South Africa where she was prevented by our authorities from landing. She is an amiable middle-aged woman, much persecuted on account of her action in the concentration camps. People are rude to her, refuse to shake hands, and they get up to go when she enters a drawing-room. Others of the party were Henry Arthur Jones the playwright, young Trevelyan the poet, and Lady Gregory.

"In the evening with Lady Gregory to Newton Hall to hear Harrison deliver his farewell address on retiring from the leadership of the Positivists. The beginning of it was rather tame and I was dosing off when I was awakened by an allusion to my work in Egypt and hearing my name cheered. After this Harrison gave a really fine address, saying many hard things and true things of modern England, touching, too, from the fact of its being his last spoken word.

"*11th March.*— Learned last night of the defeat and capture of Methuen by Delarey. The news of the capture was heartily cheered by the Irish in the House. It was the King's wedding-day.

"*12th March.*— Called on Father John Gerard, S. J., in Farm Street, whom I had last seen fifty years ago at Stonyhurst where he was my special boy friend. He had written to me, and hence my visit. I found him a worthy matter-of-fact Jesuit advanced in years but preserving just the little touch of romance which had prompted his letter to me about our childish school friendship when we were both twelve years old. He reminded me that we used to keep caterpillars in paper boxes and that I had insisted upon pricking holes in the lids in the form of the constellations so that the caterpillars inside might think they were still out of doors and could see the stars.

"*14th March.*— Methuen has been released and the newspapers are full of praise of Delarey, the first time they have had a word of civility for any Boer since the war began.

"*15th March.*— To the Zoölogical Gardens to look at Prevalsky's wild horses, just arrived. They are miserable specimens, like the

poorest and weediest of the New Forest ponies, coarse-headed, knock-kneed, cat-hammed and with drooping donkey tails, yet distinctly horses.

"*17th March* (*St. Patrick's Day*).— To George Wyndham, who explained to me the difficult position he was in with the Tory Press on account of his Irish policy. 'They are all waiting,' he said, 'to pounce on me because I won't go their way in Ireland.' He promised to tell me some day the whole history of the last fortnight, as to which I gather from him that he was obliged to threaten resignation rather than go in for a policy of extreme coercion, which has always failed and will fail again. Then to John Redmond in Wynnstay Gardens. I found him just arrived by the night train from Manchester, where he spoke on Saturday, but alert and smiling. It being St. Patrick's Day, somebody had sent him a little box full of shamrock and he opened it and gave me a bunch which I shall try and grow at Newbuildings as it has a root, but he warned me it would never grow out of Ireland. We talked about George. He was perfectly aware how matters stood with him. 'I am obliged,' he said 'to be fierce with him in public, but I know he is with us in his heart, and we all know it.' I like Redmond, he is a thoroughly straightforward good fellow, strong and practical and self-reliant but not self-assertive, a worthy successor of Parnell. I was surprised to hear him regretting Rhodes' illness and saying that he would be a great loss if he died. I asked him why, and he said that Rhodes has always been a Home Ruler about Ireland as part of his Imperial Federation scheme, and also because he thought the Irish quarrel ought to be settled in the interest of the Empire. Redmond had seen a great deal of Rhodes when he was in South Africa, and believed he still held to his Home Rule opinions. My own opinion of Rhodes, on this as on other points, is that he is a rogue and a humbug. The King and Queen are sending him their royal condolences about his illness.

"*21st March*.— John Dillon was suspended last night in the House of Commons for calling Chamberlain 'a damned liar.'

"*22nd March*.— Dined in Park Lane and met there Lady Ormond and the Berkeley Pagets. George explained to me his new Irish Land Bill after dinner, which he does not profess to regard as anything but a makeshift. As far as I understand it, it is a scheme devised to buy up the quite small holdings in the West and group them into farms of fifteen and twenty acres. He again said that he was very averse from Coercion, but added that the Government might be driven into it, and it would then mean something much more than what had hitherto been done, and would involve the imprisonment of all the leaders of the League, and government by force in

Ireland after the manner of a Crown Colony. He would do what he could to make things go quietly, but there were strong forces at work pushing to extremities, witness the 'Times' articles. I told him I was inviting Redmond to dinner, and asked him whether he would come. He said there was nothing he should like better, but it would be too dangerous in his present position, and as long as he was Chief Secretary.

"*24th March.*— Took my niece Mary Milbanke, it being Lent, to a mediæval morality play, 'Everyman,' being just now revived, a terribly dreary business, which more than half reconciled me to having been born in the nineteenth century. These ancient plays have only an archæological interest and are impossible on our modern stage. They are worse than the worst comic parts of Shakespeare, which is saying a great deal, crude, childish, long-winded. The mediæval idea of life in Christian Europe with death and hell as a perpetual background of all pleasure, is repellent, when put nakedly before us in action. There is a brutality in the view of all pleasure being sinful, which is only tolerable when mixed with a large dose of scepticism, as in Boccaccio. These north of Europe plays with their serious intention are like having a bucket of cold and very dirty water poured over one for a joke.

"In the evening to hear an excellent lecture by Sir William Butler on Cromwell in Ireland, a most able and brilliant performance. I was asked to say a few words afterwards, and did so lamely enough.

"*25th March.*— George has made a brilliant speech introducing his Irish Land Bill, and I see Redmond and his men are very civil to him. I pride myself on having contributed to this good feeling.

"*30th March* (*Easter Sunday*).— Rhodes is dead. I did the rogue an injustice when I thought he might be shamming as a pretext for getting away from the Cape and the prosecution of Princess Radziwill, in which he is implicated, but Rhodes was one of those of whom one always had to ask oneself, '*Quel interêt peut-il avoir en mourant?*' The capitalist newspapers are, of course, full of his praises. He is supposed to have bequeathed a part of his millions for Imperial purposes. I look on him only as a lucky speculator, a gambler on rather wider lines than the rest, shrewd, or rather lucky, in his calculations for a long while, and then, having made a series of gross blunders, unscrupulous enough to save most of his own money at the expense of a war and ruin for everybody else. I suppose he will live in history as he has given his name to Rhodesia, and has engineered the Boer War. If the British Empire recovers from this and asserts itself permanently in South Africa he may count for something more, but it is quite certain that he miscalculated the whole Transvaal business. His pronouncements from time to time during the last

five years have been always contradicted by events. Some people say this was only an excess of roguery. I think he really blundered and blustered and pretended to be wise to people who looked upon him, on account of his first successes, as an oracle. I have seen just the same thing at Homburg in the old gambling days, when a man who had broken the bank once was followed by admiring crowds, who credited him with supernatural intelligence, and went on believing in him till the day he lost all and disappeared. Rhodes had the intelligence to go away with a large share of his winnings in his pocket, but his friends have been ruined following his lead.

"My niece Mary Milbanke is with me. I am very fond of her; there is something soothing in her phlegmatic nature and absence of all ambition, personal or otherwise.

"*11th April.*— 37 Chapel Street. I entertained Miss Hobhouse at lunch with Meynell and Margaret Sackville, and we discussed Rhodes' will, the topic of everybody's talk. It is astonishing the general adulation bestowed on the man. People do not see that the £4,000,000 he leaves to public purposes are £4,000,000 robbed from the public and bequeathed to the ends of new robberies. Meynell was amusing and pleasant as he always is.

"*17th April.*— St. George Lane Fox brought his cousin Lord Russell with him to lunch with me to-day. We talked over matters connected with Egypt and the attack I am making on Cromer as having tampered with the Criminal Courts at Cairo. Russell, though wrong-headed, is a very able man, and has legal experience and much practice in speaking as alderman of the London County Council and in Committees of the House of Lords. He is also quite fearless of Governments. I should not be surprised to see him some day Opposition leaders in the Lords. He has a good presence, a good voice, and a wonderful memory. Our luncheon was amusing.

"*19th April.*— Hunted from Fernycroft with the Foxhounds. Young Bron Herbert was out and rode with me very pluckily, poor fellow, with his cork leg replacing the one lost in the Boer War. He is a very clever and very nice young man, but has been captured for service on the 'Times'— a bad education. His sister, he tells me, has joined the Theosophists and gone off to live in California.

"*26th April.*— Lady Gregory called and took me off to dinner with her and Yeats and afterwards to a meeting of the Irish Literary Society, where the Cuchulain Saga was discussed. I spoke on it and so did O'Donnell, he partly in Irish, partly in English — an interesting man. Yeats also spoke well. He is a pleasant talker on his own subjects, and in appearance is of that most interesting dark Irish type with pale face and lank hair.

"*5th May.*— Anne writes from Egypt announcing somewhat enigmatically that Cromer has had a final quarrel with the Khedive and is trying to depose him. I think this not unlikely, but it would be difficult for him to do unless the Great Powers were to decide to divide the Mohammedan States between them. This is nearly certain to happen some day. I suppose France will be given Morocco; Italy, Tripoli; England, Egypt; Germany, Syria and Asia Minor; Austria, Constantinople; and Russia, Persia. [Compare Secret Treaties of 1916.]

"*6th May.*— Lunched with Ralph. He has decided at last to publish the great Byron Secret, and has drawn up the case against Byron and Mrs. Leigh in the form of a book called 'Astarte.' This is very ably done, but to my mind is marred by an introduction violently attacking Murray, the publisher, with whom he has quarrelled over Murray's recent edition of Byron's Works. I shall endeavour to get him to modify this; indeed, I think the whole thing might without much injustice to Lady Byron's memory be let sleep. It is an ugly story, however told.

"*10th May.*— Anne has returned from Egypt. I met her at Charing Cross and gave her breakfast here in Chapel Street and saw her off to Newbuildings, I being obliged to go to Ockham for Sunday with Cockerell, where Ralph is to consult us about 'Astarte' and its form of publication.

"*11th May (Sunday).*— At Ockham. Cockerell and I have spent the day trying to persuade Lovelace to omit his attacks on Murray, which are really undignified, and also, we think, unjust in so far as they concern the present representative of the firm.

"*18th May (Sunday).*— I have sent in my letter to Lord Salisbury. It went last night to Hatfield with a private note inside to Schomberg McDonnell explaining that I hoped Lord Salisbury would read it himself. It is a big venture as I am attacking Cromer personally, but in big game shooting it is safest to leave the antelopes alone and go straight for the rhinoceros. It being holiday time makes it a favourable moment.

"*21st May.*— My bomb against Cromer has exploded with a real bang. The 'Daily News' gives it a leading article, the 'Standard' a whole column, the 'Morning Post' printed my letter to the Editor and a *résumé*, the 'Chronicle' and 'Daily Mail' are also good, only the 'Times' and 'Telegraph' fail us. It could hardly have made a bigger noise."

The great publicity obtained on this occasion in the Press made it unnecessary for me to pursue it further, and it was agreed not to bring it forward in Parliament. There was, of course, not the smallest chance of obliging the Foreign Office to publish the correspondence,

and the publicity was already obtained. Moreover, before the Foreign Office Vote came on for discussion the King's illness had occurred, and nobody had any attention to pay elsewhere. The case was of importance, not so much in itself as from the demonstration it gave of the unscrupulous methods resorted to by our diplomacy at Cairo to hide its tampering with the Law Courts and whitewash the misdeeds of the Army of Occupation; the publicity made it possible for me later to fix on Cromer the responsibility of the scandalous Denshawai case.

"*29th May.*—An early luncheon with George Wyndham and sat talking with him for a couple of hours, mostly on his Irish policy. I am amused to find him more and more of a Home Ruler, though he does not quite avow it. He seems to have found out that it is a choice between that and Government as a Crown Colony. I asked him whether he did not think the Local Self Government Bill in Ireland had played entirely into the Nationalists' hands, and he admitted that perhaps it had, but it had been a necessary part of the general Unionist policy of treating Ireland precisely on the same lines as England. It might lead indirectly to a sort of Home Rule, that is to say it might come to a union of the local councils under one general council at Dublin which would practically settle all Irish affairs. In the meanwhile the law had to be carried out. There was hardly any real crime in Ireland; but where the law was very clearly broken the Crimes Act must be put in force. He believed the Irish leaders would secretly quite approve of this, for they did not want crime any more than the Government did. What had always been resented was the blundering in the choice of cases to be dealt with. On the whole, the thing as far as he was concerned was to get his Land Bill passed and his Catholic University Bill, both of which he meant to carry through, and get through his term of office as peaceably as was possible. He did not expect the Government to last out longer than October 1903.

"We talked also on the larger aspects of Imperialism, and he agreed with me that the violences done in connection with South Africa, necessary as perhaps they were, had had an ill effect on our national character, and that it might well happen that personal freedom and strict legality would both suffer here in England in consequence. I have been reading Stowe's Chronicle of the reign of Henry VIII, and I reminded George of the destruction in a very few years of both freedom and legality, and how it had ruined the character of Englishmen to the extent that at the close of the reign each nobleman was ready to betray his fellow-conspirator, and each Bishop to recant his heresies, and each gentleman condemned to death

to beg abject pardon of his King for having opposed him as if for a crime.

"*2nd June.*— Peace has been signed at Pretoria. The country is thoroughly war sick, and I hope will so remain during my lifetime. King Edward was determined to have an end put to the fighting before his coronation, and I fancy the Boers have had better terms given them than people are aware of, and that the peace has been arrived at over Chamberlain's head and Milner's. Talking of Chamberlain on Thursday, George said of him that his character was completely misunderstood by the public, who, judging by his face, thought him a cool, unimpassioned calculator. He was just the reverse, being rash and impulsive in his decisions, to a great extent a political gambler, anything but a safe man to be at the head of affairs. George is beginning to learn things now he is in office.

"*3rd June.*— Madeline Wyndham took me to tea at Apsley House with her son Guy and his wife and stepdaughter, a pretty child just out. The Duke and Duchess showed us all over the house from garret to cellar, or rather to the underground chamber, where the plate is displayed in huge glass cases. The old Duke must have had a passion for silver plate, for every crowned head seems to have presented him with some, the most magnificent being the gift of the Portuguese Government. This last includes thirty-two dozen silver dinner plates. It is unfortunately all of a date which leaves its value something less than the weight of the metal, though the Portuguese is better than the rest, enormous pieces of preposterous design of the time of George IV, practically unusable. There is something melancholy in such a vast display for every one except the head butler, who has the proud charge of it. The Duke and Duchess, however, take a full interest in it all, and explained everything in detail to us very amiably. They are excellent people, he rather stiff and formal as becomes the representative of his great ancestor, whose half whisker he imitates; she a good-natured soul, and both without pretension. They have only succeeded to their kingdom within this last year. Upstairs the great ballroom is a really fine thing, hung with a few good pictures and many bad ones, the best the 'Velasquez' obtained in Spain, and a sweet little religious picture of two panels, I know not by whom; it is called an Albert Dürer. We had tea in the garden under the old thorn trees just in full blossom. An interesting visit.

"*4th June.*— To bid good-bye to Rowton at his house in Berkeley Square. He has been very ill, and is going away on a sea-voyage to the Cape and back, which he thinks will set him right. I hope, indeed, it may, for I have a considerable affection for him. His

rooms, which had been newly cleaned and decorated, looked bare and uncomfortable. He complained of having no one to look after him or hang his pictures, or arrange his furniture — the misery of never having married. 'You see me,' he said, 'in my sixty-fourth year, and I have never proposed to any woman in the way of marriage, and there is no one who will care whether I live or die.' He has been through a terrible time, having one of his ribs cut out by Bennett at St. George's Hospital. 'It was a question of life or death in twenty-four hours, and I said "Do it."' He asked me what I had myself felt when at the point of death, and I told him, 'A great indifference.' 'It was the same with me,' he said, 'I did not care which way it might go.' It is strange to see a man with so many friends yet apparently so little loved. There is nobody who looks after him, no woman who spends her time with him, not even a nurse, nobody he thinks that loves him. This must be terrible. Neither has he any religion to give him a false hope, nor even a belief in his own philanthropic work. His nearest thing to a creed is his worship of his old master, Disraeli.

"Then I went on to see John Dillon, and had a long talk about Ireland. He is rather sceptical of George Wyndham's Nationalist sympathies, and says that he is putting the Coercion Act in force more vigorously in some ways than Arthur Balfour did formerly. He gives hard labour now as well as imprisonment, with a view to disqualifying men from serving on County Councils. Dillon also talked much about the peace in South Africa, as to which his views are much the same as mine. He was pleased at my calculation that each Boer, man, woman, and child annexed will have cost the British Government just £1,000. He talked strongly of the ineptitude of the Liberal leaders in the House of Commons.

"Had tea with Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, whom I had met at Clouds in the autumn. She is living in a very small house in Queensbury Place, which she has decorated with an enormous Union Jack in honour of the peace. With her I found an old friend, Mary Hughes, her lady-in-waiting, and a visitor, one Landon, who has been 'Times' correspondent for the last five years in South Africa. Landon gave us a long acount of the origin and rise of the war, which was extremely interesting. Inspired by the Princess's sympathy, who interjected at every mention of a Boer or of a pro-Boer, 'He ought to have been shot — he ought to have been hanged,' he unfolded all his budget, and let us into many secrets. 'I am perhaps,' he said, 'the only man who has ever ventured to ask Mr. Chamberlain directly, whether he knew of the Jameson Raid before it happened. I had myself known it was intended nearly a year before,

as it was talked of quite openly at Johannesburg as due to take place at the end of the year, and it did in fact take place on the 31st of December. Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to my question, said. 'Well, I was consulted as to what would be the attitude of the Government in the case of a *bona fide* popular rising at Johannesburg, and my answer was that if it was *bona fide* the High Commissioner would be instructed to intervene to restore order, and of course that would have meant by the forces of the Crown.' 'As a matter of fact,' Landon explained, 'the raid as nearly as possible succeeded. What hindered its success was that the Johannesburgers could not make up their minds what flag they should hoist, the Union Jack or the flag of a Republic, and they had agreed to send a Commissioner to Cape Town to settle this question, and while they were awaiting the answer Jameson grew impatient, for his men got tired of doing nothing, and were drifting away from him, and he resolved to risk the coup. Jameson was always a gambler. When he was making £2,000 a year as a Doctor, he used to lose £1,000 and £1,500 a night at cards, and he treated the raid in the same gambler's spirit. He had 500 men still with him, in another week he would have had only fifty, and he played his stake. If the Johannesburgers could have made up their minds, they could have got possession of the fort and with it of the whole situation, for all the ammunition, artillery, and supplies of the Transvaal were there, and there were only seven men to guard it. The thing might have been done quite easily. As it was it failed through Jameson's folly. He ordered the advance in spite of seventeen telegrams he received ordering him to stop, including one from the Queen. 'Yes,' said the Princess, 'Grandmama has several times told me long before it happened, that she only hoped to be spared living to see another war in South Africa.'

"Landon also told us about the part Schreiner had played in what he called 'the black week.' Schreiner had up to that time been the trusted leader under Hofmeyr, of the Bond, but he had the wit, Landon said, to see that the defeat of the British armies would oblige England to destroy the Dutch Republic, and he came over secretly to Milner. It was this that prevented a general rising in Cape Colony, for all trusted Schreiner, and when he advised against it the Dutch followed him. He spoke of the Orange State as a model of good Government, honest in all branches of its administration, and on good terms with the English Government. I pushed him to say what reason there was for the war, which he avowed was forced on by our side. He said it was one entirely of racial ascendancy, and that if matters had been left alone for a few years more, the Dutch would have become predominant in South Africa. When I further asked what harm there would have

been in that, his reply was that a Dutch Government would have been a corrupt one, after the fashion of the South American Republics. I walked back with him as far as Hyde Park Corner.

"*10th June.*— A lecture by Yeats at the Clifford's Inn Hall in explanation of his theory of recitation. As an entertainment it was excellent, as he had got three ladies who recited admirably to the accompaniment of the psaltery invented by Dolmetsch, who himself took the chair at the meeting and explained everything musically. Yeats, however, was far from convincing me that the method was either new or good as a way of reading poetry, indeed it reduced the verse to the position it holds in an opera libretto. It was impossible to distinguish whether the words were sense or only sound, and the whole effect depended on the reciter.

"*11th June.*— With Neville to another lecture to hear Bernard Shaw defend his position as a Socialist (especially as to the part he had taken against the Boers in the late war). It was a very clever performance, for he is a brilliant and ready speaker full of paradox and ingenious jesting, but it was clear his socialist audience was not much with him, and it was impossible to take his doctrines seriously. To me the Fabian position has nothing to recommend it. It is socialism without the few humanitarian virtues which commonly go with it, without romance and without honesty of principle, only opportunism.

"*15th June (Sunday).*— Newbuildings. Yeats is here with others, and we had an afternoon of poetry, but all agreed that Yeats' theories of recitation were wrong, useful only for concealing indifferent verse. When he recites it is impossible to follow the meaning, or judge whether the verse is good or bad. All the same he is a true poet, more than his work reveals him to be, and he is full of ideas, original and true, with wit into the bargain. We all like him.

"I am trying to dramatize one of the Cuchulain episodes for Yeats to bring out next year in his Cuchulain cycle of plays at Dublin ['Fand'].

"*23rd June.*— The whole of London is decorated for the Coronation, the line of the processions being barricaded with stands for spectators, covered with red cloth. Though the decorations are not generally in the best taste, the general effect is gay, and the grime of London is clothed and put out of sight. Very few modern buildings are not improved by being faced with scaffolding. Immense crowds parade the streets, and traffic is blocked.

"*24th June.*— A bolt has fallen from the blue. The King is ill, has undergone an operation, and the Coronation is postponed." [So little was the misfortune expected that the King and Queen had been photographed, robed and crowned in anticipation. I have one of these photographs by me still. There never was so dramatic a misfortune.]

"*25th June.*— Called at Dorchester House to write my name down for Princess Hélène, who with her husband represents the King of Italy at the Coronation, and at 35 Park Lane to give Lettice her wedding gift and the Sonnet I have written her. I found her with Lord Beauchamp, her fiancé, a good looking, smooth faced young man, who complained much of the deception that had been practised on the public in regard to the King's illness. Passing through the Park I found Rotten Row crowded, not a trace of trouble on any face, though the newspapers talk of general gloom. On the contrary, streets are full of gay sightseers, satisfied to look at the decorations since there will be nothing more. Returning after dark I found the Park still crowded, but almost exclusively by lovers who occupied each bench in pairs reposing, according to the naïve London custom, in each other's arms.

"*5th July.*— The day of our horse sale. I am camped at Caxtons very pleasantly. As a social function all went off most prosperously. Five hundred and ninety people had accepted invitations, and some five hundred sat down to luncheon. Also the quality of the guests was exalted — Princess Louise, the Sultan of Perak with a turbaned suite, Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar with the same, some twenty Colonial big wigs, including Barton, Prime Minister of the new Australian commonwealth, and a fair show of our own Lords and Ladies. My health was proposed by Lord Egerton, and I made a rather longer speech than usual in reply. There was no hitch in any of the arrangements, and all the world was pleased. The sole thing wanting was the presence of buyers for the horses. It was the worst sale we have had in all our twenty years, as last year's was the best.

"*10th July.*— Newbuildings. Hilaire Belloc came to see me and stayed to dinner. He is a very clever fellow, a good talker, and a powerful wine drinker, as his book, 'The Path to Rome,' indicates. (I had not met him since sometime in the eighties, when he came as an Oxford undergraduate to consult me on a plan he had of bringing out a Catholic magazine.) We had an amusing evening trotting out paradoxes." [This entry records Belloc's arrival to take up his residence in Shipley, who was afterwards to prove so good and interesting a neighbour to me for so many years.]

"*13th July (Sunday).*— Labouchere and his wife and daughter, Bill Gordon and Sibyl Queensberry are here (Newbuildings) for a Sunday visit. Labouchere in the highest possible form, brimming over with wit and good stories, the most brilliant talker in England, now Oscar Wilde is gone. Gordon, too, is no bad talker on his own subjects. Labouchere is to retire from Parliament at the dissolution, and has bought Michael Angelo's Villa at Florence, where he means to live. He is busy pulling the Villa about 'to suit it,' he says, 'to modern requirements,' uprooting old trees in the *podere* and planting new ones.

About this vandalism, as about all else, he is shamelessly amusing. 'Old Michael,' he explained, 'didn't understand how to make a house comfortable, it's time we should teach him.' His daughter tells me he is a model father, always in good humour, and never scolding her. Indeed he is full of private kindnesses in spite of his public ferocity, and they are a very happy family. I like them all. We sat up till half-past one last night, and he must have told quite a hundred stories and nearly all new. To-day Belloc joined us at dinner, and proved too talkative for Labouchere, who would not compete with him."

"The Duke of Norfolk's undeveloped son is dead, and Meynell, whom I saw on Friday was full of anecdotes about him, tragical enough, from his birth, which when it happened was considered an event of the extremest significance in all the English Catholic world, down to this drear conclusion. Perhaps the most pathetic incident was when he was on pilgrimage at Lourdes to which place they repeatedly went in search of a miracle for him. As the ducal party approached the shrine they found themselves face to face with a crowd of joyous French peasants chaunting in honour of a cure which had just been wrought, and the verse of the psalm they were singing was 'He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away.' 'We shall have no miracle,' said the Duke, and the Duchess burst into tears. The boy as he grew up had a beautiful face, but he had no mind, and he never learnt to speak. The only words he knew were 'Pretty boy, pretty boy,' which he had heard strangers say who came to see him, and he repeated these when he became excited mechanically. His father spent several hours every day with him, but he did not know his father, except as a playfellow, and when the Duke came back from his campaign in South Africa the boy had clean forgotten him. This was a sad wound to the Duke. The Duke, some think, will never remarry. He considers that he resisted a vocation when he did not become an Oratorian, and that he was accursed for this in his son by Heaven. He is more likely to end his days as a priest. The little Lord Arundel is to be buried to-day.

"*14th July.*— Lord Salisbury has resigned, and is succeeded as Prime Minister by Arthur Balfour. This has disappointed the extreme Imperialists who have been intriguing for the last four years for Chamberlain, but I think Balfour will be found just as uncompromising a Jingo as the other; however, it makes for morality in England, and so on the whole I am glad.

"The Tower of St. Mark's at Venice has fallen, its foundation probably undermined by the wash of the steamers and the dredging of the canals.

"*21st July.*— There are to be changes in the new Cabinet, Hicks

Beach has resigned and Lord Cadogan, so George Wyndham will get his step whether he stays in Ireland or not."

The first fortnight of August was spent by me in making my annual driving tour, this time through East Sussex, and afterwards for a month at Fernycroft, writing my play, "Fand," with other poetry. I find nothing of political importance in my diary for many weeks. In November I was for a week at Gros Bois and Paris, where I found everything in a state of political quiescence, all that was being talked of being a certain growth of Socialism. On the 22nd, being about to start finally for Egypt, I went to see George Wyndham in Park Lane, and he gave me a full account of his plans for Ireland. Next session he is to bring in a bill to deal finally with the land question on the basis of compulsory purchase, aided with English credit. He has got a majority, and more than a majority of the Irish landlords to agree to it, and thinks he can carry it through at a cost, if I understand him rightly, of about seventy millions. The extreme cost he put at £120,000,000, the security for which from the English taxpayer is to be got out of the Public Aids given to the local rates, which will be stopped if the tenants of the County aided fail to pay their yearly rent. He intends to deal very liberally with the readjustment of the financial relations of England with Ireland, and the money thus paid annually to Ireland will be the security of the Land Purchase settlement. Lastly, he will endow a Catholic University. I asked him what he thought would be the outcome of all this if it was effected. Home Rule or a closer Union. He admitted that it would probably lead to Home Rule, but said it was not his business to look so far ahead. Indeed if he carries out all he talked of he will have done enough for one man. As to coercion, he said his revival of it was the price he had had to pay for obtaining a free hand from his colleagues in the Cabinet. He had made large use of the London press, and the support of the "Times" could only be bought by coercion. George was in his most sanguine and optimist vein, and felt certain of success. We were interrupted at this point, and he promised to look in on me at Chapel Street in the afternoon. This he did, but we were no longer alone, and the Irish talk was not renewed.

CHAPTER II

GEORGE WYNDHAM'S IRISH LAND BILL, 1902

King Edward VII's reign began with a fair promise for the world, or at least for the British Empire, of peace; and there was good reason to hope that a more reasonable foreign policy would be pursued than that which had so violently disturbed the last years of Queen Victoria's reign. King Edward was by nature and habit a peacemaker, and one of his chief occupations as Prince of Wales had been to use his social influence in composing his friends' quarrels. It was disagreeable to him that persons of his Court with whom he came in contact, and in whom he felt an interest, should be on ill terms with each other, and he had long felt a pride in bringing them together. His own life had not been altogether free from domestic storms, but these had not been due to faults of temper on his part, rather of conduct, for he was a lover of pleasure and allowed himself wide latitude in its indulgence. This had involved him in more than one scandal out of which he had always managed to emerge without serious injury to his reputation. These irregularities had indeed rather added to his popularity for they showed him to have a kindly heart and he had always proved faithful to his friends. His experience, too, had made him a good judge of character both with men and women, and gave him a certain facility in his intercourse with both which was not without it diplomatic uses. Thus when for the first time he found himself in a position to influence the conduct of foreign affairs (for Queen Victoria had been always jealous of his being entrusted with state secrets) his natural instinct was to use it in the interests of peace, especially with France, where the chief friction was found, and from the first days of his accession he busied himself in bringing about a settlement of the international differences.

As Prince of Wales he had been in the habit of spending a certain number of weeks every year on the continent, and especially in Paris, where he had become personally popular, through his somewhat Bohemian tastes and love of the French stage. In Germany he was almost equally at home, though not on the best of terms with his nephew the Emperor William, and he was on pleasant terms, too, with the Russian Court, and indeed all the Courts, having a family connection with most of them. I knew much of his private life, more

than I can relate here, through certain common friends entirely in his confidence, and my feeling towards him has always been for this reason, that of a well-wisher as well as a loyal subject.

The very first object which he set himself to bring about as King was to put an end to the Boer War, not so much perhaps on any humane principle as ending what he was well aware had become the cause of vast discredit to England throughout Europe, and in this he succeeded notwithstanding the Tory obstinacy of those in power. A second scandal which he would have willingly seen ended was that of Ireland. He was aware, as very few Englishmen had discovered, how grave a scandal the long disloyalty of the Irish race was in the eyes of the outside world, and how seriously it affected the dignity of the British Empire and of himself personally as Ireland's king. Thus the title bestowed on him, not quite seriously at first, of "Edward the Peacemaker" was in my opinion well deserved, though, through the diplomatic blunders of our Foreign Office and the incurable cupidities of our advanced imperialists, the seeds of peace sown during his reign were so perversely misapplied as to bring about the cataclysm of the general European War which ten years later overwhelmed his successor. Lord Salisbury's retirement from office immediately after King Edward's coronation and Mr. Balfour's succession as Prime Minister marks the true end of the Victorian era, and the beginning of another, better let us admit in its intentions, but disastrous beyond all possible foresight on King Edward's part, in its results of ruin for the European world.

I spent the first winter of the new reign, 1902–1903, once more in Egypt. On leaving London, I wrote "*28th Nov.*, I had met Frank Lascelles at my Club and had had a long talk with him about old times and new. He had been staying at Sandringham with the King and the Emperor William and told me much about them both. It is pleasant to find him still affectionate as in old days and unspoilt by the dignities of his position. The truth is these diplomatic dignities seen close are small things and do not turn their possessors' heads unless they come very suddenly and unexpectedly. An ambassador in the regular service blossoms gradually and has plenty of time to remember that he was once an attaché and is still a mortal. On my way through France I had travelled with Sir John Gorst (the elder) on his way to attend the opening of the great Assouan dam and to visit his son Eldon at Cairo. Talking about past events in Egypt he told me that in 1886 it had been intended by Lord Salisbury to supersede Cromer and appoint Drummond Wolff in his place and as he, Gorst, was in Cairo at the time, Stafford Northcote had commissioned him to find out how the change would be regarded in native quarters, and he had gone to Nubar, then in office, and consulted him. Nubar

had told him that if Cromer went he and his colleagues in office would go too, and it was in consequence of Gorst's report in this sense that Cromer was allowed to stay on. It is curious that it should have been Gorst, Wolff's intimate friend, who did him this ill turn, though doubtless Gorst was only fulfilling the commission given him by his superiors. It was a decision of critical importance, for on it really rested the question of the alternative policies in Egypt, Cromer's which was a policy of remaining and anglicizing the Nile Valley, Wolff's of restoring National self government."

On our voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria "I have been reading the Documents connected with the trial of Joan of Arc which have just been published. Her death is perhaps the most stupendous political crime ever perpetuated in Western Europe, certainly the blackest in English history, and this, remembering Cromwell in Ireland, the suppression of the Indian Mutiny and the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb, is saying much. At the same time there was undeniably a certain legal case against Jeanne in the Ecclesiastical Court which condemned her. The position she took up and persisted in with regard to her visions and her mission from God, made it impossible for the Inquisition to hold a middle course concerning her. Either she had been inspired by God or she had been inspired by the devil, for in those days the idea of mental hallucination was unknown, and if not by God she was necessarily a sorceress worthy of death. In reality Jeanne was a pious, good girl, persuaded of the truth of her 'visions' and acting single-mindedly in obedience to them. A claim is made for her by the editor of the book that her answers to her judges have a character of supernatural wisdom. This seems to me to be exaggerated; she was often at fault, and to some very simple questions gave answers by no means wise, as when she refused to repeat the Pater Noster or to say who counselled her to put on male attire. So much for the ecclesiastics. The conduct of the English commanders Bedford, Warwick, and the rest, was infamous to the last degree and without a shadow of excuse. They burned her and scattered her ashes in the Seine for precisely the same reason that Kitchener and his scoundrel officers blew up the Mahdi's tomb and threw his body into the Nile. It was the dastard spirit of revenge against one who had beaten English armies in the field, and of whom they had all been afraid.

"*4th Dec.*—We arrived off Alexandria at daybreak, the city looming out of a bank of smoke and black cloud for all the world like Liverpool. It was only a local effect, however, and we were soon in the sunshine and on our way across the Delta, and are now at Sheykh Obeyd. Between Damanhur and Cairo I counted seven pied kingfishers, three hoopoes, two spur-winged plovers, one snipe, one

false snipe, and fifty-two little white herons, a thing to note in view of the rapid extermination of birds in Egypt. We arrived at home a full hour before sunset, having found Hamouda Abdu, now made a Bey, expecting us at the Cairo station. His brother the Mufti had just left for Assouan for the opening of the great Nile dam.

"The building scheme at Kafr el Jamus has been going on apace, the whole area north of the village has been laid out in streets and squares, though these have not yet been built over, indicating the rise of the tide which will one day join us in continuous houses with Cairo. Our neighbour Selim Bey Faraj, the Christian judge of Benha, is dead, a poor unmanly creature who had managed to get on bad terms with all the Moslems round. He had got possession of forty acres of land to which he clung pertinaciously in spite of some persecution by the Arabs provoked by his own covetousness. He had a passion for litigation and was memorable for a record series of actions at law brought against his wife which he carried before every tribunal in Egypt, native and foreign, and then on appeal before the Sultan at Constantinople, and as a last resort before the Pope at Rome, and lost them all.

"*19th Dec.*— The Grand Mufti (Sheykh Mohammed Abdu) came and sat with me this morning for a couple of hours talking. He had sent me Butler's 'Conquest of Egypt by the Arabs' of which he had received a presentation copy and I explained its contents to him, for he does not read English. He treats Butler's theory of the Makawkas being identical with Cyrus the Melchite Patriarch of Alexandria as rubbish. He says that it is certain the Makawkas was a Copt, the Governor of Memphis, and that he and the mass of the Copts favoured the Arab invasion which relieved them of the Roman tyranny. If it had not been so, how could the Copts have obtained such very favourable terms from Amru and enjoyed the liberty and self government they did for so many centuries after? It was only the crusades and especially the attack made on Egypt by St. Louis that caused the Copts to begin to be persecuted, they having declared for the invaders. We talked also about contemporary affairs at Constantinople. The Khedive is now on bad terms with the Sultan, having been ill-received by him this summer. Abdul Hamid refused to receive him at all until he had promised not to mention the affair of Thasos. The affair of Thasos is this: the Khedive, who is owner of the island though it forms no part of Egypt, has managed matters there so badly, raising the taxes and imposing import duties that the people of the island complained of it to the Sultan who made it a pretext for sending his own troops there as garrison. The Khedive wanted these removed, but could not get a hearing at the Palace.

"Abbas is now much under the influence of a Hungarian lady

who has become his mistress. She was with him at the time of his motor car mishap, some weeks ago, when he missed his way coming back at night from Dar el Beyda and stuck fast in the sand. The *ghaffirs* who refused to help him he put to forced labour for a week, a thing reported to the British agency and made a cause of quarrel there against him. We talked also of Midhat Pasha and the death of the Sultan Abdul Aziz. Abdu confirms the account of this given me by Dr. Dickson in 1884 as one certainly of suicide.[1] He tells me also how Midhat was starved to death at Taif. They gave him bread so hard that the old man broke his teeth over it and they allowed him no convenience of any kind in his cell for his natural wants till he died of ill treatment, and his head was then cut off and sent to Constantinople. Of Abdul Hamid, Abdu spoke as the greatest scoundrel living, a strong word for a Grand Mufti to use of his Caliph.

"*22nd Dec.*— An Arabic newspaper has published a fantastic account of my life and doings. I am by birth, it says, an Irishman, born with an hereditary hatred of England, originally without fortune of my own, I espoused the daughter of a great English lord under the following condition. The lord, many years before, while travelling in the Ottoman dominions, had been assassinated, and died leaving £4,000,000 sterling to his daughter, with an injunction that she should avenge him. She consequently imposed upon her suitors that they should take oath of vengeance, and as I was the only one with sufficient courage, I had been accepted, and had since devoted my life to an attempt to ruin the Ottoman Empire. This I had sought to accomplish by stirring up the Arabs to proclaim an Arabian Caliphate. It attributes the present coolness between the Khedive and the Sultan to my machinations, as also the war now going on in Arabia between Ibn Rashid and Mubarrak of Koweit, whom I had supplied with arms, and a great deal more nonsense of the same kind. I talked the thing over with Mohammed Abdu, who suggested that I might make use of this as an opportunity for publishing in Arabic a full account of my connection with the affairs in Egypt of 1881–82." [Out of this grew the work which occupied me all that winter in conjunction with the Mufti, and which was published five years afterwards as my "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt."]

"*1st Jan.* 1903.— We celebrated the New Year (the second day of Shaban), by dining with the Mufti, and talked over the old political days of 1882."

5th January to 14th January were occupied in a desert journey by Tel el Kebir, Salahieh, Ismaïlia and back by Kassassin and Om Kamr home. Our party consisted of Anne and me and Miss Law-

[1] See my "Secret History."

rence, with eleven camels, four mares, and a donkey, Suliman Howeyti, Mutlak, and servants. I give a few extracts:

"*6th Jan.*— A short day, but an amusing one. Soon after starting we crossed the track in the sand of two wolves, and followed them to a high tell. There we sat looking out over the desert, and I presently caught sight of the wolves cantering across a piece of open sand about a mile away. Then I sent Mutlak back for Suliman, and we went down with him to the place and after some search hit off the tracks, and he followed them with us for an hour back to the Kittaban, where we had camped last night. As we were going up wind, we got close to them before they saw us. Then they were away both together over the high sand ridge, and we after them full gallop. They were immense big wolves, one darker than the other — it looked quite black against the sand. When we reached the top of the ridge they were already a quarter of a mile away, with Mutlak close behind them, for he was riding Manokta, who has great speed. Anne and I did not follow beyond the ridge, but watched them going as straight as a line for Kafr Abusir, till they disappeared in the great distance. Mutlak, after following a couple of miles, had to give it up. It was a fine sight, and the genlemen of the 11th Hussars would have had their work cut out for them if they had got upon the line. The track of the larger of the two wolves in the damp sand was as big as the palm of my hand, with immense sharp claws. After this we had a long canter to catch up our camels. We have camped about five miles from Belbeys.

"*7th Jan.*— We are camped on the field of battle of Tel el Kebir, inside Arabi's line of earthworks. These are of immense extent, though for the most part a mere ditch and bank, which any cavalry regiment would cross almost without checking speed. As we arrived we sighted a jackal running along the embankment, and in another direction half-a-dozen British soldiers in their red coats out for a day's holiday to look at the scene of their country's glory.

"*8th Jan.*— We rode all along the front line of entrenchments, in the ditch of which are still numerous human bones and a few skulls of the 'poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,' who died there twenty years ago. The embrasures of the half dozen forts, where the artillery was posted, are built in part of the rushes of the Wady put in to strengthen the gravel. The lines, though broken through in places by the passage of camels, are still mostly intact, and in this dry climate will last for several thousand years, and I fear outlast the fame of the peasants that built them, in their one assertion of manhood, to defend their country. The outlying fort in front of the lines was visible eastwards. It was there that Ali Rouby was stationed in command of the cavalry, Ali Rouby who betrayed his

trust and allowed the English to march past him without giving warning.

"*9th Jan.*— To-night we are encamped near a high sand dune, from the top of which there is a fine view of the line of the Suez Canal with the low sandhills beyond it, and far away southwards Jebel Attaka and the line of hills to Hamum; close at hand Abu Tufaïleh, where there are some palms, not far from Ismaïlia, which is also distinctly in sight. There are shepherds and camelherds of the Maaze near, some in tents, some squatted under bushes, all very happy. We saw a fox, a hare, an eagle owl and the track of two wolves. An immense spider of a light sand colour, with brown bars, was found in my tent in the morning about three inches across. I never saw the like in any of my journeys.

"*13th Jan.*— Travelling all day across the great gravel plain south of the Wady in a straight line to Om Kamr. On the way we met Abdallah Ibn Majelli, of the Hannadi Arabs, out on a hawking expedition, with four dependents, two hawks, and five greyhounds. These last, as it turned out, were all descendants of our old English greyhound bitch Fly, a daughter of whose, Jerboa, we gave some fifteen years ago to Prince Ahmed. In spite of many crosses with Arab greyhounds the English type is well preserved, though the dogs are smaller and lighter. Their master told us they were quite acclimatised, and stood the heat and the hard ground as well as their own greyhounds, retaining something of their English speed. We saw them kill a hare after a rather long course among the small bushes with which the plain was sprinkled. The hare must have doubled forty times before the greyhounds got her. One of the hawks waited overhead, but did not pursue the hare after the first minute. The party had got a hubhara also in the morning. They were suspicious of us when we first rode up to them. I fancy that, being away from their own *dira*, they were afraid.

"*14th Jan.*— Rode in to Sheykh Obeyd.

"*22nd Jan.*— Professor Browne from Cambridge came to luncheon, bringing a letter to me from Alfred Lyall. He is most intelligent about Eastern things, not merely as an Orientalist, but also politically. He has lived some time in Persia, and has written a couple of books about it, and knows Persian and Turkish and Arabic, but having little colloquial knowledge of the last, has come here to practise it. With this view he has been attending Mohammed Abdu's lectures on the Koran at the Azhar, and already understands them fairly well, but his accent in talking is peculiar. We took him to see Mutlak and Suliman in their tents, the first 'houses of hair' he has ever sat under. He has been seeing something of our English officials here, and tells amusing stories about them, especially about

Dunlop, the Adviser of the Ministry of Instruction, who told him roundly that he would not have any Englishman under him who came to Egypt knowing a word of Arabic. It only gave them romantic ideas about the natives, and they would waste their time explaining what they taught to the natives in Arabic instead of making these learn English. For this reason he would not hear of accepting young men from Cambridge who had passed an examination in Arabic. He prefers to go to England, and pick up young men himself for the places vacant in his department.

"*28th Jan.*— An interesting man has been here, one of Ibn Rashid's slaves from Haïl, a half-bred Arab negro born in Nejd, by name Eïd. He is here on a political mission of some kind to find out what is going on in the world, and possibly to seek alliances for the new Emir Abd el Aziz Ibn Rashid. His master is just now in rather bad luck, having lost a considerable battle to Ibn Saoud, and been driven out of Aáred. He gave us a graphic account of the battle, and how Ibn Rashid's standard had been passed on from hand to hand by his *khayal* (horsemen) as one after the other was slain, he himself taking it at last, though Mutlak declares it fell into the hands of Ibn Saoud. According to Eïd, Ibn Saoud has now gained possession of Aáred, and is living at Derayyeh, but Kassim is still under Ibn Rashid, who has his Wakil at Bereydah. I asked him what part the Dowlah (the Ottoman Government) had played in the matter, and he protested that it had played none, except that the Sultan had sent a present of Martini rifles and cannons to Abdul Aziz on his accession. Of the English he said that Koweit was full of them. Mohammed Abdu, who came in while we were talking, helped to cross-question him, and there is no doubt the man is what he states he is, for he knows all the politics of Nejd past and present; he is quite new to the outside world, having travelled by way of Jof to Damascus, where he left his *dclûl* and came on by steamer from Beyrout, a strange experience for him. He has stopped the night with us, and this morning he is to go back straight to Haïl. I gave him a piece of parting advice, and a message to his master and to Hamoud and Majid, and the rest of them there. 'Listen,' I said, 'to my word, and let these listen. There is danger to the Arabs from the Dowlah, and there is danger also from the English; have nothing to do with either of them. Make peace at once with Ibn Saoud and remain quietly in your own country; leave Mubarrak alone at Koweit and leave Ibn Saoud alone in Aáred, otherwise the Government of the Ibn Rashids at Haïl will perish. You have seen here what comes of English intervention, how the Khedive's Government has been undermined and destroyed, and so it will be with you in Arabia if you do not mind your own affairs. Have nothing to do

with either our Government or the Sultan's, your own is better than either. You have liberty at Haïl and you are happy under it, and may it last a hundred years.' I enforced this advice with a present of five pounds as a proof of my sincerity, and he seemed much impressed. I feel sure that he will deliver my message to Abdul Aziz, whether his master follows my advice or not." [This incident is of interest as fixing the date of the beginning of the rival intrigues on the one hand of the Ottoman Government, and on the other of the Government of India in Peninsula Arabia with large distributions of firearms to the rival tribes, and the stirring up of strife, leading to the larger results we have seen within the last years in the Hedjaz.]

"*30th Jan.*— To-day Mahmud Pasha Sami came to see me with the Mufti. I had not seen him since we were in Ceylon nineteen years ago, a very distinguished gentleman now in his old age, a poet and a man of letters, nearly blind, who has to be led by the hand.

"Also later one Abdul Kerim Murad of Medina, whose brother had given Anne her first Arabic lessons in 1880. He has since been travelling round a large part of the Mohammedan world during the last few years, including Nigeria and Senegal, of which he gave a most interesting account. [Especially of Sokoto in Nigeria, describing the great wealth and industry of that city and its honourable government since overthrown by the English.]

"*8th Feb.*— Hamouda Bey, the Mufti's brother, was here to-day. He has been seriously ill of late through overwork at his legal business. He has been recently given the rank of Bey, and in virtue of his new title was invited the other night to the Khedive's ball, as to which he gave us a naïve and amusing account. 'I went,' he said, 'with two friends, men like myself in the legal profession, and we arived among the first, none of us having ever been at such an entertainment before. As we were depositing our coats and umbrellas, for it had rained, at the vestiary, suddenly I saw in a mirror a sight reflected such as I had never in my life beheld, two women who were standing behind me, naked nearly to the waist. I thought it must have been some illusion connected with my illness and I was very much frightened. Their faces and arms and everything were displayed without any covering, and I thought I should have fallen to the ground. I asked what it meant and whether perhaps we had not come to the right house, but my friends took me on into the ball-room, where they showed me a number more women in the like condition. "Who are they?" I inquired, and they told me, "These are the wives of some of our English officials." "And their husbands," I asked, "do they permit them to go out at night like this?" "Their husbands," they answered, "are here," and they

pointed out to me Mr. Royle, the Judge of Appeal, before whom I had often pleaded, a serious man and very stern, as the husband of one of them. This judge I saw dancing with one of these naked ladies, gay and smiling and shameless, like a young man. "And he is here," I said, "to see his wife thus unclothed? and he dances with her publicly." "That," they answered, "is not his wife, it is the wife of another." I was dumbfounded with shame for our profession. Just then I saw Lord Cromer pass by. His coat was unbuttoned and showed his shirt down to here (pointing to his stomach). I did not see Lord Cromer dance, because as I was looking the Khedive entered the room leading another of these ladies, and there was a crush of those near me to look at him. I found myself jammed close to two of the naked ones, their shoulders and bosoms pressed against me. I was terribly ashamed. As soon as I could free myself, I called to my companions, "Come away, my dear friends, this is no proper place for us," and I took them with me home. We would not stop for the refreshments which were being served and where wine was being poured. The Khedive calls himself a good Moslem. He says he never drinks wine and leads a respectable life, but this entertainment of his was not respectable, and he himself was there, and they tell me that the ladies of his household are allowed by him to look from behind a screen at all these abominations.' Such was Hamouda's naïve account of his adventure. 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'you do not understand that this is our work of civilizing the East, wait another twenty years and you will see all the Cadi's of Egypt with your brother the Mufti among them, dancing with ladies even more naked than these, and who knows, going with their own heads bare.' 'I can understand everything,' he said, 'except this, that the husbands of these ladies were there, actually there, in the dancing room, and did not send them home.'

"*19th Feb.*— Mr. Bourke Cockran called, having been introduced to me by John Redmond as the most prominent Irishman in America. I found him an intelligent, old-fashioned Irishman, and altogether worthy. He told me he had been one of the strongest opponents of the Philippine policy of the American Government, and that he hoped yet the Philippines would get their Home Rule. He had seen George Wyndham in Ireland, and had talked to him, and was confident he meant well with his Irish Land Bill.

"*25th Feb.*— To Cairo for the first time this winter to see the Khedive. I found him grown older and less fat and gay, with a rather harassed look, like a man who had been worried and bullied, but whether by Cromer or by his new Hungarian mistress I do not know, but a new lady he certainly has, for we met him out camel riding last week with her, attended by an eunuch and with a soldier

riding behind them. The lady was in European dress, with a gay hat, as if for a garden party, and they were all mounted on handsome white camels. It was in the desert near Kafr el Jamus.

"To-day he began at once to me about the different troubles he had had in the Waïli and other affairs, and he went on to complain of Mohammed Abdu's ingratitude, in having continued to be friends with a certain Reshid who had sinned against him. I defended the Mufti on this point and exhorted the Khedive to make up the quarrel. I cannot help liking Abbas in spite of his many vacillations and inconstancies. He has this merit, that he always speaks out his mind, and is never offended at one's speaking one's own. I fancy Cromer must hold some secret rod over him and make him feel it from time to time.

"There is a scandal at Cairo which is grieving English society, Lady R. having gone to a ball with her legs bare and dressed as a *saïs*. This is considered a terrible impropriety, not so much for the thing itself as because 'she had just been dining with Lady Cromer,' and 'natives were present.' There has been a case of assault by two Bedouins on Englishmen at Mariut about which the Khedive also told me, the matter concerning him personally as he has property at Mariut.

"*26th Feb.*— Lunched at the Mufti's, Professor Browne being also there. It is surprising with what fluency Browne now speaks Arabic, which he only knew as a scholar without having ever spoken it when he came here two months ago. He has been attending the Mufti's lectures at the Azhar, and tells me they are admirable and very fearless, and that he has a ready facility in answering objections made to him by the old-fashioned interpreters of the Koran. I talked to the Mufti about the Khedive's complaint against him and he will write to His Highness and explain the mistake. A reconciliation between them is most necessary in public interests. Acting together they are able to effect much, apart they neutralize each other and are powerless.

"*6th March.*— Mohammed Abdu brought Sheykh Reshid, the cause of the Khedive's wrath, to see me, who seems a worthy man, and with him Hafiz Ibrahim, a Fellah poet, with whom we discussed the Moallakat. They all three maintained that the best Arabic poetry was not that of the Ignorance but of the second century of the Hejrah. This is quite contrary to our English ideas, but for Eastern ears the standard of merit is different from ours. What the learned here admire in poetry is the prosody, not the meaning of the verse. They care very little for the naïvetés of the pre-Islamic poets, regarding them only as blemishes, and they cannot understand that

there is any merit at all in the Abu Zeyd cycle. I could see that these gentlemen despised me for admiring it.

"*14th March.*— There has been a very large wolf in the garden for the last week or ten days, which has been hanging about the tents at night, where the sheep are folded just outside our wall. There are several flocks here just now as there is no pasture in the hills, and the wolf has come in with them probably. We have seen him more than once by daylight, and at night he has howled near the house. Two nights ago, however, a dozen new tents were pitched just outside with a quantity more sheep belonging to the Howeytat on their way back from the Riff, where they have been at bersim. The wolf came upon them about midnight. There was a terrible noise of dogs barking and men shouting and shots fired. In the morning I went out to see what had happened, and old Eid came to me from the Assara and told me they had shot the wolf, and a little further off I saw a group of Arabs digging a grave, as I thought for the dead wolf. On coming close, however, I found it was no wolf but a large dog, very old and very lean and covered with blood. They told me that it was a mad dog which had rushed in among the sheep and which they had killed. The singular part of the story, however, is that they have not only buried the dog, but have made up a regular grave for it exactly like a Moslem grave with tall bones set up at either end and neatly trenched. It is a new thing for me that a dog should be thus honoured, one I should have thought impossible in a Mohammedan country. Suliman, whom I set to find out the truth about it, says they buried the dog for fear that their own dogs should eat it and so go mad, but it does not explain the grave.

"*15th March.*— Our Mowled of Sheykh Obeyd. There were present the four chief Sheykhs of the villages round as well as Yusuf Abu Shenab, Hassan Musa el Akkad, and a number more important neighbours in addition to the Arabs. Professor Browne, who had lunched with us, came on for the festival. The feast was a general one, the poor of all our four parishes being fed. One incident only marred it in the display of horsemanship. Hamdan, an Agheyli from Bereyda, got his arm hurt with a *jerid* to which a point had been maliciously given with a nail, and he accused Mutlak of the treachery, but though Mutlak had given the blow it had been given with one of a number of *jerids* got ready for the occasion, and it was probable a trick was played on him through jealousy. The wound, though only a scratch, has produced much ill-feeling.

"I have finished my Moallakat translation with Anne, and an introduction to the volume. We hope to get it published during the summer.

"*16th March.*— Arabi lunched with us and remained talking the whole afternoon. He gave me a full account of the events of 1881–82,

more especially of his relations with Khedive Tewfik in 1881, the Circassian conspiracy of the following year, the riot of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel el Kebir, a very plain-spoken narrative as to which I cross-questioned him closely. It impressed both Anne and me, and confirmed our high opinion of him morally and intellectually. His present circumstances, poor man, are to be pitied. He has returned to Egypt after twenty years' exile and finds a cold shoulder from every one in authority, from the Khedive, who has not forgiven him his rebellion, from Cromer, who considers him a nuisance, and from his fellow countrymen at Cairo, who, misled by the fanciful tales invented by the French Press of his having sold his country to the English, regard him with unmerited suspicion. We are sorry for him, but I fear it is too late to set things right.

"*23rd March.*— On Saturday John Dillon and his wife, who are in Egypt, came to spend the day. He gave us much Irish news and spoke of the danger George's land bill is running through the growing weakness of the Government. He fears they will never get it through the House. He expressed a high opinion of Winston Churchill's ability, but says he is even more unscrupulous than his father was. He thinks also that the abstention of the Irish party this session from its long opposition will have done harm by making people suspect a secret understanding between Wyndham and Redmond. Nevertheless, he says, Irish prospects were never higher than now, and Home Rule in some form must come soon. We talked, too, about Egyptian affairs, which he knows pretty well, having always taken an interest in them, and I have given him letters to Hafiz Effendi Awwad and Carton de Wiart to help him in my absence to a right understanding of the situation, for we leave for England to-day."

We left Egypt for England on 24th March and arrived there on the 28th.

The next two months, which I spent principally in London, were mainly occupied by me in using what influence I possessed with the Irish Party to carry through George Wyndham's Land Bill, as to which he had appealed to me for help. The negotiations, of which I have a complete record in my diary, are extremely interesting, and though they have no direct concern with the main subject of this volume, namely, Egypt and our foreign policy, I give them in their entirety here.

"*28th March.*— Arrived in London and glad to be back. On issuing from the Mont Cenis tunnel yesterday I found an English newspaper with a report of the introduction of George's Land Bill in Parliament. I had hoped to be in time for it, for it is the biggest piece of legislation that has been attempted for Ireland since Catholic Emancipation.

George seems to have presented his case splendidly, and so far has met with no opposition. It is a very daring scheme, and follows closely all he told me about it last autumn. I never thought he would be allowed to have it so much his own way — for it involved a hundred millions sterling — especially after Brodrick's antics at the War Office and the reaction for economy.

"*29th March* (*Sunday.*)— Lunched in Mount Street. Windsor and Lady Windsor — nobody else — our talk mostly about George and the Irish Land Bill, all in high praise. Then to Wentworth House, where Judith is staying, and all there too in high good humour about Ireland. Lastly to Belgrave Square where new raptures about George and his bill — how could it be otherwise? George wants to see me.

"*30th March.*—Lady Windsor came this morning. She has seen George since yesterday, and brings me a message from him to the effect that I could help him with the Irish members about the bill. Of course I shall be delighted to do this, and it is all the easier because Redmond wrote some weeks ago asking me to let him know as soon as I returned to England. I must see George however first.

"*31st March.*— Found George at his breakfast in Park Lane at the hour appointed yesterday and he began at once about his Irish Land Bill. He told me what a desperate fight he had had to get it adopted by the Cabinet and how nearly it had more than once been wrecked. Even within forty-eight hours of his bringing it forward in the House all had seemed lost, and it was only the splendid support given him by Arthur Balfour that had carried the day, as I understand him, by a single vote against Chamberlain's opposition — he did not mention Chamberlain by name. Ritchie too had supported him, and the silent vote of Akers Douglas and the Tory phalanx.

"Then he gave me a brief historical account of how he had engineered the whole affair during the autumn and winter. The first thing had been to secure the 'Times,' without which nothing could have been effected. He would not say exactly how this had been done, though he promised to tell me that and every detail some day, but I imagine Arthur Balfour must have promised Walter his long expected peerage. Then George had used his personal influence on the landlords, had gone to stay with Dunraven, had encouraged Mayo, and had expostulated privately with the leaders of the Landlords' Convention when they proved obdurate. The result had been the agreement come to at the Land Conference. He spoke in high praise of the Nationalist leaders and said O'Brien had behaved splendidly, quite justifying the character of patriotism I had given him when we had last talked about him. It was to help O'Brien to get out of his difficult position towards the evicted tenants that he had inserted the clause in his Bill providing for their reinstatement.

"I told him how at a critical moment I had written to Redmond, and he highly approved. Everything had worked out most fortunately till Parliament met in the Spring. Then the financial difficulties had begun. I asked him who had suggested the finance of his scheme, and he assured me he had done the whole thing entirely himself, which is also what his mother told me on Sunday when she described to me how he had always had a mathematical head at school and how at an examination he had drawn without a mistake the whole of the figures of the second 'Book of Euclid' from memory. Since the meeting of Parliament, however, he had been in most tempestuous waters. Brodrick's Army Bill had frightened everybody by its extravagance, and when the Funds fell to 90 he had thought all was lost. Only Ritchie encouraged him then, and he quoted a word of Ritchie's that had been repeated to him. Ritchie had said, 'Brodrick asks for millions, but he can't explain what he wants them for. But Wyndham explained everything and *convinced* one — or (correcting himself after a pause) the contrary.' But for Ritchie, the whole thing would have had to be abandoned as involving the Government in ruin. Then came the loss of the two by-elections, Woolwich and Rye, and the Cabinet meeting on Chamberlain's return (from South Africa). What I gather from George is that the Liberal Unionists opposed the Bill. The Duke of Devonshire, Lords Lansdowne and Londonderry, and probably also Brodrick and Lord George Hamilton, all these being Irish absentee landlords or representing them.

"I asked him about Chamberlain, but he was reticent. 'I will tell you now,' he said, 'exactly what the present situation is. When I got up in the House of Commons last week, I felt that I had my back against a wall and was fighting for my life; and, as often happens in such circumstances, I was able to do my very best. The question was so complicated a one that I knew I could not hope to make it clear to everybody, but I knew that on each section of it there was a group that would understand on one side or other of the House. So I turned to each in turn and got into a condition of magnetic touch with each, so that they leaned forward towards me and I could see that they understood. So much was this the case that, as I approached the City financial part of my argument, I felt, though I could not see, that there was somebody behind me in close sympathy, and I turned round and asked "Am I right?" "Quite right," was the answer. It was from Edgar Vincent. Thus I was able to get through the whole speech without wearying my audience, and at the end had succeeded in gaining the sympathy in turn of every section. This for the moment. Since the first reading, however, and the publication of the Bill, one of the most representative members of the old Tory phalanx has been to Arthur Balfour and has represented to him that much of the Bill is

hard to swallow, and that the only thing that makes it possible for them is the idea that the settlement is a *final* one of the whole land quarrel, and that unless the Irish members will declare in this sense there will be a revolt. The situation, therefore, is very critical, and if you can do anything to make the Irish leaders understand how not only I but the whole cause of Irish land legislation may be wrecked by a lack of discretion on this particular head you will be doing a good service, and you may use your discretion about our talk. I have twice thought of my own resignation and political ruin a certainty, and it may be so yet. But if it happens it will equally ruin Irish hopes, for they will never again find an Irish Secretary who, with my example before him, will dare to risk so much or go so far. Of course I quite understand that the present vote may really not be quite final. The millions may not prove quite enough, and perhaps in a few years three or four millions may be necessary. But when the time comes and the thing has proved a success nobody will then grudge a supplement. Only, to declare now that it is only an instalment and not final would ruin everything and we could not pass the Bill.'

"We then went on to talk about possible Home Rule in some form as an ultimate result of the peace to be established in Ireland between landlords and tenants, and he admitted that, if all united in demanding it, it could not be refused. Indeed, George admits himself to be theoretically a Home Ruler, though he does not consider Home Rule as yet within the range of practical politics. The less said about it just now the better.

"Lastly, he told me how he had captured certain Irish millionaires, and induced them to put their capital into Irish concerns. Lord Iveagh had promised to finance a motor company for the sale of agricultural produce, and an Irish American publisher had offered him £100,000 for any enterprise he liked, suggesting a paper mill on the Shannon. This done, I went home and tried to find Redmond, and made an arrangement with his wife to lunch with them to-morrow, and I am to report progress to Sibell and George at breakfast on Friday.

"*1st April.*— Oliver Howard called on me this morning to talk over his plan of going to Nigeria. Being tired of London and domestic happiness, and being Chamberlain's private secretary at the Colonial Office, he has volunteered for service under Lugard. Lugard has just made a raid on Kano and Sokoto, mopping up both kingdoms 'in Imperial interests.' Nothing with less excuse has been perpetrated in the history of British aggression. The two States, say with twenty millions of inhabitants, were happy and prosperous, and peaceable, carrying on industries established and flourishing for a thousand years, and now, to gratify Lugard's ambition, they are to be annexed to the pitiful British Empire, and all the English world is pleased. Oliver

tells me Lady Lugard (ex Flora Shaw) has come home very angry with the Nigerian climate, which has laid her on her back. I would have tried to deter Oliver from going, as he is too good for such bad work, but he is already engaged, and all I could do was to advise him to make it a condition he should be employed inland, and not on the river. Still, it is about an even chance that he leaves his bones in the country. [Which he did.].

"Lunched with John Redmond and his wife. I told him in all possible confidence what George's difficulty was, and the precarious position of the Bill. He said, 'I quite understand Wyndham's difficulties, but you must believe me when I say mine are quite as great. There is a party in Ireland headed by Davitt and Archbishop Walsh that is determined to go against the Bill, and there is sure to be wild talk at the Convention. I saw Wyndham yesterday evening, and he told me something about the necessity of accepting the Bill as final, not as an instalment, and I am entirely in accordance with all he said. Of course the Bill will require amending, but I will do my best to get it through, and let the English imagine if they like that they are doing a fine and generous thing. But we can't stop the talk. I can depend thoroughly on William O'Brien who thinks exactly as I do about it, and all our Parliamentary party, even John Dillon, who I know does not like the Bill. He would be quite loyal to us. The difficulty is outside. Davitt is a land nationaliser, and is altogether opposed, and so is Archbishop Walsh. If it would make matters easier I shall be happy to communicate with Wyndham through you, and arrange what amendments it would be possible for him to accept. It would be easier to do it through you than directly, for it is difficult for him to talk quite frankly to me, and I have to go openly and knock at his door in the House of Commons when I want to speak to him, without knowing who there may be there with him. It would be very dangerous for it to get about that there was an understanding between us. But if he will do it through you it will be safe. So you must let me keep in touch with you. I go to Ireland to-morrow till after the Convention, which will be on the 16th. The critical time lies between this and then, and there may be things to communicate.'

"And so it was arranged between us. I asked him what his view was about a Catholic University. He said, 'You must not be shocked with me if I say I don't care twopence about it. Of course it would be a good thing, but it is not essential, and it is no good weighting ourselves with it till we have got the other job through.' This was almost word for word the answer I gave George yesterday to the same question.

"*2nd April.*— Breakfast again with George and told him of Redmond's proposal in regard to the amendments and of communicating

through me. To this George readily assented, and it is agreed between us that after the Easter recess he shall meet Redmond at my house and discuss all things amicably there. He had already met Redmond once at Dunraven's, but it will be much more confidential here in Chapel Street. George has to speak tomorrow at Manchester, and will at my suggestion say something in the direction of still further relieving the evicted tenants. I hope it may all turn out well.

"*4th April.*—A letter has come from Redmond of so important a kind that I dare not send it on to George, but shall wait till I see him on Monday. In it Redmond gives a list of the amendments which will probably be adopted at the Dublin Convention, and he expresses a special hope in regard to the King's visit just announced for Ireland, that the King will not receive any addresses while there. Redmond says that, while the Irish are quite prepared to receive the King in a friendly way, they cannot officially show loyalty.

"*6th April.*— Arriving in London I went to Park Lane, where I found George waiting for me. I showed him Redmond's letter, and we went through the various points of it together, and he then went into his inner room to write an answer, leaving me to talk to Sibell meanwhile. At the end of about three-quarters of an hour he came back with the paper he had written, which, considering the difficulty and importance of the questions dealt with, I hold to be a considerable feat. In it he treats each of Redmond's suggested amendments, agreeing to modifications of his bill as to most of them, but putting his foot down on all demand of increasing the bonus of twelve millions. In regard to that he says:

"'I fear that any attempt, and above all any attempt *now*, to increase the £12,000,000 would give a *dangerous* advantage to those in England who are hostile to the whole plan. *I think this is a great danger.*'

"This memorandum I am to copy out and send in my own handwriting to Redmond, and in such a way as not to compromise George more than is necessary on account of the great risk. 'Chamberlain,' he said, 'is sure to cross-question me as to my having had any direct communications with the Irish Party, or come to terms with them. It must be kept absolutely secret.' I told him how dangerous a man I knew Chamberlain to be, and how he had ruined all his rivals and opponents at Birmingham in times past. It is certain that the great danger for the bill lies in him. Yet Michael Davitt is publishing in Dublin the tale that Chamberlain is the author of the whole Land policy, and that he means to go on and give some sort of Home Rule in the autumn. This, no doubt, was once Chamberlain's policy in 1885, and he will find it difficult to oppose it openly now, but his jealousy of George's success may make him oppose it secretly, and he will be without scruple. The truth of the matter is that the Land Bill is supported

now in the Cabinet by Arthur Balfour and the Tories. It is opposed by the Liberal Unionists. Chamberlain has held an ominous silence since his return from South Africa. I should not be surprised if at the last moment he should join Rosebery in betraying the bill. I was congratulating George on his having so far conciliated everybody. 'Wait a little,' he said, 'there will be opposition enough presently.'

"I went home at once and sent off a copy of George's memorandum to Redmond, changing only George's 'I's' into 'We's,' as if by any chance it should fall into wrong hands it would be less personally compromising. I could not get any answer from George about the King's visit.

"*7th April.*— Lunched with Victor and Pamela Lytton in their new house in Queen Anne's Gate. They have made it very pretty, and are expecting very shortly a son and heir. Victor goes almost daily to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, feeling cut off from a political career by being in the Lords. He is looking older and his face has grown longer. I see in him a certain likeness now to his grandfather, the novelist.

"*9th April.*— To 'Homewood' to see Edith Lytton in her new cottage. She took me over Knebworth, which is not at all changed since last I was there some fifteen years ago — in the autumn of 1887, when I had been campaigning in Ireland, and went down there to introduce George Wyndham to Lytton. The house is a perplexing combination of good and bad taste — true *bric-à-brac* and sham — I am afraid mostly sham. What it wants is whitewash and white paint. But Edith was shocked at my saying so. Her own cottage is nice, the work of her son-in-law Lutyens.

"*20th April.*— I have been in bed with influenza, my fever taking the form of my puzzling myself with the clauses of George's Bill and the Dublin Convention.

"*25th April.*— On Thursday, 23rd, John Redmond came to see me and gave me an account of how he had managed the Convention at Dublin. Davitt had given much trouble at first, but had come to terms when he found the Convention so much against him. Sexton was still a considerable danger, as he was clean against the bill, and if he insisted on returning to Parliament might make things very difficult, as he was the only financier they had among them. But when the question of his re-entering Parliament was moved at the Convention there was such strong opposition that it had been with difficulty Redmond had been able to prevent an open quarrel. Sexton was 'a queer fellow,' but of immense ability. He and the Archbishop, and Davitt and, if they could get him, John Dillon, when he returned from Egypt, would make a very strong combination. He thought I should do well to see Dillon on his arrival in London, and tell him what the dangers were. 'Dillon,' he said, 'has great confidence in your opinion.'

"About George, Redmond said, the great thing was for him to show a conciliatory attitude at the Second Reading in regard to amendments generally, and not to put his foot down on particular ones, whatever he might do in Committee afterwards. He also urged that Kilbride should be released from prison before the second reading, as his case was one that would be made the ground of a strong attack.

"Yesterday George came to see me. I told him about Kilbride, and he will release him on the plea of ill-health. He will also adopt as conciliatory a tone as he dares about the amendments. But he said the danger from his own friends was by no means over; Chamberlain was cunning and unscrupulous, and would trip him up if he could get an opportunity. If he gave him any opening he would wreck the bill, getting at Arthur Balfour and telling him it was impossible the thing should go on.

"There has been a 'disaster' in Somaliland, which I hope may satisfy our people — a dozen of our young blood-letters who made the war for their amusement cut up, with the wretched natives they commanded. There never was less reason for any war than this, not even a reason of possible gold, only the lust of a rampage. If the whole of our military staff could be made to bite the dust, the world would be a happier place. But they won't be satisfied. War is the new form of sport all are wild to enjoy.

"*28th April.*— George has sent me a confidential note with a new message for Redmond. He has got a 'touch of influenza,' which Sibell tells me is really nothing but a cold, an excuse for his staying indoors and keeping himself quiet for next week, when the second reading of his Bill comes on. Redmond, under the circumstances of his illness, had proposed to call on him in Park Lane, but he can't see him there, and he wants me to be his medium of communication in discussing the amendments with Redmond. I have sent Redmond word that it is important I should see him at once, but so far have received no answer, and time presses.

"*30th April.*— Redmond came to-day. He tells me John Dillon is back from Egypt, very much opposed to the Bill. He does not want a reconciliation with the landlords, or anything less than their being driven out of Ireland. He will not, however, do anything 'shabby' in opposing the Bill. But it makes the situation more difficult. Sexton is 'bitterly opposed,' and has the 'Freeman' to back him and Archbishop Walsh. 'O'Brien and I,' he said, laughing, 'have risked a great deal in taking the attitude we did at the Convention.' I asked him what view American opinion took. He said 'They don't understand the Land Question there nor the Bill, and they will take the view we take.' Such being the case, there are certain points Redmond ***must*** press at the Second Reading, the chief of which is the withdrawal of

the 30 and 40 per cent. limit of reductions; but he will not insist upon an augmentation of the bonus, though in reality the twelve millions will not prove enough. He is to send me a memorandum, however, this afternoon from the House of Commons, for he is not himself well enough up in the Land Bill to put it down on paper without consultation. He will also be happy to see George here either to-morrow or Saturday.

"1*st May*.—Redmond's memorandum has come. In sending it he says, after asking for Kilbride's release from gaol:

"'Yesterday the matter was raised at the meeting of the Irish party, and I feel sure that some very decisive action must be taken if his imprisonment continues much longer, and I cannot conceive why his continued imprisonment should be apparently deliberately placed in our path by the Government. I hope you will be able to send me good news on this point, and should our friend desire to see me I can keep any appointment you may make for to-morrow or Saturday.'"

The memorandum itself is long and technical, and though interesting at the moment, I omit it here. It concludes: "I confine myself to the points I consider vital to the success of the Bill. If there was a certainty of satisfaction on these particulars (even though it should not be considered advisable to make a declaration publicly on the second reading debate), it would make it possible for us to avoid a contentious attitude towards the Bill, and allay a growing apprehension in Ireland (30th April, 1903)."

"To-day I went to see George. Dermot (Lord Mayo) was in the house with him, so I was shown upstairs to the drawing-room, and there we talked. He told me there had been a new Cabinet Council, at which his enemies, Chamberlain and the rest, had raged, and he had been obliged to give a promise that he would give no pledges whatever to the Irish Party before the Second Reading, nor hold any communication with them, so I was to consider what he told me as casual talk, and if I repeated it to Redmond it must be merely my impression of his views — no message."

"N.B. This is almost identical with old Gladstone's reservation when I asked him for a message of sympathy with Arabi in 1882. Nevertheless George gave me pencil and paper, and I wrote notes at his dictation, though he made me also many explanations, which I did not write. The long and the short of the thing is that he will concede a number of points in Committee, though he can make no pledge to do so on the second reading. We were more than an hour over this.

"On my return home I sent at once for Redmond, who came to Chapel Street in the course of the afternoon, and I read over my notes to him, and told him all I could remember of George's talk. On the

whole he is satisfied with it, and I am convinced all will go well. It has been a great satisfaction to me to manage this matter.

"*2nd May.*— Spent the morning writing a letter to the 'Times' about Somaliland. This exhausted me, as I am still very weak, so weak that I could not sit out the Irish play, to which I went in the afternoon. The first piece was a terrible infliction, called 'The Hour Glass,' by Yeats — a stupid imitation of that dull old morality, 'Everyman,' which bored me so much last year. What Yeats can mean by putting such thin stuff on the stage I can't imagine. It was not even well acted, for Yeats had drilled his actors to imitate Irving and other English mediocrities. They talked pompous stage English, and were not allowed their natural Irish accent. I felt inclined to get up and protest that we had not come to the Irish Literary Society for that. I was indignant, too, but it exhausted my little strength. I was determined, however, to hear Lady Gregory's piece, 'Twenty-five,' and was rewarded, for it is quite the most perfect little work of art and the most touching play I have ever seen acted. Only it made me weep in my weak state. I could not stay on for the final piece, 'Kathleen na Houlihan.' So I went home. I expect to see unbounded praise of the 'Hour Glass' in the London papers.

"*May 3rd (Sunday).*— William O'Brien came unexpectedly to see me and I talked the Land Bill over with him. I hope he will be prudent in what he says on the second reading, but he seems determined to press for an all round reduction of 15 per cent., which George told me was one of the most dangerous points, as Chamberlain is lying in wait to demand a withdrawal of the Bill if the twelve million limit is threatened, also, George believes, Hicks-Beach. While we were talking and I was impressing on O'Brien George's conversion on the Irish question, who should come in but Percy Wyndham. 'I see the world is very small,' said O'Brien, 'and perhaps I had better be off,' and off he went. He was to have sent Dillon to me, but this morning I have had a note from him saying he thinks it might have an awkward effect if the suggestion of his calling came from him. (They had quarrelled.) Percy had been told that O'Brien was with me and was much *intrigué* about him. Percy, though immensely interested in George's success, is too old a Tory to like the Bill, and prophesies all kinds of trouble for Ireland in the future. As to myself I have written as follows to Redmond:

"'I see you are asking subscriptions for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. I have much pleasure in sending you £50. You have done such admirable service during the past year as Leader of the Opposition, in place of the half-hearted and unintelligent gentlemen who sit on the Liberal Front Bench, that all lovers of Liberty here have come

to look upon the Irish Party as its sole reliable support. Also I need not say how warmly I sympathize with your triumph in having brought our Government to the position where it stands to-day, of having abandoned its secular policy of governing Ireland in the interests of the English "garrison."

"'I look upon the new Land Bill, if as I hope it passes the second reading, as the first piece of quite honest legislation for Ireland which will have been carried through Parliament in my recollection, and the certain prelude, however little the Government may have it in their minds, some day of Home Rule. In a few years you will have the present Landlords, who will be still considerable Land-owners in their demesnes, all with you as enthusiastic Irishmen; and then, with the country united for Home Rule, Home Rule must come.

"'Therefore I wish, as always, more power to your elbow.'

"*5th May.*— John Dillon came to see me early and gave me his views of the situation very frankly. He spoke last night in support of the Bill, but he tells me that but for loyalty to his party he should be inclined to oppose it in Committee and vote against it on the third reading. His view is that it is useless trying to get the landlord class on the side of Nationalism, that they would always betray it when the pinch came, that the land trouble is a weapon in Nationalist hands, and that to settle it finally would be to risk Home Rule, which otherwise *must* come. For this reason he was opposed to the Conference with the landlords, and was opposed now in principle to the Bill. He should, however, of course, support it, since it had been decided to do so, for the one thing for Ireland was union in the Parliamentary Party. As long as that was maintained they commanded the situation in the House of Commons, and no matter what party was in power it would have to be their servant. We then discussed the prospects of a change of Government. He said that Rosebery would certainly be in the next Cabinet, probably at the head of it; that though he was thoroughly contemptible as a politician, he held them all through social influences. Harcourt was sick, perhaps dying; Campbell-Bannerman was weak; Morley had no power of leadership. Rosebery quite recently had made advances to Lloyd George, the most able of the Radicals, and Lloyd George had responded. To him, Dillon, it was a matter of indifference which of them was leader, or who became Prime Minister. The Liberal Party could not help itself and would be obliged to give Home Rule. All that was wanted in Ireland was patience and to keep the Parliamentary party together. United they had nothing to fear, even from their worst enemy, Chamberlain. I told him I thought there was a chance of Chamberlain heading a new Unionist schism, and that if he came into power on these lines with the popularity he had acquired by his imperialistic antics he would dis-

franchize Ireland and perhaps govern her as a Crown Colony. He did not think there was any fear of this, but I still think there is a remote danger.

"We also discussed Somaliland, on which Dillon also spoke a day or two ago in the House. Dillon has more statesmanship, I think, than any of them, having a wider experience and a better knowledge of history. His cynical view of the English parliament is fully justified. All the same, I think he is wrong about the Land Bill, as I believe it will prove a great step to Home Rule. But I agree with him that, whether or not it passes, the next Government that comes into power must do the Irish bidding. O'Brien is to speak to-day.

"*6th May.*— The debate is going capitally. O'Brien spoke with moderation and on the lines I pressed on him, especially as to the finality of the Bill as a land settlement. He was followed by Grey, who to our surprise has supported the Bill warmly. On Monday Arthur Balfour made an admirable speech in support of it, and Grey's was on the same lines. The Tory opposition has cooled down. I look upon the second reading as assured. George will, I think, be obliged to agree to the Irish demands on most of the amendments in Committee, and barring accidents, the thing is safe. Chamberlain seems to have made up his mind to a glum silence. He had his own Transvaal fish to fry to-day.

"*10th May.*— George's Bill has passed the second reading triumphantly by 417 to 26. I believe the biggest vote on record.

"*14th May.*— Chapel Street. Margaret Sackville came to lunch with me and talk over her plan of an Irish magazine to be called 'The Celt' she is trying to start. I have given her some verses for it, and have promised some prose.

"*16th May.*— To the Academy, where the most remarkable thing is Sargent's portrait of Cromer. Sargent has a genius for seeing and reproducing the base passions of his sitters; and here is Cromer with bloated cheeks, dull eyes, ruby nose, and gouty hands, half torpid, having lunched heavily. Truly my quarrel with him is avenged. The newspapers complain that, instead of our 'glorious Pro-Consul,' Sargent has given them nothing but a full-fed obstinate Indian official.

"Found Lady Z. at home. She has enjoyed her German visits and a lunch with the Emperor William. She found him an enormous talker without being exactly a good talker. He talks about everything, sometimes well, sometimes stupidly in a random, ill-balanced way. She says the Germans — I suppose she means the German officials and aristocracy — laugh at him for his wild utterances and constant mistakes; but he gives them no time to complain, passing with extraordinary energy from one thing to another, so that his blunders are forgotten;

and they like him, and are in a sort of way proud of him, as a remarkable personality who fixes the attention of the world.

"*17th May.*— A letter from Redmond about the maximum reductions, asking that the Government should declare its intention about it. He writes:

"15 *May* 1903.

"'MY DEAR BLUNT.— I duly received your letter. I am handing it and the proposed question to my brother, and asking him to look after the matter. I cannot do so myself as I am going to Ireland on Sunday for a few days.

"'About the Land Bill. The crux still is the question of the maximum reduction, and I have very great misapprehensions on this matter. If the Government persists in keeping in the maximum reductions there will undoubtedly be a very bitter conflict on the very first clause of the Bill in Committee with possible recriminations between the representatives of the landlords and the tenants.

"'This would undoubtedly spread to Ireland, and the present unanimity of opinion, which in my view alone makes it possible to carry the Bill, may entirely disappear. The retention of this maximum reduction is really a small matter, and the Government ought in my opinion seriously to consider the responsibility of again raising a conflict between classes in Ireland threatening the whole future as well as the passage of this Bill. The Ulster members are all of our way of thinking, and I cannot conceive any valid reason why the Government should stand by this maximum. I take the very gravest possible view of the situation, and I do hope that before it is too late the Government will make a concession on this matter which will enable the Bill to be passed without conflict, and which will preserve the good feeling which at present exists in Ireland.

"'I hope you will be able to press these views with vigour.

"'Very truly yours,

"'J. REDMOND.'

"*20th May.*— I have been at Newbuildings since Saturday enjoying the new oak leaves, and the bluebells. This morning I came up to London and went at once to see George, to whom I showed Redmond's letter. In return he read me one he had received from Dunraven in precisely the opposite sense, declaring the resolve of the Conference of Landlords to fight any attempt to withdraw the maximum clause, and to get it reinserted by the Lords if the Commons amended it. He told me the situation. On Saturday Chamberlain went to Birmingham, and made a speech about the corn duty, contradicting all that Arthur Balfour had just said. I feared that this meant a revolt on Chamberlain's part, and a bid for leadership. But George assured me it was

not so. 'Chamberlain,' he said, 'is an impulsive fellow, and, now he has blown his steam off, he has come back pleased with himself and in a better temper. I am not afraid any longer of his wrecking my bill. He will leave it alone. It is quite impossible, however, that we should give up the maximum limit. The landlords won't stand it, and the Lords would put it back if we did.' He then wrote me a memorandum to show Redmond as an answer to his letter. 'He is getting fussy,' he said. Armed with this I went on at once to Redmond, and caught him at home before he went out to the House. The result is shown in the following letter:

"37, CHAPEL STREET, *May* 20, 1903.

"'DEAR GEORGE.— I saw Redmond at twelve, and explained to him the situation, with the help of the notes you gave me. Also I expressed my personal view that the maximum was not worth fighting about. He said that he also personally thought its importance had been exaggerated. But such was not the view taken in Ireland, where it had been much worked up in the press, or by most of his colleagues; public opinion had gone too far for him to be able to control it. It was largely the fault of the Conference landlords, Dunraven and Mayo, who till the other day had agreed with him to a withdrawal of the limit, and then for some unexplained reason had suddenly turned round. The difference between them would now have to be fought out on the floor of the House. It would be so, as far as he personally was concerned, without acrimony, but by others, he feared, with bitterness. He did not seem to think much of the reference to the House of Lords. Within the last fortnight I have talked with others of the Irish members, and I fear there is no doubt of there being a growing section among them indifferent, if not hostile to the Bill. It seems to be the general opinion that unless the tenants specially affected are given easier terms than the Bill provides there will be new combinations against purchase.

"'Such is my impression of the situation. It will be a pity, having got so far, if the concordat ends in a new quarrel, but, if what Redmond tells me of Dunraven's sudden change from agreement to disagreement is accurate, it is hardly Redmond's fault.

"'W. S. B.'

"To this I got a brief note from George. 'I am not pessimistic.' Neither for that matter am I. I don't believe the maximum point is a very serious one, and, even if there should be a new quarrel between the Nationalists and the Dunraven Landlords, it won't stop the bill, which has gone too far now to be upset. Chamberlain was the only real danger.

"*3rd June.*— Newbuildings. Prince Scherbátoff came down to see

the horses, and I went over with him to Crabbet. He is an extremely well informed man, and gave me an excellent account of the way the emancipation of the Russian peasantry is working out. He is himself a very large landowner, and cultivates 30,000 acres of land with 4,000 yoke of oxen. The peasants work their own land mostly on the communal system, preferring it. This the officials have been trying to alter, but the Emperor has just issued a decree confirming the peasants in their rights. There is a rule that they are unable to sell, or mortgage their land, which protects them against the usurers. All this is very analogous to what is proposed for Ireland, and I have promised to take him to see George who will be pleased to hear his account.

"*5th June.*— Margaret Sackville came to Chapel Street with her friend Katharine Horner to talk about 'The Celt.' I urged her to put her own name to the little venture as its only possible chance of success.

"*11th June.*— The great Ministerial crisis is over for the moment, and Chamberlain has been reduced to silence. The Government got a vote last night of 425 against 28, the whole Opposition and the Irish Party voting with them, against Chaplin and the Protectionists.

"*13th to 15th June.*— At Newbuildings — a very delightful party. Margaret Sackville, Katharine Horner,[1] who is a very pretty and clever girl of sixteen, and a writer of poetry, and is quite charming, the Poet Laureate and Meynell. The P. L. was in his best form, and Meynell amused us all with his anecdotes of Dizzy and other heroes.

"*17th June.*— Looked in at Belgrave Square where I found Madeline just back from the House of Commons, much excited about the Irish debate in Committee. This was stormy, and things are ticklish for the Bill. She was enthusiastic about the speaking of the Irish members, especially Redmond's. George had looked up twice to the Ladies' Gallery when it was over. She takes it as a sign he is satisfied.

"*18th June.*— To George in Belgrave Square where he is staying, and we walked together to the Irish Office. He told me the situation, and the danger there was from Chamberlain and from the landlords — and complained that the Nationalists had not kept to their agreement at the Landlords' Conference. However, he considers the worst risks over now. 'My position,' he said, 'is that of peace-maker in the Cabinet, of trying to persuade everybody that they all have really the same opinion — at any rate until my Bill is through. I take no side on the Preferential Tariff question till this is safe, being a practical politician.' All the same, he says, it will be very necessary for him to have a talk soon with Redmond, and he says it had better be at my house. He will let me know more in a day or two.

"*19th June.*— A letter from Redmond saying that affairs are very critical for the Bill, and that, unless George Wyndham adopts a more

[1] Afterwards Mrs. Raymond Asquith.

conciliatory attitude, the Bill will be wrecked. I went at once to Belgrave Square and found George preparing a speech he had to make in the evening. I explained to him the danger, especially of Dillon's attitude towards the Bill, and he agreed to meet Redmond at my house on Tuesday morning at 11.15. I hope they may patch up their difference, as it would be ruinous now for all concerned if the Bill falls through.

"*21st June* (*Sunday*).— Mesaoud is sold to the Kleniewsky Stud in Poland for £240, a small price. But his going there will be an advantage to him and an advertisement to us. I have been calculating the price at which we have sold his stock, sons and daughters, and it amounts to over 5,000 guineas for 40 animals. We purchased him as a yearling colt for £50.

"*22nd June*.— Messrs. Boyes and Collier, English farmers from Basutoland, came to see the Stud. They are much impressed with our mares, and in raptures over the four stallions, especially Seyal and Nejran. Boyes has a commission to buy two for the Basutoland Government. They are violent anti-Boers, and spoke with contempt of the natives. They complained that the English colonists everywhere were being starved out, while the Boers lived on, on rubbish, and prospered.

"*23rd June*.— On coming up to London this morning I found George already established in Chapel Street with his red official despatch box arranging his papers. He told me he had had a regular Irish Parliament, consisting of Lords and Commons, debating Clause I of his Land Bill for the last day or two, which was a begining of Home Rule. Redmond joined us in five minutes, and they set to work at once on Clause I, George expounding his views of a possible compromise. He had drafted an amendment which he thought would obviate delay in the sales, but Redmond preferred Duke's amendment, and to something of this George in the end agreed. I was much struck with the lawyer-like ability both showed in seizing points as they rose, and developing them. The discussion was carried on in all possible good humour, and much personal sympathy. The contrast between the men was striking, though both were in their way good Irish types — for George is far more Irish than English — George gesticulating a good deal with his hands, and very eager, Redmond sitting with his hands nursing his great double chin seriously, but expanding from time to time in genial smiles when the points of agreement were reached. Both were intensely anxious to come to an understanding and carry the Bill, the real difficulty lying in the vacillation of the landlords, who are most of them too stupid to understand the Bill, and whose only firmness is obstinacy.

"The final agreement was that George should adopt the Duke amend-

ment, or something like it, as his own; that Redmond should express his satisfaction with it, and his belief that it would be accepted as satisfactory in Ireland; and that no other amendment should be pressed to a division. Redmond next brought up the evicted tenants question, and here, too, they came, after some fencing, to an amicable agreement. Both talked of the political situation with the greatest frankness. George announced the release of McHugh, which Redmond already knew of, and he complimented George on having saved Kilbride's life by arresting him, inasmuch as Kilbride was drinking himself to death, and had now come out of gaol a sober and serious character. And so, at the end of about three quarters of an hour, they shook hands, and Redmond departed. George stopped a few minutes to talk it over with me in great delight, and then was off to his Cabinet Council at twelve. This I felt was an historic event, as I saw George into his hansom at the door with his red box — a great day for Chapel Street! We consider the Bill safe.

"Later I went to Belgrave Square, where Madeline made me stop and dine alone with her and George. It was one of the most amusing dinners I ever remember, just us three, George in tearing spirits, having spent the day in a series of encounters of a hair's-breadth kind. He described the Cabinet Council as *très accidenté*, and then he had had a tussle with the Duke of Abercorn and a number of the most violent landlord extremists, and then one with Dunraven, Mayo, and the rest,— and had succeeded in persuading them all round. As the dinner proceeded he became more and more eloquent, romancing almost like a schoolboy about his political career, describing the dexterities with which he had piloted his ship in the past, and what was to be his future. To us it was all delightful, and we hope it may all turn out true. George has in him the fire of genius, and whether as leader of the Conservative party, or of Irish Home Rule he will be equally conspicuous, and as superior to any English party leader as Disraeli was in his day. Then he rushed off back to the House to finish drafting his plans for to-morrow.

"*24th June.*— I lunched in Mount Street, and having met there the Poet Laureate went later to his box at His Majesty's Theatre to see his play, 'Flooden Field'— a piece of melodrama absurdly acted, which was followed by an adaptation of Kipling's story, 'The man who was.' This last was painful, too painful, in my view, for the stage, though the acting was good. Margaret Sackville was with us.

"*25th June.*— The papers announced George's safe passage of the Irish Land Bill Clause I through the House; and there are amusing comments about 'secret arrangements' of the quarrel. Anyhow it seems to have been a great Irish triumph, and all Irish parties have been embracing each other.

"Frank Lascelles came to lunch with me in order to meet George, and we had a pleasant talk with Lady Windsor as fourth.

"Gorst is being married this afternoon to an heiress named Rudd. I did not go to it, though I sent a wedding gift. The Khedive arrived in London yesterday, and is staying with the King's millionaire, Cassel, in Grosvenor Square.

"*27th June.*— A letter has come from Brewster Bey, saying that the Khedive would like to visit the stud at Crabbet to-morrow. Sunday is an inconvenient day to have chosen, as there are next to no trains. So I have had to order a special one, and telegraph all over the place in preparation. Caffin fortunately was here to-day, and I was able to arrange a programme with him.

"*28th June* (*Sunday*).— A piping hot day, so we drove over to Crabbet early to make the necessary arangements. We had all the horses dressed and got ready. The house was looking lovely, and, the tenants being away, we had it all to ourselves. Then Judith and Neville arrived from Rake, and with them Marsh, and we lunched at Caxtons, and were lying out to cool in the little lane behind when a telegram arrived. Before I read it I guessed what it must be about. The Khedive in consequence of 'unforeseen circumstances' could not come, professes his 'profound regret,' etc. It is quite clear that the King has prevented him. My only wonder is that he was allowed to propose it. So we have had our trouble for nothing.

"*29th June.*— A letter has come from Brewster confirming his yesterday's telegram. The Khedive wishes to impress on me the fact that 'the circumstances which *prevent* his coming *are* altogether beyond his control,' and reiterates his 'profound regret,' and assures me that if it had been possible to come His Highness would surely have come. The absence of all definite reason given, either of indisposition or other engagement, together with the use of the present tense, 'prevent his coming,' quite clearly indicates a permanent prohibition, and my only doubt is whether it is the Foreign Office or the King that has interfered. I feel pretty certain, however, that it cannot have been a lesser personage than the King himself, acting through Cassel — for the Khedive would hardly be such a goose as to be frightened by Lord Lansdowne, and he is under Cassel's charge, and Cassel is the King's man. However, I am determined to get at the truth of it, and am writing to Brewster to say that 'knowing as I do the kindly feeling His Highness has for so many years entertained towards me, and remembering the distressing circumstances of his political position, I hold him in no way responsible for the slight offered me, that I thank him for the honour intended, and cordially accept the expression of his regret for an act of discourtesy foreign to his nature, and which only pressure

from the very highest quarter could have forced upon him, a quarter to which I, too, owe obedience."

"This will, I think, draw the whole truth from him, for he cannot leave my letter unanswered without admitting that it is in reality the King who forbade him. If it is not the King, he will make haste to explain what other personage it was. In either case I shall arrive at the facts.

"*30th June.*— There is an account in to-day's papers of a banquet given last night by the King to the Khedive, with a long list of the guests. Here are all the officials who for the last ten years have been worrying the Khedive's life out of him at Cairo, thirty or forty of them, Rodd, Lane, Talbot, and the rest. Also an uncle of Lord Lansdowne's with Rodd again. This is intended to impose upon the world, and persuade the British public that the Khedive is England's devoted servant.

"*1st July.*— That other high and mighty prince, Athrobold Charles Stuart de Modena, *alias* William Brown, the coachman's son at Frimley and ex-footman, has been brought before the Winchester Assizes. The charges of felony, which would have necessitated a public inquiry into his past life, were at the last moment withdrawn by the Crown, and he was allowed to plead guilty to a misdemeanour only, that of marrying Lady Russell under a feigned name. This looks as if there had been a desire to screen the other noble ladies he befooled.

"*4th July.*— Our annual Crabbet Sale, but most of the fine ladies from London failed to come, only 300 persons sitting down to luncheon in the tent. The speeches were good, Cunninghame Graham proposing my health. Redmond and Dillon were both there, and I sat between Mrs. Redmond and Caroline Grosvenor."

[N. B. This was our last public sale at Crabbet.]

"*8th July.*— To London and lunched with Ameer Ali, who talked to me about a scheme of a Mohammedan University for India as an original idea of his own. We also discussed George Curzon. George Wyndham told me the other day that it is settled that Curzon comes back to England at the end of the year. He will cease to be Viceroy, for a Viceroy may not leave India. But if the Tories are still in office six months later, he will be reappointed for a new term.

"*9th July.*— Saw George this morning in Belgrave Square, where he was still in bed, having been up late getting the last clauses of his Land Bill through Committee. He was very triumphant.

"*11th July.*— George writes me confidentially (9th July, 1903):

'The sections interested in the Sugar Convention, Education, and the Tariff proposals seek to "blackmail" the Government over the Land Bill by delaying it to extract time for *their* favourite questions. Unfortunately, some whose advice may be taken, want Education to go to the Lords before the Land Bill. The only way to defeat this acci-

dental chance combination of *opposite* interests is to press on not only Report, but also the Third Reading of the Land Bill. . . . The question resolves itself into this — can Report be finished on Friday, 17th, to Monday, 20th? If so, by a *coup de main* we might get Tuesday, 21st, afternoon sitting, for the Third Reading. . . . If this plan succeeds I *know* that the Land Bill will be driven over at least to the 27th-31st, with the result that it will not reach the Lords before Monday, 3rd August.

'All the above is no doubt gibberish to you. But as you have taken so deep an interest in the fortunes of the Land Bill, I *wish* you to know exactly how the matter stands. You might like to see me on Tuesday morning with anyone else who takes a deep interest in the fortunes of the Bill. At any rate I felt impelled to acquaint you with the situation, etc.'

"*13th July.*— Henley is dead. I got a note from George on Saturday telling me he was very ill, but the end has been sudden. About Henley's relations with Stevenson, Meynell, who was with me to-day, was again eloquent. He knew the Henleys well, having been godfather to the daughter that died, and he says that Henley's anger against Stevenson was of old date, from at least the time of Stevenson's marriage. He could not forgive him for having forsaken the Bohemian convivial ways Henley delighted in, and, though he constantly received money help from Stevenson afterwards, always resented his conversion to respectability. He considers Henley's attack upon his friend an unpardonable offence. I confess I do not like Henley, though I have tried to like him for George's sake. But he is both physically and intellectually repugnant to me. He has the bodily horror of the dwarf, with the dwarf's huge bust and head and shrunken nether limbs, and he has also the dwarf malignity of tongue and defiant attitude towards the world at large. Moreover, I am quite out of sympathy with Henley's deification of brute strength and courage, things I wholly despise. Thus I could never feel at my ease with him, and George's affection for him has always seemed to me a puzzle.

"*14th July.*— To London early, and found notes in Chapel Street from both George and Redmond, who have met elsewhere and arranged about the Third Reading of the Bill. George and Sibell at Belgrave Square were just starting in black for Henley's funeral. They wanted me to go with them, but I excused myself. I never go to funerals or wish anyone to go to mine.

"At four Miss Cornelia Sorabje called to talk about some Indian affair which interested her. She came clad in an orange garment after the fashion of ladies in her own country, which became her well. She has been a very pretty woman, though now I imagine thirty, with an exceedingly sweet voice, and I gave her tea.

"*20th July.*—George goes to-night to Ireland with the King, leaving Arthur Balfour to pilot his Land Bill through its Third Reading to-morrow. I asked his mother whether the King had had anything to do, as the Irish believe, with the bringing in of the Land Bill, and she said, 'Nobody at all, I believe, except George.'

"It is probably an exaggeration that the King bears the Nationalists any great goodwill, though he is less bitter than was the late Queen.

"*30th July.*—A note from George; he is just back from Ireland, where he has been with the King, and says that all has gone off excellently well so far. There is no chance now of the Lords amending the Bill, and it is certain to become law.

"Afterwards for a walk with Percy in the Park. We found Philip Currie there in a bath chair, unable to use his legs, and so being wheeled about. Later I lunched with him and Angelina in Princes Gate. [This was the last time to my sorrow I saw either of them.]

"At my club to-day I found myself faced at a little distance by an old fogey whose features I seemed to know, and by degrees made out that he was Victor Drummond, my fellow *attaché* once at Athens. I had not seen him since we said good-bye at the Piræus in 1860, yet I recognized him and he me. Another ancient, too, there, was Horace Rumbold. All these I remember young and gay, and all are tottering to their graves.

"*4th Aug.*—It has been announced that a new Pope has been elected, Cardinal Sarto, from Venice, who has taken the name of Pius X. Pope Leo died a fortnight ago after a prolonged agony, which was made more horrible for us by the daily accounts of the surgical experiments used to prolong his life, so that at last the poor old man became like a nightmare on the public mind, and all rejoiced that he was dead.

"Of Pope Leo my recollection is a very intimate one, and still extremely vivid. It was in the Spring of 1886 when, after my failure at the Camberwell election, I was sick alike of the affairs of the world and of the vain pursuit of happiness. I went to Rome as on a pilgrimage, with the vague hope that perhaps I might there recover my lost faith in supernatural things and end my days in piety. I had many friends among the resident clergy, including Monsignor Stonor and Cardinal Howard, among the Pope's household, and Father Lockhart, head of the Rosminians, to whom I had been introduced by Cardinal Manning, Prior Glyn, and other of the Irish hierarchy; and a little programme of holy pleasures had been sketched out for me, and I was determined to open my mind wide to the influences of the place, that my soul might have its full chance. It was thus predisposed that I arrived at Rome. I made a general confession of my

sins, and if I had been unmarried, I should have attempted to join some religious order as a desperate protection against my own unbelief. As it was I indulged dreams of living as *custode* to some church of the many churches in and about Rome. It was in this mood that Monsignor Stonor suggested that I should have an audience with the Pope, and he without difficulty procured me one. I had brought my old diplomatic uniform with me, I know not with what prevision, and it was in that dress that I went to the Vatican, where I was received by the Papal household with marked distinction. They thought, I believe, that I had some diplomatic mission, for Pope Leo was highly interested in the idea of a renewal of diplomatic relations with our Foreign Office, and so I was admitted to the most private of private audiences. Be this as it may, my reception by His Holiness was of a kind which surprised and touched me almost to bewilderment when I heard the door shut behind me, and I found myself absolutely alone with one so nearly divine, if there was divinity anywhere to be found on Earth. The vision that I saw before me was that of a little old man of wonderful dignity, clad in white and seated on a low throne, his face pale, but lit with luminous dark eyes, which seemed to hold all knowledge of this world and the other, the figure of a Saint, and at the same time of one who knew the world, and, strange to say, reminding me of that wonderful figure of Voltaire seated in his chair at the Theatre Français, for the attitude was the same, bending towards me with a look of inquiring kindliness. When I had kissed his feet he raised me up, though I continued kneeling, and on his invitation spoke to him about Ireland. What he then said has been already related (see my 'Land War in Ireland'), but what I have not said and what I cannot here altogether say is, that the personal interest he seemed to take in me, for he continued to hold my left hand with his own right hand and to press it to his knee, gave me the courage to speak of my own spiritual affairs as in a confessional, and to ask his help. He could not give me all I asked, but when I left him it was in tears. I had been with him for over twenty minutes, and the chamberlains, when I found myself outside the audience chamber, cast on me eyes of reproval for having been so long, and they seemed to guess to such little public purpose.

"*6th Aug.*— Newbuildings. Mohammed Abdu arrived from Egypt yesterday with his brother Hamouda, and I drove them to-day to Crabbet and back, calling at Forest Cottage on our way, where I found Button with his mother and his wife, and his beautiful little daughter Daphne. He told me much that was interesting of the new Pope, Cardinal Sarto, while he was Patriarch at Venice, where Button has been for some time living. He spoke also of our King Edward, who has come to be looked upon abroad as the greatest diplomatist of the

day, and how French opinion has been quite converted by him to friendliness with England. At his Paris club, Button, who had previously been treated coldly as an Englishman, was received the other day as he passed through almost with demonstrations.

"Mohammed Abdu sat with me during our drive on the coach-box, I driving my four Arabs, and we had much conversation on Egyptian affairs.

"*9th Aug.* (*Sunday*).—I have had an interesting time these last few days with the Mufti, and to-day, walking in Newbuildings Wood, we had a long talk about religion. I asked him especially as to his belief in angels and spirits. About these, though not denying their existence, he said 'No one has seen them, nor is it possible to know anything about them. About God, too, it is impossible to know.' I asked him about a future life. In this he believes, and that there will be a happy and an unhappy state, but in what way he does not know. He does not believe in *eternal* punishment.

"We have talked also about the events of 1882, and he has read through the papers I have here connected with Arabi's trial, and urges me strongly to publish a history of that time. My difficulty, however, is that my most important documents are letters written by persons still living who might and probably would object, while without them it would be impossible to put forward an irrefutable exposure of our English intrigues. There is nothing personal in these letters, and they are quite fair historical documents, and must some day see the light, and it ought to be soon. Lastly, we have discussed the actual state of justice in Egypt, as to which the Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian' has asked me to give him information. This I shall now be able with the Mufti's help to supply.

"*10th Aug.*—With Mohammed Abdu to Brighton to see Herbert Spencer. (It was especially to see Spencer that he had come to England, as he held him to be a great philosopher, and had translated his volume on education into Arabic. I had written to Spencer to explain this and propose a visit.) Spencer sent his carriage, and his secretary, Mr. Troughton, to meet us at the Brighton station. We found the old man in bed in his back drawing-room at Percival Terrace, where he has been bedridden since April. The stroke he had then has not affected his mind, and we found him quite lucid in his ideas as well as strong in voice, but he is terribly thin, and his hand is a mere skeleton's. He received us for a short time before luncheon, and again at three o'clock. At first he tried talking French, but very deliberately and looking for his words, and soon dropped into English, which I translated to Abdu. He lamented the disappearance of 'right' from the range of modern politics in Europe, and denounced the Transvaal war as an outrage on humanity. 'There is

coming,' he said, 'a reign of *force* in the world, and there will be again a general war for mastery, when every kind of brutality will be practised.'

"For the afternoon visit he turned to philosophy, and asked the Mufti whether it was true that thought in the East was developing on the same lines as the thought of Europe. Mohammed Abdu told him that what the East was learning from the West was the evil rather than the good, but that still the best and most enlightened thought of both was the same. 'To go to the bottom of things,' said Spencer, 'I suppose that the conception of the underlying force of the world, what you call Allah and we call God, is not very different?' In his reply the Mufti made a distinction which struck Spencer as new. 'We believe,' said Abdu, 'that God is a *Being*, not a *Person*.' Spencer was pleased at this, but said the distinction was rather difficult to grasp. 'At any rate,' he said, 'it is clear that you are Agnostics of the same kind as our agnosticism in Europe.' We had not time to develop this train of thought, as Spencer is only allowed a few minutes' talk at a time, but later, on our way back to the station, I questioned the Mufti more closely on the point. *I.* 'Do you believe that God has consciousness, that he knows that you exist and that I exist, and is not such knowledge personality?' *The Mufti.* 'He knows.' *I.* 'If he knows, he knows that you are good and I am bad.' He agreed. *I.* 'And he is pleased with you and displeased with me?' *The Mufti.* 'He approves and disapproves.' *I.* 'And he approves to-day because your actions are good, and he disapproves to-morrow because your actions have become bad. Is not this change from approval to disapproval characteristic of personality? How then has God no person?' *The Mufti.* 'God knows all things at all times; to him there is no to-day and no to-morrow, and therefore in him is no change; His is an eternal unchanging consciousness of all things. This I call Being, not Personality.' *I.* 'And Matter? Is not Matter eternal, too, or did God create it? If he created it he made a change?' *The Mufti.* 'Matter, too, is eternal as God is eternal.' Here evidently is the foundation of Abdu's thought, and we agreed that our ideas are the same.

"With Spencer, however, we could not argue all this out, and we took leave of him only half satisfied, but glad that we had had the privilege of even this small glimpse of his mind. The young ladies whose acquaintance I had made four years ago are still living with him, and they gave us an interesting account of the old philosopher's way of life. He takes a certain pleasure in their company, having no relations of his own except one deaf old woman and hardly any friends. He has seen only three or four people since his illness in April. Last year, however, he was in comparatively good health, and

spent the summer near Leith Hill, and went out sometimes with them to picnics, which he enjoyed, taking an interest in the flowers and birds, and now he has them to sit with him every evening and makes them play chess or drafts or cribbage in his presence, 'and he always wishes to know,' they said, 'which of us has won.'[1]

"We went on to London, and Professor Browne and Cockerell joined us at dinner in Chapel Street. Abdu is to go to Oxford to-morrow and to Cambridge on Wednesday. It has been lovely weather during all their visit at Newbuildings.

"*22nd Aug.*— To Hatfield for Lady Galloway's funeral. Her death came upon me as a sudden shock, for I had not heard of her illness, a very short one. She was taken with a severe pneumonia on Friday, and only yesterday I had had a letter from Wagram telling me that his son Alexandre was going to stay with her in the New Forest, and I had been looking forward to seeing her there. She died at Cuffnells, which she had rented for the autumn. I remember her first as a girl not yet out in 1866, the year of Sadowa, with her mother, who was then Lady Salisbury, at Homburg, but I did not meet her again till one evening, when I sat next to her at a dinner at the Admiralty, and later when we were both staying at the Paris Embassy the year before Lytton died. Then we finally made friends. She had led a sad life, but her later years were happier. Now all is over suddenly and for ever.

"To-day was a lovely day after several of heavy rain. At King's Cross I found Pom McDonnell, and we travelled down to Hatfield together, having also with us Eddy Stanley, whom I had not before seen. At the church there were not a dozen mourners, besides the few house servants and retainers, with Lord Arthur Cecil, her brother, and one of Lord Galloway's brothers as chief mourners, Arthur Balfour, who though four years older, was her nephew, Lady Hayter, and Miss Mildred Hope, her two chief women friends, George Leveson Gower, and me. Of all her society friends there was not one, and none of Lord Salisbury's sons, while Lord Salisbury himself, her 'big brother' (as she used to call him) lay dying in the great house hard by. It was pitiful, tragic, touching, with the sunlight streaming in through the windows on the Cecil monuments. I took a place away from the official mourners, for it was a very private funeral in the Cecil family burial ground, and I was not one of them, but I went with the rest to the grave which they had made in a sunny corner under the wall. The churchyard is a very pretty one and is the place where she had chosen to be laid. She always had a passionate love for Hatfield, her early home. When all was finished I went on into the park, meaning to spend an hour or two there before going

[1] Compare "Home Life with Herbert Spencer," by Two.

back to London, but as I was passing by the house one of them asked me in and we all sat down in the great hall to a luncheon which stood ready, but the lord of the palace lay dying in a room upstairs, as we all knew, and the funeral baked meats stuck in our throats. I doubt whether any one of us had the courage to eat more than a few mouthfuls. Then I went on for my walk alone and wandered an hour in the park, where children were playing and shouting as if nothing momentous were taking place in the great house. The deer were lying out in a cool place in the open, and rabbits were busy nibbling under the great oaks, and the ownership of it all was passing from one Cecil to another, for Robert Lord Salisbury died at sunset.

"31*st Aug.*— At Clouds. Lord Salisbury is being buried, I believe to-day, quietly at Hatfield, the offer of a grave in Westminster Abbey having been rejected. This is in keeping with his life, which has always scorned honours and hated publicity. He has been certainly in his way a great man, and without much pomp or parade, one who has achieved great things. People only half recognized these as yet because he has never talked much about them, but they are very real, and will some day be recognized for what they are; not that I am in sympathy with his doings, only in the manner of their doing. By far the largest of his achievements has been the partition of Africa. This was imagined in secret and developed silently. It may be said to have begun at Berlin in 1878, when the joint financial intervention in Egypt was arranged with France and Tunis was given her in return for Cyprus, a scandalous beginning, followed by the retention of Egypt and the various deals with Italy, Germany, Belgium, Portugal, and France, which have mapped out the whole Continent between the four Powers, England getting the most valuable if not quite the largest share. The reconquest of the Soudan was a policy wholly Lord Salisbury's, and I believe he had his full share in the intrigues which brought on the reconquest of the Transvaal, though perhaps less directly responsible than Chamberlain. At the Foreign Office he re-established in large measure England's influence on the Continent. He engineered the Entente Cordiale with America at the time of the Spanish War and got round the Emperor William in anticipation of the Boer War. All these were notable triumphs. Hardly less so at home has been his rehabilitation of the monarchy as an effective force in politics, the resurrection under his guidance of the House of Lords, and the reducton of the House of Commons to impotence except as a machine to support the Government. His anti-Home Rule policy in Ireland alone has been a failure. It seems now to be breaking down at all points, especially his idea that twenty years *resolute* government would destroy opposition. I think, too, that he has sacrificed the real interests of rural England, with which Conservatism is bound up on

not a few vital points. Under his guidance the Jew capitalists have flourished while the agricultural community has decayed. This he certainly did not intend, and here have been his failures. Nevertheless, he was head and shoulders taller as a statesman than the other statesmen of his day, including Gladstone and Disraeli, I mean judged by results, for he was neither an orator like Gladstone, nor a writer like Disraeli. Personally in my few dealings with him I always found him kind and courteous. I met him first, if I remember rightly, in 1880, when I travelled down with him and Lytton by train to Lewes. It was an accidental meeting. Then I had an interview with him about the same time at the Foreign Office to talk over the affairs of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, but this I think must have been before the other meeting, as he left office in June 1880 and Lytton did not return to England till August. Later, in 1883, I had a curious talk with him at the House of Lords about the Palmer business, and since then have had from time to time bits of correspondence with him about Egyptian matters. In all these he took the trouble of writing to me himself and always with great courtesy. As long as Lady Salisbury lived her influence with him was, I think, favourable to me. I was rather friends with Lady Gwendolen, and Lady Galloway was his half-sister. His retirement from the Foreign Office was a loss to me in every way. Peace be with his ashes.

"*1st Sept.*— To-day George arrived from Ireland. This is George's holiday time, and he has no red office boxes following him about, but I found him full of talk about his political plans. He considers things will go smoothly now in Ireland, and that the large majority of estates will change hands under the new Act which comes into operation in October. About preferential tariffs (Tariff Reform), he took me into his confidence. He considers that Chamberlain has absurdly exaggerated the importance of the Colonies, especially Australia. 'For all practical politics,' he said, 'they are negligible quantities, that is to say for the next thirty years, though they may become of importance later. We need take no count of them at all now, only Canada needs to be considered, and whatever we do in the way of preference must be for her alone. This is what will be decided at the next Cabinet, and we shall develop in our speeches in October. Canada's position must be taken in connection with the United States, which again is the only world power likely to rival our own. Germany and France we need not worry about as rivals.' Of his own position and prospects he talked with his usual naïve self-confidence. 'I am just forty,' he said, 'and find myself with the balance of power in my hands. I mean of power in the Cabinet. We shall go out of office next year, then I shall take a long holiday. I shall go travelling all the world over, and not trouble myself in opposition, at

least for a while. In fifteen years' time I shall leave politics for good, the more one sees of them, the more futile they appear, and I shall have had enough of them by the time I am fifty-five. Of course I must be Prime Minister first, I am sure of that. I am constantly approached already to lead the Party, and I can do so when I please. I don't see who is to be my rival in it, George Curzon will be in the House of Lords, and I am younger than all the rest. It is surprising how little ability there is, but I don't mean to go on for ever with it. I have other things to do.'

"*3rd Sept.*—I asked George to-day about the King, and what impression he had made on him during the visit to Ireland. He said, 'The King is intelligent about political matters, and quick to seize ideas, almost too quick. He is really interested in Ireland, and the Irish have found out he is favourable to them. I don't know how they knew about it, but they know.'

"*7th Sept. to 11th Sept.*—I paid a visit with Anne to Ashley Coombe where the Lovelaces are settled for the autumn. He very busy cutting trees and attending to other improvements much needed. I had not been there to stay since my honeymoon. We had a pleasant time now riding every day through the oak woods, which are very beautiful, and extend from the shore of the Bristol Channel to the edge of Exmoor, with its open heaths a thousand feet above us.

"Ralph has given me his 'Astarte' revised to read. It is much improved, though it still retains his attack on Murray.

"*30th Sept.*—Austin Lee writes from Paris that Berthe Wagram who has long been ill is not expected to live many days. She has received the last sacrament. Poor Wagram, he says, is in a terrible state of despondency and nervous excitement. [Lee telegraphed again two days later to tell me she was dead.]

"Meynell has dedicated his new book on Disraeli, for whom he has a great *culte*, to me. I have written to him as follows:

"'I have now read the whole of your two volumes, and am only sorry there are not two more. Your Dizzy is indeed a creature of loveable qualities, and the human part of him you have brought admirably out, his affection, his lightness in hand, his wit. This last I place next in the world to Voltaire's, his intellectual father. Tancred, Coningsby, Ixion, these have more wit in them than anything in literature since Candide. So far I go with you.

"'You must not, however, call me a "Dizzy-*worshipper*," as you do in your dedication. I am a hundred miles away from that. Æsthetically our good Jew was a terrible Philistine; and politically (I say it with some timidity to you his apologist) a very complete *farceur*. I don't like to call him anything worse than that. "Mountebank" and *charlatan* are abusive terms which imply deception for an

ignoble end, and of this there is no sign, for his ambition was pure of all money calculations. Only you cannot persuade me that he ever for an instant took himself seriously as a *British* statesman, or expected any but the stolid among his contemporaries to accept him so. His *Semitic* politics of course were genuine enough. For his fearlessness in avowing these I hold him in esteem — for a Jew ought to be a Jew — and I enjoy as a *tour de force*, his smashing of those solemn rogues the Whigs, and his bamboozling of the Tories. Our dull English nation deserved what it got, and there is nothing funnier in history than the way in which he cajoled our square-toed aristocratic Party to put off its respectable broad-cloth, and robe itself in his suit of Imperial spangles, and our fine ladies after his death to worship their old world-weary Hebrew beguiler under the innocent form of a primrose. All this was excellent fooling, but the joke has been rather a poor one for the world at large, and has saddled us at home with what we see, a bragging pirate democracy.

"'So don't call *me* a worshipper. I will laugh as much as you like, and I will even love the brother of Sara — but I will not take the member for Maidstone seriously, or the Creator of the British Empire, even on his way home to his Queen-Empress from Berlin.

"'P.S. I am not sure I ought not to ask you to add this letter to the dedication in your next Edition.'

"*5th Oct.*— I hear on extremely good authority that an arrangement has been come to between Cromer and Gorst to the effect that Gorst is to have Cromer's place at Cairo on condition that later he is to give way to Cromer's son, Cromer having the ambition to found a sort of dynasty in Egypt. This is to take place next year, I mean the first step of it, Cromer's retirement. His new wife has just presented him with another son.

"*6th Oct.*— The great political excitement of the last three weeks, consequent on Chamberlain's resignation of the Colonial Office ended yesterday, with the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire and the publication of the names of the new ministers. Chamberlain's resignation was at first taken as indicating a collapse of his plans, but it almost at once transpired that it was only an intrigue between Arthur Balfour and himself for the better execution of their programme, and to rid themselves of certain colleagues who were declared free traders, while keeping the Duke whose influence in the country, as a safe if slow man typical of the old Whigs, is great. In my opinion however, the whole fiscal agitation has been got up by Chamberlain in order to divert public attention from his own blundering in South Africa, which it was almost incredible the British public could condone if it had had time to examine it fairly. Chamberlain is not a man of sufficient intellect to get any real grasp of large questions even of trade. All

his career proves this, and the only wonder is to find him in friendly partnership with a man of honour like Arthur Balfour. Arthur, I see, has just put Alfred Lyttelton into the Colonial Office, continuing thus the tradition of what I call the 'Soul's Cabinet,' Milner having refused. The appointment is amusing to those who know the feminine side of things. St. John Brodrick, another of the set, goes to the India Office in spite of his incapacity; the two, with George at the Irish Office and Arthur, make up a Soul quartet at which one smiles. And to think of all these fine gentlemen being hustled and browbeaten by that great . . . Joe of Birmingham. What a comedy!

"*14th Oct.*— Shot the Woodgaters beat with Dormer, Robert Gregory, and Caffin, getting seventy-two pheasants. Young Gregory is a distinctly good shot, and an extremely nice fellow.

"*21st Oct.*— With Dorothy to Annunzio's Italian play, Francesca da Rimini, the chief part played by Duse. We found the play intensely interesting, quite admirably acted, especially by the men; the fourth act is I consider the finest dramatic conception, and was the most finely executed of any I have ever seen on any stage. As a rule I hate mediæval plays, but this one has all the reality of a thing of to-day, while it sacrifices nothing of the atrocity inseparable from mediæval Italy. It is the work of a great genius comparable to that of Victor Hugo at his best, Corneille, Racine, and even Shakespeare. We were both deeply moved, and the impression was sustained to the end.

"*22nd Oct.*— George tells me he had great difficulty in evading the War Office, which was thrust upon him in the recent Ministerial changes. 'But,' he said, 'I go on the Cromer principle of sticking to one thing until it is done thoroughly, and I mean to stick to Ireland. I could have had any place I liked, but I would not move. He is now going to take up the Catholic University, not that it is urgent, but as part of the programme, and because the present will be a capital moment to start it when everyone is busy with the preferential tariffs. 'I like,' he said, 'fishing in troubled waters, but I shall not force the thing on. I must get my colleagues to go with me.' I asked him how he was going to endow it, whether he was going to take funds from Trinity College or how? He said, 'No, I never take anything from anybody, my plan is always to give. I shall endow a Catholic University and a Presbyterian University out of the public Funds, the money admittedly due to Ireland. It will be a great thing to do both at once, because then I shall split the religious interests into three, instead of as now into only two, and shall always be able to get two with me against the third. I asked him whether he is going to announce his scheme at Dover where he is to speak to-morrow, and showed him the article

in the 'Times' of this morning, which he had not read. He read it, and was rather put out by it. 'It is too stupid of Buckle,' he said. 'I must write him a strong letter at once, and put a stop to this.'

"*31st Oct.*— Here I close this year's journal as far as my life in England is concerned. The part I was able to play in Irish affairs this summer has given me confidence my life has been not quite wasted. I await the future calmly, feeling that I have almost completed my life's work.

"Victor Lytton, who has been staying at Whittinghame and other headquarters of information, has given me a true and particular account of the recent Ministerial crisis. Chamberlain's first shot, fired in the Spring at Birmingham, was in consequence of the refusal of the Exchequer to grant a preference in favour of the Colonies on the Corn Tax or to continue the duty. The refusal was quite unexpected by the rest of the Cabinet and was not taken seriously by them at first; later Arthur Balfour's whole effort has been to keep the Cabinet together, but as he has been gradually converted by Chamberlain to retaliation, and as Ritchie is an out and out free-trader it became impossible to do so, and the free-traders in the Cabinet had to go. Ritchie and Hamilton and the Duke of Devonshire resolved together on this course the day before the Cabinet meeting, and the two first sent in their written resignations, but the Duke, who was always behindhand through slowness of thought, delayed writing his. So Arthur was able to persuade him to stay on. Arthur is furious now with the Duke, because in his own slow time he has got to understand the drift of what was going on, and has now resigned and left them in the lurch. It is like keeping on a cook after she has given warning. She gives you nothing but cold mutton, and chucks up altogether the day of your dinner party. Victor gave some amusing stories of the Duke's slowness and forgetfulness. Lord Dudley had been invited to dinner one day at Devonshire House, and as he was driving up to the door saw a royal carriage entering the courtyard in front of them, and began to trouble himself because he had not put on his orders. When the carriage stopped at the front door the King stepped out, but nobody seemed prepared for their coming, and it transpired that the Duke had told no one of having invited the King, and had forgotten about it himself. He was found playing bridge at the Turf Club.

"I stopped to luncheon with Victor and Pamela and met there for the first time young Winston Churchill. He is a little, square-headed fellow of no very striking appearance, but of wit, intelligence, and originality. In mind and manner he is a strange replica of his father, with all his father's suddenness and assurance, and I should say more than his father's ability. There is just the same

gaminerie and contempt of the conventional and the same engaging plain spokenness and readiness to understand. As I listened to him recounting conversations he had had with Chamberlain I seemed once more to be listening to Randolph on the subject of Northcote and Salisbury. About Chamberlain he was especially amusing, his attitude being one of mingled contempt and admiration, contempt for the man and admiration for his astuteness and audacity. In opposition Winston I expect to see playing precisely his father's game, and I should not be surprised if he had his father's success. He has a power of writing Randolph never had, who was a schoolboy with his pen, and he has education and a political tradition. He interested me immensely. He is writing his father's life and told me he had found a number of my letters and asked me for any I might have of his father's, which I was glad to promise him for his book. There was also there a young man Murray of the same political set.

"Now I must stop, being overwhelmed with work before starting for Egypt."

CHAPTER III

CROMER BEGINS TO MAKE MISTAKES

My visit to Gros Bois that autumn on my way Eastwards was a sad one, Princesse Berthe having died in the course of the summer, and there were no visitors and none of the bright talk I had so long enjoyed there.

"We arrived at Shekh Obeyd on the 12th of November. That same evening Sheykh Mohammed Abdu called and gave us a full history of his adventures after leaving Newbuildings. At Oxford he had found a number of Arabic manuscripts known by name only at the Azhar, and among them the correspondence of a certain Arab philosopher, El Sebaïn, with Frederick the Great. He is going to have a number of them copied with funds supplied by the Awkaf (the Ministry of Endowments). He then went to Switzerland and on to Algeria and Tunis. He drew a black picture of the state of things in French North Africa, compared to which he said the sufferings of native Egypt at the hands of the English were as light to darkness. In Algeria the whole administration is directed in the interests of the European Colonists at the expense of the natives. For these there is hardly any legal protection, and absolutely no liberty. There is neither freedom of the press nor even of speech, espionage is worse than at Constantinople, nor is the state of things better in Tunis than in Algeria. It had been proposed to him at Tunis to ask an audience of the Bey, but he had been informed by the Austrian Consul General that permission would have to be first asked of the French Resident, who would have sent a Frenchman to be present at it. The Mohammedans of Tunis had said to him, 'Your journals in Egypt complain of their lot under the English, but all we ask of Providence is to be given five years of your *régime* as a respite from the hell of our own.' The Mufti told me these details because I had seen it published in the 'Figaro' that he had expressed himself as entirely pleased with the condition of things for his fellow-Moslems under French rule. His account accords with all I have heard from other quarters about Tunis, and with what I remember of Algeria in 1873. There is no doubt that the English *régime* in Egypt is exceptional in the history of such *régimes*, which are in their essence tyrannies and oppressions, and

I think I may take some credit to myself for having made it exceptional by forcing Egyptian rights upon English public attention in 1882, and by keeping up the publicity whenever these rights have been freshly attacked. In France and Tunis no single voice is raised by any Frenchman against his countrymen's iniquities in North Africa, and crime is heaped upon crime, and so it would be here in Egypt if the European colony were allowed to have its way. Fortunately for Egypt there is practically no English colony, and our officials live under fear of criticism in the London press and parliament, otherwise we should have a purely military government at Cairo. Already, in answer to what I published in the 'Manchester Guardian' last summer about the abuses prevalent in the Ministry of Justice at Cairo, a move is being made by Cromer to get the Kourbash reintroduced, but I think we shall be able to prevent this, or at least to make it impossible for Cromer to do it on the sly.

"Finally the Mufti told us the latest doings of the Khedive. He has now gone in wholly for money making and speculation. He has got Cassel (the King's friend) to lend him half a million sterling for various schemes without interest, and he is projecting a building venture at Ghizeh, for which purpose an exchange of land is being proposed with the Awkaf, all to the Khedive's advantage. Abdu, however, as Mufti, has a veto on such transactions, and he will not allow any swindling of the public purse. He has seen the Khedive lately, who is ostentatiously friendly, but Mohammed Abdu knows he is intriguing to get him deprived of his Muftiship. The Khedive will not tolerate anyone who does not fear him. The unfortunate Minshawi was, it seems, basely sacrificed by Abbas, who had commissioned him to find the stealers of his cattle, but who denied it when questioned by Cromer.[1] There is also a quarrel, in which the Khedive is concerned, about some emerald mines on the Red Sea coast. Cromer, to his credit, stoutly discountenances all speculative mining.

"*22nd Nov.*— Rowton, poor fellow, is dead at his house in Berkeley Square.

"*23rd Nov.*— Yesterday I sent the French edition of our 'Pilgrimage to Nejd' to Mohammed Abdu to amuse him during Ramadan, and later he came to see me. Speaking of Midhat Pasha, of whom an account is given in the book, he told me Midhat was a man he had never liked in spite of his sympathy with the constitutional cause at Constantinople which Midhat had championed. Midhat, he said, was a hot head, and very imprudent, especially in his cups, for he had a habit of drinking, and this was the cause of his ruin.

[1] For an account of this episode see my pamphlet, "The Atrocities of Justice in Egypt."

While Wali at Damascus Midhat had attended a large dinner given at Tarablus, and had made a speech, in which he had described himself as the destroyer of two Kings (alluding to Abd el Aziz and Murad). This was reported to the Sultan, and was the cause of Midhat's disgrace. As a reformer he was shallow and Europeanized in the worst sense, nevertheless his fall had been a real misfortune, and his end a real tragedy.

"Mohammed Abdu has had another talk with the Khedive, who told him the whole history of his not having kept his appointment with us at Crabbet in the summer. The reason was precisely what I suspected. When the visit was first proposed no objection had been made by the Englishmen appointed to dry nurse the Khedive during his stay in England, but the very morning of the Sunday when he was getting ready to start for Crabbet, Cassel, whose guest he was, on behalf of the King in London, spoke to him about it, and told him that his going to see me would offend the King, that it would be interpreted at Court as meaning that he had not been satisfied with the King's reception of him. Cassel's words had been, 'I do not say that you ought not to go, but if you do it will be understood in this sense.' The Khedive sent the explanation as a message to me through the Mufti, but not for publication; he wishes me to see him as usual, but I shall not go, and have told Abdu to say that since the King has commanded the Khedive not to see me, and the Khedive has thought fit to obey, I, as the King's subject, am still more bound to obedience.

"*24th Nov.*— The papers give an account of Dora Labouchere's marriage at Florence to a son of the Minister Rudini. I am glad she has made a good alliance, it will please her old father who deserves to be pleased.

"*2nd Dec.*— The Mufti called to-day and gave me an account of what is going on at headquarters in the matter of judicial reform. He had an interview with Cromer yesterday, having been sent for to talk the various projects over. Cromer asked him his opinion of the plan of perambulating judges, and the Mufti said its value would all depend upon whether these were appointed by the Government or by the Court of Appeal. If the latter good men would be chosen, if the former not. McIlwraith was then sent for, and in the Mufti's presence received a lecture from Cromer on the necessity of consulting the best native opinion, and especially the Mufti's. He is satisfied now that they will adopt a reasonable scheme. He expostulated also against additional power being put into the hands of the police in its present corrupt condition. He tells me the Khedive is very angry with him for having insisted on his paying the full price, £20,000, in his deal with the Awkaf, and that he is doing what he can to get

him deprived of his position of Mufti. Abdu, however, is so firmly established now that it is of little importance what the Khedive intrigues against him, and it seems really as if at last his influence would become what it ought to have been from the first, the supreme one in Egypt. He is in high spirits, and I congratulated him on becoming Grand Vizier. Cromer supports the Mufti now. The Khedive is very foolish, for he allows real evils to go on unchecked and intervenes only in trifles.

"*7th to 9th Dec.*—A short outing in the desert, in the hills behind Cairo, exploring the cleft of Wadi Dijleh, where vultures still have their roosting place, both the great vulture and the Egyptian. They are getting rare now in Egypt, owing to our sanitary arrangement which forbids the leaving of carcases, which were their food. The black and white Egyptian vultures used to be as plentiful as domestic fowls; 'Pharaoh's chickens' Frank travellers called them. When the French in 1801 had Suliman el Halabi impaled for the assassination of General Kléber, the sentence passed on him by their Court Martial was that he was to remain impaled until the vultures had devoured him. I have been reading Jabarti's Chronicle, which is intensely interesting. It shows the French invasion of Egypt to have been a wanton and most criminal proceeding, absolutely ruinous to the still prosperous country. Cairo was almost completely destroyed by them, and when they evacuated, it was left as a prey to the Bedouins to its complete destruction. Yet the French are at this moment raising a monument at Cairo to Kléber and the rest of them, inscribed: 'To the heroic Martyrs of Civilization who died during the campaigns of Egypt and Syria.'

"On our way back to Sheykh Obeyd we followed the Mokattam range to its extreme edge overlooking Cairo. The view of the vast city, half Oriental, half European, approached thus as we approached it suddenly from the desert, is, I think, the most astonishing in the world. We arrived after several days' wandering in an absolute waste, the last mile of the way being waster than all the rest, and difficult for camels to cross, for the heights have been blasted with dynamite, and all is a labyrinth of holes and heaps, I suppose to prevent a surprise by artillery, the whole plateau being uninhabited and unvisited, except by kites and vultures, a sheer naked wilderness of stones, nor could one possibly guess the existence of life anywhere within miles of it, until gradually one began to hear the roar of the city below. It is not until one is actually within twenty yards of the cliff's edge that one gets the slightest hint of the living world spread out close beneath one's feet, the immense city of Cairo, with its citadels and towers, and walls, and minarets stretching away for miles, the splendid ancient city, and beyond it modern Cairo,

with its turmoil of tramways, railroads, and other modernities, and yet further still the Nile and the Nile Valley, seven miles across and green as a spinach bowl, with the yellow desert, far away in Africa with its Pyramids. The immediate foreground is dazzlingly white, a huge stone quarry, where men in gangs are at work like ants, quarrying the white limestone of which modern Cairo is being built. The sudden contrast brought tears into my eyes as sudden wonders are apt to do.

"*11th Dec.*— More interesting talk with Abdu. The Khedive is still very angry with him about the £20,000 of Wakf property, and is revenging himself upon the Mufti by trying to get up a new quarrel with him on religious grounds connected with the proposed savings' bank, which gives offence to old-fashioned Moslems, as allowing depositors to receive interest on their money, a thing forbidden by their religious law. Abdu, as Mufti, has issued a *fetwa* on the subject, recommending a change in the wording of the decree which institutes the Bank, but the Khedive has taken up a high religious line against him, condemning the thing altogether, this, although the Khedive puts his own money unscrupulously out at interest everywhere, and makes no secret of it. Cromer, however, supports Abdu, so that he is in no actual danger from the intrigue. In all this, as in much else, the Khedive acts absurdly, allowing real evils to go on without protest, and intervening only in trifles.

"*20th Dec.*— The Ramadan fast is over to-day, a thing for which I am always thankful. How much more comfortable the world would be without its feasts and fasts. As I lie here on the roof watching the birds, who care for none of these things, I realize what a long way humanity has wandered out of the region of common sense. Three quarters of our man's miseries come from pretending to be what we are not, a separate creation superior to that of the beasts and birds, while in reality these are wiser than we are, and infinitely happier.

"*20th Dec.*— Herbert Spencer is dead, poor old man, at the age of eighty-three, and another death announced is that of Henry Stanley (Lord Stanley of Alderley) at seventy-six. About Stanley, Blanche Hozier sends me an excellent account of his character, written by her mother, who was his sister. 'I do not think,' she writes, 'that he has been a sad man, for he has had joys of his own, being at one with his God, from whom he takes all willingly without repining, and in this submission there is great content, and he loved nature and real sport, and Oriental learning, and order and obedience, and he had a fair estate to rule over, and he enjoyed improving it in his own way. No, I think he had been a happy man. He is dying in his small, frugal room he had from a boy,

when I was so much with him before I married. Alderley has been a beloved place for many generations. God bless those who go out and those who come in.' I consider that a most touching account and most true. He was one of the best and least selfish of men, a sincere Moslem without parade. The last time I saw him I remember he was rather hurt with me because I said something implying a disbelief in the divine ordering of things in the world. In his domestic life he was unfortunate, his Spanish wife, Fabia, being socially impossible and mad. Yet he was kind to her, though she weighed like a mill-stone round his neck, and he spent half of his time with her at Alderley. He told me once that he had consulted the Grand Mufti at Constantinople as to whether he might avail himself of his Moslem right and put Fabia away, but he never had the heart to do so, nor would he do anything which might cause a scandal to his religious profession. He did an enormous deal of good to those about him whatever their beliefs, and helped to the best of his power in Parliament all Orientals who were suffering wrong. For this he got scant thanks and no credit. His deafness made public life almost an impossibility, and his many eccentricities and strange manner and appearance caused him to be more laughed at in the House of Lords than listened to. Yet he achieved from time to time success by his insistence for the causes he took up. Personally I had a great regard for him, indeed affection, and we remained for forty-three years firm allies.

"*23rd Dec.*— I have finished Jabarti, whose Chronicle is as good as Stowe's, and written much in the same style, and with certain characters of men he had known as good as Plutarch's."

Jabarti was by birth a Somali and by position an Alem of the Azhar at Cairo, who, finding himself there from the middle of the eighteenth century till well into the nineteenth, in a position of knowledge, though he took no part in public affairs, kept an accurate Chronicle of Egyptian events, relating all with strict impartiality. His history includes the episode of Bonaparte's invasion, as seen through Egyptian eyes, and is of the utmost value. He continued keeping it till the year 1820, when he was waylaid as he was riding home one evening on his ass from Shubra and murdered — it has been asserted — by Mohammed Ali's order.

"*25th Dec.*— I am glad to see that Stanley was buried according to the Mussulman rite, in his Park at Alderley, in presence of the Imam of the Turkish Embassy and one of the Secretaries, as well as of members of his own family.

"The Mufti came in the afternoon with Minshawi Pasha, the same who played an honourable part at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, saving many Christian lives at Tantah, near

which he lives. The English Government gave him a decoration after the war for his humanity, but Cromer has since persecuted him as a partisan of the Khedive. He is very rich, and has recently given a large sum of money, £14,000, to the Mufti for various Mohammedan purposes. The Mufti is still being worried by the Khedive, who has been putting pressure on a number of the Sheykhs of the Azhar to denounce him on grounds of impiety in the form of an *ardahal* (petition) precisely as Mohammed Ali did against the Sheykh El Saadat of Jabarti's time. He tells me that in spite of all he has gone through in his life, he has never lost but two friends, having made it a principle always to forgive.

"*8th Jan.*, 1904.—Greville, manager of the Bank of Egypt, came to luncheon and brought news that war between Japan and Russia is nearly certain. I have not myself seen how it could be avoided. The occupation of Manchuria by Russia with her seizure of Port Arthur makes the position of Japan in those waters too dangerous for her to acquiesce without fighting, and it became a question between trying conclusions now, and waiting to be swallowed up at leisure. The present moment is favourable to Japan because the English Government has promised to help Japan if a third power intervenes to help Russia. Of course, it is a great risk but of the two Japan seems to be choosing the lesser, if not the less imminent danger. I wish her all possible success, she being the representative of Oriental independence against the European Powers. If she succeeds in beating the Russians at sea, she may be able to get the hegemony of China and so frustrate altogether the Western invasion. Neither China nor Korea has the least chance of being able to stand alone against Russia and would be gradually absorbed, as would Japan too if she fails in the war."

It had been part of our plan for the winter that Auberon Herbert should spend it with us at Sheykh Obeyd, but for one reason and another though he came to Egypt he had established himself the other side of Cairo, at Helouan, and it had been a matter of much correspondence between us how we were to meet, as neither of us liked going through the town, and it was at last decided that we were to have a rendezvous in the Mokattam Hills behind Cairo some ten miles away, at a certain hour on a certain day, a plan which was attended with an almost certain risk of our not meeting at all, for, though we knew the hills well, he had no knowledge of them, nor was there any definite landmark. The result was as follows:

"*9th Jan.*—To Wady Abensur, which Europeans call Wady Hof, and encamped just above the great Sudd at noon, having left Sheykh Obeyd at 6.30. I then sent Mutlak down in the direction of Helouan to meet Auberon and Salem Aweymer on my *delûl* to look for him

in the valleys, as he had proposed to walk from Helouan and the valleys are so intricate here that I was sure he would not find us. At half past two I also went in search of him on my mare and rode almost to Helouan and then back up the main valley and I was just on the point of giving it up when I heard a shout behind me. Auberon had been found, having wandered away up another valley, Wady Melag, and presently he appeared with Salem, as extraordinary a figure as one well could see. He was clad in grey flannels, without a coat, and was carrying a lantern in one hand and a staff in the other, with a wallet full of stones strapped to his back, like the pictures of Christian with his bundle of sins in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I had the greatest difficulty in getting him to mount the camel, though it was already late and the road along the edge of the valley is a dangerous one to be in after dark and I was anxious to be back at the tent. However, at last he mounted and we arrived just at nightfall, and he stopped to dine with us and set to like a famished man, which he was, for he had been wandering in the valleys since eleven and had brought nothing with him but some coffee and milk in a bottle. He stayed on with us talking afterwards, interestingly on many subjects, including that of Herbert Spencer, whose influence over him as a young man he described as immense. Spencer had given him for the first time solid ground on which to stand, though he had since gone further than Spencer in certain directions. On one subject, however, he talked as it seemed to me not quite sanely, namely the stones he was carrying in his wallet. He turned these out for us to examine. They were quite common bits of limestone, flakes from the cliffs with which all the valleys about here are strewn, but he insisted in seeing in them carved faces of grotesque personages, with big noses and helmets, and declared them to be the work of primitive men who had formerly inhabited the valleys. He chose me out a few of the smaller ones and made them over to me with much earnestness to examine at my leisure, handing me also the small sum of five piastres as a present to those who had found him in the valley. Then taking up his wallet and his stick and lighting his lantern he set out, in spite of all remonstrances, in the direction he had come. I sent Suliman with him as far as the Sudd, but he would not allow him to go a yard further, saying it would spoil his night's walk. It appears to be his habit to spend his nights in the neighbourhood of Helouan with his lantern looking for these stones, and he told me he had been accosted in the dark on one occasion and nearly attacked by a man with a *nabut*. I think he runs great risks, for the hills are frequented by convicts escaped from the prison at Toura, and I told him so, and as he nevertheless persisted in his midnight tramp, I made him write on

a scrap of paper that he absolved me from all responsibility in case of accidents."

This proved to be the last time we met. Two days later I heard from him, that having wandered all night he had found himself at daybreak in an unknown country but had made his way down to the Nile and so got back to his hotel. He died the following year.

"*17th Jan.* (*Sunday*).—The Mufti has been to Alexandria where he has seen the Khedive, who received him, as his way is, with smiles and jokes, though he had been doing his best to get Cromer's consent to depose him. The Khedive has a new grief against him, his having issued fetwas to certain Mohammedans from the Transvaal in answer to these three questions:

"1. May a Moslem in a foreign country eat meat not killed according to rule?

"2. May a Moslem in a foreign country wear a hat?

"3. May a Shafeite at prayer range himself in the same line with a Hanafite?

To all these three questions Mohammed Abdu had answered in the affirmative, and the Khedive, though he himself eats and wears a hat and says no prayers when in Europe, affects to regard the decision as atheism. Cromer, however, supports the Mufti; it is a queer position.

"*22nd Jan.*—The Mufti was here to-day for his usual Friday's luncheon in the garden under the bamboos. He has a new worry in the death of one of the chief Azhar Sheykhs, which will be the cause of fresh trouble with the Khedive as to his successor. Fortunately, His Highness, 'our young man,' the Mufti calls him, is to start on a journey in the direction of the Tripoli frontier, which will give everybody about him a little holiday and the Mufti hopes himself to be off then to Khartoum, where he promises me to find out what the real state of feeling in the Soudan is towards the present *régime*. We had a long and interesting talk about the Mameluke days in Egypt, as also about the condition of the Jews in Arabia before the coming of Mohammed, and other matters of Eastern history in which he is very learned. I know no society so pleasant as his or so improving, it is all the society we have here as we see nothing of Europeans. We are in a kind of Coventry now with the English officials, but no matter, as long as Egypt is not annexed to the British Crown I shall go on with my opposition.

"He talked, too, about the Khedive's commercial propensities which he indulges without regard for his political position. He has taken to hiring and reletting the ferries over the canals, and he has been trying to get a concession of the fishing rights in various places at the expense of poorer people. Cromer has taken him to task for

this and has told him that he must choose between being a Khedive and being a tradesman, in which Cromer is in the right. All the family of Mohammed Ali have been keen traders and Abbas cares for nothing now, Abdu says, but money making.

"*23rd Jan.*— The reason of Gorst's return to Europe is explained. He went to try and get the French Government to agree to an abolition of the Caisse de la Dette, and has been at Paris seeing M. Delcassé with that object. I have written to the Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian' about it, explaining how very necessary it is to preserve the Caisse de la Dette as a check upon financial extravagance here. What our people specially want just now is liberty to spend all the Egyptian money they can get on the Soudan, which is an English, not an Egyptian interest. There is a scheme of railway making between Souakim and Gerber, and also between Khartoum and Abyssinia, the Cape to Cairo line, and there is an ultimate plan of great irrigation reservoirs to supply Manchester with Soudanese cotton. It is only the Caisse de la Dette which stands in the way of Egypt's being made the milch cow of our African Empire. I hear, however, that the French Government has refused to consent to the abolition."

[N.B. These were the first negotiations with the French Government, which resulted some months later in the Agreement known as the *Entente Cordiale*, whereby France gave England a completely free hand in Egypt in return for a free hand given her in Morocco.]

"*4th Feb.*— My letter to the 'Manchester Guardian' is published, and comes in pretty opportunely, though I understand the French Government has definitely refused to waive its rights on the Caisse de la Dette. It appears that there was really a proposal into which Gorst entered of some gigantic operation in the Soudan, a concession of Government lands on a vast scale for twenty millions to Cassel, with irrigation works, and a Government guarantee which required the consent of the Caisse; also it was said an attempt was made to abolish the Caisse altogether, a huge scheme of developing the Soudan at the expense of Egypt. Fortunately this has been put a stop to by the French Government, and the whole thing has fallen into the water. The Khedive was certainly mixed up in it, and from what I can understand Cromer did not altogether approve. Mohammed Abdu says that Gorst has been playing into the Khedive's hands of late financially, and there is talk of his leaving the Egyptian service.

"*11th Feb.*— The Russo-Japanese War has begun, and some Russian ironclads have been sunk in Port Arthur.

"There is a split between George Wyndham and Redmond over the Catholic University. As far as my politics are concerned I should

be sorry to see entire harmony between Ireland and England, for then we should have the Irish as Imperialist as the worst of us.

"*14th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—The Mufti lunched with us and talked about Egyptian history. He said that the Circassian Mameluke system in its later development had an immoral foundation, but such had not been the case with the earlier Mamelukes, who were principally those slaves brought into Egypt by Salah ed Din (Saladin) Nothing had ever exceeded the crimes of the later Mamelukes, Ottoman and French alike. It was common with these to try the sharpness of their swords at the armourers' shops on the passers by, by cutting off their heads or cutting them in two at the waist. Good Mohammed Abdu sitting here on my sofa in his turban telling these tales looked for a moment like a very terrible Turk making passes as he spoke with an imaginary sword. He also cited a good saying of Seyyid Jemal ed Din, 'Justice is found where equal forces meet,' meaning thereby that unless the strength of the ruler is opposed by the resisting strength of the ruled, there will always be tyranny. This in allusion to the passivity of the Egyptians under wrong.

"There has been a new scandal at Cairo, the Khedive having invited his Hungarian mistress to a Court Ball. The wives of the Consuls were offended at this, and would have made a public matter of it, but Cromer appeased them.

"*24th Feb.*—Cockerell has arrived from England to spend some weeks with us.

"*26th Feb.*—Everything is going splendidly in Manchuria, and there really seems to be a chance of the Russians being driven finally back into Siberia. Their sea power seems broken, and there is a good chance of the Japanese being able to cut their railway line, and so starve them out at Port Arthur. It is not likely there will be much sympathy with the Russian Government, though they are trying to get up a cry of 'Christian civilization in danger.' Apart from all special knowledge of the rights and wrongs of an international quarrel between nations, I think it a wise rule to give one's good wishes to the power which is fighting nearest home, that is to say, nearest its own capital and seat of Government. It is preposterous that a Government should claim rights of any kind a thousand miles away from home.

"*29th Feb.*—Took Cockerell to call on the Mufti, whom we found in bed with influenza, but he conversed with his usual wisdom. Talking about a proposal made by Ali Yusuf at the General Assembly to create Parliamentary Government in Egypt, I objected to the word creation, seeing that parliamentary Government had been won in Egypt twenty-two years ago, but Abdu says its revival now is only an intrigue, and that he had opposed it, though ineffectually, for it was put

to the vote and carried by a majority. In this I think he was wrong, for, intrigue or not, a parliament is the best chance there is in Egypt of getting rid of English dictation. Cromer has declared such a proposal to be beyond the competence of the Assembly. Abdu tells me that Gorst has been certainly helping the Khedive in his commercial speculations, and there has been a quarrel between him and Cromer on the subject. It is not expected that he will retain his post here of Financial Adviser.

"*4th March.*—There has been a good debate about the Somaliland war, more or less in accordance with my programme, published on the 10th February in the 'Daily Chronicle.' Ritchie reproduced some of my arguments, and Willy Redmond rubbed them in. The campaign will now be allowed to drop.

"*10th March.*—The following is a story current about Gorst's quarrel with Cromer. It appears that last winter, or rather the winter before, a lady, a friend of the King's, came to Egypt and received what she considered scanty attention at Lady Cromer's hands, whereas Gorst made himself agreeable to her, and an intrigue was started between them favoured by the King, to whom the lady had complained, according to which Cromer at the end of the year was to be retired, and Gorst to have his place at the Cairo Agency. It was supposed that Cromer would be willing either to join the Government at home, or perhaps take the Paris Embassy. The King was dissatisfied at the time with Monson the actual Ambassador at Paris, because, being poor, Monson did not, in the King's opinion, represent him with sufficient dignity. At any rate Gorst was promised Cromer's succession, and counted on it (an arrangement which I had already heard of) as also that eventually Cromer's son Errington was to have the place in reversion. Cromer, however, himself does not seem to have been told about it, and when the time came for the change refused all offers inducing him to budge, and was very angry when he learned what had been going on. Matters, moreover, have been further complicated by money transactions with Cassel. Cassel had lent His Highness half a million at 2½ per cent. to speculate with, while Gorst as Financial Adviser granted Cassel concessions. All this made up an elaborate intrigue, but it has been upset by Cromer who has put his foot down, and now declares he means to stay on indefinitely in Egypt. The Khedive, so Mohammed Abdu says, has been lectured, and told to choose between being a Khedive and being a tradesman. Gorst has had to leave Egypt, and is now through the King's influence being provided with a post at the Foreign Office, as Assistant Under-Secretary, with the promise of an Embassy some day. Errington has been packed off to the Legation at Teheran, and the lady is to come no more to Cairo. I must say that I think old

Cromer is to be sympathized with, and I am glad the intrigue failed, though Gorst has been personally friendly with us here, but these money speculations at the Finance Office are intolerable, and Gorst deserves his disappointment. Yesterday Dormer (who is in the Finance Office), came to luncheon, and added his share of information. Gigantic financial operations are in progress. A concession of all the Egyptian State railways is being given to a company of which Rivers Wilson is head. For this the Company is to pay forty-two millions sterling down. The present income from the railroads is sixteen hundred millions, so that the company at actual rates will get three per cent. for its capital, with prospect of indefinite extension. Cassel, too, has been in treaty for a concession of all the Government lands in Upper Egypt for some other prodigious sum. We suppose the idea is to convert and pay off the whole public debt, and so get the Caisse de la Dette and all other restrictions abolished. For the present, however, the French Government holds out against all changes.

"In the evening I looked in on the Mufti and recounted to him the whole story of the Gorst-Cromer quarrel. I always tell him everything, and he tells me everything, and so between us we know everything. He said that the account fitted in with all that he had himself heard and noticed during the past year. The Khedive, when he was in London, had attempted to open the question of Cromer's retirement at the Foreign Office, but had been stopped, and Cromer this winter had spoken to him (the Mufti) impatiently of Gorst, so that he was quite prepared for what I had to tell him, and he knew all about the financial intrigues which Gorst had encouraged the Khedive in. Gorst had allowed the Khedive, for instance, to purchase the large Mariout property of the Government for a very trifling sum, and had helped him in other ways to make money, more or less at the Government's expense. He was much amused at the lady's part in the intrigue. It had come round to him through a friend who happened to be on board the ship that took the Khedive last summer to Constantinople, that His Highness had boasted to his fellow travellers that a certain high English personage had promised to get rid of Sheykh Mohammed Abdu for him. Abdu had talked the incident over with his friend, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy.

"*15th March.*—It is now decided we are all to go to Damascus on Thursday. Anne and I, Cockerell and Miss Lawrence and Mutlak, to look for horses. To-day the Mufti called. He had talked of going with us to Damascus, but has reflected that it would not do. 'If you and I,' he said, 'were to go together to Damascus the Sultan would go mad. He would think that we had come to proclaim the Arabian Caliphate.

"*17th March.*—I have written to George Wyndham to get him to

stop the Somali campaign, and to provide for the safety of the 'friendly tribes,' on the Arab principle of paying blood money so as to end the feud between them and the Mullah. 'The British forces should then retire to the seaports and leave the interior strictly alone. If there are any friendly chiefs who feel themselves too much compromised they should be given handsome pensions and invited to live at Berbera under English protection. The rest of the tribes will very soon come to terms with the others, *only don't leave British garrisons anywhere in the interior,* and forbid all travelling and sporting expeditions by our officers for some years to come. You should consult Zoheir's Ode in the Moallakat as to peacemaking by payment.'"

We left the same day for Damascus and arrived at Beyrout on the 20th by sea from Port Said.

"*21st March (Sunday).*—By train to Baalbek, a slow business, the pace being but little, if at all faster than formerly by diligence, which used to run between Beyrout and Damascus, and was so capitally horsed. We travelled from Zahleh with a respectable man and his wife, Christians of the place who, finding we talked Arabic, gave us a good deal of information. The country of the Lebanon is very prosperous now, entirely, so he told us, through the emigration there has been to America, the emigrants coming back with money made there in trade. Every cultivable acre of land is taken up and prices have gone up prodigiously. He pointed out to me a property in the Bekaa which had been bought as derelict forty years ago by Dervish Pasha for £6,000 and which is now worth £60,000 or £70,000. The taxation is not excessive, certainly not as compared with Egypt. There is a yearly tax of 4 per mil. on the capital value of all land, and 12½ per cent. is taken on the gross produce besides being paid in kind. Certainly, the people look prosperous, new houses and new plantations of mulberry trees everywhere, children with rosy cheeks, and men and women well dressed. He puts the population of the Lebanon at 150,000 Christians, 100,000 Moslems, and 40,000 Druses, with as many more Druses in the Hauran. I had no idea of such prosperity.

"At Baalbek we went to the ruins which I had never seen. They are, I think, the most splendid in the world. They have been to a certain extent *remis à neuf* for the Emperor William when he was here, and there is an absurd tablet commemorating the event of his visit, evidently of Constantinople origin, with the names of the Emperor and the Sultan side by side. Otherwise the repairs have been sensibly done. There are the usual American tourists here, fortunately not more than half-a-dozen, the most senseless type of human nature, being quite insensible to beauty or decorum and with the manners of shop-boys, who ramble through the gardens of the ancient world with as little knowledge of their value as beasts have, defiling all and tramp-

ling all. Yet I noticed that one of them, a thick-set porker with pendant chaps, little cunning eyes, and a bullet head, after discussing the East in the language of Wall Street, and with comparisons drawn from the gutter of his financial mind, was able to give a sensible account to a neighbour who questioned him on the subject of the licensing laws of his own New England State. A proof that in its own environment there is no race entirely without value. They should be kept at home, for they have no business in these ancient lands.

"*22nd March.*— On to Damascus by the new railway which is carried down the wooded valley of the Baradah, very beautiful and very unlike any other. The railway twists and twirls dangerously in and out among the villages, and rounds sharp corners with no outlook 50 yards ahead; there have been many accidents, a single line, and the trains rock prodigiously. Here we are at a hotel, the Hotel d'Orient, a quiet place where few tourists go, but hotels are novelties still at Damascus.

"*23rd March.*— To the Consulate. Richards, who is in charge of it, confirms the prosperity of the Lebanon and says that most of the emigrants return with money from America, some few are Mohammedans, the greater number Christian. The country is quite undisturbed and safe. He sent a *kavás* with us to visit our house in the Kassab quarter, which we bought in 1881, and certainly never should have found without help. (I had forgotten even the name of the street where it was.) When we came to the door I recognized it so little that I was sure the *kavás* was mistaken. The little low door into the street had a chink opened when we knocked, but there were only women inside, the man, our tenant, having gone to market to sell his wheat. The *kavás*, however, got hold of a watchman and so we were admitted. A funny little place it was, but nice inside with an inclosure of about an acre walled round and planted with lucerne, and a fine old stone wall, shutting us in from surrounding gardens. Lady Ellenborough used to live next door, and the house belongs now to her stepson, a son of her husband Mijwel, who lets it, and on the other two sides lies the great garden, called Bostan el Basha, belonging to Sheykh Hassan el Attar, a chief of the Damascus Ulema. Ours is almost the last house at the extreme north-eastern end of Damascus on the road to Palmyra. The name of the street is Shariah Musjid el Kassab. In the afternoon we went there again and this time found the whole family of our tenant assembled, Sheykh Saleh Tillo and his three sons. They are well-off people and the rooms are richly furnished with good carpets and pillows, and one or two really handsome inlaid chests, besides china and glass, some old, some new. We are pleased with our little house and feel inclined to make a part of it habitable for ourselves and spend six weeks in it every year,

but there would be a difficulty about getting possession. The rent they pay is only eleven pounds a year.

"From there we went to the Maidan quarter and drank coffee with Ahmed Ibn Jamil, a horse dealer, whom we had known in Egypt, but he showed us no good horses.

"I find very little change in the town since I was here last except on the north-western side, where the railroad has caused some building, and a big barracks has been put up. The rest of the city is much what I remember it in 1880, not at all Europeanized. The bazaars which were burnt down in Midhat Pasha's time have been rebuilt and are as busy as ever. There are no modern shops or Frank innovations, or by-laws, or other Christian tomfooleries; things are made too uncomfortable for Europeans for there to be any resident foreign merchants. Newspapers of all kinds are forbidden, the post is unsafe and irregular, and at the Central telegraph office there are no printed forms. We were given with difficulty a sheet of notepaper to write a message on.

"*24th March.*—Visited the Ottoman Bank and reopened my account there, finding £12 still to my name, which had been lying there for 23 years. The house has been all these years in the care of the British Consul, who has been changed many times in the interval, the consular dragoman having been put in charge of it who, through lapse of time, had come to consider the property his own. There has been a wonderful flight of storks over the city, travelling in front of a storm from the south-west, many hundreds of them on their annual migration.

"*26th March.*—A night of tempest and a day of rain, but in the evening, the weather having cleared, I walked with Cockerell to Salahieh, the new quarter of the town where houses are being built, we were glad to see on good Turkish models with overhanging stories made of wooden frames filled in with plaster, cheap, practical, and pretty. Richards gives an excellent character of the present Turkish Waly Nazim Pasha as honest, sensible, and pacific, but he is building a huge Government house in European taste which must disfigure that quarter of the town. The view from Salahieh is among the first half-dozen great views of the world, the others being perhaps the view over Cairo from the top of Mokattam, (2) the harbour of Rio Janeiro seen from Corcovado, (3) the Lake of Geneva from the hills above Lausanne (4) Constantinople, from the Tower of Galata and (5) the Red Sea with Mount Sinai from the summit of Kalala. All these will stop one's breath for wonder and bring tears to one's eyes.

"*27th March.*—We spent the day in the bazaars, which are the best and cheapest in the world. It is a pleasure buying in them because the sellers are so amiable and do not worry travellers to

buy. Everything is astonishingly cheap and one might live comfortably with one's family in Damascus on £100 a year. A man can dress himself well for £1 from head to foot, a woman for 10 *s.*, a child for 2*s.* 6*d.*, house rent is one tenth what it is at Cairo.

"I am becoming converted to the Sultan's mode of government; though it is a wearisome tyranny for the rich, the poor are happy under it and are more fortunate in the circumstances of their lives than any population in Europe, and there is less discontent. The people in the streets here are all well dressed and fat and healthy, many of them have beasts to ride and there are very few beggars, food is plentiful, and all the small industries flourish. Our European factory system is unknown. Except for military conscription, an evil which they share with all the peasantries of Europe, they have nothing to complain of, and do not complain. I find an immense practical advance since twenty-five years ago. On the other hand the educated and wealthy classes are treated like children. No man may travel as far as Beyrout without a passport, or to Europe without special leave or leaving a deposit behind him of £100, or if he takes his wife with him, £200 more. No newspapers are allowed to enter the country, or any to be published of more value than a childish sheet of local news. What is extraordinary is that nearly all the Government offices in Syria are filled with political exiles from Constantinople. Nazim Pasha, the Governor, is the same person I remember head of the police at Constantinople during the Armenian massacres, and who was made a scapegoat of to save the Sultan's face. The military commandant is a young Turk, and so are nearly all the functionaries, that is to say, they were Young Turks, but now dare not express any opinions. Constantinople has been emptied of late years of its political notabilities, and as the Sultan will not allow them to go to Europe they are sent in exile to the various provinces, the more dangerous of them being provided with Government appointments to keep them quiet. The wonder is that they do not combine and rebel, but in fact the population is not with them, and except sporadically, there is no discontent. Such is the impression I have formed of the present *régime* at Damascus. Peace has been made with the Druses and with all disaffected communities." [This state of things helps to explain the rapidity with which the revolution, four years later, of 1908, spread through the Ottoman provinces, when it had once declared itself at Constantinople. Nazim was Commander-in-Chief against the Bulgarians later and was assassinated in 1913 at Constantinople.]

"After luncheon I went with Cockerell to see the great Mosque, which is being rebuilt, and in better taste than any rebuilding on a large scale we have seen in Europe. It is a splendid piece of architecture, and the view from its minaret is superb; only the tomb of

Saladin has been badly restored, it is said by a Russian Prince in Constantinopolitan taste, the ancient wooden sarcophagus having been removed by him; also it is still adorned with ribbons placed there by the irrepressible Emperor William. We are to leave for Egypt again to-morrow morning.

"*28th March.*— By train to Beyrout. We had for travelling companion, Ali Pasha Abd el Kader, the old Algerian Emir's second son, with whom we had much talk. He is more of a Circassian in appearance than an Arab, and is not unlike the late Sultan Abdul Aziz. He is a great personage in Syria, and at all the stations where we stopped he was greeted by acquaintances, who kissed his hand, for he holds a semi-religious position here. He would not agree to my proposition that the people of Damascus were prosperous or contented, but did not give his reasons. He is a fat and heavy man, without great intelligence, but possessed of a certain dignity. His elder brother, Mohammed, whom we knew in 1880, lives now in Constantinople; another brother, he told me, was in Morocco, taking part in the war there, but none of them are allowed to go to Algeria. He has had news, he said, of an arrangement which had been come to between France and England for the partition of Morocco. He had travelled in France and England, but speaks no European language." [This news, casually given me by Ali Pasha Abd el Kader, was the first I received of the Anglo-French Convention, afterwards known as the Entente, whereby the two Governments agreed to divide Egypt and Morocco between them, the first step of the coalition between England, France, and Russia against Germany, the initial cause of the Great War of 1914.]

"*31st March.*— Returned to Sheykh Obeyd yesterday. The Somali War has been stopped, but whether through my letter to George Wyndham or otherwise, I do not know.

"*3rd April* (*Easter Sunday*).— Dined with the Mufti, and discussed the affairs of Islam. He told an amusing story of an episode which had happened to him while an exile at Damascus. There was in London at that time (1883) a certain Rev. Isaac Taylor, who had conceived the idea of bringing about a union between the English reformed Church and Islam upon a basis of their common monotheistic creed. In this he was encouraged by the old Persian, Mirza Bakr, who carried the idea to Syria, and made Propaganda for it, to a certain extent obtaining Mohammed Abdu's sympathy, who, with others, drew up a letter to Taylor, which he signed with two more of the leading men of the Damascus Ulema. Taylor was of course delighted, and had the letter at once published, as being the general opinion of the Mohammedan learned of Damascus, and arguing from it that the union between Christian and Moslem was on the point of accomplish-

ment; and as such it came to the knowledge of the Sultan. No names had been mentioned in the published version, but the Turkish Ambassador in London was at once telegraphed to, and ordered to find out those of the five signatories, and thus, without suspecting the danger, Taylor let the Ambassador know, and all five were expelled from Syria. Abdu, however, before leaving Damascus protested, and had the opportunity of arguing the matter out with the authorities, and it transpired that the reason of the Sultan's alarm had been the idea that if England should be converted to Islam the English Sovereign would *ipso facto* become the most powerful personage in it, and the Caliphate would naturally devolve on Queen Victoria to the Ottoman prejudice.

"5*th April*.—Lunched with Carton de Wiart, who gave me a deal of information about official doings, not much to the credit of the English administration [I do not transcribe them here]. Cromer, according to him, has become very slack and careless since his new marriage, and no longer takes the trouble to master the details. He is largely under the influence of his Secretary, Boyle, who, in his turn, is under the influence of the Nimr brothers, the Syrian editors of the Mokattam newspaper, who provide him with the bulk of his information on native affairs. Cromer at the same time has become very obstinate, and nobody dares contradict him. I asked him about the Khedive, and he confirmed to me all that Abdu had told me about his speculations with Cassel, and he gave me a curious instance of His Highness's lack of the sense of what is due to his position where money matters are concerned. It appears that on the property he bought some time ago from the heirs of Halim Pasha there was a certain disreputable house let at a high rent, the payment of which was much in arrear. It was desirable to close the house, but the Khedive, in his eagerness to get in the money due, kept it open to its frequenters for six months on his own account, putting in a man from his Daira (Estate Office) to receive the profits. Cassel's is a very bad influence for him, as he encourages him in all his irregularities.

"He talked also about Cromer's quarrel with Gorst. Cromer disapproves his intimacy with Cassel, and had been also displeased because the Khedive went to Gorst's wedding. Gorst has left Egypt now, but in Carton's view will return at the end of a year or so, and get Cromer's place. I also went with Cockerell to the Museum, and had an interesting talk with Maspero.

"10*th April*.—We have left Sheykh Obeyd for England. Yesterday I wished Mohammed Abdu good-bye. He has written a letter to Tolstoy which Anne is translating for him into English (see Appendix). News has come of the Anglo-French Agreement about Morocco and Egypt. I have been long expecting it. As to Egypt the terms might have been worse, for the political status is untouched,

but it will be a bad day for Morocco. Here there will be a rush of speculators; and Abdu has given me the detail of the 100,000 feddans conceded to Cassel.

"*15th April.*—We landed at Genoa on the 14th, and came on the following day to Turin, where we are staying at the Palazzo della Cisterna with the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. On landing, I found a copy of the 'Times' containing Cromer's annual report with a long despatch from Lansdowne explaining the Anglo-French Convention. Cromer's report is in the usual First Chapter of Genesis style, and nobody would guess from it what wars and rumours of wars there have been at Cairo. Cromer publicly laments Gorst's departure, and no hint is given of the Khedive's misdoings, or of any of the tragi-comic events of the winter. Yet Cromer would doubtless be indignant if it were said of him that he was not a scrupulously truthful official narrator.

"Lansdowne's despatch is a very important document, as it puts all the dots upon the i's of the Convention. It is clear now that the two Governments understand it as a division of spoils, not quite yet complete, but to be so in the near future. The French are to have the same footing in Morocco that we have taken in Egypt, and as certain clauses in the arrangement are to last for thirty years, the final partition of Turkey is evidently foreseen in it, and so the permanent incorporation of Egypt into the British Empire; at least this is how I read the despatch and Convention taken together. One thing is clear, viz., that the Anglo-Egyptian Government will now have a free financial hand for both spending and borrowing, and that the old economy will be abandoned in favour of a forward financial policy on the Indian model. Egypt will be run for the Soudan. The best one can say is that Egypt might have been annexed, or formally protected, and that the chapter of accidents still remains open to prevent this last misfortune. For Morocco it hardly could be worse, seeing what French methods are.

"Poor old Queen Ysabel of Spain is dead at the age of seventy-three, and is to be buried at the Escurial. It is just forty years since I first saw her at Madrid, but the recollection of her and her Court remains a vivid picture in my mind, while so much else is forgotten. It gives me the image of a great, fat, colourless, blue-eyed, good-humoured woman, with arms like rounds of raw beef. Beside her, her husband Don Francisco de Assiz, a little stiff man in a much embroidered coat, and the two royal children, the Ynfanta, a thin anæmic girl of thirteen, and her brother, the little Prince of Asturias, a child of six (he afterwards was King), all four personages sitting on great gilt chairs in a row, having their hands kissed by a

long procession of Spanish Grandees and Officers, the child fast asleep. We of the Diplomatic Corps had to stand just opposite the throne and watch the *besa-manos* for an hour or more together, thus it is all photographed upon my memory.

"*16th April.*—We are at the Palazzo della Cisterna, which has been thoroughly furbished up since I was here three or four years ago, but it is still a somewhat gloomy house, as few of the windows look out on open spaces, and many are filled with opaque or coloured glass. We have been given, however, a cheerful apartment of half-a-dozen small rooms looking out on some chestnut trees in their first leafage filling the square acre plot which is the Palace Garden. Here blackbirds are singing gaily, though the day has turned to rain. We were handed over on arrival by the porter, a splendid apparition in scarlet, to the Marquese de Torregiani and his wife, Lord and Lady in waiting. He a Florentine brought up as I was by the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, she an American who has never been in America. These have made us very comfortable. The Princess is looking her best with her two boys, Amadeo and Aymon, charming children, with pretty manners, and talking already three languages, Italian, English, and German. French they have not been taught as they are expected to pick it up naturally later from their parents who talk it *en intimité*. The Duke was not at luncheon as he is still crippled by a broken leg, but he was wheeled in afterwards. In appearance he is altered greatly for the better, as he no longer affects the coiffure of the Emperor William, and he made himself very agreeable talking of horses and travels, and the Japanese War, as to which I was glad to find we were agreed.

"Another naval smash has befallen the Russians. Admiral Macaroff blown up in his Flagship the Petropaulowski.

"I have been reading Lafcadio Hearn's books lately which have increased my interest in the Japanese. His explanation of Buddhism is I suppose as lucid as is possible, though it passes European wit to understand it entirely. He makes out the case well between Buddhism and the monotheistic religions, but not I think as between Buddhism and materialism, the latter occupying far sounder metaphysical grounds. The weakness of Buddhism lies in this, that while accepting the eternity of matter it insists also on the eternity of mind. This may or may not be the truth, but it is a mere theory resting on no evidence or probability. The Buddhist doctrine of the composite nature of the soul is just as much a fancy as the Christian one of the soul's simplicity. Both exaggerate the importance of mental phenomena, which as far as our experience goes are confined to an infinitesimally small fraction of the material universe, and only seem of importance to us, because in ourselves they so strongly predominate. The idea of a soul as something possible, apart from an organized body, is a superstition

like all the rest, and when expounded by the Buddhist teaching, and put to the test of practice becomes equally unthinkable, whether it is complex or simple. To me as a pure materialist the soul cannot be logically distinguished from sensation, and when the organized body ceases finally to feel in death, the soul also ceases. The Buddhist theory of the transmigration of souls, of being born again to a series of new lives, rests on a fallacious reading of what birth is as well as what death is. It is just as much a mistake in physics to suppose the soul enters a new body at birth as to suppose it leaves an old one at death. Birth is simply the continuation of an organic form by its dividing itself into two. In the case of a tree this may occur by a seed growing up, or more simply by a branch bending down and taking root. The seed, however, and the root are in reality portions of the parent body extending and multiplying itself. Peg down a branch of a lemon tree and you will see it sprout; sever the branch and you have two lemon trees. Or again in the case of sexual generation of two bodies prolonging themselves together. There is no real solution of continuity, no real beginning of a new body. Death is simply the wearing out of the original organism, or of such part of the organism as has failed to multiply or extend itself. If there are no offshoots from the parent stem the whole organism perishes. If there are offshoots it continues to be alive in these. The Japanese idea of Mr. So-and-so's child dying, and its soul being recreated in the womb of Mr. What's-his-name's wife is to ignore the physical reality that the new infant is no new organism, but a joint continuation of his two parents. There is no room for Mr. So-and-so's child's soul to creep in. Thus the whole doctrine of transmigration is to my mind absurd. We have had great discussions on these points with the Princess who is interested in Buddhist philosophy.

"18*th April*.—The Princess has given me a Buddhist catechism to read, and I have been much interested in it, though it seems to be almost as dreary a religion as our Western Christianity. Both take the same dark view of life in this world, that it is an evil thing, and that we are to reject all happiness if we are not to be more miserable, consoled only by the dim prospect at the end of it of an unreal bliss in Heaven or in Nirvana, of which there is no visible certainty. I would rather believe in the Mohammedan heaven if I could, which at least is a tangible possibility of happiness, but annihilation, of which there is much more inherent probability; is, after all, more comforting than either of them to those who have lived; an eternal, dreamless sleep without waking. I have it in my mind to write a short treatise in development of this thought, to be called 'The Religion of Happiness.'

"In the afternoon there was a grand parade of all the Duke's

horses in the royal stables, which have been made over to him by the King, and which are kept up as no stables are that I have ever seen. He must have quite forty animals, most of them English weight-carrying hunters in the prime of life, and obtained at high prices, with as many men in livery to look after them. He cannot spend less than £10,000 a year on his hobby. In the morning we had been to see the two children ride in the riding school, which they did wonderfully, considering their age. They are courageous boys, thoroughly well brought up, and with the prettiest manners in the world. The Duke has been most amiable, going the round of the stables with us himself, wheeled in his chair.

"At dinner to-night I was interested to meet the Marchese di Guiccioli, grandson of the husband of the famous Contessa of Byron's days. I should have liked to ask him what view the family took of this episode, but refrained. He told me his family had left Ravenna early in the last century, and had since lived in Venice. He is Prefect here in Turin at the present moment, an intelligent man with much manner of the world, reminding me a little of Sir Henry Layard, and like him, a good talker. After it we discussed French poetry, especially Victor Hugo's, and the Princess quoted several of the best pieces of the 'Legende des Siècles.' In the morning she had taken me to the studio of the sculptor Canonico, to see a bust he has made of her. It is good, better than anything we could get done in England. Canonico is an intelligent young fellow, much absorbed in his work, and talking fluently about it. He has done several excellent busts of children, and two of our gracious King and Queen, rather painful performances, and a terrible Pietà on a gigantic scale for a cemetery, as is the taste just now in Italy.

"*19th April.*— We left for England, and crossing Mont Cenis in floods of rain, reached home on the 20th.

"*21st April.*— The news is that Winston Churchill has just seceded from the Tory party, and has been invited by half-a-dozen constituencies to stand as an independent Free Trader at the elections.

"*23rd April.*— At Park Lane I found both Sibell and George Wyndham, and took George to lunch with me at the St. James's Club. In Ireland he has got into slack water with his Land Purchase, and his Catholic University scheme is tied up. He wants to see Redmond, and I am to arrange a meeting between them in Chapel Street. He has acted on my suggestion about Somaliland, and has got the Prime Minister on his side and also Arnold-Forster, and the war for the time is stopped. They have not, however, yet withdrawn all the troops to the coast, nor made a final settlement on my plan with the tribes, but he is working for both and hopes to manage it. The chief obstacle lies in the Foreign Office, which began the war, and does not

like acknowledging a failure. From this we passed on to India and George Curzon and the Japanese War, where we are at one. George is getting sick of office, and longs to be away writing poetry. He recited to me a sonnet he had just made, a very good one, and told me as a great secret that he had been asked by Rowton's executors to write Disraeli's Life, but has been obliged to decline, as he cannot spare the time. I asked him why his party should wish to stay in office for another year? He said there were two or three things they had to finish first, the re-organization of the army and the reconstruction of South Africa, then they would be glad to go.

"*26th April.*— Saw Redmond at the House of Commons. The Land Purchase, he says, is going on well, more estates sold than the Government have money for, but it was lucky they got the Bill through last year, as this year it would have been impossible. He gave me the history of O'Brien's secession from the Irish Party. I found him not very keen about meeting George, though friendly towards him. 'Wyndham,' he said, 'may be quite ready to do everything for us, but he has no power.' I asked about the King, who has just gone to Ireland. 'We all think him friendly to us,' Redmond said, 'and perhaps we may get Home Rule through him. But I don't myself believe that we shall get it except indirectly, and a bit at a time. Meanwhile all is going well.'

"Elsa Wagram is engaged to marry the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne.

"*4th May.*— Saw George and arranged with him about a lunch with Redmond next week. He tells me he believes he has succeeded now in getting a final end put to the Somáli Campaign. There has been a last splutter there, the bombardment of a small seaport, Illig, but the army is to be withdrawn, and the occupation of the country to be confined strictly to the Coast towns. This is something accomplished. Strict orders have been sent out to Swain the Consul General, that he is not to interfere with the tribes.

"The victory of the Japanese at Yalu is now fully confirmed. We talked also about George Curzon and the Tibet War. My relations with George Wyndham are very pleasant ones now, as he consults me on all his political affairs, and as Arthur Balfour consults him I am beginning to have a practical influence on public events.

"*9th May.*— Yorke Powell is dead, which grieves me. It is only a day or two since I heard from him. He was the most sympathetic of men, and my memory of him runs back to 1863, when I first met him, he being a boy, with his mother in the Pyrenees. They were friends of Madame Bertrand de Lis at Madrid, hence our acquaintance. He was fond of Spain and France, and the East, and of much else that I loved. I lose much by his death. I have written to

George in the sense of our conversation of yesterday, urging him to get the Tibetan expedition withdrawn, now that Russia has been so smashed up in Manchuria, proposing also a scheme of settlement for Egypt.

"*10th May.*— Dined with Lady Gregory, Yeats, Gilbert Murray, and Robert Gregory. Yeats is just back from America, where they have made a great fuss with him, and he takes himself very seriously in consequence. Though doubtless a man of genius, he has a strong touch in him of the charlatan, and his verse is thin stuff, not so good as his prose. Gilbert Murray is worth ten of him as a poet, and is bringing out his 'Hippolytus' this month at a London theatre. I walked home with Murray as far as Hyde Park Corner. I like him, though he is rather dry in his talk, a sayer of the obvious rather than of the exquisite, the antipodes in this to Yeats, who is brilliant in conversation and full of affectation, while Murray, in spite of his poetic gift, is dull. Yeats talked to me about getting George Wyndham to grant them a patent at Dublin for their new theatre. This I readily agreed to see to.

"*11th May.*— Lunched in Park Lane. George promised at once to befriend the Abbey Theatre as I was sure he would. Then we got on to Eastern politics. George told me he had been adverse all along to the Tibet expedition, and would be glad to stop it now if he could. On all these matters he declares Arthur Balfour to be quite sound, and he explained to me the standing Committee in the Cabinet on Foreign Affairs, and how well it was working in the way of preventing Departmental extravagances. I told him there was one thing that needed reform more than all, that was that instead of promoting an official who had caused an unnecessary war as they always do, he should be punished. I am glad to see him taking an interest in foreign affairs, and if he could one day be Foreign Secretary, my life's hopes would be fulfilled.

"*18th May.*— I have been reading Herbert Spencer's autobiography, an astounding document, one of those that console the least of us that he is not a great man, comic too, and reminiscent of Happy Thoughts, and the author of 'Typical developments.' Burnand must have known Spencer to have written it.

"*30th May.*— To the Lyric Theatre with Cockerell to see Hippolytus. I expected to find it dull, and perhaps vulgar, in spite of the beauty of the poetry as translated by Murray, but it was all the contrary. I have never seen a tragedy like this, not even Salvini's Othello, or Annunzio's Francesca da Rimini. Hippolytus stands upon a higher and nobler plane. It has dramatic effects one does not dream of when reading it, not that the acting was more than moderately good. Most of those on the stage were amateurs, and rather clumsy, but I think this

added to the effect. Even the few professionals were sobered into a kind of good taste. With the exception of Theseus and a nurse nobody was vulgar, and the messenger (Granville Barker), who recites the catastrophe, was admirable. Everybody enunciated well, a thing more necessary in verse than prose, and the chaunting chorus seemed to me in its place. The slow movement for the first act is an artistic preparation for the rest, and throughout it is the piece that enthralls, no cleverness of the actors. Compared with Shakespeare the superiority lies in the workmanship quite as much as in the tragic atmosphere. The piece has an ordered sequence no play of Shakespeare's possesses. There are none of Shakespeare's vulgarities, his appeals to the gallery, his wearisome Elizabethan jokes. The rhymed verse, too, I find more effective than blank verse, at any rate than the very best, and a vast amount of Shakespeare's is mere wind. The climax of Hippolytus is tremendous, the catastrophe the most powerful thing in dramatic literature. At the end of it we were all moved to tears, and I got up and did what I never did before in a theatre, shouted for the author, whether for Euripides or Gilbert Murray I hardly knew. Nobody cared to call for the actors, this I consider the most complete feature of the triumph. Percy and Madeline were there with Dorothy, also Carlisle, sitting almost next to me, and his son-in-law Roberts, and Mackail, and his wife. Murray with his family in a stage box, and a full house behind us. When it was over I went to tea in Belgrave Square.

"*31st May.*— To Cambridge on a visit to Browne, whom I found with Sheykh Hassan Towfik, the recently installed Arabic tutor. With Sheykh Hasson I had a long talk in Browne's rooms at Pembroke, and found him a most interesting man, who had already gained much influence with such of the undergraduates as were studying Arabic for employment in Egypt. (His sudden death a few days afterwards was a great misfortune.) Then on to Babraham where I dined and slept.

"*6th June.*— Lunched with George and Sibell, he very full of the Montem at Eaton, to which he had gone on Saturday, an honoured guest with George Curzon. The pair are to be given Doctor's degrees at Oxford. 'I like honours and dignities,' said George. He talked, too, with enthusiasm about Rodin and Paris, from which he had just returned.

"*7th June.*— I have it from the same source from which I originally heard it, that Eldon Gorst is certainly to succeed Cromer at Cairo in two years' time. I wrote to Mohammed Abdu to tell him this, and of the probability of a new régime being started at Cairo.

"*15th June.*— Dined with George Wyndham, and among others Dunraven, a pleasant party, with much talk about Ireland. Both

George and Dunraven enthusiastic in their praises to me of William O'Brien. Who would have thought it possible fifteen years ago, and to me, but Time has strange revenges.

"*17th June.*— A large dinner in Park Lane. I had some talk with Lord Percy after dinner about Arabian matters, he being Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is an intelligent young man, but without genius it seemed to me, or special wit, inferior for instance to Winston Churchill. There were also at dinner Lord Manners, a Dowager of Westminster, Percy and Madeline Wyndham, with Dorothy, Charles Gatty, Paget, a young Mahaffy, and Hugh Lane. George much bored between two dowagers.

"*20th June.*— Madeline Wyndham's birthday dinner, always to me the pleasantest of anniversaries. Each guest's name, there were twenty-two of them, was written on a card with a heart and wings. I had some talk after dinner with Bendor about South Africa and the land he bought there three years ago. It consists of 60,000 acres close to the Basuto frontier, and he is letting it in 300 acre lots to farmers he is bringing out from England. He has six thoroughbred stallions there from the Eaton Stud, and spoke in high praise of the Arabs, wanting me to go out and see it all.

"*24th June.*— To see Dr. Andrews, of the Natural History Museum at Kensington, who showed me fossil bones of primaeval horses, and other ancient beasts, also the new Okapi stuffed. It is a miniature Giraffe, striped on the hind quarters like a Zebra. Andrews is a queer, rough little man, but a good fellow, who knows his trade, and mocks at conventionalities. Lunched afterwards with Amir Ali and his English wife. He has retired from the Indian service, and is domiciled now permanently in England, bringing up his children at schools and universities as Englishmen.

"*28th June.*— To Yeats' Irish play, 'Where there is Nothing,' a very poor piece, without either wit or sense.

"*30th June.*— Gave a scientific luncheon to Andrews, Lydekker, Cockerell and his scientific brother from America, to discuss the origin of the horse. This we did pretty thoroughly, deciding that it was quite possible the Arab was a separate wild breed, that there might be aboriginal wild horses in Africa, and also on an island in South America, Chiloe. Lydekker considers both the existing Prevalsky horse and the Tarpan to be wild breeds, though probably crossed with feral stallions. Andrews believes that a heavy horse of the shire type existed once wild in the Thames valley. All agree, I think, that the origin of the wild horse was multiple. Andrews attaches much importance, as indicating a separate wild origin for the Arab, to the depression found in their skulls to receive the tear gland as also to the high setting on of their tails level with the croup.

"*2nd July.*— Good old Watts is dead, full of years and honour. His pictures this year at the New Gallery were almost as good as ever they were, and he was well and in good spirits down to a few days before his end. He was a great painter — on the whole the greatest in England since Reynolds.

"Another death is that of Stanley, the explorer, who has left £135,000, got by doing dirty work for the King of the Belgians on the Congo, a charlatan, who has had the cheek to express a wish he should be buried in Westminster Abbey.

"*6th July.*— Lunched with Margot, at her house in Cavendish Square. On the doorstep I found myself with Coquelin père, to whom Margot gave an effusive welcome. We had an amusing meal, Margot making her little girl Elizabeth recite some verses of Stevenson's about a butterfly, which the child did prettily, dressed up in a Velasquez costume with stiff hoop and petticoat. Coquelin good-naturedly suggested that 'perhaps Mademoiselle would be shy,' but Margot would not hear of it, 'There is no shyness,' she said, 'in this family,' nor was the child at all embarrassed. Coquelin then gave a little entertainment of his own, imitating an Englishman's account of him, Coquelin, in absurd Anglo-French.

"*13th July.*— Lunched with George. He is dying to be out of office, and live an irresponsible life away from politics, which he declares to be an abomination. He says that I am the only person who has learnt the secret how to live. We are to spend next Saturday to Monday together in Worth Forest, where I have seen deer lately. They seem to have come originally from Buckhurst, where the Park fence had been allowed to get out of repair, and they have spread themselves over the whole Forest district as far west as Shelley's Plain and Leonardslee, a distance of some twenty miles, and are to be found in small herds in all the great woodlands. It is a reoccupation of the Forest by its ancient inhabitants (not by strangers), where they do no harm, and so are preserved by everybody, except the German Count Münster at Maresfield, who complains that they interfere with his *chasse*. This comes of Harvey Pechell's snobbery in bequeathing Maresfield, an old Shelley property left him by his wife, to the Prussian Ambassador, because he had been socially polite to him.

"*16th July.*— George has been with me in Worth Forest occupying a tent we have pitched. He declares he will take five years holiday after the General Election. We have ridden all over the Forest in Tilgate and Smith's Charity, talking always of past days, and the glories of the Crabbet Club, and devising schemes of an ideal life in woods, with a pleasant society of men and women on Boccaccian lines, which we are to call the Fellowship of the Holy Ghosts, but George returns to his parliament to-morrow.

"*9th Aug.*— Went by appointment to see Winston Churchill at his rooms in Mount Street. He is astonishingly like his father in manners and ways, and the whole attitude of his mind. He has just come in from playing polo, a short, sturdy little man with a twinkle in his eye, reminding me especially of the Randolph of twenty years ago. He took out his father's letters which I had left with him six weeks ago, from a tin box, and read them to me aloud while I explained the allusions in them, and gave him a short account of the political adventures of the early eighties in which Randolph and I had been connected. There is something touching about the fidelity with which he continues to espouse his father's cause and his father's quarrels. He has been working double shifts this session in Parliament, and looks, I fancy, to a leadership of the Liberal Party, and an opportunity of full vengeance on those who caused his father's death. I promised to let him see extracts from my diaries of 1884–1885.

"Mary Milbanke is with me at Newbuildings. She is much enlivened and improved by her trip to the West Indies last winter. I am very fond of her, having acted as a parent to her from the time she was a child.

"*14th Aug.*— Fernycroft. I drove here, starting on the 11th, with Miss Lawrence and the two boys, Alfred Kensett and Harry Holman, taking tents and camp equipments with us. We went by Fernhurst and Midhurst, and nearly had an accident going up the steep hill at Holly Coomb, for we were overloaded, and it was only by putting the four horses we had been driving in pairs together with the four in hand harness we had with us that I managed with a rush to get at full gallop to the top. There had been heavy rain and the road was much broken up by it, and it was touch and go whether they could do it. Holly Coomb is a romantic place with great oak woods, where they used to boast in former times that they could kill a woodcock every day of the year.

"I have had a long talk with Meynell, who is staying here, about Roman politics and Catholic prospects. He tells me the true cause of quarrel between the Vatican and France is that Combes has all along intended to do away with the Concordat, and that Merry del Val is young and imprudent. The first quarrel raised by Merry as to the French President's visit was so ill-chosen that it raised protests everywhere in the Catholic world and so had to be abandoned. The other quarrel has been forced upon the Pope. The Bishops of Laval and Dijon had two or three years ago been denounced at Rome, the one for immorality with a Carmelite Abbess, the other for being affiliated to a Freemasons' Lodge. He had been seen in plain clothes coming out of a house where the Masons were holding a meeting, and at Rome his action was connected with the story of there being a secret plot, sup-

ported with much money, for the dissemination of Masonic ideas among the French priesthood. Young men had been educated for the purpose in the seminaries, and it was supposed the Bishop was one of them. On being summoned to Rome the Bishop refused to go and declared a higher allegiance to be due to the French Government. He is now excommunicated. As to the other's immorality it has been condoned whether proved or not, and he has been given an archbishopric *in partibus* at Rome and thus made his peace. Meynell thinks it will lead to a rupture of the Concordat. The French Government mean to appropriate the churches in France and lease them back to the Catholic communities, but Meynell doubts whether these will be disposed to pay a rent reckoned at £2,000,000. I am inclined to think that the quarrel will eventually be of advantage to the faith, but Meynell doubts."

Here follows an account of a driving and camping tour ending at Clouds. My arrival there is thus described. We had camped the night before on the down above Wylye.

"*5th Sept.*— We had arranged that I was to wait in camp till nine for George Wyndham who was to ride from Clouds in the early morning; and sure enough at 8:30 I heard the sound of galloping hoofs and presently a view holloa and they arrived, George and his son Percy, both bareheaded, and with them Dorothy, and I gave them tea in my tent. It was a joyous meeting on a joyous morning, for George has cast his official cares to the winds and is in his most expansive mood. Then we all went on to Clouds, my four horses pulling double with the excitement of the galloping outriders. There are two terrible hills on either side of Hindon, and these we raced up at a gallop, the team going gallantly and out-pacing the riders, all except George, who was well mounted and led the way. What a morning! We spent the day discussing the Japanese victories and international questions and building by-laws and religion. The elder Percy was curious as to the exact extent of my beliefs. He asked me whether I believed in nothing at all supernatural. I answered 'Yes, I have a small belief in the evil eye.' This was hailed as a great pronouncement.

"*6th Sept.*— A day of galloping on the downs to Whitesheet Castle, and this afternoon I read them my version of Lebid's 'Ode' and my play 'Fand.' I am satisfied with 'Fand' and believe it has even acting capabilities. We had some discussion what to call it, a drama or what, George maintaining that it should be called a tragedy, because it ends in the hero going back to his wife.

"I asked him about Somaliland and what instructions had been given to Swain. He told me he had pressed my views of pacification by blood payment, and had no doubt Swain's instructions for peace

had been stringent because all the military men were furious against him. As to Thibet, Lhassa is to be really evacuated, another triumph of our joint influence. We also talked about Egypt. I gave him my views of a new régime there based on Mohammed Abdu's letter. He said they were quite aware that the present state of things at Cairo was unsatisfactory, but the great obstacle to any change was Cromer, who was entirely satisfied with all as it is. George had met the Khedive Abbas at a dinner party in London, where the Khedive had treated him with obsequious politeness. This had given him a contempt for him.

"*8th Sept.*— George has left us, and with him the life of the party. He is egotistical but not, I think, selfish, monopolizing attention to his own talk and his own ideas. Some people resent this, but on me it has a stimulating effect, rousing me to repartee; thus I am always happy in his company, almost as his mother is who adores his self-glorifications, which are a schoolboy's in simplicity.

"*10th Sept.*— Left Clouds. On my way back through Wilton I passed the statue which has been put up there to George Pembroke. It is on a colossal scale but very like him. It feels strange that I should have known him as a boy.

"*17th Sept.*— Chapel Street. To-day I signed the settlement, making over Crabbet to Judith, thus ending my reign there after thirty-two and a half years of it, though I still retain the Lordship of the Manors of Worth and Oram, with Worth Forest, Springfield, and Newbuildings. It is rather a leap in the dark but has not been taken without reflection. George also signed the settlement and also Eddy Marsh, as witnesses. George starts to-morrow, with his son Percy, for Frankfort in order that he may learn German. He is a charming young man and George is immensely proud of his good looks. For himself, his one thought now is to get back to poetry.

"*18th Sept.*— Dined with old Philip Webb at Caxtons and discussed Tolstoy's ideas with him which I quarrel with on two points. (1) His belief that the world is improving in the direction of justice and (2) His view that religion of any kind makes people unselfish.

"*23rd Sept.*— Anne has left for Egypt. I am to follow in six weeks. Herbert Bismarck is dead; his wife, Maggie Hoyos, was a nice, simple girl when I used to go and see them at Paddockhurst, some fourteen years ago. I see in the papers that she threw herself on her husband's coffin at the funeral; their marriage had been a very happy one.

"*28th Sept.*— Dined in Belgrave Square, George being with us, having returned from Germany. He has just published a letter in the 'Times' repudiating a programme put out in his absence by Dunraven of a kind of Home Rule for Ireland. I know this kind of

Home Rule to be in accordance with his views, but he gets out of the difficulty by declaring, that it is absolutely contrary to those of the Unionist Party, a distinction which has so far escaped the criticism of opponents." This was the first mistake made by George Wyndham in his management of his Irish policy and the beginning of great trouble for him, though he did not at the moment foresee it. His short run to Frankfort was the first real holiday he had taken during his three years at the Irish office, and he had given orders not to be disturbed during his absence by having letters forwarded to him. He was consequently unaware until his return that Lord Dunraven, with whom he had been acting in concert, had launched their scheme of 'Devolution' on the world and without due reflection he had written his letter to the 'Times,' an unfortunate blunder which cost him his political career.

"*1st Oct.*— Sir William Harcourt is dead, the last of the great 1880 Liberals. I am sorry he did not live to see the return of his party to power and the revival of the Harcourt earldom in his own person. He lived just long enough to inherit Newnham. The last I saw of him was some three months ago when I found him in his carriage in Green Park and exchanged a few words with him. He was always pleasant and kind to me and allowed me full liberty of laughter and plain speech, though he never, I think, quite forgave me my gibes at 'Paradise Lost.' (I had called Milton once 'a bombastic windbag.') This was touching a sacred subject to him, but perhaps I exaggerate the incident. Politically he was straighter than most of his fellow politicians, and when he condoned the Jameson Raid at the inquiry, I believe it to have been out of loyalty as a Privy Councillor to the Queen. His domestic life was very beautiful, and at home he was adored.

"*10th Oct.*— Alexandre de Wagram is here for a day or two's shooting. To-day our last beat was the Sprinks Plantation, where we got seventy-two pheasants, all driven high overhead. The light happened to be favourable and the shooting very good. For myself I got twenty-five birds down at one stand with only thirty cartridges, the best I ever did in my best days.

"*13th Oct.*— Oliver Howard and his wife arrived here last night having gone to a wrong station and wandered in flies for several hours. She is a very pretty but rather captious little person, which perhaps accounts for Oliver's going to South Africa.

"I am working out a scheme of small holdings here with a bungalow cottage and ten acres each at moderate rents, in pursuance of an article I published on the by-law tyranny in the last 'Nineteenth Century Review.'

"*24th Oct.*— An extraordinary incident has occurred. The Russian

fleet issuing from the Baltic, and bound for Japan, has at midnight attacked the English fishing fleet on the Dogger Bank, sunk one or two of their craft, killed two fishermen and wounded others. The newspapers treat the affair as a mistake, or panic on the part of the Russian officer in command. I do not take this view. The Russian aristocracy is immensely irritated just now against us English and is in the condition of mind when a man slaps another's face, without regard to the consequences. I am a man of peace, but under the circumstances were I in Arthur Balfour's place, I would stand on no ceremony, but should order out the Channel fleet, and bring the Russian squadron into Spithead. The commanding officer was in all probability drunk at the time, but that is no excuse. [I wrote in the same sense to George and he answered me briefly thus: 'Many thanks for your letter on the North Sea outrage; it was a shocking affair. We cannot contemplate the high seas of the world becoming a vast imitation of a running camp poker saloon.']

"*29th Oct.*— The Russian Government has given in, thanks to the firmness of our Cabinet. The Russian officers are to be submitted to an International Inquiry, and punished if found guilty, and in the meanwhile our Baltic Fleet is to stay where it is at Vigo. Arthur Balfour has certainly managed things dexterously and well. Whether the punishment will be very real I doubt, but the main object is already accomplished, that of showing it is impossible to do these things with impunity.

"*2nd Nov.*— With Madeline Adeane to see Bernard Shaw's new play, 'John Bull's other Island.' It is a roaring burlesque, the most amusing I ever listened to. I laughed till I cried, sitting in the uppermost tier of the gallery, for we could get no other seats. Shaw has certainly made an epoch on the English stage, using it also as a platform for his political fancies. In this play he hits all round, making all the Parliamentary parties equally ridiculous, including the Irish.

"The arrangement of the Dogger Bank affair turns out less rosy than Arthur Balfour announced it to be. The Czar has declared publicly his belief in the torpedo story told by the Russian officers, and the Russian Fleet, with its Admiral Rojesvenski, has left Vigo for Japan. It will probably end in our having to pocket our slap in the face, and perhaps in having the torpedo story saddled on us in history.

"*11th Nov.*— I leave to-day for Egypt, after having taken all my male servants down to Shipley to vote for Turnour, the Tory candidate."

At Gros Bois from 14th November to 20th November.

"*17th Nov.*— The great talk here at Gros Bois is of General André's resignation, a matter of domestic politics. They take no interest here in the Baltic Fleet outrage, or much in the Russo-Japanese War, Wag-

ram being convinced that Russia must win in the end, otherwise it would mean an invasion of Europe by '*les jaunes*.'

"This was a sad visit. On the 18th I went with Wagram and the rest of the family to a memorial service he has performed monthly at Boissy for poor Berthe, where she lies under her cold pyramid which marks the family vault, though Wagram is preparing for her a less dreary resting place outside in the sun hard by. Wagram had brought his little bunch of violets, and we both prayed for her, but alas, what matter, she does not know. 'Though the Heavens and the Earth be broken, she shall not arise, nor waken out of her sleep.'

"*20th Nov.*— La Tour d'Auvergne is here, and Alexandre came to-day from Saint Cyr, which he has joined for the Army. He was proud of having driven his motor the distance (forty kilometres) in as many minutes, it being the best and straightest road he says in France, and with the fewest villages. We were taken out shooting as in former days, and killed eight or nine *faisans vénérés*, with a number of the common sort. These *vénérés* have been thirty-four years wild at Gros Bois, having escaped from their pens during the Prussian War and multiplied greatly, but Wagram complains that the length of their tails has suffered. Formerly the birds measured as much as 2 metres 10, whereas now they seldom reach 1 metre 80. Otherwise they have flourished exceedingly, we must have seen at least forty on one beat. They are somewhat puzzling to shoot, as they are very sudden and irregular in their movements, coming through the woods with a great noise and flourish, and, when you expect it least, perching on the outer trees and chattering like parrots. Thus many birds are missed.

"*22nd Nov.*— Venice. With Button Bourke, to see the sights, he doing *cicerone* with considerable knowledge. I was pleased to find that the loss of the great tower is really a gain to St. Mark's, which one now sees in its true porportion. The tower dwarfed it, and it is best away. St. Mark's is, I say once more, the most beautiful church in Europe, and the most interesting. By good luck I find Tintoretto's great 'Paradiso' picture taken down from its place where it was difficult to see, and set in a good light on a gigantic easel, so that one can examine every detail. It is a really splendid thing. Button has been now two years living at Venice, and already has the ways and language of the 'oldest inhabitant. He occupies a little house in San Giacomo dell' Orio, where there is a large garden in which he stows the odds and ends of outdoor sculpture he buys for the London market, a business by which he makes a scanty living and which makes him happy, having found in it a vocation in life. He is, as always, a delightful companion.

"*23rd Nov.*— Lunched with Button and his chief friend here, Horatio Brown, who has taken on old Rawdon Brown's work at the Venetian archives. I remember old Rawdon Brown when I was here

with Anne thirty years ago. Both are interesting men. I told Button the story of the Gorst intrigue at Cairo, and he gave me in return the latest Egyptian news which he got from a friend in the War Office, namely, that Cromer has been in correspondence as to the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation. Cromer has declared himself ready to do without any English regiment beyond a Corporal's guard at Alexandria. He says he can rely absolutely on the Egyptian troops, that the English garrison is not wanted, and that he declines to pay for it. The London War Office, however, insists on keeping it on in Egypt, as they thus make a saving of English expense, the cost of the army being put upon Egypt.

"*28th Nov.*— After a stormy passage I find myself once more at Alexandria and Sheykh Obeyd. During the voyage I read Frederick Harrison's novel which he has just published, a strange mixture of historic fact of the most interesting kind, and melodrama of the most conventional. The romantic episodes will not, I think, redound to Harrison's philosophic fame, for it is naïvely unreal, but these take up but a few pages, and might as well have been omitted altogether, while the historic background is vigorous and well told, only, as in every historical novel, the parts that are true ought to be printed in sober type, the parts untrue in red. As it is we don't know what to make of the cream-coloured Arabs and the coal-black Barbs, which would seem to have been borrowed from Disraeli. I must write to him about it. The Creevy Papers is another volume of good gossiping value.

"Here at Sheykh Obeyd things change slowly. The city creeps gradually nearer us, and the old distant view of Cairo, which was so beautiful, is half shut out by new houses. The garden remains, as always, an unchanging refuge.

"Mohammed Abdu has given me an account of all that has happened during the summer. The chief incident has been an escapade of Sheykh Ali Yusuf's, in which the Khedive has been mixed up. The Khedive, ever since his first visit to London and the acquaintance he made with our King, has taken to a life of amusement with ladies of doubtful character, and has surrounded himself with boon companions. Sheykh Ali Yusuf, whose connection with the Court was originally a literary one, but who is a pleasant fellow, has been adopted into this set, and, though no longer young, has put on the garments of youth in the Khedive's company. Among other ladies honoured by His Highness was a daughter of the Sheykh El Saadat, whom her father from mercenary motives had not allowed to marry, though she is now twenty-seven, his high position as head of the Moslem nobility putting it into his power to exact rich presents from suitors for her hand, to whom he afterwards refused consent. The young lady, however, has been furious at the delay, and through the connivance of the Sheykh el

Bekri, who had married an elder sister, the Khedive had made her acquaintance, and seems to have wished to establish her with Ali Yusuf. Ali Yusuf was therefore put forward as a suitor, his suit being supported by Abbas, but the old game of preliminary presents and then delays was the only result, and Ali Yusuf getting tired of this, arranged with El Bekri and the young lady that she should elope with him. Now elopement is a quite unheard of thing in Islam, and bears the character of a theft, inasmuch as it is stealing a man's daughter without paying the customary dower, and the scandal caused in Ali Yusuf's case has been everywhere immense, nor has it been made less by Lord Cromer's having ultimately settled the dispute by advising the young person to return to her parents. Mohammed Abdu tells me that the Khedive's position at Constantinople is that of being made use of by the Sultan as a spy for him on what goes on in Egypt, and for this he has lost his popularity.

"*17th Dec.*—I have been a week in bed with a strong fever, a soul-crushing evil, and now feel twenty years older than when I left England hardly a month ago. The things of this life seem very far away, or seemed so till this morning, not merely the things of youth, love, ambition, vanity, but equally so the things of the spirit, all hope, all fear, all wish to live or die. In these depths, the problem of a future life seems foolishness; God, heaven and hell, good and evil, duty of any kind, responsibility, words without meaning. Above all the heart is dead. Who is there that can help or heal? The good to us are as one with the wicked. There is no voice in all the world that can reach us or console. Only with the dead, those who have passed through the shadow where we stand, are we able to converse as equal to ourselves in sorrow. I seemed to grope in blind impotent search for a dead hand, Cowie's, as she used to be here sixteen years ago, when we lived like mendicants in the little garden house, and as she had nursed me in Ceylon. Then I could have howled like a wild beast in my desolation. Such were the last few days.

"Now I am better, the fever almost gone."

This was the beginning of a long illness which eventually declared itself as Mediterranean fever, and from which for two years it seemed unlikely I should recover.

It is with reluctance that I waste space in recording these ups and downs of health which would be better passed over in entire silence, for I am sufficiently old-fashioned to be of the opinion of our forefathers, that bodily infirmities should be hidden as far as possible from public view, and that self-respect should require us as men to follow the dignified course of the wild creatures of the forest, who retire out of sight when suffering, and end by dying of old age in some remote

retreat alone. It is, however, not possible for me, in the present volume, to avoid all reference to those evil hours, seeing that they have covered so large a section of my later years. It has been fortunate for me that, however often pain has incapacitated me physically during the last decade of my life, it has always left my mind its full vigour, and allowed me to continue, with rare interruptions, its long acquired habit of setting down my daily record in these diaries. So far, indeed, has this been the case that during the years 1904 and 1905 I actually got through more literary work than in any other half dozen years of middle life. The necessity of bodily inaction forced me into activities of another sort which, in their turn, enabled me to survive. For this I thank a kindly Providence and the persistent devotion of not a few untiring friends who encouraged me to work, and working to live on.

CHAPTER IV

LITERATURE AND POLITICS

"*2nd Jan.*, 1905.

"This is the first day I have been able to write. I have had a terrible time of depression, the climax being when news came in from the desert that Suliman's pretty Bedouin wife Aïda had died suddenly of smallpox. This is so miserable a thing that I still cannot bear to think of it. From the time Suliman married her I have had a little sentiment about her. She was old Dahil Allah's daughter, a tall, straight girl with beautiful eyes and a sweet pathetic voice. Suliman was very choice with her and he covered her veil with coins. She was a happy sight, leading out her flocks to pasture, and, later, with her children. She had always a pleasant word of greeting for me, and she used to make me little ornamented head stalls and camel ropes of wool each year for my camels. This year when I came back I was distressed to find that for some reason she had been driven with her sheep out of our enclosure and that she was camped in a wretched place outside among the mounds of Heliopolis. I went with Suliman to see her. Her pretty clothes were soiled and ragged and her youth had faded sadly away from her. Perhaps it is best she should be dead. She kissed my hand and held it awhile and I asked after her children. She was to go away with them two days later, to Wady Hárbelamá, taking the flocks to the new pasture which is plentiful this year after the rain in the hills, and I promised to ride a little way with them on the morning of the *rahala* (flitting) and to pay them a visit later at their new camp, but it was a damp sunrise when they started, and I did not go out till too late. Aïda was taken ill only two days after their arrival at Hárbelamá, and seven days later she was dead. Poor old Suliman is partly paralysed. What now will he do?

"*3rd Jan.*— Port Arthur capitulated yesterday after a pretty stubborn defence, 5,000 men of the garrison left. How foolish our stupid English generals must feel when they see the strongest fortress in the world taken, fort after fort, by storm by the Japanese. This will probably end the war, for with all their talk the Russians will know now their case is hopeless.

"*4th Jan.*— To-day I insisted upon being put upon my mare, and carried to the outer enclosure, where we have a tent pitched. Miss

Lawrence wept and said it would cause her death as well as mine, but it all went off well. I lay all day long enjoying the fresh air and the sun, and paid a little visit on my way back to the tomb of Sheykh Obeyd, where Salem, my Egyptian servant, has been saying prayers ever since I have been ill to the saint, and I stopped at the tomb to recite a *fatha*.

"10*th Jan.*—I have been taken out every day to the tent and it has done me good. My illness has been very unfortunate. Suliman's three young children have sickened of the smallpox and the youngest has died. If I had been well I should have gone out to him, for he must be in want of provisions, though he has the milk of his goats. Smallpox is the one thing that terrifies the Bedouins, and they fly from it, a visitation in the natural world before which all are powerless. I sat yesterday for an hour with the Mufti in his garden. There was with him one Mohammed Bey Talaat Harb, a very intelligent man who is writing a history of the Arabs from Mohammed to the present day. The fall of Port Arthur is universally rejoiced in here as a triumph of East against West. It appears now that 48,000, not 5,000, Russians surrendered. The Khedive has made overtures of peace lately to Mohammed Abdu.

"12*th Jan.*—I have been reading FitzGerald's translations from Calderon which are rather poor stuff, more Calderon's fault than FitzGerald's, only two of the plays were worth translating, 'The Mayor of Zalamea' and the merry little comedietta at the end of the volume which reminds me pleasantly if not very closely of the Madrid of my youth, forty years ago. The rest of the plays are dull, with little of wit or passion. FitzGerald's blank verse, too, though good in its way, makes heavy reading; perhaps it would be better on the stage, but why does he misaccentuate the names of his characters, scanning "Álvaro" as "Alváro," "Huán" as "Iúan," "Otañéz" as "Otáñez," "Guillén" as "Guillen," "San Lúcar" as "San Lucár," and so on. It seems trouble thrown away to translate and be so very slipshod.

"21*st Jan.*—Mohammed Abdu has gone to the Soudan to look after various matters connected with Mohammedan interests.

"25*th Jan.*—A short desert journey with Neville to visit Suliman and take him provisions. We found Suliman's other wife watching for us on the hill-top and presently we came upon his two little tents pitched in a hollow near the high gravel ridge three or four miles east of the Nahiadeyn, a nice little spot, the scene of the tragedy of Aïda's death. We found her poor black shirt cast away at some distance from the tent, doubtless on account of the infection, and the camp had a squalid look in the lonely wilderness, the flocks being away at pasture and the rain of two nights ago had run through both tents, round

which a little trench had been dug. Poor Suliman was sitting like Job in his sorrow on one of the gravel hillocks, and hobbled feebly to meet us. His palsy has grown on him and he can hardly walk, his left arm powerless. He smiled a little and said the conventional *hamd ul illah* (Praised be God!) when he had narrated his sufferings. The elder boys are now past the worst of the disease, but nothing can make up for Aïda. We left our sack of provisions with him and money to buy clothes for his children. One can do nothing really in a case like this, an accident of desert life and the 'act of God.'

"*27th Jan.*— There has been something in the nature of a revolution in Russia. I wish I could think it could succeed, but unless the soldiers make common cause with the people I do not see how this can be. The armed power of modern troops is so great that a mob, however determined, has no chance. Russia, too, is so immense a country, and the towns in it are so small and far apart that cohesion between them is difficult. The mass of the peasantry has little in common with the townspeople and cannot and will not help them. It is all a question of the army's fidelity to orders.

"*19th Feb.*— Mohammed Abdu has returned from Khartoum. He is pleased with what he saw there; says the Government is better managed than in Egypt, that the people are content, especially in the matter of the slave trade, and that the education at the College is being sensibly given. The Soudanese criminal code is simpler and better than the Egyptian. Wingate's rule is mild, and there is good feeling between the English and the Soudanese.

"Lady Gregory writes that Yeats has read my play 'Fand' to his company and that they are anxious to act it, and perhaps it will be put on the stage in April. Yeats, she says, has declared that if I had begun to write plays when I was thirty, I should now have a European reputation. I fear it is too late for that now, also Gilbert Murray has written in praise of it and Mackail.

"George Meredith has been appealing for funds to help the revolution in Russia, and I have subscribed £10, and yesterday came news that the Grand Duke Serge had been blown up with a bomb, so I am subscribing again. Assassination is the only way of fighting a despotism like that of Russia. It shows that the revolutionists mean business. I have taken my place for Europe by the steamer of the 11th March.

"*28th Feb.*— I see in the papers that George has got into trouble with his Irish policy, as I feared he would, over the Dunraven programme. His defence in the House of Commons reads well, but there is something behind. To the best of my knowledge, though I do not know it from George, the sudden policy of conciliation he adopted two years ago, was at the suggestion of the King who, when he came to the

throne, was anxious to be able to go to Ireland and have a loyal reception. Also he has great regard for Continental opinion, which he knows well, and he was ashamed of the disgrace of there being a part of his United Kingdom where he was not welcome, otherwise I cannot account for the sudden accession of official fervour in the matter. George, however it began, certainly became converted to views not very distinguishable from Home Rule, as I have often discussed them with him, only he was not prepared for Dunraven's sudden announcement of the programme. I believe, too, that he is quite justified in saying that an elected general council was not in his plan. Where he made the mistake was in his too hasty and not happily worded repudiation of the manifesto by writing to the 'Times.' He would have done better to have expressed his sympathy with it while saying that in its present form it was not compatible with the Unionist policy. For his views were so well known that his rather bald pronouncement read both to friends and enemies like a sudden recantation, and it has prejudiced his later explanations. I fear it will harm his political position, though to me personally his retirement from the Government could only be a gain. What will probably happen is that he will be shifted later to some other office in the Cabinet. It is a thousand pities he did not leave Ireland after passing his Land Bill and take the War Office when it was offered him. It is impossible for any one to win in the long run as Irish Chief Secretary.

"*1st March.*—I hobbled out this evening to the tomb for tea, the garden looking lovely in the perfect light which I suppose I shall never see again after this month. There is a gigantic scheme of building a garden city over the whole desert round here, which will be the end of Sheykh Obeyd's solitude, with its jackals and its foxes and its doves and kites, and its long-eared owls and its night ravens, but I am consoled by the thought that I shall not see it again.

"*2nd March.*—I see that George has made a second speech in Parliament about his Irish policy, far better than the first. This time a quite frank statement, reading the letters which passed between him and MacDonnell. It restores him to the position of an honest statesman, though probably not politically. He can hardly any longer do much good in Ireland amid the yelping of the Ulster pack, and the counter yelping of Healy and Sexton; even his optimism can scarcely carry him through another year there.

"*9th March.*—I am laid up again with the malarious fever and other troubles, and feel like a hare headed first by one greyhound and then by another. I was to have left for England to-morrow but Milton, the Cairo doctor, who was called in, declared it impossible, so my journey is put off till the 18th. George has resigned. I was afraid they were going to give him Milner's place at the Cape, which would have

plunged him deeper than ever in the slough of Imperial politics, but they had already appointed Selborne, so George is free.

"*12th March.*— Mukden has been taken by the Japanese and the Russian army under Kuropatkin seems on the point of capitulation. It is the biggest thing that has happened in war since Sedan, but it is more than this, it is the first great victory of the East over the West since the Ottoman conquests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and may change the whole face of the world's history for as many centuries to come.

"The inquiry into the attack made on our fishermen at Dogger Bank has turned out pretty much as I expected, the Russian admiral is hardly blamed for his 'mistake,' and nobody will be punished. We have had our ears boxed very prettily and everybody is pleased, including it seems the British public, which has as much sense of its dignity as a clown in a circus; however, the Japanese have done the fighting so effectually for us that the Russians cannot raise much of a crow.

"*15th March.*— Harold Spender of the 'Daily News' has been here, come out to study the Egyptian question. Cromer delights in men of this sort and has been cramming this one with his confidences. He has told him that he wants the whole Army of Occupation withdrawn, that he can depend for order on his native police, that he would like a native administration, but can't find any Egyptians fit for responsibility, etc., all which the good man has swallowed and admits it as an axiom that England has come to Egypt to stay. Mohammed Abdu happened to come in while Spender and his wife were with us, and stopped to dine, and has given Spender another picture of the position, but I fear it has been casting pearls before swine.

"*17th March.*— I left Sheykh Obeyd this morning, as it seems to me for ever. The place is very dear to me with its perpetual sunshine and its wild beasts and birds. Woe is me, who will look after them all when I am gone? Mohammed Abdu came to see me off at the Cairo station and we stayed on talking to the last minute with sad farewells." [I never thought to see him again when we parted, but it was not I, it was he that died within the year.]

"*24th March.*— Venice. The last week has been a terrible experience of fever and pain, and but for some fresh milk found for me at Brindisi, I could hardly have got through, and for being met here by the good Cockerell, who came out from London to see me home, and Van Someren, an English doctor, who has put me to bed, saying that if I go on to England as I am it will mean that I shall die in the train. He allows me no food of any sort, only Vichy water with a tea-spoon of brandy in it twice a day, so here I am stuck fast.

"*1st April.*— The régime of starvation reached its climax yesterday. I was reduced to such a point of weakness that I could hardly

turn in my bed and began to have visions, so I rebelled and insisted on a new-laid egg and I am now reviving. Button has returned to Venice, having been away, and has taken charge of me.

"*6th April.*— Still no change, but the doctor is fairly out of his reckoning and I am determined at all risks to move on homewards, convinced that my best chance with the fever is to get away from the Mediterranean. I have been a fortnight here in bed.

"*18th April.*— Chapel Street. On the 8th I made the venture, and, thanks to Button, successfully. I was carried out just as I was, undressed, in bed on a stretcher, and placed in a gondola and from there into the train, where a first-class carriage had been prepared on purpose and so, still all the way in bed, and helped with morphia, to Boulogne and so to Folkestone and London. It is pronounced now that I have Malta fever.

"*13th May.*— Easter has come and gone and I have been a fortnight at Newbuildings in beautiful weather but hardly any better.

"George, who promised to come down here to see me before making his final apologia about Ireland, seems to have been captured by Arthur Balfour at Clouds and brought over to a position of mere party obedience.

"*30th May.*— George writes proposing to come to see me. I am glad of this. There is news to-day of a great naval victory by the Japanese.

"*8th June.*— I have been back in London seeing doctors, but to no profit, as I still suffer continual pain and grow no stronger. George has been several times to see me, and has explained to me all his Irish story. He has sacrificed himself to party necessities and his devotion to Arthur Balfour."

The next month is without record in my Diary. I had hardly got down to Newbuildings when I began to be seized with a pain in the nape of my neck, which gradually increased in violence till it became a perpetual agony, preventing me from taking any rest whatever either day or night. It is no exaggeration to say that for a full six weeks I did not get one minute's sleep, in spite of all the drugs that could be given me. Neither could I lie down nor even rest my head upon a pillow, and if for an instant I lost consciousness it was only to be awakened by the sensation as of a spear transfixing me from shoulder to shoulder through the spine, an indescribable agony. With this, continuous fever and drenching sweats. I had a bed made up for me in the hall, but could not actually lie down on it, and remained day and night propped up, my forehead resting on a band fastened to the bed head against which I leaned it, or I would wander from room to room and from chair to chair on the ground floor, followed by my nurse. I remember one especial night, when a new nurse had come who did

not understand my ways. In my wanderings from room to room I had sunk into the big high-backed chair which stands in the hall, and she, thinking I should rest awhile, had left me there. After a while I fell as I have described into a momentary unconsciousness, and in the same instant awoke with a pain so great that I howled aloud, and the sweat ran from me in streams. It was to me then as to a wild beast in a trap, caught by its steel teeth and held a prisoner, which knows that it cannot escape its doom. I could not move, I could do nothing for myself. I had an absolute certainty that all for me was over. "No man," I said to myself, "ever came back from a depth of physical despair so deep as this and lived." The nurse came to me with some conventional words of inquiry, and anger seized me, and I cursed her for a fool. The anger gave me strength to stamp my foot and rise. I think it saved my life.

With my nurse Lawrence it was otherwise. Her handling soothed me. She would take me sometimes to the room on the ground floor which had been Cowie's, and where she died. I used to imagine that there my pain was easier. But I was mad with the pain and the drugs, and the long lack of sleep. It was accepted by all then that I could not recover, and Dr. Haig, who had been brought to me by Judith for an opinion, gave me not three days to live. All thought my lungs were affected, and my weakness was such that it seemed to me at times that a single cough would have been my end. It would have shattered and destroyed me. Nevertheless I did not die, though emerging as one who had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"*8th July.*—I have been again to London to try and get relief from pain by Swedish treatment, and have seen many friends who have come to me in Chapel Street. George has given me an interesting account of the difficulty the Government finds in keeping George Curzon in order. He was very near bringing on an Afghan War, but was prevented. He resents having a nonentity like Brodrick placed over him at the India Office, but Brodrick is backed by the Cabinet."

From this time till the 20th of May the pain I have described continued, and then I went down to Newbuildings. Almost the only entry is of 28th July.

"The great event transcending all others is that Mohammed Abdu is dead! A terrible personal loss to me, and a public one quite incalculable for the world of Islam. We cannot help fearing there has been foul play, as the death was very sudden, and the Mufti had many political enemies."

On the 20th of September I was moved to Brighton, where I gradually recovered the power of sleep, and began to find life tolerable, though

still helpless to leave my bed, except for an occasional short drive, propped up with pillows. I find in my Diary, 16th October, a note of the death of Lady Currie, who had been Violet Fane, the best of our living women poets, to whom many of my earlier sonnets had been written. I had been able, too, in spite of my illness, to get the first volume of my Egyptian Memoirs into print, and had been in correspondence with Frederic Harrison about them, who pronounces them "of extraordinary interest and importance, but impossible to publish at present." [1]

"*26th Oct.*— With George I have had much interesting talk, as he has been with me at Newbuildings. He showed me a letter he had received from Chamberlain, saying that he (Chamberlain) had always looked on George as one of his strongest supporters in the Cabinet, and asking him to join him in his Tariff Campaign. On this George consulted me, and I of course advised him to have nothing to do with Chamberlain, and he has answered him that he cannot take any part in the campaign, though in terms that ought not to leave Chamberlain his enemy. Another interesting letter he read me was from Lord Hugh Cecil, which shows him rather at a loss what political line to take, as he may be unable to retain his seat at Greenwich except with the support of Liberal voters, and he hints that he may have to join Rosebery. This would be a great pity. I look on Lord Hugh as one day destined to lead the Conservative Party, and should like to see him and George acting together. This George will probably endeavour to bring about. George considers Arthur Balfour to have been very unwise in not dissolving this autumn, as his chances at the coming election are getting worse and worse. We talked also about George Curzon. The quarrel between him and Kitchener, is, he says, entirely a personal one. He, George, advised Curzon not to go back to India last year, and it is a pity he went. He cannot understand his having been so foolish as to have made the Thibet Campaign, and to have stirred up trouble in Afghanistan. What Curzon will do on his return to England is a problem. He thinks he would do best by taking a peerage with a seat in the Lords. He asked me what I thought ought to be done in India. I told him the practical thing would be to reduce expenditure. With Russia beaten in the field and revolutionized at home, the Indian Army might be greatly reduced.

"*7th Nov.*— To London yesterday for a new consultation and X-rays. It is now pronounced that I am to remain on my back in bed for at least three months, a terrible sentence. Meynell and Cockerell dined with me. Meynell read us 'Modern Love,' and expounded it to us as Meredith had expounded it to Mrs. Meynell. According to this the last two stanzas mean that the wife, 'Madam,' commits suicide so as to

[1] The edition privately printed 1915.

leave the poet free to marry 'My Lady.' Cockerell thinks that to have been an afterthought, and that the poem really ended before the two last stanzas, and that the wife eloped with her lover. Meredith, Meynell says, seems to have persuaded himself that his wife, in real life, left him for some such altruistic motive, but this must have been self-delusion, as she certainly lived with her lover till her death.

"*16th Nov.*— I have become reconciled to my fate, the more so because the rest has done me good, the pain is less and I have lost all inclination to get up. Numbers of friends have been with me. Yesterday I saw Ross, Oscar Wilde's friend, who was with him in his last hours. I was curious to know about these and he told me everything. Ross is a good honest fellow as far as I can judge, and stood by Oscar when all had abandoned him. He used to go to him in prison, being admitted on an excuse of legal business, for Ross managed some of Mrs. Wilde's affairs while her husband was shut up. He told me Oscar was very hardly treated during his first year, as he was a man of prodigious appetite and required more food than the prison allowance gave him, also he suffered from an outbreak of old symptoms and was treated as a malingerer when he complained of it. Ross's representation got attention paid to these things, and in the last eight months of his imprisonment, Wilde had books and writing materials in abundance and so was able to write his 'De Profundis.' I asked him how much of this poem was sincere. He said, 'As much as possible in a man of Oscar's artificial temperament. While he was writing he was probably sincere, but his "style" was always in his mind. It was difficult to be sure about him. Sometimes when I called he was hysterical, at other times laughing. When Oscar came out of prison he had the idea of becoming a Catholic, and he consulted me about it, for you know I am a Catholic. I did not believe in his sincerity and told him if he really meant it, to go to a priest, and I discouraged him from anything hasty in the matter. As a fact, he had forgotten all about it in a week, only from time to time he used to chaff me as one standing in the way of his salvation. I would willingly have helped him if I had thought him in earnest, but I did not fancy religion being made ridiculous by him. I used to say that if it came to his dying I would bring a priest to him, not before. I am not at all a moral man, but I had my feeling on this point and so the matter remained between us. After he had been nearly a year out of prison he took altogether to drink, and the last two years of his life were sad to witness. I was at Rome when I heard that he was dying and returned at once to Paris and found him in the last stage of meningitis. It is a terrible disease for the bystanders, though they say the sufferer himself is unconscious. He had only a short time to live, and I remembered my promise and got a priest to come to him. I asked him if he would consent to see him,

and he held up his hand, for he could not speak. When the priest, an Englishman, Cuthbert Dunn, came to him he asked him whether he wished to be received and put the usual questions, and again Oscar held up his hand, but he was in no condition to make a confession nor could he say a word. On this sign, however, Dunn allowing him the benefit of the doubt, gave him conditional baptism, and afterwards extreme unction but not communion. He was never able to speak and we do not know whether he was altogether conscious. I did this for the sake of my own conscience and the promise I had made.' Wilde's wife died a year after he left prison. She would have gone to see him at Paris but he had already taken to drink, and Ross did not encourage her to do so. Ross made £800 by the 'De Profundis.' He had intended to pay off Oscar's Paris debts with £400 of it and devote the rest to the use of the boys, but just as he was going to do this the whole sum was claimed by the bankruptcy court and the affair is not yet settled.

"*26th Nov.*— Button Bourke came last night to dine with me. He told me a curious story about the death of the Prince Imperial, Napoleon the Third's son. He, Button, was at that time 'Daily Telegraph' correspondent with Chelmsford's staff in South Africa, to which the Prince was attached. The Prince was bored with the staff duties and got Chelmsford to allow him to go out with the scouting parties. On one of these expeditions to survey the line of march, they fell in with the Zulus, who surprised them while they were having their lunch. Cary, who was in command of the scouts, gave order for a *sauve qui peut* and all rushed to get on their horses. The Prince had a habit of vaulting into his saddle, but the girths having been loosed, the saddle turned round with him and he fell and was speared by the Zulus after running forty or fifty yards. Cary and the rest had meanwhile ridden away and returned to camp with the news. He had met Grenfell on the way and had told him that they had been attacked by a large force of Zulus and that the Prince had been shot. Five other men had lost their lives. The next morning Button had gone out with Grenfell and others to look for the bodies and had found them, first coming upon a Boer, who had been one of the scouts, then they found the Prince's body, pierced with spears through the eye, the heart, and other parts, but with no shot wounds. Upon this Cary was tried by court martial for cowardice in the field, Button acting as his 'friend' on the occasion. His defence was that he had never learnt to ride as a boy, that he had then served in a West Indian regiment where the officers were not mounted, and that until he had come out to South Africa he had never been on horseback, that they had all scrambled on to their horses as they best could and that, he being unable to manage his horse, had been run away with and had not even been

able to look behind him, all his thought being how not to fall off. Button told me that this line of defence was strictly true, but that he knew it would not be accepted as an excuse, seeing that the court martial was chiefly composed of Hussars, and so it had resulted, Cary was condemned and would have been shot but for the fact that Chelmsford's rank in South Africa was not that of Commander-in-Chief, but only that of Commanding-in-Chief, which last gave him no power to confirm a death sentence and the case was referred to England. There, the Lord Chief Justice, I think it was, finding that there was no record in the papers submitted to him that the evidence had been given on oath, tore them up, and Cary was sent back a free man to his regiment. Button and Grenfell had heaped up stones on the spot where the body was found, and this enabled the Empress Eugénie afterwards to identify the place and build her monastery there.

"*29th Nov.*— Button again dined with me and with him Philpot, my doctor. Button told us that war with France over this Fashoda affair was narrowly prevented by Monson through one of the old-fashioned diplomatic tricks. Lord Salisbury had drawn up an ultimatum, and instructed Monson as Ambassador in Paris to deliver it. Monson, however, who knew the ultimatum, if formally delivered, would be refused, and who wished to prevent a war, gave Delcassé, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, warning confidentially through one of the secretaries of the Austrian Embassy of what was impending, and that if Delcassé should see him put his hand into his breast pocket he would know that the limit of English patience was reached, and that the ultimatum would be handed to him. When therefore the next day their discussion had reached the limit Lord Salisbury had laid down, Monson gave the signal, and Delcassé, who also wished to avert war, gave in, and allowed the dispute to remain at the point it had reached, and so between them the thing was arranged." [I received confirmation of this story later as exact from a near relation of Sir Edmund Monson.]

Anne left for Egypt yesterday.

"*10th Dec.*— George tells me that he has received an answer from Chamberlain to what he wrote some weeks ago, to the effect that Chamberlain quite understands his position, and thinks him right not to come forward on any political platform just now. Arthur Balfour resigned office on Monday. He had told George of his intention a week before.

"*31st Dec.*— On Xmas Day Margot had the charity to dine with me. And so the year has gone by. I have ceased to worry about public affairs. Margot is the best and kindest of women.

"My article on Ridgeway and his theory of the origin of the Arabian Horse is out in the 'Nineteenth Century.'

"Looking back on the past year I see it as physically *une année terrible*, but it has brought me many consolations. During the last six weeks in London I have seen more friends, and more of them than in the preceding six years. I have ceased to worry myself about public affairs. I shall never, now the Mufti is dead, go again to Egypt, nor even, I think, across the Channel. If I recover I mean to live out my few remaining years as much as possible with my friends here in England, and enjoy the little things of life at home. My friends, and I have had very many of late to see me, now, I perceive, look on me as wise. It is all old age can reasonably aspire to in the way of happiness.

"*9th Jan.*, 1906.— Parliament was dissolved yesterday, and the new one will be elected by the end of the month.

"I have been reading Winston Churchill's life of his father. It is wonderfully well done, and on the whole a very fair statement of Lord Randolph's career. He under-estimates, however, Randolph's Home Rule dallyings in 1885. To me, Randolph always talked at that time as a Home Ruler, though not prepared to declare himself one as yet. Lord Salisbury was his difficulty, but he hoped to convert him, but all he could get Lord Salisbury to do was to declare against coercion, and when he had been himself a few weeks in office he fell into the way of thought held by his party. Randolph's annexation of Burmah destroyed my confidence in him as an anti-aggressionist, and his Home Rule talk did not survive the General Election of that year.

"*17th Jan.*—'Astarte' has been published, and I am surprised to find what good literature it is. Since I saw it last, two or three years ago, it has been almost entirely rewritten, and is now really admirable in style. Indeed, Ralph has invented a new form of prose, or rather, perhaps, re-invented it, for it reminds one of Hazlitt and his contemporaries. I have written to congratulate him, but I expect he will come in for plentiful violence of counter-attack in answer to his own violence.

"The excitement of the General Election is not yet over. Arthur Balfour's defeat at Manchester has amused me greatly, and Gerald's at Leeds, and Alfred Lyttelton's at Warwick. With these three front Bench men gone, George Wyndham will remain leader of the Tory opposition, for even Hugh Cecil has been submerged in the general deluge. What a *débâcle!* As to the future, people talk of violent democratic changes. I do not believe in them, the new Cabinet is a Whig Cabinet. The Liberal Party will split up into two camps, Whig and Socialist, and in their wrangles things will continue to drift on much as they are. He who lives longest will see most.

"*29th Jan.*— The elections are over, giving the Liberals a clear majority over all other sections of some 89. This is immense. The Tories keep no more than 156 seats. The Labour Party have got 51.

All the same I don't expect to see any very revolutionary legislation. They will probably get into difficulties before long over South Africa or Foreign policy, and Redmond will get his chance of upsetting them as he upset Balfour. Arthur Balfour is to have a seat in the city. Anne writes from Sheykh Obeyd that she is selling those acres of land near the Railway station for £300 an acre. [This was the beginning of the great land boom in Egypt when extravagant prices were realized, only to go down as rapidly.]

"*30th Jan.*— King Christian of Denmark is dead, an old man. I remember him in 1862 when he came to Frankfort with his two daughters, Alexandra and Olga, and they had luncheon at the English Legation. They were very unimportant personages then, the girls badly dressed, and their father quiet and unobtrusive. I was a little hurt in my feelings, as the spoiled child of the house, when Lady Malet asked me to give up my place in her carriage to the Danish Prince when we were going to some review. Now he dies senior monarch of Europe and progenitor of our Queen and of half the royal and Imperial houses.

"*8th Feb.*— George Wyndham has been to see me and we talked of 'Astarte' which I had lent him to read. He has done this carefully, and criticized it with his usual insight. There is no doubt it is a very original piece of prose, almost a work of genius, but singularly ill-arranged as an argument. Moreover the diatribe against the Murrays turns out to be entirely without justification. Murray has published in a monthly review a dignified answer in which he shows not merely that all Ralph says in his preface about his dealings lately with himself over the new edition of Byron is incorrect, but he also quotes letters from him acknowledging the kindness of the Murrays for three generations to his family.

"*9th Feb.*— Frederic Harrison was here in the afternoon. He still has hopes of his Byzantine play, 'Theophano,' being acted in London, but I doubt any manager taking it as it is purely spectacular, and could not be put on the stage without great expense. The managers tell him it is superb, but so far have refused it. He talked of 'Astarte,' refusing still to believe the main fact.

"There are strange tales current of the goings on at C——, where ladies were invited by the hostess, with express designs upon their virtue. They were invited without their husbands, and given rooms near those of their intended lovers, and if they locked their doors at night the other ladies staying in the house would refuse to speak to them. I daresay there are pretty free doings at C——, but the boycotting of the virtuous ladies next morning does not sound to me as according with the ways of society, even in the most advanced set.

"*10th Feb.*— There is an article in to-day's 'Tribune,' by Principal

Morgan on Haeckel's philosophy, which interests me, because Haeckel's is precisely the argument I made out for myself forty-five years ago when I was at Frankfort as a boy of twenty-one, asserting the eternity of matter and the natural origin of mind as an 'accident' of matter in the metaphysical sense of the word 'accident,' and the consequent lack of any necessity of an eternal creative mind. I wrote a paper, which I have still, dated 1861, giving this argument briefly. I wrote it in answer to a paper shown me by Count Usedom asserting that God could be discovered in Nature, and I developed it later in my correspondence with Dr. Meynell, published anonymously in seventy-six, under the title, 'Proteus and Amadeus.' In 1861 Haeckel had, I believe, published nothing. This is curious.

"*13th Feb.*— George looked in and gave me the latest political news. On Thursday they are to have a party meeting at Lansdowne House, where three resolutions will be proposed and voted on, the first two unimportant, the third to raise the Tariff question in an aggressive form. George is beginning, he says, to lean towards Protection, which probably indicates that Balfour also leans that way.

"*19th Feb.*— George was with me for an hour and a half yesterday, confiding to me his political secrets. He has been constantly with Arthur Balfour during the last week, and is not at all satisfied with Arthur's present attitude. George knows more than Arthur of public opinion, and sees that his vacillations have done him harm. He described to me the meeting at Lansdowne House, where Balfour accepted Chamberlain's programme. Chamberlain spoke first, then came the Duke of Devonshire, who had read the correspondence with Chamberlain as he came up to London in the train. He declared himself in accord with every part of the Unionist creed except Tariff Reform, remaining a Free Trader. At the end of all Hugh Cecil spoke, his speech short but excellent, showing great courage. He asked whether as a Conservative Free Trader he would be allowed to stand as a Conservative at the elections, without having a Tariff Reformer started against him. He put the case well and with humour, and made the meeting laugh, and he was listened to. Arthur gave him no certain answer. As to Ireland, Arthur has gone right round to the extremists again, coercion and all the rest, with Walter Long as his prophet. George's own relations with Long are curious. During the whole of his tenure of the Irish Office Long was one of his steadiest supporters, indeed admirers. They were very intimate, and Long professed to take George as his guide and master in Irish affairs. They are still quite cordial, calling each other by their Christian names, but George has told him that during the coming session he means to take his own line about Ireland, and that Long must answer for himself if the late Government there is attacked. He tells me in great

confidence that he has received indirect overtures recently from O'Brien who, he says, seems more in accord than anyone else with his policy, Redmond and Dillon having coalesced. Also Dunraven has made him advances, and yesterday he had met Sir Anthony Macdonnell, and talked with him on the most friendly terms. It was their first meeting since George left the Irish Office. All this encourages him to take a line of his own about Ireland. He means to strike in early in the new Parliament, making religious education his special subject. 'I am much mixed up,' he said, 'with High Church people, through Sibell and others, and take an interest in it, though not much myself of a believer. Opportunities of attacking the Government are sure to come.' He fears Hugh Cecil will not be able to get into this Parliament, and he expects trouble for the party. Chamberlain is to lead the Opposition till Balfour gets a seat, and he should not be surprised if he got them into difficulties. Chamberlain, though the public does not know it, is becoming senile, and talks inordinately. George is looking the picture of health, having put himself on a *régime* of meat and drink. We touched upon old times and my campaign in Ireland, and I told him how nearly I had won the campaign against Balfour in 1888 while I was in prison. At my trial in the Four Courts, eleven out of the twelve jurymen were for me; had I secured the twelfth I should have won my case, had I won my case I should have won the Deptford election, and had I won the Deptford election I should have upset Balfour, his coercion policy being so distasteful to his party. George agreed that it was so, and that it was a touch and go moment. He and Balfour had always considered the decision in the Four Courts as the first solid foundation of their policy under the Crimes Act. Everybody connected with it on the Government side had been rewarded.

"*28th Feb.*— I see Dick Fox of Bramham is dead. I first made acquaintance with him and his brother George on my seventeenth birthday, when, with my own brother Francis, we ascended Monte Rosa. We were a young party, two of us being eighteen, one seventeen, and one sixteen. We did the ascent to the top and back to the Riffelburg in twelve hours. On our way down, while climbing along the narrow snow ridges between the two summits, Dick, who was just in front of me, slipped. He had hurt his foot the day before, but had concealed the fact from his elder brother that he was lame until we had well started. We were too young and careless to have ourselves bound together with ropes, which were not so generally used then as now; and away Dick slid, followed by a guide who, in trying to catch him, lost footing too. It looked like inevitable death for both of them to me, who was immediately behind them. It happened, however, that just where the slope down which they were hurried was turning over to a sheer precipice of several thousand feet, the snow be-

neath them bedded, and they lay there not daring to move till our other guide cut steps in the ice down to them, and so rescued them. It was a wonderful escape. George Fox, the elder of the two, became a Catholic, and was disinherited by his father, the old Squire of Bramham, for his change of religion, and Dick became the heir. He passed his whole life fox-hunting, and died when he could no longer ride.

"*9th March.*—George was again yesterday full of his parliamentary plans. He is taking the lead in Opposition now, which he does well, though I hate most of his public politics. His private ones are very different. I gave him my idea of a policy of education, and he said he would follow it when the question came forward in the House. What I thought he might say is this: 'It is right and proper that education should be compulsory to the extent of the three R's, writing, reading, and arithmetic, for this the State should pay, but no child should be be compelled to go beyond this, or to attend school after twelve years old. The State school should be undenominational, inasmuch as the three R's can be taught without involving any religious question. Beyond the age of twelve each denomination should provide its own education, History, Literature, and Science being unteachable without involving religion. Such secondary schools should not be compulsory.' This would certainly be enough in the country schools, and would help to keep labourers on the land.

"*18th March.*—There has been a new life of Richard Burton published, and much discussion of his character in the papers. I will try and recollect my own impression of him. I knew his wife when she was an unmarried girl, having met her several times at the house of her aunt, Monica Lady Gerard, at Mortlake, in the fifties or early sixties. At that time she was a quiet girl enough, of the convent type —at least so I remember her— fair-haired and rather pretty — very different from my recollection of her in later years. When I next met her it was at Rio Janeiro in the autumn of 1867, where I spent some days in her company on my way to the Legation at Buenos Aires. Her husband was Consul then at Santos in Brazil, and he was travelling somewhere in the interior of Brazil, and had left her at Rio during his absence. She had developed into a sociable and very talkative woman, clever, but at the same time foolish, overflowing with stories of which her husband was always the hero. Her devotion to him was very real, and she was indeed entirely under his domination, an hypnotic domination Burton used to boast of. I have heard him say that at the distance of many hundred miles he could will her to do anything he chose as completely as if he were with her in the same room. Burton's sayings, however, of this kind, were not to be altogether depended upon, and he probably exaggerated his power.

"A few months later Burton himself turned up, but without his wife,

at Buenos Aires, the announcement of his arrival having been made beforehand with some parade in the local newspapers. The great traveller, it was stated, had the project of making a new exploration of Patagonia and the western Pampas and of ascending the highest summits of the Andes, including Aconcagua, then a virgin peak, and paragraphs were from time to time printed as to the preparations being made beforehand for so great an adventure. On his arrival, however, it was soon abundantly clear that there was nothing very serious in the plan. Burton, in spite of his naturally iron constitution, was no longer in a physical condition for serious work, and though he talked about it for a while to all who would listen, the expedition was gradually let drop by him and ended by becoming a matter of joke among his friends. I remember what I think was my first meeting with him, at Mrs. Russell's house in the autumn of 1868, where we had both been asked to dinner and with us the notorious Sir Roger Tichborne, in whose company Burton had arrived and with whom he chiefly consorted during his two months' stay at Buenos Aires. They were a strange, disreputable couple. Burton was at that time at the lowest point I fancy of his whole career, and in point of respectability at his very worst. His consular life at Santos, without any interesting work to his hand or proper vent for his energies, had thrown him into a habit of drink he afterwards cured himself of and he seldom went to bed sober. His dress and appearance were those suggesting a released convict, rather than anything of more repute. He wore, habitually, a rusty black coat with a crumpled black silk stock, his throat destitute of collar, a costume which his muscular frame and immense chest made singularly and incongruously hideous, above it a countenance the most sinister I have ever seen, dark, cruel, treacherous, with eyes like a wild beast's. He reminded me by turns of a black leopard, caged, but unforgiving, and again with his close cut poll and iron frame of that wonderful creation of Balzac's, the ex-gallérien Vautrin, hiding his grim identity under an Abbé's cassock. Of the two companions Tichborne was distinctly the less criminal in appearance. I came to know them both well, especially Burton, his connection with the Consular service bringing him to us at the Legation, and I have sat up many nights with him talking of all things in Heaven and Earth, or rather listening while he talked till he grew dangerous in his cups, and revolver in hand would stagger home to bed.

"On the first occasion, however, of our dinner at Mrs. Russell's my curiosity was excited more towards Tichborne than towards him. He had already laid claim to the Tichborne baronetcy and was commonly called by his title, and his business at Buenos Aires was to collect evidence, proving his identity for the lawsuit he was about to bring for the family estates. Burton at that time, it is worth recording, more

than half believed in him as being what he pretended, his wife's connection with the Catholic world probably disposing him to take an interest in the result. I too had something of a similar interest. I had been at school, not indeed with the real Roger Tichborne, but with his younger brother, Alfred, who had been a boy of about my own standing and whom I knew well. When, therefore, I was told I was to meet 'The Claimant' at the dinner I brushed up my recollection of Alfred so that I might be prepared to see or not to see a likeness between them. Alfred at the age of sixteen had been a rather nice looking boy with a round, good-humoured face, across which, a very notable feature, his thick eyebrows met. Without being stupid he was a quite unintellectual boy, and had passed by seniority into the highest class of the school without, I think I may safely say, having learned a dozen words of Latin or Greek. It was about all he could do to write in ungrammatical sentences an English letter, and his time was spent in entire idleness and smoking so incurable that he had been allowed at last to indulge it as an alternative to his expulsion. I was consequently not prepared for special intelligence in his pretended brother, but I looked out for the eyebrows and there, without question, they were across Sir Roger's face. I treated him, therefore, as Burton did, in the light of a young man of decent birth gone woefully to seed. His huge frame and coarse manner seemed to conceal reminiscences of aristocratic breeding as authentic perhaps, it was not saying much, as Alfred's.

"With these two men I therefore spent much of my time during the next few weeks but naturally more with Burton. (I unfortunately kept no notes nor journals then.) My talks with Burton were of a most intimate kind, religion, philosophy, travel, politics. I had hardly as yet visited the East, but Eastern travel had interested me from the day I had read Palgrave's 'Journeys in Arabia,' and Burton was fond of reciting his Arabian adventures. In his talk he affected an extreme brutality, and if one could have believed the whole of what he said, he had indulged in every vice and committed every crime. I soon found, however, that most of these recitals were indulged in *pour epâter le bourgeois* and that his inhumanity was more pretended than real. Even the ferocity of his countenance gave place at times to more agreeable expressions, and I can just understand the infatuated fancy of his wife that in spite of his ugliness he was the most beautiful man alive. He had, however, a power of assuming the abominable which cannot be exaggerated. I remember once his insisting that I should allow him to try his mesmeric power on me, and his expression as he gazed into my eyes was nothing less than atrocious. If I had submitted to his gaze for any length of time — and he held me by my thumbs — I have no doubt he would have succeeded in dominating me.

But my will also is strong, and when I had met his eyes of a wild beast for a couple of minutes I broke away and would have no more.

"On matters of religion and philosophy he was fond, too, of discoursing. There I could argue with him and hold my own, for he was not really profound; and always at the bottom of his materialistic professions I found a groundwork of belief in the supernatural which refused to face thought's ultimate conclusions. I came at last to look upon him as less dangerous than he seemed, and even to be in certain aspects of his mind, a 'sheep in wolf's clothing.' The clothing, however, was a very complete disguise, and as I have said he was not a man to play with, sitting alone with him far into the night, especially in such an atmosphere of violence, as Buenos Aires then could boast, when men were shot almost nightly in the streets. Burton was a grim being to be with at the end of his second bottle with a gaucho's navaja handy to his hand.

"His visit to the Pampas ended tamely enough in his crossing it with 'The Claimant,' the two inside the ordinary diligence, to Mendoza and thence on mules to the Pacific. As to Aconcaguá (he always insisted the mountain should be pronounced with an accent on the last syllable) we heard no more of it, after the appearance of a final paragraph in the Buenos Aires 'Standard' making fun of it and him. 'The great traveller Burton, it is said, has just completed his final preparations for his exploration of the Pampas and Andes. Among his latest acquisitions with this object are, we understand, a small field-piece to be mounted on the roof of the diligence in which he proposes to travel and a few torpedoes for use in crossing rivers.'

"The Buenos Aires 'Standard' of those days was the creation of a cheerful and irresponsible Irishman named Mulhall, to whose office I used now and then to go for a quarter of an hour's gossip about local matters, when he would ask me to lend a hand with his 'copy' and turn a 'paragraph.' I am not sure that the paragraph just quoted was not one of mine. Mulhall afterwards rose to eminence in the world as a statistician, to the surprise, I imagine, of everyone who in 1868 knew him at Buenos Aires.

"Such is my personal recollection of Burton when he must have been forty-eight years old as I was twenty-eight. He seemed to me then already a broken man, physically, nor did he impress me very strongly on his intellectual side. For that reason, perhaps, I have never been able to rate him as highly as have done most of his contemporaries, the friends who knew him. I am aware that I saw him at his worst, but from a literary point of view, too, he seems to me second-rate. His prose style is certainly of a poor order, and his verse as bad. As an oriental linguist he was no doubt great, and in his youth he had great powers of simulating Eastern character in various dis-

guises. His face was one that lent itself to this, for it had in it little of the European, and there must certainly have been a cross in his blood, gipsy or other. At the same time in his talks with me, and also in his books, he showed little true sympathy with the Arabs he had come to know so well. He would at any time, I am sure, have willingly betrayed them to further English, or his own professional interests. His published accounts of Arabia and the Arabs are neither sympathetic nor true. His 'Pilgrimage to Mecca' is largely made up with literary padding, and as a narrative reads to me insincere. It certainly exaggerates the difficulty of the undertaking which in those days was comparatively easy to anyone who would profess Islam, even without possessing any great knowledge of Eastern tongues. At Damascus, when I was there in 1878, he had left a poor reputation, having managed to get into hot water with every native class — Turk, Arab, Syrian, Christian and Moslem alike — though this I believe was greatly his wife's fault. She was indeed a very foolish woman, and did him at least as much harm in his career as good. Her published Life of him, however, which has the ring of a true wife's devotion, redeems her in my eyes, and it is a fine trait in his character that he should have borne with her absurdities for the sake of her love so long."

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF GREY'S BLUNDERS — AKABAH

About this date an incident occurred which was to prove the beginning of a series of violent mistakes made by Cromer in Egypt, and endorsed by Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office, and which, as will be seen, led to the long quarrel between our Government and the Mohammedan world, as represented by the Sultan at Constantinople. This was what was known as the Akabah incident, which was briefly as follows:

It arose more or less accidentally. A young Englishman, Bramley, had for some time past been making camel journeys in the Libyan Desert, and with such success as to attract Cromer's attention, and, though not in the Government service, had been given a kind of commission by him to make a tour of the desert East of the Suez Canal, and report to him about the Bedouin tribes inhabiting it, a district known generally as the Sinai Peninsula. An ostensible object was to inquire into disputes that had occurred among them, but in reality to find out what truth there might be in reports which had reached Cairo of an intention on the Sultan's part of making a branch line from Maan on the Hedjaz railway to Akabah. During the course of his perambulation Bramley had come across a small detachment of Ottoman troops camped around a well at an uninhabited spot called Tabah, a few miles outside Akabah on the Suez road. With them Bramley had come to loggerheads, and had reported the incident in a serious light, and Cromer had taken it up as seriously, seeing in it a first step on the Ottoman part in the pretended railway scheme, not only to Akabah, but beyond it, towards Egypt, and as such a danger to the British Occupation. On this very slender suspicion, for it was nothing more, a claim had been raised by him in the name of the Khedive to the whole of the Sinai Peninsula as forming part of Khedivial Egypt, which geographically it had never been, for it had always been reckoned part of Arabia, and so of Asia, not yet politically, except in connection with the land pilgrimage between Cairo and Medina, and a very doubtful grant to Mohammed Ali of the fortresses on the pilgrim road. The claim had been pressed with quite unnecessary violence by Cromer, and the evacuation of Tabah demanded of the Sultan in peremptory terms (as to which see later and in the Appendix and my letter to Sir Edward Grey).

It was a trifling quarrel pushed to extreme lengths, and most foolishly engaged in by our Government, who ought to have known that its connection with the pilgrim route was sure to rouse Mohammedan feeling against us and place it on the Sultan's side. And so it proved, as will be seen.

"31*st March*.— To-day John Redmond came to see me, and stayed an hour and a half talking. I asked him how they were getting on with the new Parliament, and he said they were doing capitally. All on the Government side except a very few were with him. Bannerman was sound about Home Rule and Reid, and he thought he could count on Bryce and Morley and on the rank and file. The Whig section of the Cabinet, Grey, Haldane, Asquith and Fowler were opposed, but had hardly a handful with them. If he, Redmond, were to propose a resolution in favour of Home Rule of however complete a kind, he should have a large majority for it in the House; he only did not propose one, because he was waiting to see what the Government would bring forward as a measure next session, and he did not wish to embarrass them. Talking about Morley I noticed a kind of hesitation in what he said of him, and I put in 'Yes, Morley is a wretched fellow,' to which he answered, 'You may well say so, he is exactly that. Last year when I was bringing forward my resolution in favour of Home Rule, which I got the whole Liberal party to vote for, I wrote to Morley and asked him to look through the terms of it, and suggest amendments. This he did, and struck out the words "National self-government," and other expressions of the kind. But after the vote, Bannerman told me, "You might just as well have left in the words you struck out, we should have voted for it all the same." Morley has no courage, you can't depend upon him. Yes, he is a wretched fellow.' I then asked about the quarrels there had been in the Irish party, and he said, 'It is entirely a personal matter between O'Brien, and Dillon, and Sexton.' O'Brien and Dillon had been at two ever since the Parnell split, and now they were quite at loggerheads, did not even speak when they met. O'Brien insisted there should be a round table conference about Home Rule as there had been about the Land Bill, but the conditions of the two cases were not the same. About the Land Bill, both sides wanted to come to an agreement. On Home Rule, the Ulster members and the Home Rulers were hopelessly at odds. All they could hope for this Parliament was to get a half-way house as an *instalment*. No half-way house could last, and it must end in Home Rule. About the influence of the priests in Ireland, he said it was quite untrue that it had increased in the last twenty years. On the contrary it had never recovered from the shock it had sustained

from the time of the Parnell split. The best proof of their little influence to-day was that the priests could not carry a single constituency against the Parliamentary Party at an election. Archbishop Walsh was a man of little influence, he was too constantly changing his mind. Even on the University question it was impossible to say what his present opinion was.

"From this we went on to South Africa, which is the question of the moment, the Government having first intervened to reprieve twelve Kaffirs sentenced to death in Natal by a court martial, and then having climbed down for fear of Colonial white opinion. He said the Radicals were very angry at Lord Elgin's pusillanimity, and the case was to be debated on Monday. The Radicals were angry, too, at the Whig section of the Cabinet not having voted for the Trades Union Bill. Altogether they had lost much ground already this session. If the opposition had any men of ability they might make an effective attack; as it was, George Wyndham was their only good man. Of George Wyndham he spoke nicely, said he had been sorry for him at the time of his breakdown last year when he resigned, but he had quite recovered his position now. I told him I should not be surprised if George helped them to get Home Rule, and I also repeated to him how Arthur Balfour had told me long ago that if they were to have Home Rule at all he hoped it would be *separation*. On the whole Redmond was most satisfied with the position. The Labour members went solid with the Irish, so that they made a compact party of 120 or 130 members. Redmond is a good-hearted fellow, getting up several times to arrange my invalid pillows for me while we were talking.

"*7th April.*— The interest of the week has been about the Zulu rising in Natal. Our wretched Whig Government, after intervening to reprieve the twelve men sentenced to be shot, gave in to the Natal colonists, whose Ministry had resigned, and on Monday the unfortunate Zulus were executed. This is a dastardly business, and has disgusted the Radicals with Lord Elgin, and there has since been a serious Kaffir rising. How it will end no one knows, but the Government has now committed itself to the general principle of protecting the natives.

"*8th April.*— Sir Wilfrid Lawson called, much broken with age, I am sorry to see, but still full of interest in the things that interested us both twenty-five years ago. I think that with his help we have put a spoke in Cromer's wheel, and prevented a bombardment at Akabah."

This was the last time I saw Sir Wilfrid, whose death, a few weeks later, was an immense misfortune to the cause of liberty, and the rights of backward races and small nationalities oppressed by British Imperi-

alism. He was fearless, unselfish, and absolutely honest, with an inexhaustible fund of wit and rough eloquence, an old-fashioned Cumberland squire of the best possible type.

"*10th April.*— Neville sent me word this morning that Bernard Shaw was sitting to him for his portrait, and I looked in (his house is next to mine), and spent an hour with him. Shaw was in the papal robes in which Neville is painting him, seated in an ancient cinquecento chair, a grotesque figure, with his trousered legs showing through the lace cotta transparent to his knees. He is an ugly fellow, too, his face a pasty white, with a red nose and a rusty red beard, and little slatey-blue eyes. Neville's portrait is wonderfully like. Shaw's appearance, however, matters little when he begins to talk, if he can ever be said to begin, for he talks always in his fine Irish brogue. His talk is like his plays, a string of paradoxes, and he is ready to be switched on to any subject one pleases, and to talk brilliantly on all. He was talking about his marriage when I entered. 'I should never have married at all,' he said, 'if I had not been dead at the time. I tumbled off my bicycle, and the surgeons made a hole in my foot which they kept open for a year, and me in bed. I thought I was dead, for it would not heal, and Charlotte had me at her mercy. I should never have married if I had thought I should get well. Then I tumbled again, this time downstairs from top to bottom. When I found myself on the floor in the hall with every bone broken I felt satisfied. I could not do more and I took to my bed again.' These particulars were *à propos* of my having said that there were two quite happy moments in one's life, the first when one took to one's deathbed, and the other when one got up from it. He told us next his experiences in public speaking, and how shy he had been, and described his first open-air speech in Hyde Park when he had practised on three loafers lying on their backs on the grass, and how one of them without getting up had called out ''ear! 'ear!' He said the great art of speaking was to get somebody to interrupt you with a question, and for you to misunderstand it, and he gave us some funny instances. I then got him to give his views on land reform, which he said was a very simple matter. You had only to get all the agricultural labourers to migrate into the towns, where they would make themselves useful by loafing in the streets and attending music halls, the only thing they understood, and by sending the townspeople down into the country to cultivate it by electricity and explosives. If he had a farm he thought he would plough it by firing cannon up and down it — amusing rubbish, which I fancy concealed a complete ignorance of the agricultural branch of the socialistic case. Shaw is a capital fellow all the same, and one I should like if I knew him better. He showed himself personally kind and of much practical

dexterity when I got him to help me to my feet from the sofa on which I was, when the sitting was over.

"*15th April* (*Easter Sunday*).— It being a beautiful day I was taken out for the first time in a kind of invalid chair, where I am able to lie flat, to Rotten Row, and lay there in the sun looking at the hyacinths and tulips by the Serpentine pond head. No smart people to be seen, only shopkeepers and working men of the London variety.

"*21st April.*— To Clouds at last. I thought I should never get there, my journey having been so often put off by my illnesses, but all has gone successfully, and I have travelled up in my wheeled chair from Semley station. There is the usual Easter family party in the house, with Arthur Balfour, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Butcher, M.P.

"*22nd April.*— I was able to get downstairs this afternoon and to lie in the smoking room, where they all came to talk to me, Arthur Balfour with much kindly unction giving me a two-handed greeting. We had not met here since September, 1887. This time we did not talk any politics, but art, poetry, and science, the last especially with Lodge. Lodge, though somewhat pompous, is a good fellow, and talks well on his own subjects, and, as I had just been reading Haeckel's 'Life,' and being engaged on my 'Religion of Happiness,' I was able to discuss materialism with him to some effect. He is really much more of a materialist than his books suggest, and except that he believes in a future life and some kind of God, there is not much difference between us. He admits the probability of a material origin of life through spontaneous generation, and his God is not God the Creator but a very shadowy being devoid of personality.

"*23rd April.*— Lodge has gone back to Birmingham but he came up to my room for a final talk before he left. He is grateful to me for having cured a toothache he had with a small dose of morphia. He has left his book against Haeckel with me to read and invites me to answer it in print.

"Percy tells me he was present at the celebrated conference at Oxford in 1860 when Huxley defended Darwin's theory, and the Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce, denounced it. He remembers Haeckel being there in support of Huxley, which is curious, seeing that Haeckel's biographer says that Haeckel did not till two years later accept Darwinism.

"Arthur Balfour has been doing a rest cure for some time in London, recovering from his political defeat, and is still an invalid. I find him singularly unaware of current events, as he still refuses to read newspapers, expecting others to supply him with news of what goes on. An odd instance of this took place to-day. He received a telegram by mistake addressed 'Balfour, London,' from San Francisco, telling him that some property had been saved from the earthquake,

and he could not make it out. 'What earthquake?' he asked; 'what earthquake?' having heard nothing of what all the newspaper world has been talking about for the last five days, and he was put out at not having been told. 'I told you, at any rate,' one of them said, 'of the eruption of Vesuvius,' an event three weeks old, but he did not seem to know much about that either.

"*24th April*.—Maurice Hewlett was here to-day, a literary man of some standing, and his wife, who talked to me about the Arabs on the strength of a visit to Algiers. Butcher has left us, a man of no importance, and absurdly deferential to Balfour as his party chief, yet member for Cambridge University.

"*28th April*.—Arthur Balfour went away to-day. The last two evenings I have dined with the rest of the company downstairs, and have had a good deal of conversation with him, very little on politics, but much on unimportant things. In conversation he is a pleasant trifler, avoiding serious discussions, and showing, as I have remarked already, a curious ignorance of things of general information. He had no idea, for instance, last night, on what the Duke of Orleans and Don Carlos founded their respective claims to the French and Spanish thrones, and he jumbled up the Soudan with Somaliland. He told us a story which specially amused us. During the North Sea crisis, when there seemed a probability of war with Russia every hour, he happened to be at Panshanger for Sunday, and they wanted a fourth to play bridge. Lady Cowper, knowing the Russian *chargé-d'affaires* was the best bridge player in London, a telegram was sent asking him to come. The Russian, of course, thought that the Prime Minister had some grave news to tell him, and hurried down to Panshanger, and there had been great difficulty in persuading him that he had nothing really to tell. To me Balfour shows a great deference (if I may use the term) and when he wished us all good-bye after luncheon, he came round especially to me where I lay on my couch and addressed me in a little speech which was almost affectionate. I am touched at this and return it, and it is a feeling he very generally inspires. Ego is here, a very charming fellow, a tall intelligent Oxford undergraduate. They talk of putting him into the army, though he does not really fancy it.

"*29th April* (*Sunday*).—Matters with the Sultan have come to a violent crisis. The Sultan has refused point-blank to evacuate Tabah (just opposite Akabah), and it is universally believed that Kaiser Wilhelm stands behind him. All the papers in London have become truculent, including the 'Tribune,' and I have written a long letter to Redmond suggesting that he and the Labour members and the extreme Radical section should adjourn the House, and debate the situation as one of urgency. This is how I explain the case to him:

"*29th April*, 1906.

"Dear Redmond.—Would it not be possible to adjourn the House so as to get explanations from the Government about this quarrel with the Sultan? Up to the present Grey has refused papers, and everybody is in the dark about it. Then the next step will be to send an ultimatum—and then they will say it is too late and that the honour of England is engaged.

"As far as I can make the matter out, the Egyptian frontier as granted in 1841 to Mohammed Ali was drawn in a straight line from Suez to El Arish on the Mediterranean, El Arish being a village situated near the mouth of a small river or rather stream which was the ancient boundary between Egypt and Palestine, and is mentioned as such under the name of the 'River of Egypt' in the Bible. I find that in 1840 the boundary of the Pashalik of Acre contiguous to that of Egypt was officially drawn at that time from Suez to El Arish. In the firman granted to Mohammed Ali in the following year the passage occurs: 'I have reintegrated you in the Government of Egypt comprised within the limits drawn on the map which has been sent you.' I think this map should be asked for, as I am convinced that it would show the boundary to be the Suez to El Arish line.

"All the subsequent 'firmans of investiture' granted to the Viceroys of Egypt have followed much the same lines, the exact frontier not being specified. This was the case with Ishmail Pasha's firman in 1866, and Tewfik's firman in 1879, and, I believe, Abbas' in 1892, though I have not got a copy of it.

"The origin of the claim in the Sinai Peninsula raised now for Egypt is to be found in a permission given to Mohammed Ali, who, it will be remembered, reconquered for the Sultan the province of Hejaz in Arabia, with the holy cities Medina and Mecca, that he should garrison certain stations on the pilgrim road from Egypt. These were Nakhl [a fort half way between Suez and Akabah], Akabah, Moelhe, and Wej, the last two being small ports on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. All these were considered to be in Arabia, and are marked as such on European maps of as late date as after the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, though the forts remained in the occupation of the Egyptian Government till 1892. Akabah, Moelhe, and Wej were then, if I remember rightly, abandoned by Egypt, the pilgrimage no longer being made by land, the only post on the pilgrim road still occupied with a small garrison of perhaps a dozen men being Nakhl. In 1892, though nothing definite was said about the boundary in the firman, a letter was written by the then Grand Vizier (I believe it has been published but I have not a copy of it) saying that the boundary of Egyptian administration would be a line drawn from El Arish to Akabah, the Egyptian Government holding the former, the Ottoman Government

holding the latter. No exact demarcation, however, of the village district of either El Arish or of Akabah was made, and I believe that in fact the Egyptian Government has exercised jurisdiction for a number of miles east of El Arish. The boundary stone spoken of as having been recently removed by the Turks is, I suspect, considerably east of the village and of the Wady of El Arish (the River of Egypt). So that if the Sultan now claims some miles of land west of the Akabah fort and village he is probably doing no more than the Egyptian Government has long been doing at the other end of the frontier line. It is obvious that a frontier line cannot be drawn exactly to the walls of either village.

"As to the exercise of administration in the disputed district, that is to say, the desert between the southern inhabited limit of Palestine and the Suez Canal, there has been practically none by either Government. In 1876, and again in 1881, I travelled through the whole of it, and can affirm that with the exception of the fort of Nakhl there was then no permanently inhabited place, and that the very few Bedouins camped in it owned allegiance to neither Government.

"The Bedouins of the Sinai district, which lies south of Nakhl, are very poor and few in number. Before the Suez Canal was made, they lived by trading their dates and such small curiosities as their district produced, including rough turquoises, at Cairo, and by conducting Russian and Greek pilgrims to the Sinai monastery. The cutting of the canal, however, has made a barrier between them and Egypt, which has practically ruined them, through the imposition at first of tolls for crossing the canal and later by quarantine regulations either for themselves or their animals. I know well their sufferings on this head, as for the last twenty-five years they have made me the confidant of their complaints. Moreover, a concession was given of their turquoise mines to a European company, now I believe abandoned as unworkable, whereby they were much harassed, and the whole peninsula has been treated as an infected district through the establishment of a quarantine station at Tor for the Mecca pilgrimage. Thus they have shared in no way in the material prosperity of Egypt and have been persistently ignored by its government, until apparently for a political reason we find Lord Cromer, in his this year's Report, detailing the benefits he proposes to bestow on them. The scheme he mentions of irrigation for the Peninsula is mere nonsense, as the whole district is dry desert without streams, for the most part an elevated plateau with a very rare rainfall, and no alluvial soil. I mention these matters because it is sure to be put forward that in opposing the Turkish occupation of Tabah we are defending the inhabitants from Ottoman oppression. No such inhabited place as Tabah existed when I was in the country,

and there probably exists none now, the whole district being many miles away from any Arab camping ground.

"As to the excitement in Egypt, it is the natural consequence of the system of a 'Veiled Protectorate' which we have been pursuing there for the last twenty years, and of the repression of all political liberty or exercise of self-government. Before we came with an army of occupation to Egypt we were popular with the natives of all classes, and the Sultan was either ignored or despised. Now it is we who, in spite of the material prosperity fostered by Cromer, are hated and despised; and it is the Sultan who is looked upon as the only possible protector against perpetual foreign domination. Cromer, though a very able administrator, is no statesman in any constructive sense. He has allowed nothing in the way of self-government to make even the beginning of a reappearance in Egypt from the day when it was put down at Tel-el-Kebir. He has governed through the weakness not through the strength of the native population, and more and more every year through Englishmen. Whatever patriotism there is left in Egypt is strongly anti-English, and it is just as well that our credulous people here should learn how things stand politically and morally, and should discount Cromer's self-glorifying annual Reports on any point but that of Egypt's material progress. These Reports always remind me (to compare small things with great), of the first chapter of Genesis, where 'the Lord saw all the things that he had made and found that they were very good.' This calling for reinforcements by Cromer, who less than two years ago boasted that he could govern Egypt without any army of occupation at all, would be amusing if it was not likely to lead to a collision. I suspect the Khedive is playing partners with the Sultan in the Akabah affair. Certainly a quarrel on such a question, involving as it does the protection of the pilgrim road, will make a great ferment in the Mohammedan world from China to Senegal and may cost us dear.

"I should be glad if you would show this letter to some of the Labour members and those Radicals who care more about peace and retrenchment than Imperial glory — and get them to try and put a little sense into the Government — or they will go exactly the same way to ruin as Gladstone went after the elections of 1880. I see all the Radical papers are beating the war-drum just as they did in 1882, but perhaps something may be done in the House of Commons.

"It is worth noting that on the 23rd of March, 1886, just twenty years ago, the excellent Campbell Bannerman, as representing the War Office, announced to the House that the evacuation of Egypt would be effected with as little delay as possible.

"You will of course consult Dillon, to whom I wrote about the

matter on Friday, if he is back in London. You will not forget that Balfour, in one of his speeches in the House three years ago, defined Egypt as 'a province of the Ottoman Empire in the military occupation of England.' We have of course no legal right there by any rule of international law, nor by any European instrument except the private agreement lately made with France. We are sure to be called to account internationally for our presence there one of these days, as the position on the Suez Canal is too important in the world for the other Mediterranean Powers to acknowledge it permanently.

"Yours very truly.
"W. S. B."

"A Cabinet Council sat yesterday, and the King is returning in haste from the Mediterranean; a pretty kettle of fish it is. Cromer has called for reinforcements in Egypt, not, I imagine, to attack the Turks with, but to overawe the Nationalists, and because he cannot depend upon the Egyptian army in a case where the Sultan is concerned. The great doubt is about the Khedive's attitude; that he hates the English *régime* is certain, and also that he has of late years been hand in glove with the Sultan, but the London papers announce that he has just been entertaining the Prince of Wales at Cairo, and that he has promised to pay him a return visit in England this summer. Abbas, however, has become such a double dealer that he is probably on the Sultan's side secretly, and towards Cromer is playing precisely the same old game played by his father and grandfather of running with the Nationalist hare and hunting with the European hounds. Cromer has just published a grandiloquent Report of his year's achievements, and he has shoved into it a plan of reforms and improvements for the Sinai Peninsula, doubtless in view of the Tabah dispute which began as long ago as January. If the Sultan stands to his guns I don't see precisely what our people can do in Egypt. They have not the force there to turn the Turks out of the disputed territory, and they cannot bombard Constantinople without a gross breach of the European peace. A naval demonstration is their only remedy. They will probably blockade Hodeida and so endeavour to apply pressure, but I doubt if the Emperor William will allow action at Smyrna of the kind taken by France a few years ago. In Natal, too, they are in difficulties through a Zulu revolt, so that it may well happen that our splendid Radical government, pledged up to the eyes to peace and retrenchment, may find themselves with two wars on their hands within six weeks of their coming into office.

"*2nd May.*— As to my letter to Redmond I see that Grey and Fitzmaurice have explained themselves. Also Cromer's Report has come, and I have written a long article on it of 2,000 words for the 'Man-

chester Guardian,' criticizing Cromer's political as contrasted with his administrative policy in Egypt, explaining his relations with the Khedive and blaming his quarrel with the Sultan.

"*6th May* (*Sunday*).— The 'Manchester Guardian' has published my article on Cromer in a prominent way with a leading article adopting my view that the present troubles are largely caused by Cromer's having failed to re-establish the Liberal National Party in 1883, and later by his injudicious brow-beating of Abbas. It says that self-government ought to be begun now in Egypt. On the other hand the 'Tribune' has gone right round, and is extravagantly jingo, denouncing the Sultan, and printing an aggressive picture of John Bull threatening to demolish him. The 'Daily News' is preaching a crusade. It says, 'it is a maxim of Liberal policy that no foot of land abandoned by the Turk can ever belong to him again,' all this in consequence of the announcement that an ultimatum has been addressed to Constantinople.

"*7th May*.— I have decided to write a public letter to Grey expostulating with him on the ultimatum, and have spent the whole day over it, from half-past two in the earliest morning, but I feel it to be necessary. As far as I can understand the case, our Government is technically in the wrong in asserting a claim for Tabah as *territory* of the Khediviate, or at any time within the ancient boundaries of Egypt, or that it has ever been administered from Cairo, except in connection with the Pilgrim Road.

"*9th May*.— I left Clouds and came up to London. I have sent in my letter to Grey, and Eddy Tennant (who is an intimate friend of Grey's) has promised to speak to him about it. He is to give him a message, too, from me, that my letter is written in no hostile sense to the Government, but that if I receive no answer I shall consider myself at liberty to publish. I have also sent a copy of it through Arthur Ellis to the King. I fear, however, that it is too late to stop warlike operations. [*Note*. For the text of my letter to Grey see Appendix.]

"Meynell dined with me. He talked a good deal about the Education Bill, which is now much discussed. Birrell, he says, repudiates it as his own, saying that it is really Lloyd George's drafting forced on Birrell by a Cabinet majority.

"*11th May*.— Percy Wyndham came to lunch with me, and immediately after John Redmond. They had not met before, but Percy made a polite speech about their having sat together twenty years ago in Parliament, and then left us to our talk. This was principally about Akabah. The Radical members, Redmond says, are so furious against the Sultan that they will none of them join in any protest against the ultimatum, though not one of them understands in the least what the quarrel is about. I explained the matter to him, and he said there would be papers published on the case on Monday, and oppor-

tunities of discussion Tuesday and Thursday on the Estimates. He would send Dillon to me.

"There is a report to-day of the quarrel with the Sultan having been arranged, but the British fleet is assembled at the Piræus, and almost anything may happen. The Emperor William has backed out of any encouragement he may have given at Constantinople, and clearly cannot help the Sultan in a material way. I am inclined to think that if it comes to a naval demonstration it would be one of forcing the Dardanelles and threatening the Sultan at Yildiz.

"*12th May.*— The 'Daily News' and 'Tribune' publish epitomes of my letter to Grey, and the 'Manchester Guardian' gives it in full, with a good leading article in support. John Dillon lunched with me, and we discussed Akabah, of course. He knows more about Egyptian politics than anybody now in the House of Commons, but, like Redmond, he says, the Radicals will do nothing to stop the war.

"*13th May (Sunday).*— The 'Observer' announces that the Sultan has yielded to the British demands, these being (1) That all the positions occupied by the Turks should be abandoned; (2) That the Sinaitic frontier should be delimited by a mixed commission. This is hailed as a complete triumph for Sir Edward Grey."

The triumph proved an unfortunate one for our Foreign Office, as it was the beginning of the long quarrel between Sir Edward Grey and Constantinople, which resulted eight years later in the alliance of Turkey with the central European Powers in the Great War, a combination which gave to Germany its victory over Russia. Not a soul in England understood its importance, or cared to understand. For this reason I print the details here at full length.

"Philip Currie is dead after a long illness and a week of unconsciousness, the papers say. In his youth Philip was a merry fellow, one of the smart young men of the Foreign Office, where he had rooms for many years as resident clerk, with his retriever 'Pam,' so named after Palmerston, his first chief. He had wit and a pleasant tongue. He figures as second hero of Violet Fane's poems, 'From Dawn to Noon,' whom he afterwards married, Clare Vyner being her first hero. Philip rose in the Foreign Office to the rank of permanent Under Secretary of State, and then got himself made Ambassador at Constantinople, and later at Rome, retiring on a pension some three years ago, his time being out. We were cousins and good friends always, without being quite bosom friends. He was a good official friend to me while I was in diplomacy, though my incursions into foreign politics in later years estranged us at times. The last time I saw him was two years ago in the Park, being wheeled there in a bath chair in broken health, and I went home to lunch with him in Prince's Gate. Now both he and Violet Fane have disappeared into the eternal nothing.

"*22nd May.*— The Sultan has yielded everything about Akabah. Though Redmond and Dillon promised me to press for papers, they have not done so, and our Foreign Office has explained nothing. I am disgusted with the Irish for playing thus into Grey's hands, politic though they may find it to be for their own purpose of getting a Home Rule Bill out of the Government. Not that I expected much other result, for I have always felt that the Irish, if they once got their own freedom, would join England and the other robber nations of the world in the work of Imperial spoliation. Parnell's declaration in favor of Imperial Federation twenty years ago was an indication of this to me. It was my main reason for retiring from Irish politics, and for the future I shall economize my subscription to their Parliamentary Fund.

"*28th May.*— I have been all last week in Chapel Street, seeing my various friends. To-day Betty Balfour came to lunch with me, having first sent me a new batch of her father's letters to read and advise as to publishing. They deal mostly with his Indian Government, and I have advised her to abridge and cut freely, as the volume is to be one of private, not political letters. We discussed the respective intellectual powers of her husband Gerald, and of Arthur.

"Curiously enough, precisely the same question turned up later in the afternoon, when I had a visit from Margot. She has, of course, known Arthur intimately for the last twenty years before she married. She insisted that Arthur's real mind was metaphysical and religious, that he had a vivid sense of the present life being of very little importance, an ante-chamber to another life. On one occasion he had told her that, in his view death, apart from the physical pain of it —' and I am a coward in regard to pain,' he had said, 'being altogether without that kind of courage'— was an incident no more alarming than the passage 'from this room into that,' the world to come being infinitely more interesting and important. 'It is for that reason,' Margot said, 'that he has no profound convictions about politics, they attract him only as a game which he thinks he plays well, and which amuses him much as a game of chess might do, but he does not really care for the things at stake, or believe that the happiness of mankind depends on events going this way or that.'

"Dillon was to have come to me to-day, but has had to go suddenly to Ireland to see Davitt, who is in a dying state. Betty Balfour, talking of Dillon, was very severe about his 'lying and insincerity,' but I could not get her to give an instance of either. I told her that for my part I had the highest respect for Dillon, and had always found him perfectly honest and straightforward, a far better patriot than others whom she was praising.

"*31st May.*— To Newbuildings for the Whitsuntide holiday, Anne being expected home from Egypt on the 4th.

"*11th June.*— This is the anniversary of the Alexandria riots, a date always memorable to me. On Saturday we made an expedition to Chanclebury Ring, I in my wheeled chair with a donkey, the others in the American trap, and we took luncheon with us. While we were there, a horseman rode up who turned out to be Goring from Wiston, who is owner of the Down, and we renewed acquaintance. He told us, among other things, that his father's and his grandfather's lives together covered 180 years, their tenure between them of the Wiston estate 150 years. The Gorings got Wiston by a marriage with the Fagges, who had bought it of the Shirleys, when these became involved in the civil war troubles. It is the history of more than one Sussex estate, of the Burrels at West Grinstead, and of ourselves at Newbuildings.

"*20th June.*— Anne arrived last night from Egypt. She confirms my view of the political situation there, saying that while nobody wants the Sultan's rule at Cairo, they nevertheless take his side about Akabah. This is the case with even the most advanced of Mohammed Abdu's disciples. As to the Khedive's attitude, it is not known precisely what line he took, as he seems to have held one language to Cromer and another to Mukhtar Pasha. There can, however, be little doubt that he was with the Sultan in the affair, as he has just gone to Constantinople, which certainly would not be the case if he had taken the English side. It has been a year of terrible drought for the Bedouins.

"*21st June.*— To-day the 'Manchester Guardian' has published a protest I have drawn up against the intended execution of certain fellahin, near Tantah, for the so-called 'murder' of a British officer, and the hurting of several more, which took place on the 13th. [This was the notorious Denshawai affair, which led to world-wide results.] It is an abominable case. As far as one could learn from the telegrams and some slight admissions made by Grey in Parliament, the officers were part of an English military force, making a promenade through the Delta, with the object of demonstrating for political purposes the military power of Great Britain. Finding themselves encamped near Tantah, they could think of nothing better to do than to shoot the tame pigeons in a village hard by, and went out, seven of them, in uniform for the purpose. They say they were invited there by an Omdeh of the village, but when they got there the villagers objected, and as none of them knew Arabic they got frightened; a gun then went off in the hands of one of them; a woman and some men were killed or wounded, and the officers were belaboured with *nabuts*. Two of these ran away, it is said to bring help from their camp, seven miles off, and one of them was found dead four miles from the village. This is exactly like all these cases, except that it is the first time an officer has

been killed, and Reuter's telegrams are violent for punishment of the natives. I got Dillon to ask some questions in Parliament on Monday, and yesterday there was a special telegram in the 'Daily Chronicle' saying that Cromer had decided to have the villagers shot. This, be it remarked, before any trial had taken place, and all treat it as a case of murder with prearrangement, not on the part of the officers, but of the fellahin. It is the usual course these affairs take in Egypt, but a more than usually plain demonstration of the kind of justice dealt out between Englishman and native. Fortunately the 'Manchester Guardian' has taken up the matter strongly, and may perhaps save some lives, but I doubt it. English feeling on these matters has become absolutely callous, and I believe if Cromer ordered a dozen of the villagers to be crucified or impaled, no serious objection would be made to it here, still I have done what I could, and there is a chance. The 'trial' is to be on Sunday.

"*23rd June.*— I see a telegram in the 'Pall Mall' which seems to show that Cromer has received a hint to be moderate in his zeal. It is reported that he has ordered Captain Bull's body to be exhumed and examined medically, with the result that it has been discovered that he died not of wounds but of sunstroke.

"*27th June.*— Still writing to Dillon, the 'Manchester Guardian,' and the 'Tribune,' about the abominable Denshawai affair which is to be judged to-day, or rather to be sentenced, for the whole thing has been judged by Cromer already and the so-called 'trial' will simply record his decision.

"*28th June.*— They have condemned four of the Denshawai villagers to death, four to penal servitude for life, three to fifteen years' imprisonment, six to seven years, three to one year with fifty lashes, and five to fifty lashes, thirty-one acquitted. This is a monstrous sentence and ought, I think, to do more to break up the legend of Cromer's paternal rule in Egypt than anything we have seen since its commencement. Dillon is bringing forward the case in parliament, but nothing is likely to stop the executions.

"*29th June.*— I have worried myself all day about the Egyptian villagers, and I see now that they were hanged yesterday under circumstances of revolting barbarity. All day I have been writing, and the thing is weighing on me like a nightmare still.

"*30th June.*— Terence Bourke came down from London for the day and gave me news of Tunis. The French, he said, have turned over a new leaf there and are trying to reconcile the Arabs to their rule. He thinks they are succeeding. He is now for an Arabian Caliphate under English protection. The Germans, however, are making a vigorous propaganda in their own interests in North Africa. Anne has left for London, and I am alone here.

"*1st July* (*Sunday*).—George Wyndham came down by the early train, and Cunninghame Graham a little later, and we spent a pleasant day in talk. The executions in Egypt were our chief topic. I had fortunately finished my letter to the 'Manchester Guardian' before they came, and I read it out to them. Graham is to get the Labour members to support Dillon, when he proposes a reduction of Grey's salary on the Foreign Office vote on Thursday. George, though he will not help, will look on with 'benevolent interest.' We sat all day under the trees of the Jubilee garden. After lunch Graham went away, and George and I stayed talking poetry. He read me his essay on Ronsard, and some of his translations, which are admirable, and we had much intimate personal as well as literary talk, and I told him the history of my religious opinions. It is odd his championing the cause of High Church Christianity, he who really believes in nothing of these things, altogether a day of extreme beauty and intellectual pleasure.

"*3rd July*.—Chapel Street. Cromer has been given the Order of Merit! Dillon came to luncheon and stayed for an hour and a half talking over the Denshawai case. He is hopeless of getting a good hearing for it in Parliament, though the Radical feeling is strong of indignation, but every kind of pressure is being put upon members of the Government to get them to be silent, and the press also is being appealed to. What a state of things! Here we have a judicial crime of the largest dimensions committed by our Representative in Egypt, the thing hardly denied, quite undeniable and defaming the fair face of English justice throughout the world, yet on the very day the hangings take place our Representative is honoured with the supreme reward of the Order of Merit! Sir Edward Grey, for the Government, when questioned as to the trial and executions, alleges that he cannot give any information, *because he does not know*, and he must wait till a detailed report arrives from Egypt, and this although Cromer is in England and was actually in the Gallery of the House of Commons while the questions were being put, Cromer who knows every detail of the affair and is the sole person responsible. The truth, however, of the situation, Dillon tells me, is this. The Radicals had designed to have a full dress debate in condemnation of the Congo atrocities committed by the King of the Belgians, and are enraged to find that atrocities quite as startling have been committed by our own officials in Egypt. With what face can they now denounce the mote in the Belgian eye, yet we are hypocrites enough to do this even with this Denshawai beam, astounding as it is, in our own eye, but the Radicals are fools and deserve their fate of jackaling their Whig leaders, and I am a fool to fash myself with the abomination of our rule in the world.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson is dead, the only quite true man on the Radical side in Parliament. Dear good man, we shall not see another like him.

"*4th July.*— To Clifford's Inn, to see Neville's exhibition of pictures, his Bernard Shaw portrait among them.

"*6th July.*— I have had a letter from Keir Hardie, the Labour leader, asking my opinion about Grey's statement, and have answered him. [The peculiarity in Hardie's letter was that it showed him to be entirely ignorant even as to where the atrocities had taken place, imagining it to be somewhere in the Soudan.]

"*8th July* (*Sunday*).— The new Egyptian Nationalist leader, Mustapha Kamel, writes to me from Paris saying he wishes to see me, and I have telegraphed back proposing that he should come over to England, and offering to lodge him at Chapel Street. There was a sickening account on Friday in the 'Pall Mall' of the Denshawai executions. I think it *must* smash Cromer. There are a number of French and English papers, too, come from Cairo which make a damning case of abuse of justice in the trial. I intend to write a pamphlet to be called 'Atrocities of Justice under English Rule in Egypt.'[1]

"*11th July.*— Anne and I spent yesterday writing in connection with this, and translating the Egyptian newspapers. I have written as well as telegraphed to Mustapha Kamel urging him to come to England without delay. The moment is most propitious for a National Egyptian demonstration. To-day being the anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria, I headed my letter 'Anniversaire du bombardement d'Alexandrie. Que Dieu le venge.' He has telegraphed in return that he will come to London on Saturday, and sends in the meantime a manifesto addressed to the English nation and the world at large, which he is having published in the 'Figaro.' Robertson, too, the Radical member for Newcastle, in whose hands Dillon left the case while he is away in Ireland, writes saying he wants to see me. So I went up to London. Robertson tells me that he has seen Grey, and he 'has hopes that Grey will propose reforms in the way of a new edict, which will make the sentences of the special tribunal subject to appeal, and stop *public* executions and *perhaps* all floggings.' This is all rubbish; the Appeal Court is too entirely under Cromer's thumb to be of the least use, except, perhaps, to delay future executions. As to stopping *public* executions, it would only make matters worse for the Egyptians, who would then be hanged and flogged in private, to them a greater punishment, and more beyond the control of English and native opinion. Of course this privacy is exactly what Cromer would like, and I hope Robertson would refuse to accept it as any mitigation.

"*12th July.*— There is a splendid article in the 'Tribune,' thanks to Meynell, who got them to put it in, the best we have yet had in any paper. Robertson came to breakfast, and I had a good two hours with him. He has put down a number of questions for this

[1] See Appendix.

confirms what I said of it in my letter to Grey. Cromer's pretensions on historic grounds rest on an original misunderstanding of a passage in Abulfeda. It also shows that the Sultan's action in occupying Tabah was prompted by a belief that Bramley's mission had for its object to seize and fortify positions commanding Akabah. As to a design, by the Sultan, against Egypt there is not a trace of it in the correspondence, though Cromer's insistence about Tabah made people in Egypt believe that some design must exist. It can hardly be claimed as a diplomatic victory for Cromer, seeing that it was only gained at the cost of mobilizing the British fleet and rousing the anger of the whole Moslem world. Cromer has got the Order of Merit but he has destroyed his own reputation; he will not survive Denshawai.

"*22nd July* (*Sunday*).—Mustapha Kamel came down again for the day and with him Button. Kamel tells me that Robertson has had it in so many words from Grey that he does not now believe in the agitation in Egypt being fanatical in any religious sense, only in a political sense. This can only be that the Foreign Office repudiates Cromer's reading of the situation and Button declares he will retire. The great thing will now be to make it patent to the world that it is the Egyptian National movement that has driven him to this and to get a new policy adopted favourable to Nationalism by whoever shall be Cromer's successor. We talked the matter fully over and have decided that in default of better, Gorst would be our best man. We are, therefore, to open a campaign in the autumn against Cromer, and in favour of re-establishing Constitutional Government in Egypt. In the evening Mustapha returned to London."

Though I do not put it in my diary, poor Kamel was very unwell that afternoon, suffering pain and, I think, taking morphia to ease it. He went up late to London in Button's company and was seriously ill on their journey. Button was of great assistance to us in our plans at this time, encouraging us to attack Cromer. He declared that no case of hanging where the victim was innocent ever failed in England to ruin the man who did it. "You may commit any injustice you like," he said, "in English public life so long as you don't hang your enemy, but to do that is fatal."

"*27th July*.—The last week has gone by quietly. I have not been up in London but have left Mustapha Kamel to the care of Button and Neville and Meynell. On Tuesday the Panislamic Society in London gave him a banquet, and on Wednesday he delivered himself of a speech at a luncheon party, which has been reported in the 'Tribune' and other London papers, the 'Manchester Guardian' having become strangely silent.

"*28th July*.—The Denshawai Blue Book is out. Though all the arts of evasion are tried in it, even to the complete suppression of

the evidence, it remains a document altogether damning for Cromer. He gives himself away in it completely. It is announced in the 'Westminster Gazette' that the matter of Denshawai will now be allowed to rest in Parliament and that Liberals would support Lord Cromer.

"*9th August.*— Fernycroft. I have been here since the 2nd having gone up to London to see Robertson. He managed at the very last minute in the debate on the adjournment to bring on the Denshawai case and got certain admissions out of Grey, indeed Grey gave Cromer's case away by withdrawing what had been said about *fanatical* unrest in Egypt. This has now become *political* unrest, a very different thing. Grey used wild words, too, about a Crown Colony in connection with Egypt which cannot but add fuel to the fire.

"*18th August.*— At Clouds. George and Guy Wyndham have come from Guy's camp at Bulford where he is commanding the 16th Lancers. Last week there was a party at Tedworth for a sham fight to amuse the King of Spain, the entertainer being Sir Ian Hamilton and one of the party being John Burns. Burns, according to these, has developed and holds advanced Jingo views, his whole mind being wrapped up in army matters. His one idea now is to send a fleet into the Baltic and fight the German Emperor. He knows the history of every regiment and is 'quite a good fellow.' Such is their report. George was very brilliant at dinner with all kinds of theories. 'The true way to be happy,' he said, 'is to be able to say, "I want" and "I won't,"' and after dinner he wrote some blank verse lines on the subject which were good.

"At Fernycroft and Clouds I was much occupied with my 'Atrocity' pamphlet, and on the 29th my brother-in-law, Lord Lovelace, died, an event which caused many family changes.

"*13th Sept.*— My 'Atrocity' pamphlet is out and there is a capital leading article on it in yesterday's 'Manchester Guardian,' and to-day the 'Times' prints a letter about it from Suez by a correspondent who denounces its title as reprehensible and even abominable. Frederic Harrison writes congratulations, he says it is 'a tremendous work.'

"*27th Sept.*— Great events have happened in the last fortnight. First, as to Egypt, my pamphlet has had more effect than I expected, and still more my 'Times' letters. My old adversary, Moberly Bell, was tempted into the field against me and he published in the 'Times,' of which he is now manager, a violent attack on me in relation to the events of twenty-five years ago, backed up by as ferocious a leading article. This gave me a splendid opening, as Bell had mentioned my poem, 'The Wind and the Whirlwind' as one of my crimes and I was able to quote ten stanzas from it in very effective reply, which will now spread the fame of it, all the world over. It

has brought me congratulations from many quarters and I feel like an *Espada* in the Spanish bull-ring who has planted a blow he knows to be mortal, and who walks away wiping his sword and leaving the dying bull to rage an instant by itself before it falls. Moberly Bell will leave me alone for the future. Also I have written a formal letter to Grey, sending the pamphlet and begging him to make a personal inquiry into the Denshawai case instead of leaving it to be dealt with by the permanent officials. So all is going well. Mustapha Kamel has entrusted me with the task of finding him an editor for his new Anglo-French paper at Cairo, 'The Egyptian Standard.'

"There have been terrible doings in America, lynchings and massacres of negroes, acts of reprisal against the black community for isolated assaults, understandable but just as brutal and iniquitous as the massacres of Jews in Russia, or of Armenians in Turkey. There is no pretence that any of the negroes murdered by the mob had any connection with the particular assaults, therein lies the abomination of injustice. I am not one who condemns the severest punishment of men found guilty of violent sexual crimes, I am for hanging, flogging, what you will; in such cases it is even right that a man taken *flagrante delicto* should be killed on the spot, but to slay the innocent for the guilty, as was done at Atlanta and by us at Denshawai, moves my indignation.

"On the 24th we had an amateur performance of my Irish play, 'Fand,' at Newbuildings.

"*29th Sept.*— My article in the 'Independent Review' advocating a change of policy at Cairo has an excellent leading article in support of it in the 'Tribune,' and I look upon our game as won. Cromer will, of course, return to Egypt in November but it will be his last winter there, and he will be found to have something the matter with his liver or his eyes, and he will take his pension and retire. The only question is who will succeed him. Perhaps by that time Abdul Hamid, too, will have disappeared from the scene and the further question may have been put, who will succeed the Sultan?

"*1st Oct.*— Out shooting in my wheeled chair and managed to kill six or seven pheasants.

"*6th Oct.*— Brailsford, the 'Tribune' leader writer, having written to me privately to ask my advice about his line regarding Egypt three days ago, came down to luncheon and gave me a curious account of the way Cromer has taken with the newspaper editors in London. 'He showed,' he said, 'great emotion and is quite upset about the Denshawai business.' He may well be so. Also of Grey: Brailsford says that he knows absolutely nothing of foreign affairs. Grey has only once been abroad and then only to Paris, and he speaks not a word of French or any foreign language. Haldane manages

all that for him. His strength is that he is good-looking, with an imposing manner and an appearance of common sense and honesty which the House of Commons likes. Brailsford knows much of the ins and outs of Eastern affairs, having been in Crete as newspaper correspondent, and is a very clever fellow.

"*15th Oct.*— The article on Egypt which I wrote for the 'Figaro' has been a great success. I wrote it in French, and intrusted it to Mustapha Kamel to get it published, and to-day I get a letter from Mme. Juliette Adam and Pierre Lôti jointly signed.

JULIETTE ADAM AND PIERRE LÔTI TO WILFRID BLUNT

'En séjour à Hendaye chez Pierre Lôti et Abbaye de Gif. Seine et Oise, 9. 10. 06.

'MONSIEUR,

'Votre article au Figaro est un acte de courage et de loyauté dont il faut que tout ami de l'Egypte vous félicite. Pierre Lôti et moi nous venons de le lire tout haut. Je tiens la plume pour tous deux et pour vous dire que nous ne confondrons plus la politique de Lord Cromer avec la politique *des Anglais*. Une exception, de la haute valeur de la vôtre, oblige à en tenir largement compte.

'Pierre Lôti, à qui le repos est ordonné pour quelques jours, signe avec moi en vous assurant comme moi de sa haute sympathie.

'JULIETTE ADAM.
'PIERRE LÔTI.'

"The substance of the article has been telegraphed to Egypt, and it is sure to be printed there in all the newspapers. I feel that I have done now all I possibly could for the National cause, and must leave the rest of the work to others. I have had several threatening letters from English jingos menacing me with death if there should be a native rising at Cairo. Such letters are I fancy written by idle fellows over their whiskey and water at pot-houses. One fool says to the other, 'Here is that damned fellow Blunt at it again, let's give him one,' and they scribble, but don't sign. One of them, however, signs his missive.

"*18th Oct.*— Betty Balfour's book of her father's letters is out, and very good it is. She has condensed the political part of it, and made it as readable as a book should be. It has been very favourably received, and I look forward now to Lytton's being recognized at last for the man of genius he undoubtedly was.

"*8th Nov.*— Cromer has been obliged already to make changes in his administration. Chitty Bey, the only English official who sympathizes with Nationalism, has been given a high post in the Ministry

of Finance, which will give him control of the budget, and Saad Zaghloul, one of Mohammed Abdu's disciples whom I remember in prison as an Arabist in 1883, has been named Minister of Public Instruction."

This mention of Saad Zaghloul has become of especial interest since the first part of this book was published through the leadership he has taken of the Egyptian Nationalist Party. He is an honest and very capable man, the worthiest of all those who have been acknowledged National Leaders during the British Occupation. I am glad to remember that it was due to my intervention with Cromer, and beyond Cromer with Gladstone, that I obtained his release from prison in 1883.

"The Denshawai Case is to be brought forward by Dillon next week in Parliament. I feel that I have gained a notable success, and am master now of native opinion in Egypt, and to a large extent of Mohammedan opinion outside Egypt.

"Auberon Herbert is dead, a man of original thought and high integrity, slightly touched in his later years with eccentricity. I need not describe his character here as I have said so much of it already in these diaries. There was much in common between us in the view we took of public things, but he was more of a doctrinaire than ever I was, and he has had greater belief in the effective power of appealing to principles of right and honour with Englishmen. In appearance he was the most refined of men, an ideal countenance, such as Shelley might have had if he had lived to the age of seventy. His place in politics will not be filled, for he was the last of the uncompromising individualists of the Victorian age, the most consistent and the ablest.

"*9th Nov.*— George Wyndham came down in the evening and Neville, to shoot with me, and we talked far into the night on literature, politics, and art. He is pleased with the success of his Ronsard which is certainly good, though I am of opinion that it ought to have been still better. With his talent of verse translation he might very well have given us a hundred of Ronsard's Sonnets and Odes, instead of only thirty.

"*10th Nov.*— Belloc joined us at dinner, and once more George's tongue was loosed. Both he and Belloc are admirable talkers. Belloc's best story was of an Italian brigand, who had regularly confessed his sins every Saturday from his youth up in his own village, but who was refused absolution at last at the age of eighty, as profaning the sacrament of penance, by going on with his confessions about women. 'E cosa impossibile,' said the priest.

"*11th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— I have got George to read my 'Atrocity' pamphlet, and it has formed the text of a discussion which lasted

till midnight on the whole Egyptian question. George was very communicative, and he gave us an account of how the Anglo-French Entente had been managed by Arthur Balfour, Lansdowne, and himself, and how they had expressly disclaimed all ulterior intention of making the Occupation of Egypt, a stepping stone to annexation, or a protectorate. This it is most important for me to know. George assures me that the permanent retention of Egypt is not part of English policy, at least of English Tory policy, and that they fully admit that neither Egypt nor the Mediterranean could be held by us in time of serious war. The new naval strategy is based on evacuating the Mediterranean in war time, and holding the Cape route to India. The Occupation of Egypt was prolonged because a withdrawal of troops would be interpreted as a provocation to Germany to send in German troops. He had had, however, a talk with the German Ambassador in London last December, which had convinced him that Germany would abstain from intermeddling in Egypt if given a free hand in the Euphrates Valley and the Persian Gulf-head. This he thought would be the solution. As to Denshawai he admitted that it was without precedent as an act of folly, and was only explicable on the supposition that Cromer was failing in mind. George laid down, as a general rule, that it was always folly to hang a man, unless you intended to do a very violent deed, and to have that deed remembered. He hears it commonly said now that Cromer's régime has been a failure. I pressed him to help us in the House to get a day for discussion of the case from Grey. He did not quite refuse, and will leave a copy of my pamphlet in Arthur's way, and take half-a-dozen more copies for others of his late colleagues. Dillon is to be back in the House by Monday, and promises to do his best to bring it on. I go up, therefore, on Tuesday, to help arrange the attack.

"*14th Nov.*— Chapel Street. John Dillon came to luncheon, and we had a long talk about Egypt. He will bring forward the Denshawai case at once, and with Robertson will ask for a day to discuss it. If that is refused he will ply the Government every week with questions till the end of the session, and bring it on again on the Address in February. He talked well about several of our leading politicians. He considers the Independent Labour Party to be of no importance, Keir Hardie, though honest, to have little weight. He admires John Burns, speaks very highly of Churchill, who is 'cleverer than his father, a better speaker, and with a sounder political instinct.' Of Loulou Harcourt he has the highest opinion, a poor one of Herbert Gladstone. He spoke more kindly of Chamberlain than he deserves, said that there were only two men in the house who could hold their own with him in debate, Asquith and Churchill, but Asquith had less weight from having a lawyer's mind. He considers Haldane's position

at the War Office absurd, 'a Chancery barrister,' he said, 'of twenty years' standing.' He has a great respect for Hugh Cecil, none for Arthur Balfour.

"*15th Nov.*— Mme. Arcos (the Empress Eugénie's lectrice and lady-in-waiting) came to tea with me. Talking about the memoirs of Dr. Evans, the Paris dentist, she assured me they were in no way due to co-operation with the Empress. There was much exaggeration in Evans' account of his intimacy with Her Majesty. She recommended, as more exact, a book by Miss Stothard, which is just out and very accurate. She took away with her a copy of my pamphlet for the Empress, who, she said, would be delighted with it, as she dislikes Cromer. He was rude to her in Egypt two years ago.

"*21st Nov.*— A splendid letter has come from Madame Juliette Adam in praise of 'The Wind and the Whirlwind,' worth many rude articles in the 'Times.'

"*23rd Nov.*— My dear friend, Hampden, is dead, one of my few quite old friends. Politically we found ourselves always in opposite camps. During the Egyptian revolution, he being an under secretary in Gladstone's Government, ranked himself with the financiers for intervention, then when Home Rule came four years later, he and I changed sides, he following Hartington into the Unionist camp, and this went on till the other day when he rejoined the Liberals. He was away for four years in Australia as Colonial Governor, and on his return he shared my rooms with me in Mount Street and Chapel Street. During my illness he was very good to me. Then suddenly, fifteen months ago, old age seemed to take him, and he went away to a house of his own, and last summer to a place he had hired in Westmorland for his health. His death is a great loss to me.

"To see Shaw's play 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' the wittiest ever put upon the stage, and admirably acted, its medical absurdities appealing to me personally, remembering as I did how old Sir Douglas Powell urged me, 'as he would *urge* his own son or *order* a man in a hospital ward, to submit to a slight operation, the merest touch with an instrument,' to relieve an imaginary something on my right lung, an operation which I afterwards learnt would have been almost certainly, in my weak state, fatal, while the lung was sound. When I met Shaw at Neville's last Spring, I told him my experience, and I daresay it has been among the contributory causes of his play. I have written to tell him how much I admired it.

"*24th Nov.*— To call on Margot at her house in Cavendish Square, who came out to talk to me, bareheaded, where I lay in my wheeled chair at her door. Though she has lost some of her old prettiness, her wit and all her charm have survived it. We stayed on in the street talking for quite twenty minutes, and she is to come to lunch

with me on Monday. On Thursday Horace Rumbold dined with me and told me a number of interesting political things. Among others that he had quite recently been shown a confidential report drawn up by Cromer, detailing a new plan of reforms for Egypt in a Liberal sense, intended no doubt to do a duty of reparation for past mistakes. I strongly suspect that Grey has shown it privately to Robertson and the other Radical members of the Egyptian Committee, and so has bought their silence for the future about Denshawai. George Wyndham, whom I saw to-day, does not doubt that such is the case. 'It is of a piece,' he says, 'with their management lately of other difficult and disgraceful cases.' Horace, at our dinner, discussed the Egyptian question with me *à fond*, assuring me that the Government had come to an understanding about Egypt with the Emperor William, and that our occupation of it would certainly be permanent. Horace's view is no doubt the Foreign Office view, and he has means, besides his position as ex-ambassador, of knowing, as he has a son at the Cairo Embassy and has just had Findlay with him, Cromer's chief subordinate there. He says Cromer means to stay on at Cairo.

"*25th Nov.* (*Sunday*).—George came to lunch with me and then Dillon, with whom I had two hours' good conversation. He tells me that it is perfectly true that Robertson and the rest of the so-called Egyptian Committee have been got at by Grey, who has had them into his private room and has been most amiable to them, and has persuaded them to hold their tongues about Denshawai. He affected, when with them, not to know that the husband of the woman shot by the officers had been condemned to penal servitude for life, and promised to write to Cromer about it, and got them to be satisfied with this. They have behaved like children in the business, and have even allowed themselves to be made use of by Grey to the extent of supporting Cromer's proposal for the abolition of the Capitulations in Egypt, the Capitulations being the only remaining protection there against Cromer's absolute power, and the only safeguard for the freedom of the native press. Idiots! The London Press, too, Dillon assures me, has been captured, even the 'Tribune,' which in spite of Brailsford's promise of assistance has refused to answer the questions asked in the House of Commons about Denshawai. The 'Manchester Guardian' is equally silent.

"We talked about the announced changes in the Government. Dillon says that Bannerman is much broken since his wife's death, and will probably go to the Lords with Fowler, while Ripon will retire. Of Bryce he talked as of a man learned and excellent, and historically sympathetic with Ireland, but strangely ignorant of modern conditions, incapable of taking in a new idea and quite unfit to drive

a satisfactory Irish Bill through the House of Commons. Personally he liked him much, and has taken great pains to instruct him on Irish affairs, but without much effect. I asked him about Anthony Macdonnell. He told me he had never himself believed in him as a Nationalist, and now nobody believed in him. Macdonnell's idea of Nationalism was that he, Macdonnell, should be able, with the help of an Irish Council, a consultative body, to manage Irish affairs without interference from Downing Street, the sort of independence that the Government of Madras has, or of Bombay. 'He would like to treat us like Indians,' he said. 'I have told him frankly that we won't put up with that.' Dillon thinks the present Government will break up in two years' time. Every Liberal member is hunting his own hare, there is no cohesion among them. Then we went on to Fenianism and Devoy, who was a personal friend of Dillon, though they differed on many points, for Devoy is quite opposed to the Parliamentary party. Dillon himself, of course, began by being a Fenian.

"*12th Dec.*— Dillon has put his question to Grey about Denshawai, and has got from him only negative answers. He will not give a day for discussion, he will not give Cromer instructions, he will not say whether any reform in the criminal law in Egypt will be recommended. Robertson and the rest of the Radicals have been mute as fishes. I have no doubt in my mind that Robertson has been secured by some promise of a place in the Government, a junior lordship or even less." [This is precisely what happened some months later.] "The 'Times' correspondent telegraphed a fortnight ago that the Khedive had supplied the money for Mohammed Kamel's new English paper, 'The Egyptian Standard,' and when this was telegraphed back to Cairo Cromer would not let Reuter publish the telegram. Then Cromer went, so it is said, to the Khedive, and threatened him with deposition; and the Khedive denied, and Kamel denied; now Kamel is on his way back to England and has telegraphed his arrival to me at Brindisi.

"Meanwhile we have the French Government sending a fleet to Tangier for the 'protection of French subjects, a state of anarchy having been shown to exist there,' and a bogus communication has been published by Reuter from Raisuli to the Governor of Tangier announcing 'a Jehad and massacre of Christians.' Just the old story of Tunis in 1881 and Alexandria in 1882, supported once more by the 'Times.'"

This was the first step taken by the French Government in their aggression on Morocco in accordance with the Anglo-French entente of 1904, an act which, as will be seen, entailed on them a renewal of their quarrel with Germany, and for a while with Spain.

"War seems to have been declared at last between the Pope and

the French Republic. It will be interesting to watch the result. On the whole I think the Pope is well advised. He will probably lose a large proportion of his nominal spiritual subjects in France, but he will retain a firmer hold over the remainder, and the cause of the Church there will gain by being disendowed. All the same it is incredible that Christianity, as a dogmatic faith, should much longer survive the assaults of science among a people so logical as the French and so little serious. Among our northern peoples it will continue through its connection with morality for a long while yet, till gradually the dogma will disappear and the name alone will be clung to. In France the connection between dogma and morality is less felt.

"13*th Dec.*— Robertson has written to the 'Times' repudiating what has been said about his change of opinions, so I hope it is all right, at least as far as his political honesty goes, though he has probably fallen into line with the Government about Denshawai. We shall see as time goes on, and when Cromer's report is published next session. It is clear that Cromer has had orders to nationalize to a certain extent the Egyptian administration, though still of course on despotic lines. Saad Zaghloul has begun well at any rate in his department, but I have no confidence in Cromer.

"Joseph Potocki was here on Saturday to see our horses. He gave me an interesting account of things in Russia. He was a member of the first Duma, and describes it as having been entirely revolutionary. He found himself alone among the members as a Conservative. And when he opposed their motion for the abolition of property in land, it was singly, while they watched 'with eyes as of hyenas.' He is, however, like them all, a Constitutionalist, though not in favour of representative Government. He says that could not be in Russia. He would like Home Rule in Poland under the Crown, that is to say, an independent administration for local affairs. I asked him if the Duma would be allowed to continue, and he said, 'Not if the new Duma is revolutionary like the old; if it is moderate, yes.' I asked also whether the Court Party, if it came to a conflict with the Duma, could count upon the army and he said, 'Yes, at any rate for a few years, though as the young generation grows up with revolutionary ideas these will perhaps affect the army.' Potocki's testimony has this value, that being a Pole, he sees things with more detachment than most members of the Duma can claim to show in their judgements.

"19*th Dec.*— Went up to London to meet Mustapha Kamel and arrange matters for him connected with his paper 'The Egyptian Standard.' He has come to London with two of his principal supporters, Farid Bey [afterwards leader of the Egyptian National Party in succession to Mustapha Kamel], the lawyer who protested against French Rule at the Conference in Algeria, and Osman Bey Ghaleb,

Professor of Medicine at the Medical School, an old friend of Mohammed Abdu. With these I discussed all the important questions connected with Egyptian Nationalism.

"Kamel gave me a detailed account of the Khedive's attitude in the Tabah affair. 'The Khedive,' he said, 'was reduced some years ago by Cromer's having excluded him from all political power, to an attitude of despair. This turned his ambition to money-making — he has always had a love of money. Then he got under the influence of King Edward and was persuaded that, if he would be good and give Cromer no trouble, life would be made easy for him and he would be allowed to enrich himself. So he let Cromer do what he pleased. This went on till the present year when Cromer began the Tabah quarrel with the Sultan, and in the first stage of it the Khedive was docile. But when it came to the ultimatum sent in by the British Government, and when he found that all Egypt supported the Sultan and that even the fellahin in the villages were declaring they would sooner be badly ruled by the Sultan than any longer endure the English tyranny, then he began to reflect and think, "I cannot betray my religion and my country altogether." Cromer was at that moment pressing him to write a letter authorizing the English Government to represent him in the boundary dispute, but he finally refused to do this, much to Cromer's discomfiture. He even went so far as to have a schedule drawn up of his property so as to know how much money he was privately worth in case it came to his deposition or resignation of viceroyalty. Since then he has been completely *brouillé* with Cromer. Great efforts were made to induce him to go to England before going to Constantinople last summer, but he said to himself, "The Sultan is a greater danger to me than the King of England, as he can at any moment depose me while the other could not." So he went to Constantinople first. The Sultan by this time had been thoroughly frightened by the English Government, and by the failure of the Emperor William to support him and he intended to give Abbas a bad reception. But, when he heard it reported that in Egypt all public opinion was against Cromer, the Grand Vizier sent a message to Mukhtar Pasha biding him inquire how this was, and ask the opinions of all prominent men. On this ground Mukhtar sent for me for my advice, and said that on the report sent by him would depend how Abbas would be received at Yildiz. Now, I had had a quarrel with the Khedive and had not been near the Palace for three years, but I saw that the Khedive ought to be supported and I said that the independence of Egypt depended on the Sultan's receiving him well; and Mukhtar telegraphed this to Constantinople. The Sultan was in two minds on the subject when the Khedive arrived, and at first received him coldly, but in the course of the audience Abbas burst out laugh-

ing and the ice was broken between them, and the Sultan sent him away with presents. Then, while the Khedive was still at Constantinople, the Denshawai executions took place and the Khedive was so angry at his name having been used for the hangings and floggings, and pardon having been refused in his name without his being consulted, that for two hours he was like a man out of his mind walking up and down in absolute silence while his entourage stood bent like this (making a gesture) round him. Since then he would have nothing to do with the English in Egypt. He stayed at Alexandria so as not to be present at the review on the King's birthday. Then Cromer got up the story of his having subscribed £20,000 for the new Egyptian "Standard," or rather Faris Nimr got up the story and foisted it on Cromer, who was very angry and went to the Palace and charged the Khedive with it. On this the Khedive said, "I will answer you in three ways: first, things have not yet come to such a pass in Egypt that you have a right to ask me what I do with my own private money; secondly, Mustapha Kamel has not set his foot in my house for three years, and, thirdly, he has had no money at all from me for any purpose." So Cromer got no satisfaction from him, and we have taken Abbas back into favour. You must not write any more against him, as he may be useful to the Nationalist Party. All the same he and the whole of his branch of the family of Mohammed Ali are worthless. They ought to be eliminated from the succession. The sons of Halim are respectable and liberal.

"Of the Sultan he, Mustapha Kamel, said he had behaved miserably in the Tabah business. But he spoke highly of the Grand Vizier, Jawdat Pasha; Mukhtar was a '*brave homme dont on respecte le passé militaire, mais naïf, trop naïf.*' I asked about Idris Bey Ragheb, the proprietor of the 'Egyptian Morning News' and 'l'Egypte,' and the Doctor (Osman Ghaleb) said, 'He tried to go against us but has been obliged to give it up.'

"About Saad Zaghloul, Kamel said he was the antipodes of his brother, the traitor of the Denshawai case, a perfectly honest, good man. He has begun well at the Ministry of Public Instruction, insisting that all papers should be brought to him, not to Dunlop, the English Adviser, that the examiners in Arabic should know Arabic, and that Dunlop should come to him on business, not he to Dunlop. We shall see how long he is able to maintain his command of the situation.

"Of Cromer they all talk as of a lost force in Egypt. He no longer has any native following. The Denshawai case did for him entirely, for every one knows he was solely responsible for the hangings. 'We wish Lord Cromer to remain on now,' Kamel said, 'he does us more good by staying than he could possibly do by going.'

He would like, when the change is made, that it should be Gorst rather than an outsider. Gorst at least would endeavour to conciliate Mohammedan feeling, he hates the Syrians who now have Cromer's ear.

"Back to Newbuildings for Christmas. Belloc dined with me. He will do all he can to help Kamel, but just now is full to the eyes of work.

"*31st Dec.*— Newbuildings. This is the last day of the year, and I make up my account with it. It began with a dark prospect. I was lying more than half paralyzed in bed, unable to use my hands, unable to sit up, unable to walk more than across the room. I did not myself think I could recover, I hardly wished it. I had suffered too much pain to desire to pass through the same experience again. Yet, even so I was light-hearted. My head was clear, quite unaffected by my illness, and I was mentally busy with the Memoirs I was dictating. Also I was lapped in the affection of my friends. Thus the first months of the year passed for me, in Chapel Street in bed. Over a hundred of my acquaintance came to see me there, everybody I think that I had ever loved, a huge consolation. Then I gradually recovered, and my literary work went on. I have finished my two volumes. My play of 'Fand' has been written, and announced for acting in Dublin. It gives me the consciousness of renewed intellectual power, moreover, and what has been the least expected marvel of my year, my half-dead hopes connected with Egypt have come into political blossom. We have smitten Cromer hip and thigh from Tabah to Denshawai, and from a lost force at Cairo I have become a power again; never since Tel-el-Kebir have the fortunes of Egyptian Nationalism seemed so smiling. Such have been my consolations. The last days of the old year have been spent merrily here at Newbuildings with Cockerell, Mark Napier and Belloc, and his friend Kershaw."

There is little worth copying out of my diary of the first months of 1907. They were mostly spent at Newbuildings, with occasional changes to Chapel Street. I give a few extracts:

"*24th Jan.*— Mustapha Kamel has gone back to Cairo, and I hear of Robertson as touring in the Delta. Bernard Shaw sends me the proof sheets of his preface to 'John Bull's other Island.' It contains a rattling attack on Cromer and the Denshawai business.

"*13th Feb.*— Parliament has met, a great flourish about a quarrel with the House of Lords. I shall believe it when I see it.

"*19th Feb.*— Robertson to breakfast with me in Chapel Street. He gave a full account of his adventures in Egypt. He describes Cromer as very nervous and sensitive about public opinion in England, and Machell, who organized the executions at Denshawai, a blundering

fool, quite unfit for his position. Cromer, he says, is in perfect ignorance of native opinion, and imagines he still has adherents, whereas the very people he most confides in talk most strongly against his *régime* in private. Of Mustapha Kamel he had heard none but good reports from native sources, though the English officials talk against him. Robertson will bring forward the Denshawai and other questions whenever possible in Parliament. He has come back a thorough Nationalist."

Notwithstanding all this fine talk, on his return from Egypt Robertson did next to nothing when Parliament met, and soon allowed himself to be secured by Grey. He took the official shilling, a subordinate post in the Government.

"Sir William Wedderburn came to luncheon. He is an excellent man, and if he were only ten years younger would make a good successor to Cromer; as it is he thinks Lord Reay would do for it. He talked a good deal about India, and gave a history of the partition of Bengal, which he describes as a very serious matter. It was all Curzon's doings, devised with a special purpose of weakening the power of the High Court at Calcutta. He would not hear of the Bengal Mohammedans as being otherwise than at one with the Hindoos in the affair. He spoke highly of the Amir of Afghanistan in spite of his Europeanized dress and ways, a hardworking, honest ruler, he said, in every way estimable.

"*20th Feb.*— George Wyndham and his brother Guy dined with me. Guy is appointed military *attaché* at St. Petersburg. George, when his brother was gone home, told me of his disgust with politics, and how he considered the Tory Party had ruined its prospects by forcing on the General Election after the Boer War, the Khaki election. It had been all Chamberlain's doing, he, George, having strongly opposed it in the Cabinet. It was unfair according to the rules of Party politics, and they were suffering from it now.

"*2nd March.*— To London to vote against the Progressives at the London County Council elections. I do this as a protest against the running into debt by public bodies, especially for municipal trading; the Moderates very likely are as bad, but they are not in office and these are.

"*5th March.*— Sheykh Ali Yusuf has demanded a Parliament in the general assembly at Cairo. There is an article about it in the 'Times,' but the Radical press says nothing. What reptiles these party journalists are. They have been preaching the virtues of popular Government for months past in Russia, in Persia, in the Transvaal, and God knows where not else, but the moment it comes to our duty in Egypt they have not a word to say, all dumb dogs.

"*6th March.*— Sir Henry Cotton lunched with me. I had been

reading his 'New India,' an excellent book. He spoke of my 'Ideas about India,' published twenty-two years ago, and said it applied very exactly to present conditions. He was surprised I should have been able to foresee these and understand India so well with such short experience as mine had been.

"*7th March.*—To see George Wyndham in Park Lane. He is strategically opposed to a continued occupation of Egypt, but I am not to repeat this. I understand such is Arthur Balfour's opinion, too. George would therefore be in favour of establishing a National Government if one could be secured friendly to English interests. As to Cromer's successor he thinks Gorst inevitable. I walked with him as far as Rotten Row and home by myself, the first time for two years I have ventured alone in the streets. At twelve John Dillon came and arranged questions with me to be asked in Parliament. He is doing all he can, pestering Grey constantly about Egypt.

"*9th March.*—The first number of the 'Egyptian Standard' is out at last. It mentions me as among its collaborators, in company with Madame Juliette Adam and Pierre Lôti.

"*12th March.*—Staal, our late Russian Ambassador here, died a fortnight ago, one of the very best men I have known in the world, and extremely kind to me, with good advice, when I was a boy at Athens. He has died at the age of eighty-four.

"I have been reading the life of Lafcadio Hearn, an interesting man, whom the accident of his life in Japan has made one of importance in literature. But for this piece of good fortune, he would never have been more than a very superior journalist. Accident, however, drove him into a region of romance which he had the wit to recognize as his proper home, and so has achieved a great work and enduring fame.

"*14th March.*—Lady Gregory dined with me in Chapel Street. She gave me a long account of the row that took place at her Abbey Theatre, over the production of Synge's piece, 'The Playboy of the Western World.' The first night, she said, passed fairly well, with only a few hisses, but on the second night there was an organized opposition, and, fearing mischief, she sent for the police, and afterwards there was a tumult every night of the week till the last performance, when the opponents of the play got tired of their noise. She considers, therefore, that she has won a victory, but fears the incident will have harmed her in the provinces, where the play is resented more than in Dublin. At Gort, her county town, the local council has boycotted her, forbidding the school children to attend her teas and entertainments, lest their morals should be corrupted. She is going abroad for awhile with her son.

"15th *March.*— Fisher Unwin has agreed to publish the first volume of my Egyptian memoirs.

"Rothstein came to see me, the new London correspondent of the 'Egyptian Standard.' That paper seems likely now to make its way. Brailsford who was also here this afternoon has suggested to Mustapha the issue of a weekly edition, as no one can spare time for a foreign daily paper. M., who came to luncheon, told an amusing story about the late Queen Victoria, who when there was talk about the meeting of dead people in another world was huffed at the idea of allowing King David to be presented to her on account of his 'inexcusable conduct to Uriah.'

"*23rd March.*— Mark Napier has returned from Egypt where he has been on business for me. All is quiet there, he says, politically. The Khedive has been frightened into submission by Cromer, and has withdrawn his support from the Nationalists, King Edward having written His Highness an autograph letter enjoining him to have nothing to do with Mustapha Kamel. He had this last from Carton de Wiart, and it was confirmed to him by Reuters' agent, so it was probably true.

"*24th March.*— The 'Pall Mall' reports from Cairo that the press laws are to be put in force against the 'Egyptian Standard.'

"*28th March.*— Mark Napier was here again to-day. He went to see Cromer before leaving Cairo, who spoke to him about my 'Atrocity' pamphlet, regretting that I should have published it, but pretending that he had not read it. Cromer, he says, appeared much broken in health, and he thinks will not stay on long at Cairo, though he intends to stay. He was touchy on the subject of the pamphlet.

"*1st April* (*Easter Monday*).— Ujda has been occupied by French troops, the first military act of the 'pacific penetration' of Morocco.

"*11th April.*— I have been writing an article for the 'Daily News' in answer to Cromer's annual report, and had gone to bed as I usually do before dinner, and was fast asleep when a telegram was brought me signed by Meynell containing the joyous announcement of Cromer's resignation. I was at once full awake and laughing so that the bed shook under me, nor could I stop for several minutes. I sent back in return the single word, Whoo-whoop! I am off to Chapel Street, and Clouds to-morrow, feeling like a huntsman at the end of his day's sport with Cromer's brush in my pocket, and the mask of that ancient red fox dangling from my saddle.

"Whoo-whoop!"

CHAPTER VI

FRANCIS THOMPSON

I have had a pleasant week at Clouds, and am to stay on to the 25th, a house full of children, relations, and friends, busy, too, indexing my "Secret History," and writing a programme of new Egyptian policy for the "Manchester Guardian."

"*19th April.*— Things are going well in Egypt, Cromer's breakdown in health has resolved itself according to the 'Daily Telegraph' into 'an attack of indigestion, which has prevented his taking his usual nourishment.' It has not prevented his attending a public luncheon party, or accepting an engagement to deliver a farewell speech at the Opera House at Cairo. What rot it all is, and now Fox-Bourne (of the Aborigines Protection Society) writes that the Egyptian Committee has decided not to oppose a parliamentary grant to him of money, or honours. I have suggested his being raised to the dignity of Duke of Denshawai.

"Talking about the Anglo-French Entente with Percy Wyndham he tells me that the agreement was signed here at Clouds, in the East Room, the three signatories being Arthur Balfour, Lansdowne, and his son George. This adds to the interest of what George told me about it last year, viz, that it was agreed upon by a very small inner Cabinet of the Cabinet, and that they understood it as a bar to anything in the way of annexation or permanent retention of Egypt as a British possession. It was signed during the Easter recess of 1904, which Arthur always spends at Clouds.

"Percy is much troubled at Asquith's new Budget, which increases the death duties on fortunes of over £150,000; I don't think myself it much matters. All it means is that the very great houses will have to reduce their scale of domestic expenditure, and live in a smaller way. He feels himself over-housed at Clouds, and I, too, personally find myself much happier at Newbuildings where I can live in a quite small way, than I was at Crabbet.

"*22nd April.*— Pamela Tennant is here with sundry children. Among them is a boy of nine (Bimbo), who has writen some good verses. His mother recited some of these to me, especially a Blakian rhyme addressed to her, which I thought excellent. In the afternoon George arrived. I think I have persuaded him that mine is a wiser

view of Egyptian things than Cromer's. We have talked also about Ireland, as to which he talks more and more in a Home Rule sense, not as liking it, but as a necessity. He says it ought to be complete Home Rule on the plan of a self-governing Colony, giving the Irish full command of their finances, their police, and their customs duties, and reserving for England only their army and navy, and their Foreign relations. He would like also to reserve some special privilege as to the enlistment of soldiers. Ireland should take over responsibilities incurred on her behalf by the Imperial Government, especially in regard to land purchase. He scouts all idea of 'a half-way house,' which he said would settle nothing. He approves, or half approves, my publishing my Egyptian memoirs, as they attack the Liberal party, not his own. I have written to Madame Adam about its production in French at Paris.

"To-day I read aloud the whole of the Song of Solomon from a MS. copy Miss Offer has made for me. It is the first of all the love poems in the world, and I would sooner have written it than the whole of the rest of literature. How it got into the Canon of Holy Scripture is a puzzle, for it is pure sexual passion without the least trace of religious sentiment, all the more beautiful for that. George showed me some new verses he has written in the manner of Ronsard. Good, if not quite first rate.

"*23rd April.*— The 'Pall Mall' of last night contains in the largest type an announcement of my play 'Fand,' having been performed at the Abbey Theatre at Dublin with great success. I never was more astonished, as when I saw Lady Gregory last she told me it was put off *sine die,* and that she would let me know when it would be given. It is only in Ireland, I suppose, that a play could be performed for the first time and the author know nothing about it.

"*24th April.*— Reading poetry all the morning, and in the afternoon to Summerleas, the most beautiful spot imaginable, shut in with thorn trees white with blossom, and May trees coming into leaf, blackbirds singing, and wood pigeons, and yaffles.

"*25th April.*— The 'Manchester Guardian' has printed my article on a new *régime* for Egypt, with a leading article recommending it strongly. Things look more favourable for liberty on the Nile than has been the case for twenty years.

"*27th April.*— Mustapha Kamel publishes a manifesto in the Paris 'Figaro' on the lines of mine in the 'Manchester Guardian,' demanding a Parliament and a native administration for Egypt. Among the appointments gazetted in connection with Cromer's resignation is that of young Errington to be Private Secretary to Hardinge at the Foreign Office. It was part of the bargain proposed to Cromer four years ago if he would resign, that Gorst was to succeed him at Cairo, and act

there as warming pan to Errington who was to have the reversion of the Cairo Agency when high enough up in the service. This looks like a step in the intrigue.

"*4th May.*— There has been an outburst of agitation at Cairo. The whole Arabic Press refuses to bid Cromer a friendly good-bye. Gorst has arrived in Egypt, but the Nationalists are abstaining from either praise or blame of him till he shows his hand; in this they are wise. There have been riots at Lahore and Rawal Pindi indicating that the Indian question is also coming on.

"*6th May.*— Cromer has given proof of his 'genuine ill health' by making a great speech in the Opera House at Cairo, a farewell speech of self-glorification. The secret of his policy, he said, had always been to 'speak the truth.' Only three Egyptians, however, as far as is reported, were there to support him, among a mass of strangers, Mustapha Fehmy, Riaz, and Saad Zaghloul. He is confident on this showing that the mass of the Egyptians like him, and that if they don't now they will some day.

"*9th May.*— I have been for a week in London. George Wyndham came to dine with me and Mark Napier, and we were very merry. George was in one of his communicative moods, and told us the whole history of how he had financed his Irish Land Bill, and how he had stopped the Somali war, and how it was certain there would be war with Germany, perhaps in five years, perhaps in thirty, and we discussed Egypt and India, and the whole world round, and George Curzon, and a number of other interesting things, past, present, and to come.

"*10th May.*— There have been great doings at Lahore, the town invaded by some hundreds of ryots with bludgeons, Englishmen insulted in the streets, and the military called out. Also native agitators have been arrested by *lettres de cachet*, and deported untried by order of the immaculate Morley. Morley is just the weak-kneed administrator to resort to 'firm measures,' and we shall see him using all 'the resources of civilization,' practiced in Russia. On Monday Cromer is to return home in triumph: I have written to Redmond, calling on him to oppose the vote of thanks the Government is to bring forward, but his answer says neither yes nor no.

"*12th May.*— Rivers Wilson, whom I saw to-day, is open-mouthed about Cromer whom he calls an imposter. Cromer is to arrive from Egypt to-morrow and be met by Campbell Bannerman, Grey, and the Prince of Wales, and to be received by the King.

"*13th May.*— Questions are to be asked about the arrest of Lajpat Rai in India, I shall be interested to see whether Redmond and the Irish members take part in these. The present is a crisis in the affairs of the Empire and the Irish party will have to take sides, with or

against liberty in the East. The evening papers give accounts of Cromer's arrival at Victoria Station, a great show of official welcome but no street enthusiasm; the earliest arriver at the station, Moberly Bell!

"*14th May.*— With Meynell to see the Academy pictures. He is an art critic and also has much to tell about the private life of the painters; Sargent is the especial object of his admiration. The ladies he paints, according to Meynell, generally bore him so that he is obliged to retire every now and then behind a screen and refresh himself by putting his tongue out at them. He has made an exception, however, to this practice in the case of Mrs. Sassoon, of whom there is a really fine portrait by him this year with another almost equally good of a lady in plain white, without jewels, a much prettier woman, but she, too, bored him. He paints nothing but Jews and Jewesses now and says he prefers them, as they have more life and movement than our English women. With the exception of these two portraits I saw little of any great merit in the show, though Meynell tried hard to make me admire some of his favourites. I have an experience now of just fifty years of Royal Academies and find the general level lower than formerly, especially in the matter of colour, but the two Sargents are quite first rate.

"*20th May.*— Bill Gordon came to see me — dying, I fear, poor fellow, of consumption and will hardly see the year out. We had a long talk about Egyptian affairs. Among other interesting things he told me the story of his uncle's first disagreement with Cromer. This was in '78 or '79 when the Khedive, Ismaïl, had sent for him to Khartoum to confer with Lesseps about his finances. Gordon and Lesseps both advised suspending a half year's coupon which would have enabled Ismaïl to tide over his difficulties, but Baring opposed it and being supported by the Bond-holding interest prevailed. Baring was new then in Egypt and affected to ignore Gordon's experience and they interchanged words in consequence. Cromer was always from this time opposed to Gordon and continued his ill-will to him, Bill, notably on the occasion of his retirement from the Egyptian service. He spoke strongly of the injustice done to Egypt while reconquering the Soudan, through the work of the Egyptian army, and then annexing half the sovereignty of the country to England, while saddling Egypt with the expense. They had even tried when Khartoum was retaken to charge the cost of the English Union Jacks hoisted there on the Egyptian treasury, and he cited several instances of jobbery in the interests of English firms. He is delighted at Cromer's downfall.

"*21st May.*— Called on Mrs. Belloc in their new house at Shipley, of which they have made quite a habitable place. The principal room had been used as a shop, but is now again the parlour, the little

orchard and garden are nice, and the windmill is an attraction with its view of the church and village, a most enjoyable little property.

"*22nd May.*— The Dublin Convention has voted unanimously against Birrell's new Irish Councils Bill. I am doubly glad of it, both because I do not believe in any halfway house to Home Rule, and because the rejection will leave Redmond's hands freer to oppose the Government on Indian and Egyptian affairs.

"*26th May* (*Sunday*).— The political arrests in India continue. Lajpat Rai has been deported to Burmah, exactly as they deport suspected people to Siberia in Russia. Jemal-ed-Din always used to tell me these arbitrary deportations were an Anglo-Indian practice, but Anglo-Indians denied it. It is grand to see Morley at the work.

"*29th May.*— Chapel Street. Lady Gregory came to luncheon, in terrible trouble about her plays. She had gone to Italy to get away from the worry, with Yeats and her son, and had engaged to bring out 'The Playboy' with other pieces at Oxford and in London but the Censor interfered and she was telegraphed for to come back. Birrell, however, to whom the case was referred, withdrew the Censor's opposition. I am of opinion she would do better to withdraw the play, but she has others to consult and Yeats is obstinate.

"*1st June.*— Newbuildings. Lady Gregory is in worse trouble than ever. The Editor of the 'Freeman' has written threatening her with new displeasure if she persists with 'The Playboy' in England, and I fear her theatre will be altogether boycotted. I advise her to submit to Irish opinion, but though she admits that it was a mistake to produce the play, she says it is too late now to withdraw it. The worst of it is that she is already boycotted personally on account of it at Coole, the Local Council forbidding the school-children to go to her house, or even to accept cakes or presents of any kind from her; it is the Sinn Fein that has done it.

"She told me an interesting fact of past history connected with Layard's life at Constantinople and his secret despatch against the Sultan which Granville published. The Sultan's mind had been set against Layard's by someone and, at an audience, though they had been close friends, Abdul Hamid behaved in such a way as to show that he feared Layard would attack him. This was the occasion of the secret despatch being written. It cost Layard the peerage he aspired to, for Lord Salisbury had promised it, but the Queen refused, saying that no ambassador ought to write in such terms of the sovereign to whom he was accredited. Lady Gregory knows this, as Sir William (her husband) was intermediary in the affair of the peerage.

"*4th June.*— My 'Secret History' is out, I received a first copy this morning. I am sending copies of it to Bannerman, Grey, Churchill,

Gorst, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Roosevelt, as also to Eddy Hamilton and Rivers Wilson.

"*10th June.*— Called on the Lucases at Thakeham and found Father Tyrrell there. my ex-Jesuit friend, with Miss Petre and Mrs. Urquhart.

"*11th June.*— Cockerell, who has been in Paris arranging for a French edition of my 'Secret History,' writes an amusing account of a visit he paid Mme. Juliette Adam at her country house, the Abbaye de Gif. He says, *5th June*:

"'Madame Juliette proposed an encounter yesterday afternoon and Geoffroy kindly agreed to go as my protector. She lives in a lovely valley, an hour by train from Paris. The house also capable of being made very beautiful, but I grieve to say that her taste in pictures and furniture is execrable. However, she received us with great kindness and promised to do all possible to make the French edition known, but she says you must not expect the sale of it to extend beyond a small circle. Mustapha Kamel wrote a book which nobody would read and which has made Perrin (the publisher) a little shy of books on Egypt. When we had discussed the matter for a quarter of an hour with Juliette and her friend and contemporary La Comtesse X, enter *à gauche* Le Colonel Marchand, his arms full of yellow broom. He is the most stagey Frenchman imaginable, very jerky and jack-in-the-boxey and with a furious military air. He covered me with compliments in a moment, mistaking me for the illustrious author of the "Secret History" and when these had had time to run off me we engaged in an exciting discussion about the politics of the world. Madame Adam and the brave Colonel unite in unbounded admiration and fear of England and English diplomacy. *Le Roi Edward VII* is the subtlest beast of the field that ever was created. He has outwitted everyone and has *dindonné* France into an alliance which will probably cost her another war with Germany. Never was England so strong and unassailable as now, etc., etc., etc., hammer and tongs for an hour and a half. I interjected remarks in my execrable demi-French, most of which were understood without a smile. Geoffroy was very silent as he knows even less of politics than I. We left after tea in a rollicking humour.'

"*15th June.*— Prince Mohammed Ali, the Khedive's brother, came down to see the horses, bringing with him Saadullah Pasha Yusri, and Yusuf Bey Sadyk, son of the old Mufettish, whom Ismail murdered. I found all of them loud against Cromer, especially in connection with the Denshawai case. The Prince is far more intelligent than at first sight appears, and his political views seem quite sound.

"*16th June.*— Called on Mrs. Belloc with whom I had an interesting talk about Father Tyrrell and Catholic reform. Later wrote the heads

of a speech for Willy Redmond to make in opposing the Cromer vote, his brother John having suggested it.

"*21st June.*— A young Indian, a Hindoo, called. He told me that recent events, and especially Morley's violent dealings with Lalla Lajpat Rai had sent the moderate reformers into the extremist camp. They had lost all hope now of converting Englishmen of any party to the cause of Indian Home Rule and were preparing for a revolution which alone could free the country from English officialdom. Their plan was to make Government impossible by strikes and boycotts. The example of the Japanese had given them courage and there were great numbers ready to sacrifice even their lives for the freedom of their country.

"*30th June.*— My book seems making its way. Willy Redmond has announced that he will oppose the Cromer vote, which is to be for £50,000. He has written to tell me this and I have sent him the draft of a speech for the occasion. He 'has talked the matter over,' he says, with our young men here and there will be strong opposition.'

"I hear that my book is beginning to be talked about in London as 'very mischievous.' I expect the opposition to the Cromer vote will about finish me in polite society; however, I was prepared for this.

"*13th July.*— My play 'The Bride of the Nile' has been acted here, at Newbuildings, with great success. Margaret Sackville took the part of Belkis and did it admirably, far better than her part of Fand last year. She had clothed herself in a lovely light garment of white and gold, deepening in the skirts to Orange, with strings of beads and long gossamer sleeves. Her recitation of the song, 'If I forget,' was perfect, given with the guitar accompaniment of one Allen Booth from London, an excellent little man who had composed it for the occasion. But this was surpassed by her dance, a real Oriental one, quite the most beautiful I ever saw. Dorothy, of course, was Jael, in which part she too was perfect. She looked lovely in a black Egyptian woman's shirt with a blue veil. The most popular of them all, however, proved to be little Nellie Hozier, who did Hatib, a pretty joyous child of nineteen, who having just been condemned by doctors only two days ago as having in her the germs of consumption was determined to enjoy her time to the uttermost before going to a health establishment (Nordrach) in Germany, the only chance for her of cure. I dressed her in my old travelling Arab dress, all in rags as it was, and arranged the *kifiyeh* and *aghal* for her pretty head, and she looked, with a spear in her hand, a splendid Bedouin boy, and spoke her lines with admirable spirit, bringing down the house. The final scene, where Hatib espouses the two ladies, was especially delightful, for she put her arms round both their necks by a spontaneous impulse which we had not designed and which was better than all other possible arrangement. Barix was played by Mark Napier and Alexis by his son Claud, both well, though

Mark had to read his part. Claud was costumed in one of George Wyndham's old undress Guard's uniforms he had sent us for the occasion. He could not come himself to see the play. Guy Carleton did Boilas. The other actors were Benjamin by Everard Meynell, a wonderful personation of an Oriental, the Makawkas by Lucas, the Patriarch by Daisy Blunt, with Mrs. Lucas and the youngest Meynell girl for Coptic women in attendance on Jael and afterwards as Arabs. Though we had only had three rehearsals the play went off without a hitch.

"*27th July.*— Lady Paget was here to-day and talked very pleasantly, telling amongst other things the latest spiritualistic story according to which the late Lord Carlingford has re-entered into communication with the living and is carrying on a correspondence in his own handwriting with one of his friends, principally on Irish politics, of which he has found a new devolutionary solution. He is in daily intercourse with Gladstone and has converted him to the doctrine of protection!

"*28th July.*— Horace Rumbold has been staying with me, and his son Horace, now Secretary to the Madrid Embassy, was here for the day yesterday. Horace is seventy-eight and rather feeble, but still a good companion. I had a long talk with him last night about European, Egyptian and Indian politics. He gave me an interesting account of the King's influence in foreign affairs. His Majesty insists now on making all important diplomatic appointments himself, and busies himself much more than ever the old Queen did in the foreign policy adopted. This works sometimes for good, sometimes for harm. The King and the Emperor William have been for years on the worst of terms, and it is only quite recently that the quarrel between them is being made up. Seckendorff, the confidential adviser of the Empress Frederick, who, people say, married her after the Emperor's death, had talked to him about it, and had done his best to bring about a better understanding. The Emperor of Austria had greatly desired to attend the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee, as he had never been in England, and the sole reason why he was not invited was, that he could not be so without inviting also the Emperor William. Wilhelm was a bitter enemy of England, and if he lived would some day make Germany a danger to us. I told him of the old Prussian scheme of uniting with Holland and reviving the claim to the Dutch Colonies. [I had learned this fact in 1866 from Count d'Usedom, the Prussian Minister to Italy; while I was staying with him at the Villa Capponi at Florence. He told me that this was a settled policy of the Berlin Foreign Office.] Rumbold said it was news to him, but he quite believed it, and some day this would come about through a failure of direct heirs to the Dutch throne. He considers England would be easily invaded from the

Continent. In nearly all of this we are agreed. I told him the history of the intrigue four years ago against Cromer, and of the arrangement then made that Gorst was to have Cromer's succession in Egypt. He had not heard of it, but he knew that Cromer was anything but pleased at Gorst's appointment. He gets his news of the Cairo Agency through his son Horace, who was there till last January, and through Findlay, with whom he is intimate.

"*31st July.*— The Cromer debate has come on more successfully than we could have hoped six weeks ago, as 107 voted against the grant of £50,000, a minority of 147. Willy Redmond made the speech I wrote out for him, or one closely like it, and Kettle, who had also written to consult me, spoke strongly, Grayson, the new Socialist member, making a third. Robertson and his friends of the Egyptian Committee held their foolish tongues.

"Speaking of the King the other day, Horace Rumbold told me that Hardinge, of the Foreign Office, is his special man, going everywhere abroad with him, and fulfilling the functions hitherto appertaining to the Secretary of State as Cabinet Minister. All diplomatic appointments are, in fact, made by the King through him. This makes Hardinge's taking young Errington as his private secretary the more significant.

"*1st Aug.*— To London and saw George Wyndham. He tells me the opposition to the Cromer vote was even more of a victory for us than I imagined. Not only did some sixty or seventy Liberals and Labour members vote against the Government, but a hundred Liberals walked out without voting, while the Government was only saved from defeat by the Tory vote. Willy Redmond's speech was very effective, and he congratulated me on the result, though he himself had of course voted for Cromer.

"*2nd Aug.*— Willy Redmond writes: 'The division was very good on the Cromer grant, and the fact that both front benches could only muster 250 out of 670 members is very striking. I know no better report of *your* speech than the 'Freeman's Journal' of yesterday. . . . The house was really worked up over Denshawai, and I am sure the prisoners will be released.'

"*5th Aug.*— Father Tyrrell came to lunch with me, and I had some interesting talk with him. His position now is a very difficult one to maintain. As an ex-Jesuit he is debarred from receiving 'faculties' from any bishop without the Jesuit Provincial's leave, and they imposed on him a promise to submit all private letters he might write to anyone to Jesuit censorship. This he refused, and so is unable to say Mass, hear confessions, or perform any priestly office. His mental attitude is very nearly, if not quite, one of revolt.

"I asked him if he thought it would be possible to keep the Liberal

Catholic party in line with the main body of the old unadvancing Church, and he seemed to think it very doubtful. It was impossible to say whether the new wine could be held in the old bottles. Indeed, his views, judging from his talk with me, seem quite incompatible with any church teaching I have ever heard of. If I understood him rightly even such fundamental doctrines as that of a future life were matters of no certainty, and he spoke as strongly as I could myself have spoken about the absence of any indication of a belief in it in the Old Testament, and the futility of the interpretation by the Fathers of the Church of the Book of Job in a contrary sense. I told him very frankly of my own acceptance of pure materialism, not only as logically certain, but as satisfying to the needs of my soul, though in my younger days it had not been so. He seemed quite willing to agree with the thought that our desire of a future life was like the desire of a child who, if in the middle of his play, is threatened with being put to bed, looks upon it as a terrible punishment, yet comes at the day's end to be quite ready for his nurse to carry him away to it. The repugnance we feel for annihilation is a physical repugnance connected with our bodily strength, and decaying with its decay. I had not time, however, to go into these things fully with him, but we are to meet again at Storrington.

"Later I learnt more of Tyrrell's ideas from Meynell, with whom he is intimate. According to Meynell, Tyrrell holds with the consensus of mankind on matters of moral teaching, rather than with any dogmatic infallibility of the Christian Church. He thinks that the religious intelligence of humanity as it advances will agree upon certain articles of supernatural belief, such as the existence of God, the hope of a future life, and some form of rewards and punishments to come. These will be held by all religions, just as the plain rules of moral conduct. But in this view account is not taken of the views held by Buddhism and other non-Christian religions. Tyrrell told me what is doubtless true, that Judaism no less than Christianity is trying hard to find a *via media* between the ancient and the modern thought, as also is Mohammedanism, but the tendency of all three is, as he readily admitted, towards materialism, and it was no argument that because intellectual men clung closer to-day to religious beliefs than in the days of Voltaire, they were therefore any nearer to a solution favourable to religion. The desire was stronger now because the practical dangers of unbelief were better understood. I feel that I cannot do Tyrrell justice in this recollection of his talk, but the impression it has left on me is clear, that he must end in agnosticism, probably in pure materialism.

"*13th Aug.*— Hafiz Awwad, Editor of the 'Mimbar' at Cairo, has been here to dine and sleep. He is an extremely able and interesting

man, and we have discussed every phase of the Egyptian question. On this he is thoroughly sound, representing Mohammed Abdu's views more completely than any other I have met. Of the Khedive he gives a hopeful account. 'The experience of the last year,' he says, 'has made His Highness once more serious, and though quite alive to his faults and his hereditary ill tendencies, he thinks he can now be fairly well relied on to work with the National Party. Two years ago the Khedive had despaired of politics, and had given himself up solely to pleasure and money-making, but the events of Akabah and the demonstrations about Denshawai had shown him that he would find support in the country if the hour of resistance to English rule should come. Even if he should fail them, Hafiz is confident the Egyptians could work out their National salvation without him. Talking of Cromer's resignation, he said, as they all do, that the Sultan's popularity in Egypt came as a surprise to Cromer, and entirely upset his calculations. Denshawai was an act of anger, alarm, and disappointment, a supreme folly which had ruined his position in Egypt. Cromer had not quite understood how entirely this was the case till his return to Cairo last autumn. Then he had attributed the sudden unanimity of feeling against him to the Khedive's intrigues, and he had tried to get Abbas deposed. It was the refusal of the English Government to go with him to that extreme extent that had led him to resign. Hafiz does not think the Khedive knew of the resignation before it was announced. His Highness was on the point of making one of his desert journeys from Alexandria when he heard the news, and hastened to Cairo out of politeness, expecting to find Cromer really ill, but when they met it was only to receive a violent scolding on account of an allowance Abbas had made to a certain religious Sheykh, an itinerant preacher whom Cromer accused him of putting forward to foment sedition.

"As to Gorst, Hafiz is very sceptical of his proving any great change for the better. As far as Nationalist hopes are concerned, he might well be in some ways worse. He is anxious I should, if possible, see the Khedive and encourage him to hold fast to his patriotic principles, but Abbas was very weak.

"Of Mustapha Kamel he talked reasonably, said he could be relied on as honest and patriotic, but he was vain and impatient of competition, and jealous of being considered the one National Leader. He had acquired great influence, and his ability was great.

"*15th Aug.*— Drove to Storrington to call on Miss Petre and Father Tyrrell. Her 'Home for the Unhappy' is a charming old eighteenth-century house in the village street opposite the Black Horse Inn, inside and outside perfect, rooms panelled and white painted, all scrupulously clean, with a semi-conventual primness, but prettier than convents are. The door was opened by a demure maid, very neatly dressed, with

downcast eyes. Behind the house is a nice square plat of lawn and garden, with a row of low buildings beyond, all adding to the cloistral look.

"Miss Petre is a young woman of about thirty-five, plain, but with a pleasant, ruddy countenance, and a look of extreme honesty. I had twenty minutes' talk with her, before Father Tyrrell appeared, on matters connected with the establishment, a serious, good woman, large minded, but without much humour; that was my impression of her.

"*20th Aug.*— Clouds. My birthday of sixty-seven was spent here. To-day Sir Reginald and Lady Graham came for the afternoon. He is an old friend of the Wyndhams of fifty years standing. He talked to me of my Aunt Leconfield, who died in 1863, with great admiration, as one always charming and kind, who had had a difficult part to play at Petworth at times. Graham, poor man, had been badly crippled by a fall, and suffers much pain.

"I have been reading a collection of very delightful letters written by old Lady Campbell, Madeline's mother, to Miss Emily Eden. These show what a wonderfully attractive woman she was, with a vast fund of life, wit, and broad-mindedness, just such another as is Madeline herself. I remember Lady Campbell forty years ago, very what Madeline now is, with snow-white hair and the same kindly ways. There is a delightful description among the letters of Madeline's birth in 1835.

"*24th Aug.*— Newbuildings. Meynell and his son Everard brought Francis Thompson down by motor to stay a week with Everard at Gosbrook, a cottage close by, belonging to me. The poor poet seemed to be in the last stage of consumption, more like death than anything I have seen since Bill Gordon was here, and he died a fortnight afterwards. He is emaciated beyond credibility, his poor little figure a mere skeleton, under clothes lent him for the occasion by the Meynells. He has the smallest head and face of any grown man I ever saw, colourless, except for his sharp nose, where all light is concentrated, and his bright eyes. It is the face of a Spanish sixteenth-century Saint, almost that of a dying child. When he had rested a bit at Gosbrook, I drove him down to tea at Newbuildings, and he revived there a little and began to talk with Everard and me. I took him a toddle round the garden, but he does not know one flower from another any more than twelve years ago, when he could not distinguish an oak from an elm. The poppy was the only flower he recognized. 'Ah, that's a poppy,' he said, as if greeting a friend. He has not been out of London for a year.

"*26th Aug.*— Thompson is distinctly better to-day. I fetched him down from Gosbrook in the phaeton, and had a long talk with him after luncheon. We first got into touch with each other over a common hatred of European civilization and the destruction wrought by it on

all that was beautiful in the world, the destruction of happiness, of the happier races by the less happy, and so gradually to the despair of the intellectual part of mankind with what life gave and the craving for a life after death. I gave him something of my view and asked him abruptly what his own view was. He said, 'Oh, about that I am entirely orthodox; indeed, it is my only consolation.' This led to a question about his Catholic bringing up, and he told me that he was a Catholic born, both his parents having been, however, converts, neither of them Irish, he was without any Irish blood that he knew of. His mother was from Lancashire, his father, I think he said, originally from Rutland, but settled in Manchester. I asked him whether either parent was alive and he said no, his mother had died before he left home. It was a mistake to suppose that his father had treated him harshly. The fault had been his own and a misunderstanding. He had thought that his father insisted on his studying medicine; this was a mistake, it was his mother (meaning his stepmother) and her friends that desired it. If he had spoken openly to his father telling him how repugnant the details of doctoring were to him he would not have insisted, but as he did not speak, his father did not know and he acquiesced in what was arranged for him. His repugnance was a physical one which he could not overcome. The dissection of dead bodies he had partly got over, but the sight of blood flowing he could never endure. I told him how it was with me, and how I still could not look without physical repulsion on a wound. I gathered from what he told me, though he did not say it, that it was his stepmother rather than his father who had been hard to him; however, he blamed no one but himself. 'As a boy of seventeen,' he said, 'I was incredibly vain, it makes me blush now to remember what I thought of myself. Neither my father nor my mother had the least appreciation of literary things or the least suspicion that I had any talent of that kind, but I was devoured with literary ambition, all my medical studies were wasted because I would not work, but ran off from my classes to the libraries to read. If my father had known it he would not have forced me to go on. Then I failed to pass the examinations and I behaved ill in every way and took to drink and the rest. I was in every way an unsatisfactory son.' I asked him whether he had not seen his father before he died and he said, 'Oh yes, three months before, at Pantasaph, and he was entirely kind.'

"We talked next about the Franciscans and his stay of two years with them. He was allowed at that time to go in and out among them, but he said all had been changed now and they were kept to their strict rule. Of his two special friends, Cuthbert and Angelo (the same who had come to me for help to go to Rome), Angelo had broken away, not only from the order, but from the church, and was now a clergyman of

the Church of England. The other had modified his views of reform and was working among the hop-pickers in Kent. Their idea in going to Rome had been to found a new order. On the whole I find Thompson much saner and more sensible than I expected. Of his poetry he talked reasonably and said that he took a soberer view of his talents now than he had done as a boy. 'I have written no verse.' he said, 'for ten years past, and shall write no more. If I have at all succeeded it is because I have tried to do my best.'

"Talking with him I am more than ever convinced that there is no essential difference between a man of great talent and what is called a man of genius. Thompson, if any living poet can now be said to be so, is a man of genius, yet one sees precisely how his poetry has come about. If he had lived a happy, easy life at home he would probably have done nothing very noteworthy, but the terrible experiences he has gone through have given him that depth of thought and feeling which is the feature of his poetry, distinguishing him from his fellow poets. His ear, of course, is a very fine one, but a vast amount of the beauty of his verse lies in the underlying tragedy, while the wealth of imagery and the elaboration of his diction have been produced by sheer hard work. Above all it is the essential goodness of his character shining through it that attracts. There is so little of material selfishness, so great a sympathy with all forms of suffering, such thankfulness for the small change of beauty in the world, scattered as alms to the poorest. All this is beautiful and of immense value, but I see nothing supernatural in it, nothing above the nature of many other good people who are without his talent of speaking what he feels in rhythmical words.

"30*th Aug.*— Neville has been over here, having been summoned by me, and has made an admirable drawing of Thompson, a profile in coloured chalks. It is an absolutely exact presentment of what he is, and will be very valuable as a record in the days to come. He, Thompson, is pleased with it himself. To-day the elder Meynell came down for the day and I had a long talk with him making him give me over again the history of his connection with Thompson. What he told me was this:

"'It was twenty years ago when I was editing "Merrie England," that I received a very dirty crumpled envelope containing some MS. verse and an essay. They looked so uninviting that I did not read them but put them away in a pigeon hole and it was not till six months afterwards, that wanting something for the magazine I took them out and read them. The essay was on —' (I forget what Meynell told me was the title, but something to do with the claims of body and soul) 'a commonplace subject of which I expected nothing new. I soon saw, however, that there was nothing commonplace in the essay. It was full

of originality and had a wealth of illustration and quotation quite unlike the essays I generally received. Also the verses were so good that I showed them to Alice (his wife) who said that, unless they were, as sometimes happens, accidental successes, I had discovered a new poet. I at once published one of these and the essay. They were signed "Francis Thompson" with the address "Charing Cross P.O.," but when I addressed him there I found that he no longer called for his letters and so I could not pay him for the MS.

"'I had, however, published them with his name and I trusted that someone who knew him would call his attention to their having appeared. This is precisely what happened. Some few days later I received a letter from him complaining that I had been wanting in courtesy in not sending him a cheque for the writings published. This time the address was at a house in Drury Lane. As I was now convinced that I had found a true poet, I consequently went at once to the address given and found it to be that of a chemist who told me that the writer did not live there, his only connection with the house being that he occasionally bought drugs there, and was actually owing 4*s.* 6*d.* for laudanum which the chemist invited me, as a supposed relation, to pay. Thus informed I wrote to Thompson and invited him to come and visit me, which he presently did. His appearance then was terrible in its destitution. When he came into the room he half opened the door and then retreated and did so twice before he got courage to come inside. He was in rags, his feet, without stockings, showing through his boots, his coat torn, and no shirt. He seemed in the last stage of physical collapse. I asked him how, being in such a condition, he had been able to consult the books out of which he had gathered the quotations for his essay. He answered, "Books I have none, but Blake and the Bible." All the quotations had been made from memory. I gave him a cheque for his work and told him to come and see me again, any evening I would see him.

"'A few days later he came again and I gave him dinner, and he stopped talking with me till about ten, when he became uneasy and said he must be going. I asked him what obliged him and he explained that he was obliged to earn tenpence every day to live. This he did by waiting at the doors of theatres and calling cabs, and by selling matches in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. Soon after I took him to a doctor who pronounced his case hopeless; it was one of laudanum slow poisoning. He said all that could be done was to help him to die easily. If he left off drugs it would kill him at once. I have always disbelieved, however, in doctors, and I got him into a hospital from which six weeks later he was discharged practically cured. I had already before this given him a bath and a suit of clothes, and I now took him into my house for awhile, and then arranged for him to live

in the Premonstratensian monastery at Storrington. It was here that his best work was done. It was a constant series of beautiful poems. He did not beat about for subjects but wrote on the simplest subjects with unfailing wealth of thought and power of language. He had become devoted to my wife, and many of his poems were addressed to her or her children. Both his first volumes date from this time at Storrington, as was his magnificent "Ode to the Sunset" which for some reason was omitted from these and stands in another volume. He owed much in his style to Coventry Patmore. It was through me that they became acquainted. The bond between them was a common adoration for Alice. Thompson went to stay a week with Patmore in the country and they made friends, talking constantly of her, and afterwards corresponded always about her. He took opium again, after he left Storrington, and went back to his life in the London streets, but not again to the slums. He used, before I know him, to sleep at night under the arches of Covent Garden where every quarter of an hour he was liable to be kicked awake by the police and told to move on. It was in an empty space of ground behind the market where the gardeners throw their rubbish, that, just before, he had resolved on suicide. He then spent all his remaining pence on laudanum, one large dose, and he went there one night to take it. He had swallowed half when he felt an arm laid on his wrist, and looking up he saw Chatterton standing over him and forbidding him to drink the other half. I asked him when he told me of it how he had known that it was Chatterton. He said, "I recognized him from the pictures of him — besides, I knew that it was he before I saw him — and I remembered at once the story of the money which arrived for Chatterton the day after his suicide." Just the same thing happened to Thompson, for a friend having seen the copy of "Merrie England" told him about it the very next morning with the result I told you of.'

"I asked Meynell whether he thought Thompson had ever seriously to do with women. He said, 'I hardly think so. The only thing he ever mentioned on such a subject was about the girl I once told you of. It was when I was proposing to take him into my house, and I was surprised, being as he was then destitute, that he should hesitate to accept my offer. He then explained to me that his reason was that a girl, a street walker, he never told me her name, had made a friendship with him out of her charity. She lived in Brompton, but frequented the streets near the Strand, and when she had failed to secure a companion for the night she used to take him home with her and give him a supper and a shelter. She liked his poetry, not any of it then published, and they were friends in this way. He had told her of my offer, and when she heard it she had said at once that he must give up coming to see her, for it would not do for him with his new respectable

friends. But he would not give her up, until one day, soon after, he missed her in the Strand, and when he went to her lodging he found that she was gone, leaving no addresss. It was clear that she had resolved to disappear so as not to injure his better prospects. There was a reminiscence of de Quincy in the unselfish incident.' Meynell, however, feels sure that there was no sexual love between them—though who can know?

"*6th Sept.*—The Radical papers are up in arms at last against Grey, who has just concluded an arrangement with the Russian Government, which seems to amount to a partition of Persia. There is very little doubt that the partition of the whole of Asia is in the programme of our Foreign Office, and would already be a *fait accompli* but for Kaiser Wilhelm. According to the present treaty, or whatever else it may be called, Persia is to be divided into spheres of interest just as North Africa has been divided. The whole thing is, of course, abominable, but what fools the Radical members are to have put up with Grey these two years since the General Election. Meanwhile the aggression on Morocco is going the usual course of such adventures, with all their scoundrel features of lying provocation and bombardment.

"I had a long talk yesterday with Thompson on these things as to which we are in full accord, also about the misery of the poor under the conditions of Western civilization. Of this last he has had a rude experience. During the first years of his being in London, his father allowed him, he tells me, a few shillings a week, but during the last year, until Meynell discovered him, nothing. This was because he had finally failed to retain any permanent employment. It had convinced his father that he would never come to any good, and he cast him off. I asked him whether he had ever had to labour with his hands. He answered, 'I was physically unfit.' I did not like to press him further, but according to Meynell he got his living by fetching cabs, selling matches, and blacking boots (very unsuccessfully). He has been ill, poor fellow, with a bad attack of diarrhœa, so that we have been alarmed about him. I saw him last night at David's and found him brighter. [N.B. I had taken a room for him at one of my cottages called Rascall's Corner, Southwater, where he lodged with my old servant David Roberts, who looked well after him, after Everard Meynell had gone back to London.] He is very comfortable there and is glad to stay on.

"*9th Sept.*—In America six hundred Hindoos have been set upon by a mob and beaten, an act of race fanaticism. If this had happened to Englishmen in Turkey we should have had the whole British Press breathing fire and fury, now not a paper has an article about it, except a feeble one in the 'Times.' Our people are afraid, and though the Hindoos are British subjects, nothing will be done.

"*12th Sept.*—An attack has been made on Japanese in Vancouver

which will bring matters to a crisis. Our Government is faced at last with a question which will go far to break up the Empire. If it proves anything to Radicals it will prove that their old doctrine is the right one, namely, that the Colonies are no strength to England, but a weakness. George III was logical in his day, when he insisted on governing North America as well as holding it under the Crown. It is quite illogical to hold it and to be powerless to govern, as our Whigs are trying to do. The result will be that we English shall be responsible for all the evil done in the Colonies, and shall become demoralized by consenting to it. We shall have to choose very soon between the Colonial Empire and our Indian Empire. We shall try to keep both, and please God we shall lose both.

"Thompson goes on in a half alive state at David's, apparently content with his existence purely negative. He takes laudanum, David reports, daily, and sleeps at night with a stertorous sound. At noon every day I send a vehicle for him, and he joins us here at luncheon, very feeble and quite silent, except it be on some very trivial subject. He seems incapable of bringing his mind to bear on any complex thought, and sits through the afternoon with a volume of Dickens' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' sometimes held upside down in his hand, which he does not read, nodding, and three parts asleep, like a very aged man. He seems happy, however, and I do not disturb him, nor does he ask that anyone should talk to him."

We lunched at that time always in the Jubilee garden, where he was much annoyed by the wasps, which were particularly numerous that summer, even to the extent that on one occasion he cursed them for the drunken brutes they were. He used to appeal to me to help him when they got into his wine. "Will you please kill this wasp for me, I cannot do it, I have never killed anything in my life." At last one bit him and he had his wrist bound up in lint with a strong solution of ammonia, and going to sleep soon after it raised a blister which remained an interest to him till he died, wearing the rag, as saints are represented carrying the instruments of their martyrdom. It has remained a legend here, but I do not vouch for its authenticity as a miracle, though it is a fact, that for three years after this there were no wasps in the garden. It was on the long wicker sofa, the same that was my brother's during his last illness, that he was usually laid out to sleep through the afternoon in the New Room on the ground floor where his portrait now hangs.

"*21st Sept.*— To London, and lunched with Horace Rumbold, and he talked again about the Crown Prince Rudolph's death, giving me new details. 'Rudi Hoyos,' he said, 'was a charming man of about fifty, very popular in Vienna. The girl's mother had been a Baltazzi, married to a diplomatist of the minor nobility almost bourgeois. The

girl had been driven in his fiacre from Vienna by a well-known character named Bratfisch, who must have known all about it, but whose mouth remained afterwards for ever absolutely closed. Bratfisch was an amusing personage, a cabdriver, who used to be had in by the young men of fashion to entertain them with his talk, as he knew all the scandalous stories of Vienna. Horace supposes that the girl finding the Prince was dead, and herself so entirely compromised, committed suicide, but either story might be true. Nobody would ever know. The Emperor, Francis Joseph, never allowed the subject to be mentioned before him. He considered it too mean an affair and too great a family disgrace.'

"*22nd Sept.*—I am staying for the week end with Rivers Wilson at his country house, Fox Hills, near Chertsey. With us has been Sir Lepel Griffin who has entertained us with many anecdotes of Gladstone and other personages. From Rivers I have received a detailed account of the Mufettish Ismaïl Sadyk's death at the Khedive Ishmaïl's hands in 1876. Rivers told how some time before it happened, he (Rivers) was coming home one night from seeing the Khedive at his palace at Ghezireh when, passing through the garden, he observed a figure issuing from the shadow of the trees in the moonlight, and a man had seized his arm, crouching to him, and imploring him not to leave Egypt. It was the Mufettish, and Sherif Pasha, who was walking with Rivers, translated what the suppliant said, and explained the situation, for Rivers knew no word of Arabic, and was alarmed, thinking he might be an assassin. The Mufettish's appeal was very pitiful. When the old man's arrest became known the American Consul had gone to Ismaïl, and had threatened him with Consular displeasure if anything violent should happen, and the Khedive had become alarmed and sent at once to stop the execution of his orders, but his messenger had been met on the way by another coming from the steamer, who had thrown up his arms and given the news that it was too late. Lepel Griffin, once my adversary on Indian affairs, is a little white-haired rotund personage with some humour in conversation, self-indulgent and cynical as Anglo-Indians often are. An Ulster Irishman by birth he affects an English lisp and drawl, and talks about himself as an Englishman. We have had also here Allen, the Canadian head of the Allen line of steamers, with whom Rivers as head of the Canadian Pacific railroad has business relations, a highly intelligent man.

"Fox Hills is a very beautiful place of which Rivers has a seven years' lease. The domain was formerly a common, which Charles James Fox planted with Scotch firs, many of which are now splendid trees. There are a number, too, of very large birch trees grown from the stub in a way one seldom sees. The ground is finely tossed about and covered with fern and heath, a sanct solitude in which Rivers

lives the life of a rich city man. Several parties of Canadians and Americans arrived from London to spend the afternoon, and talk business with him. Rivers has become emphatically a *beau vieillard*, well dressed, well cared for, alert and pleasant to all. He has what after all is the chief consolation of old age, the sense of having succeeded in life, though he did not succeed in Egypt.

"*28th Sept.*— Thompson remains on at Rascall's Corner, somewhat better in health, but intellectually defunct. His whole interest in the last few days has been his wasp bite, which has been made worse by the ammonia. He has managed, I believe, at last to finish his article for the 'Athenæum.' [It was on Sir Thomas Browne.]

"*3rd Oct.*— I am much interested in two long letters Father Tyrrell has published in the 'Times,' a reply to the Pope's Encyclical, which will probably bring on him a formal excommunication. I have written to him to express my sympathy, and to tell him that if there had been any exponent of views like his forty-five years ago, it might have made all the difference to me in my spiritual life.

"My niece, Mary Wentworth, has been staying here.

"*16th Oct.*— Thompson paid me his farewell visit to-day, Everard Meynell having arrived in the morning to fetch him back to London. We had become alarmed about him latterly, as since the weather began to break up he has remained entirely indoors, shut in David's cottage with a big fire and doors and windows carefully closed, a bottle of laudanum, David tells me, beside him, and ill with diarrhœa. It has reduced him to a skeleton. Meynell has sent a priest to see him, and I felt that any day he might go suddenly. He needs some one with him who can exercise control over him, but I doubt his living over Christmas. As an intellectual force he is already dead, and his poor body is dying, too."

My account of Francis Thompson's visit to Newbuildings needs supplementing on some points. During the first week he lived with Everard Meynell at Gosbrook, a cottage which I had lent to them for the purpose, and they came daily to us for luncheon, and to spend the afternoon at Newbuildings. This was from 24th August until the end of the month. Thompson at that time could walk the distance, a mile there and a mile back, and he spent his afternoons with us as already described out of doors in the Jubilee Garden, and each day, when we had finished luncheon, he would retire to the New Room, carrying with him a glass of wine with which he mixed some white powder, and lying down on the long Madeira sofa, the same which had been my brother's in his last illness, there remained half asleep during the rest of the afternoon, going back to Gosbrook with Everard in the evening. After Everard's return to London he moved to David Robert's cottage, where he was well looked after by David and his wife.

At first he continued coming to Newbuildings every day for luncheon, but as he grew weaker I had to send a carriage for him, and then he gradually ceased coming; the incident of the wasps he took very seriously. The last fortnight he was at Rascall's he gave himself up entirely to taking laudanum, and David and his wife were alarmed at his condition. The drug was sent him by post from London, and I heard that he took as much as six ounces of it daily. The last time he came to see us at Newbuildings he was so weak that he had to be helped back into the carriage.

"Father Tyrrell has written me an interesting letter in answer to mine, in which I had expressed a hope that he would not allow himself to be driven out of his ground, on either side (as a Liberal Catholic or as an obedient member of the Church). He writes: 'As you may imagine, the air is full of missiles directed at my head, and I am busy dodging them. It is not pleasant, yet to my Irish blood not wholly unpleasant.' Also, in allusion to what I had said about the influence such teaching as his might have had on me forty-five years ago, 'Yes, had Knowledge been welcomed earlier, many might have been saved to the Church, but she (Knowledge) has had to force herself in, and the result may be rather destructive for her unwilling hostess, yet the gain of Rome to the cause of reason and humanity would be so great that one is loath to abandon the effort, at all events I can never admit that I am beaten.'

"*20th Oct. (Sunday).*— Rivers Wilson has been here with Neville and Cunninghame Graham and a friend of his from Morocco, one Fernan, an Anglo-Belgian merchant of Casa Blanca, who was there during the recent bombardment by the French. Fernan tells me the bombardment was without sufficient excuse. Trouble had arisen through the opposition of the native Moors to the new harbour works being constructed by a French company, and especially to the appointment of Frenchmen as revenue officers to the Custom House. This had led to excitement, and four or five Europeans had been killed by roughs; arrests, however, had been made by the local authorities, and there was no real danger in the town when the French man-of-war arrived. The commander of the vessel had promised to give three hours' warning before taking steps, but chose to give it at 2 o'clock in the morning, and began firing at 5, the pretext being that a single rifle shot had been fired on the French landing party. Fernan is a strong partisan of the Moors, or rather against the French. Between the reigning Sultan, Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid, he thinks there is not much to choose, but he has only seen the latter once some years ago when he was a provincial Governor. The French, he thinks, are hampered in their projects against Morocco by the difficulty of provid-

ing a sufficient army without denuding either France or Algeria of troops.

"Rivers is fierce against Cromer, especially because Cromer, having been his subordinate in Egypt in 1887, has never acknowledged the fact that the work of financial regeneration there was begun while he, Wilson, was head of the financial commission. This is true. Cromer has always ignored every reform in Egypt effected before 1883, the date of his own arrival there as Consul General. Of Riaz Pasha Rivers speaks with affection, and of how Riaz had helped him on the financial commission.

"I have had a correspondence with Malet in the 'Times' about the passage in my 'Secret History,' where I record that I went to Downing Street to get him ordered, for his safety's sake, on board ship just before the bombardment of Alexandria. Malet insists that by this I meant I had got him 'recalled,' which certainly was not in my mind. The dispute with Malet was of no importance, but the 'Times' has taken occasion to vent its spleen or rather Moberly Bell's spleen against me in a leading article, to which by Rivers' advice, I have replied, showing Moberly Bell's part in the affair.

"*30th Oct.*— Cromer has made a speech in the City of the most rampant bureaucratic kind, and Grey has refused again to release the Denshawai prisoners.

"*14th Nov.*— Broadly called on me in connection with my 'Times' pamphlet. Then to Neville's studio in Chelsea, where I am sitting to him for a portrait in Arab dress, and from that on to lunch with Button at Fulham. I found Button established there in a delightful old house in Church Row called 'The Hermitage,' with a large open hall and a garden behind it adjoining the Bishop of London's garden which he has filled with his marble vases and well-heads brought from Italy, among them some really fine things.

"Button leads a solitary life at Fulham as if in the country, never going into London, and depending chiefly on his clerical neighbours for his society. He took me out after luncheon for a short walk, and passing the churchyard he pointed out to me old Lord Ranelagh's grave there. On it we were surprised to find some newly-cut flowers, all red ones, laid. This, although the old fellow had been dead for twenty years.

"As I was leaving Chapel Street in the evening to return to Newbuildings a note reached me from Meynell announcing Francis Thompson's death, and asking me to write a memorial of him in the 'Academy.' This I did, and it was so arranged that nothing was known of Thompson's death till mine and a number more articles about him were ready to print. This accounted in some measure for the sudden in-

terest taken by the public in him as a great poet, one fully deserved, for he was our greatest religious poet since Herbert. He died in a private hospital to which Meynell had taken him a fortnight ago. He saw him there on Tuesday and he died on Wednesday the 13th at dawn.

"*17th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— Terence Bourke is here. He tells me that in Tunis things are going prosperously now, that the French have adopted a more conciliatory policy towards the Moslem inhabitants and that these are accepting the French *régime*. The French are discontinuing their fortification of Bizerta now that the Anglo-French Entente is signed.

"*24th Dec.*— The release of the Denshawai prisoners is announced in the papers, so that episode is over, but it has done more towards shaking the British Empire in the East than anything that has happened for years. It smashed Cromer and it has half smashed Grey. Its sound has gone out into all lands, into India, Persia, and throughout Asia. Egypt it has saved from her long apathy and it will continue to inspire the new Nationalism.

"*1st Jan.*, 1908.— Eversley has written me a very important letter confirming my acount of the Egyptian doings in 1882. As he was a member of the Government at the time it is of great value, in it he says:

"'Many thanks for your letter and still more for the copy of the second edition of your book. I have read it carefully with the greatest interest. It is the most complete vindication of your own conduct throughout the whole of the Egyptian business.

"'I think you have been fully justified in quoting from conversations and letters as you have done. There must come a time when such things may be made public and when the convention as to privacy no longer will hold good. It seems to me that after more than 20 years, during which the British policy has prevailed in Egypt almost without question, and when at length a new phase is arising in that country it is quite legitimate to tell the whole story without reserve.

"'The objection, however, in any case can only come from those who are entitled (if at all) to complain — such as Malet, Colvin, E. Hamilton, etc., but I do not understand that they have made any complaint. Why then Frederic Harrison should do so on their behalf I do not quite understand. I think you hardly do justice to Mr. Gladstone or appreciate the difficulties of his position — how he was fed with lies from the Foreign Office and other quarters. Would he have been justified in breaking up his Government or in resigning himself sooner than give his consent to sending Wolseley to Egypt? What

kind of case could he have made for doing so? All the official information was to the effect that Arabi was at the head of a military insurrection and not of a national movement.

"'Chamberlain and Dilke were mainly responsible for what was done. I recollect well them boasting in the Lobby of the House of Commons that they had cornered the "old man." I have also always understood that Lord Granville complained that Dilke played him false in the House of Commons by answering questions in a manner to suit his own policy and not that of his chief.

"'John Morley was at that time completely under the influence of Chamberlain. The passages you quote from the 'P. M. G.' are very discreditable. They must have been supplied by Dilke and Chamberlain. Judging by what you say of Arabi and especially his want of physical courage I doubt whether he could have formed a stable government in Egypt. Sooner or later the question of financial control would have arisen and would have forced an issue not very different from that which was arrived at. What occurred was in fact the logical conclusion of the policy of financial control that was the *fons et origo mali.*'

"*6th Jan.*— The 'Daily News' announces what seems to be the death of the 'Times,' at any rate of the 'Times' as we have known it. If true this will be a new scalp for me.

"*7th Jan.*— It is officially announced that the 'Times' is to be turned into a Limited Liability Company under the chairmanship of Walter and that the director manager is to be Pearson. This means that the old 'Times' is indeed dead, and Moberly Bell discarded, a swift triumph for my pamphlet. I cannot help, however, regretting the old Thunderer now he is gone.

"'Zeus, thy right hand is unloaded
Where the thunder did prevail.
In the idiocy of Godhead
Thou art staring the stars pale;
And thine eagle blind and old
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Now Pan is dead!'

[The pamphlet here referred to was one I had just published against the 'Times' in connection with certain letters published by their manager, Moberly Bell, containing attacks on me which the 'Times' had refused me my right of reply to. The matter is not of sufficient consequence to include in the present volume.]

"*10th Jan.*— I have been reading Miss Petre's book, 'Catholicism and Independence.' It interests me immensely, and surprises me also, for I did not at all guess her intellectual gifts. These essays show

her to be the best serious woman writer of her time. She has certain qualities women rarely possess, precision, sense of proportion, accuracy of illustration. Her psychology is original and true.

"*18th Jan.*— We have had a little festivity arranged for us by my bailiff, Laker. Eight or nine old men and young from the parish who sang Sussex songs, well supplied with beer in the business room, some of the singing very good, and so all the evening till a nine gallon barrel was empty. Though I have lived off and on at Newbuildings for close on forty years I had never before heard these songs.

"*24th Jan.*— The latest scandal is about the theft of the Crown Jewels in Dublin, one of the same kind that caused so much scandal at Berlin. It is being hushed up, it is said, because a full revelation would make the Government of Ireland impossible.

"*26th Jan.*— Ouida is dead, poor woman, in great poverty at Villareggio. She had continued her correspondence with Cockerell ever since we saw her at Lucca.

"*28th Jan.*— In the afternoon I sat to Neville for my portrait. Coming back with him we met his Aunt T. (Mrs. Earle) at her door, and went back with her to tea. She is a most amusing woman, and told us a number of good things. While there, Cambon, the French Ambassador, looked in. We had not met for several years. 'Ah, Voilà l'ami des Arabes,' was his greeting.

"*30th Jan.*— George Wyndham came to lunch with me. He is hopeful about the political situation from his party point of view. He considers that the Government has got into difficulties all round, in the Transvaal, in India, and at home. He is now an out-and-out Tariff Reformer, and expects to win on it. Campbell Bannerman is seriously ill, and the Government have mismanaged things absurdly in Ireland. He is glad the Irish Nationalists have settled their differences. The scandal about the Crown Jewels is sure to come out, and the Government's position is a quite impossible one. It is Birrell's fault, he says, who is idle about his work, and was away abroad amusing himself when the discovery of the loss of the jewels was made. In his absence Macdonnell had decided that the best way of treating the matter would be to get rid of Vicars on some other pretext, and then Macdonnell also went away. Birrell, however, on his return ordered an inquiry, and this gave Vicars, who had taken good legal advice, his opportunity. The inquiry was to be held in secret, and not on oath, and Vicars refused to give evidence before it, claiming publicity. Macdonnell was very angry about this on his return, hence the rumours of his resignation, and now they don't know at all what to do, for the King is furious at the idea of there being a scandal here like the one at Berlin, and it cannot long be kept secret as everybody at

Dublin knows it. As to who actually took the jewels George does not know. Lord Aberdeen had made himself a laughing stock at Dublin in connection with it. Vicars had gone to him and had bullied him, and had chivied Aberdeen round the room when he had said that he could not give an answer without consulting Birrell, but George does not profess to know the whole facts of the case.

"*2nd Feb.* (*Sunday*).— Lunched at the French Embassy. On my way there I saw placards in the streets announcing the assassination of the King of Portugal and his heir apparent. Cambon was of course full of this sinister event. He told us that he had only yesterday received a letter from Lisbon dated the 29th, warning him of the existence of a conspiracy against the King. It had been written to him by a leader of the constitutional opposition, and Cambon considered the assassination to be the work, not of anarchists, but of political opponents of the King's unconstitutional rule. For some time past Portugal has been governed, not by Parliamentary ministers, but despotically by decree, Franco, the King's minister, having made himself with the King's support Dictator. 'One must not,' Cambon said, 'take a Parliamentary *régime* in Portugal seriously, any more than in Persia or Turkey. The mass of the peasants care nothing for politics, and questions of Constitution only concern a few people. He would not hear of its being the work of anarchists. It was rather the way in which political party strife manifested itself in Portugal, the struggle of one party against another for the loaves of office; there had been great corruption there.

"Mrs. Earle was at the luncheon, and Mrs. Arkwright, and Mrs. Crawshay; the last told me that she had lunched yesterday with Margot, and had learned from her that it was definitely settled that Asquith should have Campbell Bannerman's succession, whenever he retires from the premiership. The only competitor had been Grey, but Grey had said that he was overworked already at the Foreign Office and could not undertake it. Asquith intends as soon as the event happens to dissolve parliament, and go to the country for a new mandate.

"*5th Feb.*— John Dillon came to see me and we had a long and most interesting talk. He told me first about Irish politics, how all the Parliamentary party had come together again, and were working together pleasantly, 'even Healy, though he and I have not spoken for fifteen years.' They have come to terms, too, with the Government, the Government having engaged themselves to pass a resolution in favour of Home Rule this Session. All will vote for it, even Asquith, and Grey, and Haldane. This will bind the Liberal Party once more to a Home Rule policy, and they will ask a mandate for it at the next General Election. He spoke well of Birrell. 'Birrell,' he said, 'has refused to use coercion in Ireland, in spite of tremendous pres-

sure brought to bear upon him.' I told him what I had heard of Asquith's intention of dissolving parliament, and he said he thought it very likely, but it was not improbable the Liberals would be beaten at the election. This brought us to general politics, and the rupture there was sure to be between the Labour Party and the Liberals, with an eventual division of the country into a Conservative party, and a party more or less socialistic of opposition, such as there is in Germany. Dillon is much more of a democrat than I am, though neither of us is at all Socialist. Dillon is for Colonial Federation, and is not without a tinge of Imperialism. He is a believer in the 'Yellow Peril,' and thinks that the Colonies if left to themselves will be sooner or later invaded by Asiatics. Australia and Canada, he says, are rapidly becoming Catholic countries. I asked him the reason of this, and he told me that in both Colonies, and for that matter in the United States, the English colonists had left off breeding children and so were dying out, whereas the Irish, French, and Italian colonists continued to have large families. It was entirely owing to the influence of the Catholic Church which forbade the use of restrictions. Dillon avowed a strong belief in the Italians as 'a thoroughly virile race, physically and intellectually, and that it will survive when others succumb, in spite of Lord Salisbury's ridiculous pronouncement about the Latin races.' The Boers of South Africa are another vigorus race for which he has the greatest admiration. He is for Colonial Federation on their account. They would outlive the other white races in South Africa, and the connection with England would preserve them from trouble with Germany. He is entirely against the Indians in the Transvaal, and has not much sympathy with the blacks; he would not agree with me when I said there would be recognized slavery in South Africa before another generation was out. This could only be by the extermination of the warlike tribes, but that is just what I think will be done, when the feebler tribes will be reduced to forced labour, perhaps on wages, but still forced.

"As to India, Dillon professed to have no knowledge, but thought that its connection with the British Empire could not long be preserved, in face of the awakening of the East through the successes of Japan. His Imperialism only applies to the white Colonies. He stopped to luncheon, but did not talk much himself as a Mr. Percy Addleshaw had joined us, having come to see me, it so happened, to talk about this very question of India. Addleshaw is an old pupil and friend of York Powell's, in bad health, who has become acquainted with some of the Indian leaders.

"*10th Feb.*—The Bellocs came to tea bringing with them Bron Herbert, now Lord Lucas, as good and charming a young man as he was ten years ago when I saw him last at Oldhouse. He tells me his

sister Nan has made Oldhouse over to the Theosophists, the sect founded by Madame Blavatsky, which she has joined.

"As I was at dinner a telegram from Rothstein was brought me announcing the death of Mustapha Kamel. Though Malony had written me news of his illness only a few days ago, the telegram was to me a great shock.

"*11th Feb.*— The news of Kamel's death is in all the papers.

"Morley has announced in Parliament a punitive expedition in India against the Agha Khels. In this, as in all his policy at the India Office, he follows the permanent official lead, being the weak man he is.

"To London and saw Rothstein who gave me the Egyptian news. Mustapha Kamel had been ailing for some time past and had had a congestion of the lungs from which he was recovering, but going out too soon had a relapse. His, however, has always been a frail life and the first time I saw him, a year and a half ago, I doubted whether he would live long. We had a suspicion then that he took some drug, probably morphia, as a stimulant to enable him to do his excessive work. He always lived at high pressure and seldom took a rest.

"*12th Feb.*— Brailsford called to consult me about a visit he is to pay to Egypt. I explained the situation there as far as I knew it and besought him to do his best to encourage Mustapha Kamel's followers and find a successor for him and bring about a fusion of the various sections of the National Party. Brailsford goes with me in believing that a forward policy of strong opposition to the English occupation is the only one likely to have any effect. A policy of supplication will obtain nothing. Brailsford is a thorough going good fellow, a quite sound Nationalist, with some experience of the East; I am glad he is going to Cairo.

"To see Shaw's play, 'Arms and the Man,' which amused me immensely. I laughed from beginning to end of it. There is not a word in it that is not good, and it is a splendid *reductio ad absurdum* of the romance of war.

"*13th Feb.*— The Paris 'Temps' has a panegyric of Mustapha Kamel. Fifty thousand people followed his funeral at Cairo, so says Reuter, though the 'Times' reduces it to ten thousand. This is a wonderful testimony to so young a man. He was only thirty-four.

"*20th Feb.*— Mohammed Farid has been chosen to take Mustapha Kamel's place in Egypt. It was he who, at the Mohammedan Conference, at Algiers, had the courage to denounce French rule there.

"Morley has begun a new war in India against the Afridis under the direction of Kitchener, whom in 1889 he attacked for his brutalities of warfare in the Soudan. Now he finds it all right and proper.

"There has been talk of intervention by Austria and by Russia

I have often heard her say, that he was a thoroughly good fellow, but quite without intellect, who would have done nothing in politics if it had not been for the Duchess, who had insisted on it both before their marriage and afterwards. The old Duke, his father, was a far more distinguished man. She does Lord Hartington injustice, however, for though a slow thinker he was a considerable power in politics, capable of solid reasoning, if not of eloquence.

"*5th April.*— Cromer's son Errington was married yesterday to a daughter of Minto's and there has been a grand *tamasha* over it. He has been working a year past as Hardinge's private secretary at the Foreign Office to fit him for a great career and the King's favour.

"*6th April.*— Campbell Bannerman has at last resigned and Asquith is to go to Biarritz to the King who is away there. I am writing to congratulate Margot.

CHAPTER VII

ASQUITH AT DOWNING STREET

"*9th April*, 1908.

Anne writes from Egypt telling how the Court *hakim*, the Khedive's chief physician, stopped her the other day to express his gratitude to me for all I had done for the National cause. This I am glad to get, as I have been much in doubt how my 'Secret History' had been taken at the Palace.

"*13th April.*— The full composition of the new Ministry is announced. Elgin and Portsmouth retire, having both of them somewhat compromised themselves, Elgin by mismanaging South Africa, Portsmouth by a foolish quarrel with one of his country tenants for shooting hares. Winston enters the Cabinet, and Morley becomes Lord Shillyshally.

"*15th April.*— A good letter from Brailsford, just back from Egypt. He is rather disappointed with the political organization of the Nationalists and their little hold over the country districts. He calls them terribly urbanized and this is doubtless true, but I believe the same may be said of all movements of the kind, and that to wait till the peasantry of any country is politically educated is to wait till Domesday. He is not yet converted to the English official view, and wants to talk things over with me.

"*16th April.*— Asquith's new Ministry is fully formed, and one is able to judge more or less what the change means. It is certainly retrograde as far as humanitarian views are concerned, and is now as purely Whig Imperialist as it could well be made. The Colonial Office will be run on lines of pure Imperial Federation. We shall see the colonists in South Africa allowed their way with the native blacks. The Zulus will be harried in Natal, and Dinizulu hanged or deported. I do not trust Crewe, who always had a Colonial twist, and we shall see a hack Under-Secretary answering inconvenient questions in the House of Commons. It will be the same at the India Office with Morley removed to the Lords. The Government was bad before, it will be worse now. The bright spot in the situation is Redmond's declaration against Asquith. It can hardly mean anything else than war with the Whigs, and a strong opposition on imperial questions. Bannerman being a thorough Home Ruler has hitherto been a stumbling block to the Irish, but about Asquith they have no illusions.

"*20th April.*— Passing through Horsham to-day I saw on a poster, 'The Sultan of Turkey defies Italy. Mobilization of the Italian Fleet.' This looks like a beginning of a new partition of the Ottoman Empire, to the extent of allowing Italy to occupy Tripoli. The reason given in the papers is that the Sultan has refused to allow the Italian Government to have a separate post office in Ottoman territory, an absurd pretext for a war, but Asquith's is a Rosebery Cabinet and we may expect any violence in the East with its connivance. I suppose the Emperor William has been squared."

This was the first premonitory thunderclap of what was presently to prove the great storm which, beginning with the aggression by Italy on Turkey, was to involve Eastern Europe in a series of wars, and eventually the whole Western world in the overwhelming catastrophe of 1914. For the moment the storm was averted, as I understand, by the Emperor William *not* having been squared, and his unwillingness at that time to have the peace of Europe broken. The French Government, however, and our own, can hardly have been acquiescent in Italy's ambition of an African Empire. They had already the thought that in this way Italy might be won over and detached from the German-Austrian Alliance. It is significant that the incident here recorded should have synchronized with Campbell Bannerman's retirement, giving as it did a position of sole authority on foreign affairs to Grey in Downing Street.

"*22nd April.*— The Italian Invasion of Tripoli has been staved off by the Emperor William, who has persuaded the Sultan to yield the point about the post office, so the sailing of the fleet is countermanded.

"*23rd April.*— I have had staying here Cecil Sharp, the collector of folk songs. I find him an interesting man, with great knowledge of his own particular subject and enlightened views on others. I took him to-day, after lunch, to see old Jupp at Carpenters, and we made him sing his Bristol song and 'The Fisherman,' of which last I took down the words.

THE FISHERMAN

As I was a-walking one morning in May
All down by the river side,
There came in a boat a bold Fisherman
A-rowing down on the tide.

"Who are you, you bold fisherman?
And what are you doing here?"
"I am a-fishing for your sweet sake
All on the river so clear."

He has tied his boat fast to a stump
And to the fair maid he went,
"I have come to kiss your lily white hand
For so it was my intent."

He has unbuttoned his morning gown
And laid it gay on the ground,
And she has seen a chain of gold
On his body three times round.

She has fallen down on her bended knees
And loud on his mercy called,
"I thought you was a bold fisherman
And I see you are a lord."

"I will take you home to my father's house,
And married straight will we be,
And you shall have a bold fisherman
To row you on the sea."

"Campbell Bannerman is dead, good old man, the last of the Gladstone Liberals of 1880, except Ripon, who is still in the Cabinet under Asquith, but who has given up his leadership of the House of Lords to Crewe. I don't know that there is much to say about Bannerman except that he was a worthy soul and did his best to carry on the better tradition.

"*26th April.*— Winston Churchill has lost his seat at Manchester. It is a bad blow for Asquith, as Winston had just pledged him and the Cabinet to a full Home Rule programme for the next general election, and Redmond had accepted a declaration and had pronounced in Churchill's favour.

"*30th April.*— Chapel Street. Meynell came to dine with me. He is bringing out a new edition of Thompson's poetry, of which he expects much. I think Thompson is secure of a high position now, not only from the excellence of his workmanship, but because he is unique as a religious poet. I know of no good religious poet since George Herbert, or one who can anyway compare with Thompson, for Newman, with the exception of 'Lead, kindly light,' wrote nothing really first rate. His 'Gerontius' has been made much of because of its doctrinal character, but as poetry it is poor stuff. Later George Wyndham came to see me and sat talking for a couple of hours, his discourse more of poetry than politics. He recited two love songs he had made, one of them really beautiful, with triple endings, which he called, 'From the Persian.'

"He was full of his son Percy's adventures abroad with Bendor, how they had steered a motor boat race at Palermo, and other golden

deeds, worthy, he said, of one of Ouida's heroes. He talks with disgust of politics; it is a glue he will never get free of. He has had George Curzon to dine with him lately, and has persuaded him not to commit himself against Tariff Reform, as his doing so would prevent him taking any leading part in the Tory party should occasion offer.

"Then came Brailsford with more about his experience in Egypt. He rates the Nationalists very low intellectually; Saad Zaghloul and a few disciples of Mohammed Abdu he considers the best, but they have no influence, while Mustapha Kamel's successors, who have influence, are without force of character or sufficient intelligence to direct the movement. He heard bad accounts of the Khedive, who was gaining influence, but using it for his own purposes. Of the present Cabinet at home he says it is much worse than the last. When Bannerman's Cabinet was being constructed in November, 1905, Grey at first refused to join it unless Bannerman would go to the House of Lords. This little secret was oddly enough betrayed to the 'Times' by Morley and published, but the very same night Grey was persuaded to withdraw his objection on condition he should be allowed his own way absolutely in foreign affairs, and he had ever since been extremely jealous of Bannerman, a jealousy which had accentuated his obstinacy in pursuing imperialist lines. This would now be at an end, and Grey might be by so much the more amenable to the views of his colleagues. It is a thousand pities Bannerman missed his opportunity of getting rid of Grey altogether when it was offered.

"*5th May.*— There has been a considerable incident in India, a bomb has been thrown which has killed two Englishwomen out driving in their carriage. There is also a rising on the Afghan frontier. There is talk of sending British reinforcements.

"*11th May.*— Newbuildings. Brailsford and his wife have been here for the week end. Mrs. Brailsford is a charming woman, very clever and sympathetic. He is a Fabian. She takes my larger view of things. There is news of a great conspiracy in India, and a great manufacture of bombs with the help of European anarchists. It is being made use of by the reactionaries to get a repeal of the liberty of the native press.

"Churchill, beaten at Manchester, has got back into parliament at Dundee.

"*27th May.*— Farid Bey, who arrived in England a few days ago, came to see me. He is, I think, a pretty good man, not first rate, but sensible and honest. He is anxious to see Grey, and I advised him to get at him through Redmond and to refuse seeing any of the understrappers at the Foreign Office in his place. Then if Grey consented to receive him to put to him one question only, 'Are the English

Government honest in their profession of eventual evacuation?' Unless Grey can give some new public assurance on this head, it is useless discussing details. The latest pronouncement has been Cromer's, that 'Egypt cannot be made self-governing under three or four generations,' let us say never. As long as there is a doubt about this, all Egyptians will be banded together against England. Farid gives much the same account of the Khedive Abbas's attitude toward the National movement as Mustapha Kamel did. His Highness talks one thing to one man, another to another. He is friends with Gorst and Cassel, who help him to make money.

"*30th May.*— Grey has refused to see Farid on the ground that he also refused to see Kamel. Redmond writes to me about it. In it he says: 'I had an interview with Sir Edward Grey this morning (about his seeing Farid) and he states that when Mustapha Kamel Pasha was over here as the leader of the Nationalist Party he declined to see him, and that under these circumstances he cannot see his way to see his successor.' This is marked private.

"Cockerell has got the place of Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

"*6th June.*— I have been extremely ill for the last three weeks, threatened with I know not what, needing an operation in my throat, which I have refused, preferring to die a natural death. In the afternoon Meynell arrived, having been all the morning with Archbishop Bourne. Bourne, he tells me, was at one time curate to Monsignor Denis at West Grinstead, and knew Newbuildings well in John Pollen's time, and he remembers having met me at one of the Capuchin festivals at Crawley. His (Bourne's) position, in regard to Modernism is, contrary to what I imagined, one of disapproving the Papal Encyclical as unnecessary in England and ill-timed, and this, Meynell says, is the general opinion regarding it, so much so that Wilfrid Ward has been able to persuade the Duke of Norfolk to write in that sense to the Pope. The Pope, curiously enough, is believed to be himself not so violent against Modernists as might be supposed from the public pronouncements. Who then is the *causa causans*?

"Meynell has just been to see Francis Thompson's sister, the nun at Manchester. He describes her as an enthusiastic, impulsive creature, who kissed his hands when she saw him and sat for hours talking about her brother's early life.

"*7th June.*— The crisis of my illness is over. My doctor, when he arrived, remarked cheerfully, 'Well, we have saved you this time from the surgeon's hands!' Nature has operated its own cure, but doctors will be doctors. E. V. Lucas and his wife came for the afternoon, very nice people, he the author of 'Wisdom while you wait.' I have spent the afternoon talking pleasantly with Meynell about Thompson's

fame as a poet. Meynell thinks that I too shall be given a permanent place as a poet twenty years hence, but I am doubtful. Certainly I have no such place of any kind now. It will depend very much, I think, upon how things go with the Eastern Nations. If, as I hope, they achieve their independence of Europe, I shall be acknowledged as a forerunner of their cause; if they fail, I shall fail. Anyhow my work in the world is pretty near over. I shall fight and write no more.

"*14th June (Sunday).*—That 'wretched fellow' Morley has had a new Press Law passed in India giving power to local authorities to seize printing presses and confiscate without trial where sedition has been published. It was this same John Morley of whom Lytton used so bitterly to complain to me as his most violent attacker while in India, notwithstanding their personal friendship, and on these very points, if I remember rightly, of his Afghan campaign and his Press Law, which is identical with this of Morley's to-day. Morley is adopting all the methods used by Russia in its imperial dealings.

"*21st June.*—An odd visit this afternoon from a stranger (sent to me by Cockerell), Lord Osborne Beauclerk, who had bicycled from London. He is a pleasant young man who has travelled much in Asia, and has ideas about horses, poetry and ethnology. He professed himself in a great hurry as it was late and he wanted to get on to Wakehurst for dinner, so he put me at once through a number of questions on all these subjects. It was like being interviewed for the Press. I showed him the stallions and gave him a copy of the 'Golden Odes.' He says he will come again." [This was the beginning of a pleasant and very constant friendship.]

"*27th June.*—Brailsford and his wife are here. A good book has been sent me from America called 'Egypt and its Betrayal,' by one Farman, who was Consul General for America in Egypt in Ismaïl's time and till after the bombardment. It quite corroborates my account of the doings of the time. Things are going badly in Egypt. They have been playing the fool and quarrelling with the Copts. The Khedive has been in London the last few days, come over, Mark Napier tells me, to raise money on mortgage.

"Things in Persia also look badly. The Shah with the help of some Russian officers lent him by the Russian Government, who have drilled him a few hundred Cossacks, has effected a reactionary *coup d'état* at Teheran, breaking up the Mejliss, slaughtering the people and hanging newspaper editors. This is the first fruits of Grey's treaty with Russia and the King's visit to the Czar. Brailsford's opinion of Grey is that it is more stupidity and ignorance with him than ill will. He thinks he really believes in Russian promises. All the diplomacy is done by Hardinge and the King, while Grey is their mouthpiece in the House of Commons, having a fine presence and an impressive manner

with a wonderfully fine speaking voice. In Russia, in Persia, in Egypt, and in India, the reaction is in full swing. No one will listen to anything but force in dealing with the National movements. Something of the same kind about Hardinge and the King was told me by Beauclerk who again paid me a flying visit. He arrived from Wakehurst where Frank Lascelles is staying, and brought me messages from him. Lascelles is out of favour now with the King, as being too German in his sentiments. He wanted to have the Paris Embassy, but the King refused on the ground that he was not married, so he is to retire. They hold him responsible for the Kaiser Wilhelm's unfriendly attitude. Wilhelm told him lately that he was sick of England and everything to do with it.

"My dear old friend Evelyn is dead at the age of eighty-six. I had been intending to drive over to Wotton to see him as soon as ever I was well enough, as he had asked for me to come some three months ago. He has been my political ally now for twenty-five years, latterly my only ally, we two being the last of the Tory Home Rulers and anti-Imperialists. With certain defects of temper which led him into quarrels with his neighbours, he was the most generous of men, and to me always staunch and true. I remember him first fifty years ago, a shy young man, already M.P. for Surrey, but submitting to be patronized in his bullying way, by my guardian old Henry Currie, at West Horsley. Our friendship came on later in connection with Egypt and Ireland. His domestic life was not altogether happy, his Irish wife, a Chichester, having strong Orange proclivities, which worried him much, while a certain obstinacy of character caused him trouble in his parish, and a long feud with the parson, against whom he waged persistent war through a local newspaper carried on for twenty years. To me his death is a great loss. At one time he had named me guardian of his son John in his will, but John is now of age and succeeds him at Wotton, we all hope worthily.

"*29th June.*— Brailsford tells me of a dinner given lately by Maurice Baring to his uncle, Cromer, at which were also Bernard Shaw, J. M. Robertson, Belloc, and other one or two Radicals, this doubtless to conciliate Shaw in connection with Denshawai. I shall be curious to hear the result. Cromer has always been a past master in dealing with the press.

"*1st July.*— Edward Malet is dead, at the age of seventy, having been long ailing. The papers give him a fair meed of praise. He and Colvin are now both dead within a few months of each other, and all the chief actors in the Egyptian tragedy of 1882 are gone.

"*11th July.*— Rothstein writes about the difficulty of getting assistance from the Radicals in Parliament on Egyptian affairs. I have answered that I consider it does not matter. It is hopeless to attempt

the conversion of Radicals more than Tory opinion. Nobody in England wishes for Egypt's independence, and the issue does not depend upon English, but on other influences in East and West. What we have to do is to go on agitating and opposing as they do in Ireland.

"*13th July.*—Percy Wyndham, who has been staying here, went away. At breakfast he gave me some interesting particulars about his family history which I had asked him for. He tells me as to his grandfather, Lord Egremont, and his marriage, that his (Percy's) grandmother was the daughter of a certain Reverend Iliffe, a beneficed clergyman of Surrey, Vicar of Bramley, I think, who made her over to him when quite young. She was very beautiful and very innocent. Lord Egremont practically bought her of her father, and for some years they lived together very happily. There were three sons of the union, George, Hugh, and Charles, and two daughters, Lady Burrell, a very pretty woman, and Mrs. King. Lady Munster was by another woman, a celebrated *demi-mondaine*, Mrs. Fox. George, the eldest son by Miss Iliffe, was born in 1787. Later Lord Egremont married her and had a daughter, Lady Elizabeth Wyndham, but no son. Then they quarrelled, as she found out he was unfaithful to her, and there was a legal separation, and she lived alone for many years at Fulham in the house now the Bishop of London's Palace. She was a well educated woman and affected science as her hobby to the extent that Lord Egremont got the Royal Society to give her a medal for some pamphlet she had written. Her house at Fulham was much frequented by scientific people. She was quite respectable in every way except her connection with Lord Egremont which at the time she began it she probably did not understand the meaning of. 'Her subsequent marriage with him,' Percy said, 'would, if it had been made in Scotland, have legalized us all.' When Lord Egremont died nobody knew how he would leave his property and a great number were disappointed. His nephew, who succeeded him as Lord Egremont, he did not like and used to laugh at. He, the nephew, got the Orchard Wyndham property and the property at Dinton, and he began to build an enormous house intended to rival Petworth, but he never finished it, and it is now a ruin. Hugh got Cockermouth and the Cumberland property which he never knew how to manage, getting no more than £5,000 a year from it when it was worth £30,000, and afterwards, when it reverted to Petworth, became worth perhaps £100,000. Charles got Rogate, and George Petworth and the rest. Lord Egremont had more confidence in George than in the others, and rightly. The persons most disappointed by his will were the Herberts, his sister having married one of the Carnarvon Herberts. When the will had been read they ordered their carriages and went off. This at the outset embittered Percy's father towards these relations. When the quarrel between Lord Egremont and his

lady occurred, Percy's father (he was then thirteen) had been told to leave off writing to her, and having disobeyed was flogged by his father — all this is interesting and most of it new to me. Some of the Iliffe family spell their name Ayliffe. Percy is of opinion that his grandfather's political wisdom and ability have been somewhat overrated He, through life, avoided taking part in public affairs or joining a party, and so his talents were never put to the proof. He was a very generous dealer with his wealth, maintaining a number of needy hangers-on at Petworth who had almost permanent lodging and board in the house, and painters and other artists innumerable.

"*14th July.*— Terence Bourke came for the day, he has bought a farm called Pekes, in East Sussex, and intends to settle there, though without selling his property at Bizerta. Things in Tunis, he tells me, are no longer so interesting as they were for him, the Anglo-French Entente having smoothed down disputes between French and English, and the project of making Bizerta a naval seaport and arsenal has been abandoned. The country is making material progress, the agricultural part, though in the towns the position of the Moslems has not improved. There is a small philo-Arab section of French opinion, but the Moslems are still without anything like a free press, or other means of protesting against injustice.

"*25th July.*— For a week past there has been talk in the papers of a military revolt in Macedonia, and to-day the great news is published of the Sultan's having dismissed his Grand Vizier, Farid Pasha, recalling Kiamil Pasha and Said Pasha Kutshuk, and summoned a Parliament under Midhat's constitution. This is, indeed, good news, only I hope the revolution will not leave Abdul Hamid on the throne, or he will play them false again, as he did in 1879.

"I have been asked to a dinner given by Ismaïl Pasha Abaza and other members of the Egyptian Legislative Council who are in London. Tilak, the head of the Indian revolutionary party in India has just been sentenced to six months' deportation to the Andaman Islands for a 'seditious' article in his newspaper, the 'Kesari' of Bombay. Morley is playing the high old Russian game there, and there is not a man in the House of Commons to ask a question about it. It is sickening.

"Belloc has just published a new book, 'Clutterbuck's Election,' very amusing.

"*27th July.*— Things are going splendidly at Constantinople. There has been universal rejoicing all over Turkey, Moslem and Christian and Jew embracing one another, just as I remember it at Cairo in 1881 when the Constitution was proclaimed there. The revolution has occurred in the very nick of time, for it is pretty clear that the Anglo-Russian agreement about Macedonia come to by the King at Reval was intended as a first step towards the dismemberment of the Ottoman

Empire. This will now be prevented indefinitely; it would also immensely strengthen the demand for a restoration of the Constitution in Egypt.

"*30th July.*— Hyndman writes asking me to help financially in a campaign he proposed to make in favour of Tilak and other imprisoned Indian patriots. This in answer to a letter of mine. Ismaïl Abaza's deputation of Egyptian Legislative Councillors is, I think, a good move, though repudiated by Farid Bey. Abaza succeeded in getting an interview with Grey, though what passed at it has not been published. The revolution at Constantinople will have greatly strengthened his hands.

"*1st Aug.*— The young swallows in the bathroom have flown, but they still come back to their nest at night. It has been a great pleasure watching them, the old swallows having come in and out of the room by the window while I was in the bath quite undisturbed though the nest was just above it, built on a curtain rod. There were four young ones hatched and all have flown.

"*4th Aug.*— Belloc who was here to-day tells me that it has been communicated to him in confidence that Grey has said that Egypt shall have a Constitution granted to her in two years' time. If true, and I think it likely in view of events in Turkey, it is most important.

"*5th Aug.*— A girl of seventeen, a daughter of Merrick Burrell's wood-reeve, was run over and killed by a motor at Buck Barn cross roads, and to-day I went to the inquest, the first one I have ever attended. It took place on the spot where the thing happened, a dangerous place, but not for a careful driver. At the cross roads I found a score of local people, neighbouring farmers and the like, collected, with the parish policeman, who was showing the exact spot where the collision took place with the marks of the girl's blood still visible on the road. The traces showed that the girl had been dragged thirty-two feet by the motor, which had only been brought to a stand after eighty-two feet. While we were examining the coroner drove up, and then in a smart motor the three young men who had caused the death, and we all went into the barn close by, where the inquest was held.

"The scene inside when the court assembled was a curious one. It was a good old threshing floor with oak timbers, and on each side of the wide floor sat the twelve jurymen on forms, the coroner and one or two others at the far end of the table. The jurors were all local people, farmers and labourers, with the Shipley parson, Sir Merrick's coachman, and Captain Turner, a close neighbour. There was something mediæval about the thing, a fine survival from the days of the Heptarchy, which seemed very real when the coroner explained that we were assembled under authority of the King to inquire into the cause of the death of one of his Majesty's lieges, to wit, Mabel Mary

Denman of this parish. Then the jury having been sworn, they were instructed to cross the road and view the corpse on which they were sitting, and I went to the cottage with them where the girl's body lay. Our proceedings were all the more impressive from the intermittent roar of holiday motors passing in quick succession outside along the Worthing road, joy-riders, without slackening of speed or knowledge of or care for what had happened, or was happening, light-hearted Londoner folk concerned with nothing but their own pleasure and the thought of in how few minutes they could make the run from one point to another of their outing to Worthing.

"Inside the cottage the dead girl, a great, strong, healthy country girl, lay there in her coffin, looking hardly dead, for the brown of the summer sun in the hayfields was on her face, only there were two great wounds on the forehead, and others on cheek and chin, where the motor had dragged her, face downwards, on the road.

"On our return to the barn the proceedings were resumed, the first witness, the girl's brother, a young fellow of eighteen, not unlike her, a tall, well-shaped, ruddy country boy, with a straightforward, honest face. He told very simply how he and his brother had been on their bicycles to West Grinstead station; how, coming back, he had met his sister, who had been sent to her father in the field to carry him his dinner, how she had asked for a ride back to their home half a mile away, how he had taken her on the step behind him, her little sister riding with the brother. It was only a few hundred yards to the cross roads. Arrived there, he had looked up the Horsham road and had seen a motor coming, but as it was thirty yards away and he was already on his own road, he held on his course, but the motor neither slackened speed nor turned aside and before he could get clear across it caught them. All was over in an instant. Another rustic witness corroborated the account, and the police gave details of measurements and distances, and the doctor who had found the girl lying by the roadside bleeding from head and mouth, with other injuries. She never recovered consciousness. I was allowed by the coroner to put several questions, for the motorist had pretended that the girl had fallen off, but both eye-witnesses were clear against this. Such was the main evidence. The defendant, a young bank clerk from Balham, who had been driving the motor, was a respectable youth in every way, but short-sighted, and wearing spectacles. What came out was that if he had kept to the near side instead of along the crown of the road there would have been no accident, for the road was wide and there was ample room, but he had gone on without thought, it being a good piece of the road for speed, slightly downhill, keeping along the crown, and chancing what might be in front. The jury, I am thankful to say, returned a verdict of manslaughter. The thing made me

angry, and I intended, if there was no sufficient verdict, to call an indignation meeting in the parish. It will now, however, come before the Horsham magistrates, and at the Assizes.

[N.B.— The motorist eventually got two months. I interested myself for a while in these motor cases, and I think was instrumental in checking the joy-riding. It seemed to me an invasion of the enemy in our peaceful Sussex weald.]

"*7th Aug.*— Chapel Street. To London to see Hudson, who had written to me that he was hopelessly ill. It was a pathetic letter, complaining that he was a man without a creed, unlike me, he said, who had the advantage of being a Catholic. It had been written in answer to one I had sent him about his new book on Cornwall, which is a very good one. But when I arrived at his house in the extreme west of London I found he had gone out. [This was the well-known writer of many admirable books, mostly on birds and on his early life in South America.]

Meynell, who dined with me to-night, professes to know what the King thinks about the danger of a war with Germany, and what the Kaiser Wilhelm's plan is. Wilhelm, as soon as he is ready for it, will throw a *corps d'armée* or two into England, making proclamation that he has come, not as an enemy to the King, but as grandson of Queen Victoria, to deliver him from the socialistic gang which is ruining the country. He will then in conjunction with the King dissolve parliament, and re-establish the King's autocratic rule as feudatory of the German Empire. Such is the programme, and the King believes in it as true.

" *10th Aug.*— Professor Browne has asked my advice about Persia, he being in despair at the counter-revolution there. I have written advising that he should go to Constantinople, and get the new Turkish Government to take the Persian Constitutionalists by the hand, and bring about an end of the Sunni-Shia feud. I am advising Farid to make common cause with the revolution at Constantinople. Belloc repeats that Grey has privately promised Egypt shall have a Constitution in two years' time.

" *14th Aug.*— Blanche Hozier writes from Blenheim that her daughter Clementine is to marry Winston Churchill. She says of him, 'yesterday, he came to London to ask my consent, and we all three came on here. Winston and I spoke of you and of your great friendship with his father. He is so like Lord Randolph, he has some of his faults, and all his qualities. He is gentle and tender, and affectionate to those he loves, much hated by those who have not come under his personal charm.' It is a good marriage for both of them, for Clementine is pretty, clever, and altogether charming, while Winston is what the world knows him, and a good fellow to boot."

I spent my birthday of sixty-eight as usual at Clouds, where I met, amongst others, the Duchess of Wellington with her delightful daughter Lady Eileen Wellesley, who is clever in the way young ladies are clever nowadays, with a great knowledge of poetry and literature, besides being extremely pretty. She read aloud Swinburne to us in a peculiarly sweet voice, and I followed with Mrs. Browning's "Gods of Hellas," a very favourite piece with me.

"*20th Aug.*— At Clouds. George arrived in the afternoon from Elbarrow. With him Shelah, Duchess of Westminster. They had been at the manœuvres all the morning, had then motored over here, some thirty miles, stopped an hour for tea, and were to motor back, and go out to dinner. This is a good example of the life at high pressure of our ladies of fashion. She has with her in camp, a lady's maid, a footman, a chauffeur, and a cook. The Duke in the meanwhile is away motoring in Ireland with another chauffeur, another cook, and more servants, besides a motor boat, the one he races with. The life of both of them is a perpetual gallop. This sort of society cannot last, it will end in Bedlam.

"*22nd Aug.*— To-day old Kipling, Rudyard's father, came to dinner, and I had a long talk with him about India. I wanted to find out from him, who is a typical Anglo-Indian, what remedy he would apply to the present condition of things. Like all the rest, however, he has no remedy to propose beyond 'severe repression' for the time being, though he does not pretend that this will cure the disease. He puts down as its causes: (1) The Japanese victories, (2) Education, and (3) Official lack of time to be polite; these are the common explanations, but for none of them has he a remedy. The Japanese victories are a fact not to be denied, the education given cannot be withdrawn, the lack of race sympathy cannot be mended. He admits the necessity of a new policy, but can suggest none.

"Looking over old letters from Burne-Jones to Madeline I was glad to find one from Rottingdean, dated 27 December 1882. 'Thank Mr. Wyndham for sending me a poem, by Wilfrid Blunt, about the Egyptian crime. Of course I heartily agree with it, but admired it, too, and felt it in parts a real poem.' This was the 'Wind and the Whirlwind.'

"To-day Percy read out to us an act of one of Bernard Shaw's plays. He reads very well, having an excellent voice, and some skill in dealing with dialects.

"*30th Aug. (Sunday).*— I have been reading Father Tyrrell's new book, 'Mediævalism.' The reasoning of it is forcible, but the tone petulant and undignified; it takes that most difficult of all forms, an open leter addressed to Cardinal Mercier in answer to a Pastoral issued by him to his Belgian Diocese against Modernism. Mercier's Pastoral,

though severe, is not uncharitable, and speaks of Tyrrell politely, even in a friendly tone, and should have been replied to if at all in the same polite spirit, but Tyrrell is needlessly aggressive. Thus, while scoring in argument, he loses in effect, but the truth is both he and the Cardinal are fighting a battle which neither side can possibly win, and where the plain unbeliever will remain the *tertium gaudens*. It is inconceivable that the uncompromising attitude of what Tyrrell calls Mediævalism, can maintain itself for ever against the logic of science, and it is equally inconceivable that scientific people will go on trying to believe in a divine relation on Church lines. In his heart Father Tyrrell has already lost faith in it, and must be driven into open rejection of *Roman* Catholicism just as Dollinger was, indeed much farther than Dollinger, for Tyrrell is logically a materialist, no less than I am; however, the book interests me extremely.

"31*st Aug.*— Princess Hélène writes telling of her travels in Somaliland, where she has shot a rhinoceros. She says: 'Mon voyage m'a fait un bien énorme, je n'ai qu'un rêve, retourner dans ces pays là. Plus je vis, plus j'ai en horreur ce qu'on appelle la civilisation qui n'est que corruption et méchanceté humaine. Si je n'avais pas un mari et des enfants j'irai m'établir là-bas.'

"1*st Sept.*— Mohammed Bedr, Egyptian President of the Islamic Society of Edinburgh, came here (Newbuildings) on his way to Egypt. He is a very superior young man, a disciple of Mohammed Abdu, and a strong Nationalist. I asked him the truth about the Mohammedan attitude in India, and he assured me that though certain leaders like Husseyn Bilgrymi and the Agha Khan supported the British régime, the great mass of Indian Mohammedans were in sympathy with the Hindoo Nationalists. He believes now in the revival of Asia, and the maintenance of its independence against Europe. He asked my opinion about the prospects of Constitutionalism in Egypt. I told him the thing to aim at was not so much *legislative* power as the right of the Chamber to control the *executive*, that is to say that the choice of a Ministry should rest with them and not with the Khedive. Unless they obtained this right, the other would be useless, and the Khedive will at any moment be able to revoke the Constitution, with the aid of an army officered by foreigners. He asked what should be their plan of action? I said, 'You must get together a society of young men of sufficient means to be independent of Government employment, and send them round to the country towns and large villages to give lectures, and instruct the fellahin in the duty of patriotism. When you have accomplished this you will be ready at any time to take advantage of circumstances to demonstrate effectively against the British Occupation. This had been done in Ireland, where the strength of Nationalism had been found in the peasantry through a propaganda of this kind.

He is himself, he said, member of a wealthy landowning family in the Sherkieh Province, and would try what could be done.

"*4th Sept.*—Eddy Hamilton is dead. This would have meant a great deal to me twenty-five years ago, but he has long been practically defunct, paralysed, and mentally decrepit. Sackville also has dropped out at the ripe age of eighty-one, a thoroughly good fellow, with whom I was never intimate, but always friends. He had a hale old age, a quiet, good man, whom I should regret more were I not myself among the dead.

"*7th Sept.*—E. V. Lucas and his wife were here to-day with Dr. Philpot, and Belloc in the afternon. Lucas tells me that Harmsworth now controls the whole policy and writing of the 'Times.' A copy of the 'Times' is annotated by him, with remarks, every morning. His sole object now is to restore its character for respectability. This was just what I recommended six months and more ago, when Eddy Tennant was interested in it.

"*11th Sept.*—The Poet Laureate (Alfred Austin) arrived from Swinford to-day, and we have had much talk about politics and religion. He is sensible enough when one gets him alone. We discussed Modernism and the Eucharistic Congress, his position towards the Church being much the same as mine. He has never renounced Catholicism, he says, though he does not believe in any religion, but he has leanings once more towards it now he is getting old. For me, as I get older I care less. Austin is seventy-five. We first met about the year '58, or it may be a little later, when he was reading law in London. A little cock sparrow of a man, he was already with an ambition of becoming Poet Laureate; it is astonishing he should have won to it. His uncle left him some money, enough to live upon, and he abandoned the Law after making once the Northern Circuit. Then he travelled in Italy, became interested in Garibaldi, and married in 1865. In 1870, being at Berlin during the war, the 'Standard' took him on as its correspondent, and he followed the German army to Versailles as such. He had a chance interview with Bismarck which made his journalistic fortune, and from that time was kept on as leader writer on the paper for its foreign affairs. This brought him into connection with Lord Salisbury who eventually made him Laureate. So are poets made, *fit non nascitur*, but he takes himself very seriously now, attributes Bismarck's confidences to a poem of his the great man had read in praise of Prussia, and Salisbury's choice of him to his acknowledged position at the head of English literature.

"*12th Sept.*—To London for the Winston-Clementine wedding. It was quite a popular demonstration. Lord Hugh Cecil Winston's best man, and the great crowd of relations, not only the Church [St. Margaret's] full, but all Victoria Street, though that may have partly

been for the Eucharistic Congress which began to-day. I went up in the train with Belloc who was to speak at the Congress. At St. Margaret's I arrived late when all the seats were taken, but Blanche Hozier found me one in the family pew, where I sat between her sister, Maud White, and Hugo Wemyss, others in the pew being Lady Airlie, old Maud Stanley and Lady Grove. Little Nellie bridesmaid. The bride was pale, as was the bridegroom. He has gained in appearance since I saw him last, and has a powerful if ugly face. Winston's responses were clearly made in a pleasant voice, Clementine's inaudible.

"*15th Sept.*— The King has sent a telegram to the Sultan congratulating him on having appointed Kiamil Pasha his Grand Vizier, and predicting that he will obtain 'the veneration of future ages.' This is meant evidently for Indian consumption, an astute move. [Less astute, however, in the sequel, as will be seen, for it bound English diplomacy to the fortunes of Kiamil for the eventual ruin of our influence at Constantinople.]

"*24th Sept.*— The first two of my articles on 'The New Situation in Egypt' are printed in the 'Manchester Guardian,' and the third is promised for to-morrow. The moment is a propitious one, for the King is holding a kind of Council about Egypt at Balmoral, having with him Gorst, Wingate, and Slatin, with Asquith; Cromer being conspicuously absent. This really looks a new policy of some kind, and a policy favourable to Egyptian hopes.

"*25th Sept.*— The Poet Laureate has been here again, very pompous. He is good enough to approve my Egyptian articles, 'every line of them,' and offers to forward them to Grey with a letter to that effect. I said it was very good of him, but I hoped he would not say I had asked him to do so. His patronage is not likely to be much good to me at the Foreign Office.

"*27th Sept.*— Meynell has arrived, and our talk has turned on Francis Thompson on whom the Poet Laureate has been absurd in his pronouncement. Austin's great object now, Meynell tells me, is to get Wilfrid Ward to write an article about him in the 'Dublin Review.' He has confided to Meynell that he has been sounded as to his willingness to be given a title (we suppose a knighthood), but that he has answered that the only title he aspires to is 'one that would give him the right to address his peers in parliament.' He may whistle for that.

"There is a complication in Turkey, the Bulgarian Government having seized the Orient railroad. This may lead to war, but all depends on whether Bulgaria is backed by Austria or by Russia. It is curious how the situation of 1876 is being reproduced, and also the situation which was so near occurring in 1885. The Bellocs dined with us, to

the discomfiture of the Poet Laureate, to whom Belloc paid scant deference, and whom he quite extinguished in talk.

"*28th Sept.*— They are all gone at last, I am glad to say, and 'silence like a poultice came to heal the wounds of sound,' for we have had a terribly noisy time.

"Oliver Howard has died, of fever, in Nigeria. What a gratuitous mischance. There was no call whatever for him to go to these malignant countries, no necessity of money or his profession, only a perverse desire for that worst madness which possesses young Englishmen, the sport of arbitrary power in wild countries, with the occasional chance of shooting black men — this is what attracted him.

"*10th Oct.*— I have been laid up all the week by a feverish attack while great events have been taking place in the world.

"On Tuesday Bulgaria declared itself an independent kingdom; on Wednesday Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina; on Thursday Crete annexed itself to Greece; and on Friday came news of Albania having declared its independence. The fat is, therefore, very much in the fire. The European situation, which was very difficult to understand, has gradually become clearer. There has most undoubtedly been a plot, instigated I imagine by Kaiser Wilhelm, betwen Austria, Germany, and Italy, having for its object to bring about the overthrow of the Constitutional party at Constantinople, perhaps a partition of Turkey. What puzzles me is the attitude of Russia in the affair. As things now appear, she is standing with England and France as the upholders of Constitutional Turkey. It is probably in consequence of some agreement of alliance between the three Powers, England, France, and Russia, against Germany, initiated by our King at Reval last summer, suggested by the powerlessness of Russia to advance on Constantinople at present. What probably will happen is that a conference will be proposed which will come to nothing. Then either there will be an acceptance of the *fait accompli*, public opinion in England having got tired of the thing, or there will be a war of coercion. It is clear in all this that if our Government is to take up the high moral line of respect for treaties and declarations, and for the letter of international law, it cannot refuse any longer to keep public faith about Egypt. It will be too absurd, if having strained at the Bosnian gnat it declines to disgorge the Egyptian camel."

This diagnosis of the situation, though not quite accurate, is near the truth. The Balkan conspiracy against Turkey at that moment in which Bulgaria took the lead was undoubtedly encouraged by Austria, which viewed with disfavour the prospect of regeneration for the Ottoman Empire opened by the revolution at Constantinople, which saw in it, should it succeed, a permanent obstacle to its *Drang nach Osten*, while Kaiser Wilhelm still regarded the Sultan Abdul Hamid

as his friend and the Constitutionalists as unfriendly to Germany. At the outset of the Turkish revolution public opinion in England had expressed itself strongly in favour of the Constitutionalists, and to the extent that Grey and our Foreign Office had been carried off their legs and obliged unwillingly to a display of sympathy which found its expression in the King's telegram to the Sultan congratulating him on the event, and having appointed Kiamil Pasha his Grand Vizier. Kiamil had long been considered a friend to England and England's Egyptian policy. He had been the Khedive Tewfik's tutor at one time, and had approved of the English intervention in Tewfik's favour at the time of Arabi. For the moment, therefore, the new régime at Constantinople was regarded as a triumph over Austrian and German influence. The friendly feeling, however, did not last long, as England was already bound in the chains of the Franco-Russian Entente, and Russia was at least as opposed to the regeneration of Turkey as was Austria. The situation resulted in an attitude of vacillation and insincerity on the part of our diplomacy, which led to a series of betrayals of the Turkish Government by Grey, as will be seen later. What is a quite correct appreciation of the situation here is that which is said of the agreement come to between England, France, and Russia at Reval, which developed into a coalition between these Powers against the Central Empires, and which was interpreted in Germany as a design of "hemming in," which in fact it was, proved the cause of the Great European War, six years later.

"*11th Oct.*—Father Tyrrell has sent me a wild letter in which, after speaking about Thompson's poetry, he says *à propos* of the doings in Bosnia and Bulgaria, 'Will you join me in a friendly visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph, taking in the Czar and the Kaiser on our way home? I feel it is time to *do* something instead of fizzling like a spent crab. The political rascalities of the last few days has upset my liver.'

"*12th Oct.*—I have finished Nevinson's book about India. It is very well written and interests me greatly, his experiences having a close resemblance to my own of twenty-five years ago. It is disheartening that the Indian reformers should have made so little way since then, for they are hardly any further advanced. Nevinson does not go far enough for me, perhaps he dares not.

"It being a lovely morning I drove over to Storrington and found Father Tyrrell in the annex to Mulberry House, busy, he told me, with a philosopho-theological work of some encyclopædic kind for a publisher. His study is a dark little ground-floor room, and we went out into the sunshine of the garden to talk. I asked him about his relations with Rome, and he told me he feared there was little chance of their improving. He is almost hopeless about the Church ever now

putting itself upon progressive lines. They have committed themselves too far at the Vatican. He will not, I think, long retain even what remains of his connection with it. I exhorted him, however, to stay on as long as he can, for though I had myself passed beyond all possibility of belief, I thought it a pity there should be no half-way house anywhere. As regards his personal circumstances he has no need to seek a change, for his life at Storrington is an ideal one for a thinker, retirement in a lovely village with pleasant, intellectual society, male and female, and ample time to write and read. Presently Father Fawkes joined us, a fellow Modernist priest, and then Miss Petre and we sat an hour under the trees. He is to come to Newbuildings for a couple of nights when he can find time.

"*13th Oct.*— Farid Bey has telegraphed about a rumour current in Egypt that England has declared a protectorate. Though possible it is very unlikely. I have telegraphed back to tell him so.

"*16th Oct.*— The situation in Bulgaria grows more and more warlike. In my opinion Grey is being taken in by the European diplomatists, who are one and all, except perhaps the French, opposed to reform in Turkey, having their own axes to grind there. These are encouraging Bulgaria to pick a quarrel with Constantinople and bring about a counter-revolution and will probably succeed. It is just the old game of 1876–77. The Turkish army is disorganized (only half mobilized) while the Bulgarian army is on a war footing. Our English support of the Young Turk is clearly platonic, though we may intervene if Constantinople itself is threatened.

"*18th Oct. (Sunday).*— Malony, the Irish editor of the 'Egyptian Standard,' has arrived from Egypt. He is a sensible and good young man. His account of the situation in Egypt is not encouraging. They suspect the Khedive of having been won over by Gorst to English interests and money interests. Mustapha Kamel's death has disorganized the National party. Malony gives a high character to Farid as an honest patriot and sensible man, but says he lacks initiative and that rapidity of decision so necessary in a leader and so remarkable in Mustapha. Ali Kamel, Mustapha's brother, puts himself forward in rivalry with Farid. There is no one person who commands the obedience of the party.

"Margaret Sackville and Mary Wentworth are here, and we spent a literary evening. Malony went to mass this morning with Mary, while I went out riding with Margaret. In the evening I read them out Margaret's fine lines about Ireland, 'I am the eternal dreamer.' (These are on the highest level of all she has written.)

"Malony goes to Constantinople on Tuesday as correspondent to the 'Manchester Guardian,' as well as to his own Cairo paper.

"*19th Oct.*— Back to London. The news to-day is better. There

is some prospect of the Bulgarians and Turks settling their differences between themselves without waiting for the European conference.

"Meynell, who dined with me, is anxious to get a monument put up to Francis Thompson in St. Paul's, if not in Westminster Abbey.

"*20th Oct.*— Nevinson came to see me just back from India, where he has been in the thick of the revolutionary movement. His book had given me the idea that he was rather hopeless of its continuance, but he assured me that it was not so; the danger was that it would go too fast, there would be riots which would be suppressed with great barbarity, and that would make reform impossible, the hatred of England has become so great. Only if we left India what profit would it be to the Indians, they would fall a prey to some other Empire, German, Russian, who knows what? Nevinson is a remarkable man in appearance, tall, and with a severe manner. He did not smile on entering, and from his expression one might have thought him come with hostile intent, but he warmed to our conversation, and talked pleasantly and freely, and has offered to send some of the Indian Mission which has just arrived in London, Gokhale and Lajpat Rai, to see me. Gokhale he says is now the real leader of the revolutionary movement. We talked about Morley and his projected reforms. He thinks he means to do something of value in the direction of increasing the number and power of the native members of council, even perhaps that he will reverse the partition of Bengal. He agreed with me all the same in my estimate of Morley as a weak-backed politician, quite ignorant of India and the East, swayed by the permanent officials, and principally anxious for general praise and his social position. We were wrong he said in expecting so much of him. On the whole Nevinson pleases me greatly. He has strength, and is as regardless of the conventional attitude as a journalist can well afford to me.

"Next Rothstein came in a pessimistic mood about Egyptian and Turkish things. He wants some action taken at Cairo, but I don't see what can be done there till the Legislative Council meets in December, when a demand for a constitution might be made to the Khedive backed up by popular demonstrations. This seems to me the best programme, with a repetition of it by the General Assembly which is to be convoked in February or March.

"*21st Oct.*— George Wyndham came to lunch, and we discussed the whole Eastern situation. He agrees with me that the trouble in Bulgaria and Bosnia was originally of German-Austrian raising. He also considers Grey to have made a mess of things. His support of the new régime in Turkey was quite right, but he ought to have gone further, and when Austria announced the annexation of Bosnia he ought with France to have declared that England would allow no infringement of the Treaty of Berlin, and stuck to it. He, George, had al-

ways been in favour of the alliance with France, and if they had made a firm stand Austria would have had to give in, but the Government is in too great a mess at home to have any courage abroad, and now they will miss their opportunity of permanent influence at Constantinople.

"Rumbold, whom I called on in the afternoon, thinks with George and me that the Conference will be dropped, but he is very positive that the annexation of Bosnia had nothing to do with the Ottoman revolution. It had been decided on to his knowledge as much as three years ago, and the only thing that had delayed it was the difficulty of settling whether Bosnia should belong to Austria or to Hungary. As to Bulgaria, he could not explain how it had come about, that Prince Ferdinand had been so well received by the Emperor of Austria, for the Emperor had often talked to him, Rumbold, of Ferdinand as an intriguer and a scoundrel, who had connived at the murder of Stambouloff.

"Later I met George again, and dined with him and Sibell, and Pamela Tennant in Park Lane. We had a merry dinner and discussed once again the Eastern situation. I told him Rumbold's opinion about Bosnia, but he would not hear of its being a correct one. He declared it to be certain that the whole trouble was concocted in Berlin, and in corroboration told how a week before the annexation was announced, he was staying at Wynyard with the Londonderrys, whose party included Metternich, the German Ambassador. Metternich, however, had hardly arrived before a despatch reached him while at dinner of such urgency as to oblige him to go at once, in Londonderry's motor, to meet a messenger at a distant railway station, the result of his journey being that he left for London by the first train in the morning. It must, George says, have been an affair of the most absolute importance to require this of him, for he was less than twelve hours at Wynyard, nor was there any other question in public view at the time. George declares categorically that the crux of the whole situation is that Kaiser Wilhelm means war with England on the first favourable opportunity, and in the meanwhile to stir up trouble wherever he can for us. I think this very likely, and also that there would be no great difficulty in an invasion of England whenever he is so minded.

"*22nd Oct.*— Gokhale and Lajpat Rai came to see me, sent by Nevinson, and stayed an hour, and we discussed the situation in India very thoroughly. I am disappointed with both of them. Gokhale is a well bred, highly educated and intelligent man, a Maharata Brahmin, I believe, and according to Nevinson the Leader of the National movement. He expresses himself well in English, and I have no doubt is an able speaker. But he is clearly no leader of a revolution, and they will effect nothing without one. He lacks the enthusiasm which

a belief in ultimate success would give, or even the bitterness which is also the force of hatred and despair. He told me that he did not like being called a moderate, but if he represents anything that can be called extreme, there is small chance for India. I asked him what in his view was the end to be aimed at. He said, 'Of course we hope some day for complete independence, but that is far away. Perhaps in ten years' time we may get Provincial self-Government, but for that we must educate ourselves, and the educated class is very small.' I asked him what means he proposed to use in order to obtain it. He disclaimed an appeal to force in any shape. 'What could we do,' he said, 'against Kitchener and the army?' He would not hear even of obstruction. 'It is no use,' he said, 'trying to overthrow the present administration until we have something to put in its place.' Language of this sort may be true, as it certainly is prudent, but it is not the language of revolution. I asked him whether he expected to convert English people, or the English Government by appeals to reason and justice? He said he believed that Morley had a scheme of extending the representative character of the councils, and they would have to be content with that at present. He had been a great believer in Morley, and had read all his writings on liberty, but he feared that Morley was more for *personal* than *national* liberty. I told him Morley was a broken reed. 'In that,' he said, 'my friend here,' pointing to Lajpat Rai, 'will agree with you.' On this I turned to Lajpat and asked him to give me *his* opinion. Lajpat is a different sort of man altogether, much more purely Oriental, but inferior in breeding, and very much in intelligence to Gokhale. He has a poor command of English, and it seemed to me a confused mind, timid too, and deprecatory in manner. It was difficult to see in him anything that the Indian Government could possibly have been afraid of, or that Morley can have thought it necessary to arrest by a *lettre de cachet* and deport him without trial as a danger to India. His views were less pacific than Gokhale's, but all without precision. 'I know nothing,' he said, more than once, 'about India in general, only about my own province, Punjaub.' Perhaps if he had been alone with me he would have had the courage to speak out, but he was afraid of his companion, and I frightened him when I asked him what chance there was of the native army taking the National side. We had a long discussion about the attitude of the Indian Moslems, and I told them how I had tried to influence the last in 1884, to join the Hindoos in the Congress movement, but they assured me the Moslems were all against them now, and Gokhale seemed to think that they would be a danger in any reconstruction of India on a national basis, because, though they were much less numerous, and less rich, they were more united. 'All we hope for is,' he said, 'that the movement of self-government in Turkey and Egypt may spread to

Mohammedan India, and then they may join us. I asked them if I could do any good by writing my views, especially on this point, but Gokhale said it would be useless, though if I went to India it might be of use to them. It was clear that I was much too revolutionary for either of them. Lajpat in leaving pressed a little book into my hand. It was a printed account of his arrest and deportation, a naïve, and in places quite childish narrative, which I hope may not get into the hands of our Anglo-Indians here to make sport of. It is really preposterous that its author should have been made a national hero. I augur ill for the success of their mission to England. They would have done better to send a firebrand like my friend X—— with curses on his lips to show our Radicals that India has men to be afraid of. These fair-spoken pleaders for justice and the rights of humanity will get no profitable hearing, and I told them so.

"*23rd Oct.*— Grey has made a declaration about Egypt, which shows that the leopard has not changed his spots. In answer to a question put to him by Robertson, he has declared (1) that he knows nothing of any demand made in Egypt of being represented in the Ottoman Parliament; (2) that a scheme of Representative Provincial Councils is being worked out in Egypt; and (3) that there is no reason to think that the new developments in Turkey will create new difficulties in Egypt against English control. I have written to Farid Bey to warn him against expecting a Constitution in Egypt, even of the most limited kind.

"*24th Oct.*— There is a Reuter's telegram in all the papers, giving what purports to be a declaration by Gorst at Cairo of the Government intentions. It begins by contradicting the rumour of a Protectorate or Annexation. Great Britain, it says, had given solemn pledges to Turkey and to the European Powers to respect the Sultan's rights here, and did not desire to go back on that engagement. This declaration, if official, is of the greatest importance, but its form, that of an interview with a correspondent of the Mokattam, is unsatisfactory, and I shall try to get a question asked about it in the House of Commons. The telegram goes on to say that it is also an unfounded rumour that Sir Eldon Gorst has been instructed to introduce a constitutional *régime* in Egypt, Egypt already having a constitution.

"The papers also announce Frank Lascelles' retirement from the Diplomatic Service. There was a paragraph in the 'Westminster Gazette' headed, 'A Great Diplomat'— how oddly it all reads to me, whose recollection of him is of an unpaid *attaché* at Madrid, with whom I played battledore and shuttlecock in the Chancery, and shared many other pleasures; official greatness is made up of very small things, as a mountain is made up of a tumble of small stones.

"*29th Oct.*— The 'Daily Telegraph' has published a new manifesto

by Kaiser Wilhelm, in the form of an interview with a retired diplomatist. It is most compromising with regard to past history, the most remarkable thing in it is where he declares that the French and Russian Governments proposed to him in the winter 1899–1900 to intervene against England in favour of the Transvaal, which he refused to join in doing, and that he then supplied the English Government with a plan of campaign against the Boers, which was the one adopted successfully. As to the first part of the statement, what I heard at the time was that it was Wilhelm himself who proposed the intervention, promising to get England out of Egypt if France would waive all claim to Alsace-Lorraine, and that the French government refused. If authentic, which it has every appearance of being, it is a wonderful document.

"30*th Oct.*—Went picknicking at Storrington on the heath below the Windmill. Father Tyrrell joined us, and he gave us his interesting views about monastic life *à propos* of the Premonstratention convent close by. They are a branch of the Augustinians, and came to England originally on the invitation of the Emperor Napoleon when in exile, but they had a quarrel with the Empress, and some twenty years ago migrated to Storrington, and being very rich, built the huge monastery outside the village. All went well till the Father in charge of their finances ran away with the money and disappeared, since when they have settled down to an indigent and sleepy life. Tyrrell thinks the monastic orders of that kind are doomed to extinction in the modern world. As for himself, he is clearly becoming more and more emancipated, and cannot, I think, hold on much longer to his connection, slight as it is, with the church. I should not be greatly surprised to see him throw off his cassock altogether, though I should regret it. If he had a less happy life than he leads at Storrington, I feel sure that this would happen, for he does not believe enough in ecclesiastical authority to worry himself about his excommunication. He is an interesting and charming man, and whatever line he may take I shall approve. He read us out a part of Thompson's 'Ode to the Setting Sun,' which was very appropriate to the time and place. He also told us that some lines he had written in Gwendolen Ryan's autograph book, and which I was so much taken with, are a translation from the German, the fourth verse only being an addition to his own. They are these:

'Two chambers hath the heart
Wherein do dwell
Sorrow and joy apart.

'When in the one joy wakes
Then in the other
Sorrow her slumber takes.

'Hush joy! oh hush! refrain,
Laugh not too loud
Lest sorrow wake again.

'Let sorrow when she weepeth
Weep low and know
Joy is not dead but sleepeth.'

"The whole of Europe is up in arms against the Emperor Wilhelm for his pronouncement, especially his own people in Germany. This will, I hope, simplify matters at Constantinople, but there never was a moment when the complications of European diplomacy were more difficult for an outsider to unravel.

"*31st Oct.*— Belloc dined with us last night, and looked in again to-day, amusing as always, and full of literary projects; amongst others, of publishing a volume of verse, but I think he will not do anything of real value in the way of serious work, looking always for immediate applause in what he does. It is the snare of all brilliant talkers and facile writers, and is Belloc's; witness, as an extreme example, Oscar Wilde. He tells me that he knows, from friends at the Foreign Office, that Grey has made up his mind to allow Constitutional Government in Egypt as a necessary effect of the Constitution in Turkey, the Foreign Office having been converted to that view, and even old Giglamps (Sir Thomas Sanderson) now holds it to be necessary. It is very possible, but there are Constitutions and Constitutions, and it will be a sham one that will be put forward at Cairo. I have intrusted Belloc with the questions I want asked of Grey in Parliament, and he promised to get it done.

"*3rd Nov.*— The chief public event besides the Emperor Wilhelm's interview, has been our Emperor Edward's Proclamation to the Indian people, a bit of verbiage which the Indians are not taking seriously.

"*6th Nov.*— There is a quarrel started between the German and French Governments over the Casa Blanca incident with rumours of possible war. Father Fawkes came to luncheon. He is a Modernist and a pleasant man, a friend of Tyrrell and of Miss Petre.

"*10th Nov.*— Grey, or rather his substitute, has answered my questions put to him by Belloc, about Egypt, notably that relating to Gorst's interview with the 'Mokattam.' The answer is given thus. 'The language used by Sir Eldon Gorst is correctly quoted, and is approved by His Majesty's Government.' It is a declaration of Government policy, and is most important as putting annexation out of the question or a Protectorate, though it leaves things otherwises much as they are.

"*12th Nov.*— In India they seem getting to work. Our King's self-complacent manifesto has been met with ridicule, and in Bengal they have answered its omission of all mention of the Partition by an

attempt to assassinate the Lieutenant-Governor, with hootings in the streets, and vengeance taken on 'approvers' of their own race, a repetition of the old Fenian days in Ireland. They have burned the body of the man who slew the informer, Gossain, in prison, and whom our people have just hanged at Calcutta, according him all the honours given to a saint, and have sent fragments of his bones as relics through India.

"*13th Nov.*— Osborne Beauclerk arrived fresh from Persia, where he has been shooting wild sheep east of the Caspian. He has been staying with Sykes, the British Consul at Meshhed, whose business there is to watch the Russian Consul. All that part of Persia is in great confusion, and Sykes has fortified his house on scientific principles, intending to hold it against all comers with the thirty soldiers he has at his orders. Beauclerk described this in detail, and how the defences included a mine projected under the Vizier's residence, which is close by, 'carrying things rather too far,' Beauclerk thinks. The whole of Persia, he says, might be ridden over by a squadron of European cavalry without hindrance as it lies open and there is no force to oppose it. Tabriz and the North he did not see. In the rest of Persia there is nothing that can be called a nation, only a number of tribes and races, mixed up without any bond of cohesion. Beauclerk's ideas, however, are rather vague, and I had difficulty in persuading him that the Meshhed of Eastern Persia was not the same as Meshhed Ali. The hill country where he was shooting he describes as the extreme limit eastwards of the great Forest of elm and sycamore, which stretches 120 miles from the Caspian, ending in juniper scrub, where the wild sheep are. I asked him whether these ever drank, and he said he thought not, having seen no trace of them near water. This bears out what Suliman Howeyti used to tell me about the *kebsch moyych* between the Nile and the Red Sea, which never drinks. I am immensely taken with Beauclerk, who is quite the most sympathetic young man I have met for many years. Without being quite intellectual he is extremely intelligent, has seen much and thought much, has every good impulse and desire, and is feeling his way how to live up to them. He is hardly at all educated, but has a large experience of men and cities, or rather of wild places which are not cities. He has been at Eton and understands its snobbery; he has been in the Army and understands its futility; he is a landlord and understands its duties; he is without pretention and has a kindly heart.

"*22nd Nov. (Sunday).*— There is a new interview with Kaiser Wilhelm published, more astonishing than the last. We are promised it in a few days, though £10,000 were paid by the German Ambassador at Washington for its suppression, so says the 'Observer.'

"*2nd Dec.*— Father Tyrrell writes from Storrington: 'I am occu-

pied with much serving; when things are cleared away and washed up I will come and sit at your feet and hear your words.' This is giving me a high position as heresiarch, almost that of Antichrist.

"There is an agreement of importance come to between the American and Japanese Governments for the maintenance of the *status quo* on the Pacific Coast. It is practically a guarantee of the independence of China. This is to the good.

"*11th Dec.*— Newbuildings. Mark Napier is here. He has told me an interesting story about his life with Asquith twenty and more years ago. Mark lived for eight years with the present Prime Minister when they were twenty-two and twenty-three and onwards in chambers at the Temple. Asquith did not make more than £500 in the whole of those eight years at the Bar. He was the son of a Nonconformist in business in the north of England, his mother being also from the north, and a very clever woman. From the age of eight Asquith had kept himself and provided his own education at school and at the University. Then he came up to London and read law. He was a very industrious fellow and made £200 a year by writing for the Press, principally in the 'Economist.' When he was twenty-three he married a nice little woman. She had £500 a year, and they lived in a small house at Hampstead, with a garden behind the house where they kept chickens. He went in and out to his chambers daily on the top of an omnibus, and lunched at an eating-house kept by women at 4*d*. He was a very ready writer, and could write out his articles without erasures, articles of a serious kind. One way and another he and his wife made up £1000 a year.

"*15th Dec.*— Father Tyrrell came to dine and sleep, bringing with him a Modernist friend, Bell, who is lame. We had some good talk about Stonyhurst, the Jesuit system of education, Gifford Palgrave's career, Eastern politics, and poetry. Both he and Bell are good talkers. Bell is an Oxford convert, now a Modernist, but still resident at Hertford College. He gives a poor account of the intelligence of the undergraduates, especially in the matter of poetry. Very few of them, he said, read any verse.

"*17th Dec.*— Cromer has made a speech at the Eighty Club about Egypt. He is certainly the most shameless dealer with facts in our public life. He has the face now to pretend that he has always been an 'Oriental Liberal,' that he has never been a partisan of the Occupation, that he has never been an opponent of Nationalist views, and that if he was 'once shown the prospect of a Constitution' which should really represent the views and interests of all the inhabitants of the Nile Valley which would inspire the confidence of Europe and maintain the reasonable rights of the Khedive, he would become 'an ardent Egyptian Constitutionalist.' This is indeed a jest.

"Sabunji writes from Constantinople saying he has received my 'Secret History,' which 'records faithfully all our joint doings in the land of the Pharaohs.' I am glad to have his testimony to my accuracy.

"*18th Dec.*— Morley's much expected Indian Reform speech has at last been made in the House of Lords, amid much Tory applause, great care having been taken that there should be no hostile criticism here or in India. Here the speech was put off till the last working day of the session, and in India the leaders of the opposition, including the chief newspaper editors, had been clapped into prison. These reforms, if they had been produced three years ago when Morley first came into office, or if they had been announced now as an avowed first step towards Home Rule, or again, if they had been accompanied by an abandonment of the Division of Bengal and a release of the political prisoners, might have affected a reconciliation with the extremists, but now I feel it is too late. In themselves the reforms are poor things. There are to be unofficial majorities in the Provincial Councils, and a single native is to be allowed on the Executive Council of Calcutta. A great parade is made about this last, but it amounts to very little, as the native member is to be nominated by the Viceroy, and he will always be able to choose a tame man, Hindoo, or Mohammedan, or Parsee (Gokhale perhaps), just as they name tame Copts to be Ministers in Egypt, while in the Provincial Councils the Governor or Lieut.-Governor is to retain the power of veto. If native India is satisfied with this, well and good, we shall see. What is certain is that under cover of the reforms announced the reign of political terror will be allowed its full way, arrests, deportations, imprisonments, and the impounding of printing presses. The same would be done in Egypt if our officials there could get rid of the Capitulations.

"*23rd Dec.*— Tyrrell has written me an interesting letter on my 'Future of Islam,' which he has been reading. He says:

"'It makes one think furiously. You would have been God the Father had you foreseen all that has happened since you wrote it; and I wonder how this attempt at constitutionalism will affect the hegemony of the Turk in Islam. Should Turkey become politically strong, she might perhaps become a cynosure for the eyes of renascent Islam everywhere, a sort of mother and mistress of churches, but she must then keep her Caliph or Pope, and that would bode ill for a liberal state, giving equal treatment to all religions. Without the Caliph, or with a mere figure-head Caliph, Turkey would be denounced by the reactionary majority of Islam as Liberal and Apostate, and the spiritual headship would pass to some other land. Of course a Constitutional Persia and a Constitutional Turkey, and perhaps the Mussulmans in India might sympathize and stand together. I think Islam as less committed to a complex dogmatic system could "modern-

ise" more easily than the Papacy. But they have their infallible *corpus juris* tied round their necks. You would set an infallible Pope above this Bible to whittle it away. That is a double-edged sword. The Isidorian decretals were forged in the interests of episcopal liberty; they issued in episcopal slavery. The Popes freed the people from secular tyranny only to subject them to their own. It would be safer to let theological ingenuity find a way out of the letter of the law. It can do anything under pressure. The "Catholic Times" to-day explains that, in the Bishops' oath, *hereticos persequar et impugnabo* means I will follow up the writings of heretics and refute them. Better still, the inevitable spread of history and criticism will destroy the mechanical conceptions of inspiration and infallibility for Islam as for Christendom.'

"*31st Dec.*— The last day of the year. Politically things have gone better this year in Persia, in Turkey, in India, and in Egypt, the cause of liberty has been making progress and Cromer himself. This time last year Cromerism, if not Cromer, seemed to be having it all his own way, now the self-Government of Asia seems an admitted principle, even at our Foreign Office. Grey and even Morley are being dragged at the heels of Eastern progress. Thus ends the year 1908.

"*1st Jan.* 1909.— An earthquake in Sicily. Messina destroyed.

"*5th Jan.*— The Government has certainly managed things cleverly in India. A few days before Morley made his speech announcing his reforms they arrested all the leaders of the Opposition, and impounded the chief organs of the extremists at Calcutta and elsewhere, and in this way silenced hostile criticism. Then they got hold of Gokhale to give them a good word, and also, it would seem, telegraphed the headings of Morley's speech in a more favourable sense than the reality (a common Government trick), just as the Moderate Congress began its sittings, thus getting declarations from it of a 'loyal' character, which, as the Extremist Congress had been forbidden to meet, has been accepted as the unanimous voice of educated India. I suspect that a good deal of the more recent bomb throwing, which has hurt nobody, has been managed by the police, so as to give the Government an excuse for violent measures. In the meanwhile, here in England, Morley had delayed his speech till the last day of the session, so as to prevent his measures being discussed in Parliament. Now the subject of India is dropped, and we shall hear no more of it till the next crisis comes.

"*6th Jan.*— I have been reading the 'Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun,' the most beautiful ever written; I wish I could be sure of their authenticity, but it seems to me very doubtful. They are too perfect as literature for any Portuguese nun to have written, and nobody has

ever seen the original Portuguese. They were first printed in French in 1769, and their authenticity seems to rest solely on what St. Simon says about them, namely, that they were addressed to the Comte de Chamilly. I should like to believe in them. (*Traduttore tradittore.*)

"*8th Jan.*— There is an article in to-day's 'Daily Graphic' which amuses me. It is a protest against Russian designs in Persia which have reached the stage of threatening intervention there to put down anarchy and re-establish the deposed Shah, with a Constitutional régime at Teheran. What amuses me is the moral indignation of the 'Daily Graphic,' an extreme jingo journal, at Russian insincerity, entirely forgetful of the history of our own intervention in Egypt which was undertaken on exactly the same excuse. The 'Daily Graphic' says: 'That Great Britain should abet so scandalous a conspiracy against the liberties of the Persian people is incredible. The condition of Persia is not one of aimless anarchy but of revolution, and in such a state of things no foreign Government has a right to interfere. That the movement against the Shah is a national one is proved by the revolt of Ispahan. The pretence that the people are not ripe for a Constitution will be most convincingly answered by the Persians themselves, possession is the best title to popular liberties . . . in any case Great Britain cannot be a party to an intervention aimed at a people struggling for freedom, more especially as this freedom is already theirs by Constitutional right.' Every word of this might have been written against our intervention in Egypt in the Spring of 1882, but our Tories are incredible in their self-blindness.

"*10th Jan.* (*Sunday*).— Malony writes an interesting account of affairs at Constantinople and the probability of there being a line of cleavage between the Turkish-speaking and the Arabic-speaking elements in the Ottoman parliament. This was sure to be, but the immediate danger is of a Balkan war pressed on by Austria which will break out in the Spring. Haymerlé, I remember, used as long ago as 1860, when we were attachés together at Athens, to explain to me that it was a settled part of Austrian policy to shift the centre of the Empire eastwards, and make good the imperial title of Emperor of the Oesterreich. They will never allow the Turks to reform themselves in earnest, and all the more now that Russia, beaten by Japan, is no longer so great a military rival. I am writing to Malony to warn him of this and not to trust too much to English help. If given at all it will be restricted to the defence of Constantinople.

"*12th Jan.*— There is a telegram to-day confirming my fear of Austrian intervention in the Spring and of a secret understanding between Austria and Bulgaria for intervention in Macedonia, it can hardly be otherwise. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"*14th Jan.*— An arrangement is said to have been come to between

Austria and Turkey which I hope may prove an end to the danger of war, at least for the present, and so Turkey may get breathing time for its internal affairs. In my letter to Malony I advised that no attempt should be made at coercing the tribes in Arabia, and that the Turks should restrict themselves to holding the seaports so as to prevent European aggression. I am sure this is their wisest policy. Eventually there will have to be some form of administrative autonomy in the Arabic-speaking provinces.

" *16th Jan.*— To-day is the centenary of the battle of Corunna, where my father was wounded. He had made the campaign with Sir John Moore as junior ensign of the 1st Grenadier Guards, and was carrying the colours at the final battle when he got his wound. He was carried on board the 'Victory,' and came home in her and was landed at Plymouth where he arrived with little hope of recovery, his wound having been neglected from the multiplicity of cases, the calf of one leg had been shot away and he remained lame through life and was obliged to leave the army on account of it, though able afterwards to ride and even walk, shooting with the best. On landing at Plymouth he was taken charge of by his uncle Glanville at Catchfrench and nursed by his cousins there. The miniature of him in scarlet uniform shows him a pale young man just convalescent. He was only sixteen when he joined the Guards, and was sent out straight from Harrow where he had been a younger contemporary of Byron. The campaign, according to my father's account of it repeated to me as a child, must have been carried on in a curiously amateur way. My father, like the rest of the officers, was allowed to take with him his fowling-piece and a brace of pointers for sport on the campaign, and I have now the heavy mahogany desk and still heavier box for papers which were among his baggage. The officers were mounted, but on the retreat, in order to encourage their men, they walked on foot. The pointers were left behind while fording a river which they could not swim, and thus put an end to the sport. 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was amongst the first pieces of poetry I learned, my mother explaining to me that the line originally printed 'The foe was suddenly firing' ought to have been printed 'sullenly' as it always now is. My father retained a great devotion to Moore. There is probably not another person in England to-day whose father was in the battle.

" *19th Jan.*— The 'Egyptian Standard' is dead. It has been moribund for six months.

" I have been reading Haeckel's Berlin lectures on evolution. They interest me immensely, first because they are quite clear and easy to understand, and secondly, because I see in them my own reading of the Universe and the 'Matter God,' a philosophy I jumped to in 1861,

exactly reproduced in the lectures and laid down and proved. I have a paper of that date which I wrote for Usedom who had given me an article in a Berlin scientific journal of the day, on 'Design in Creation,' of which he thought a great deal, and in this paper I give boldly, but with sufficient clearness, my doctrine of pure materialism which Haeckel claims to have been the first to propound in 1863."

I find among my records of that year, 1861, a short paper showing how rapidly my mind had worked, which is worth mentioning here, for it contains as I think the germ of the Monist philosophy elaborated some years later by Haeckel, and which is still the soundest line of materialistic argument. The paper was written not for publication, but in private answer to an article which Usedom had given me to read, taken from the "Zeit" newspaper, in reviewing Ulrici's work, *Gott und die Natur*. The ground taken by the article had been Paley's old one with the precisely same formula our Jesuit censors had condemned at Stonyhurst, "Through the contemplation of created things, by steps we may ascend to God." The writer in attacking evolution, had referred his readers to the evidence of the *Natur-Forscher*, the Naturalist, who in an infinite variety of living things had found the evidence of a creative Mind. For every effect, he had argued, there must be a cause, and that cause is God. Taking up this point in my reply to the writer, I begin by asking, "What is the God he, the *Natur-Forscher*, finds in Nature, an impersonal or a personal God? If impersonal, why dignify the recognized forces, whose existence none doubts, with so high a name? If personal, including the idea of first causer and planner, why *assume* that Nature is an *effect* when that was the very point to be proved?" Why speak of a Creation unless to postulate a Creator? If we find an order in Nature, is it necessary to assume an Orderer? Why should blind forces be necessarily a chaos? Is not every "Law of Nature" the statement only of a continuous fact? Might we not as well assume a Disorderer, were no order there? Order is but the way of material being.

I went on from this to examine what the *Natur-Forscher* showed us; — with his telescope, a Universe apparently unbounded and so infinitely great; with his microscope, a world infinitely divisible, infinitely small; — a Universe without bound in Time, therefore apparently Eternal, eternal in the past as it shows no sign of beginning, eternal in the future as it shows no sign of decay; nothing is added to the material, nothing taken from it; it remains unchanged in substance, varying in form only. What must we reflect, I ask, upon such news as this? Here are the old attributes we assigned to God, "He who is," the Eternal, the Infinite. Why then not the Self-Existent? Neither in Time nor Space has any fact revealed an external power,

Creation is but a metaphysical idea untested by fact. Again, our *Natur-Forscher* will tell us that Mind is a mere phenomenon of yesterday as compared with Matter, that it sprang therefrom by a gradual and sufficiently marked development, but so gradually that it is impossible to note where it began. Is the actinia a fish or a plant? Where does Mind preponderate over Matter in the brute creation? — in the lower forms of Man himself, *der Gipfel der Natur? Der Mensch ist was er isst.*

The second half of my syllogism was this: "It is a law of human reason (that is to say its universal experience) that the simplest cause is the best. We are bound, as philosophers call it, to aim at unity; two reasons may not be admitted where one suffices; it is useless to search for the law of the law. Arrived at the Universe we have the law, then why go farther? Here is no knot. Then do not bring in a God to solve it. . . . Thus we see that Nature does not lead us necessarily to believe in God, that its order is rather a proof of its self-existence than of its dependence. The *Zusammenhang* shows that it hangs only on itself. Disorder must suppose a Disorderer quite as much as an Arranger, etc."

Such was the argument of my paper, which is headed *Nec Deus intersit nisi vindex judice nodus.* I was but twenty when I framed it, a doctrine of pure Materialism with its Monist formula "Mind an accident of Matter"; and when I wrote the doggerel verse called "Body and Soul." It is an argument I still hold unanswerable in logic, and which, in spite of more than one desperate effort in after life, has ever since dominated my reason. Yet though it satisfied my reason it did not all at once content me. On the contrary, its cruel logic oppressed me with a sense of irreparable loss and I still clung, notwithstanding reason, to an unreasoning belief in God as an inherited instinct of my soul. My last words in this very paper, were "For God's sake and His recognition among men, let us avoid the *Natur-Forscher* and hold fast by our eternal unreasonable consciousness of a Father who is in Heaven." The Matter God I had imagined in place of the personal God was a thought that made me giddy when it presented itself first to me, as a demon by my incantations out of the forbidden books that I was reading; and in the middle of my intellectual debauch I found life unutterably sad. But once evoked I could not evade it or the destruction it involved of that other consoling doctrine of Man's supernatural destiny, his life beyond the grave. I found myself as it were deprived of my soul's birthright, proved to be no lawful heir; no child of God with Heaven for my inheritance and eternal bliss for my reward, but just a common "by-blow" of Nature, undistinguishable from her humblest offspring the thousand and one forms of the brute beasts that perish — a humiliating and demoralizing thought.

"*1st Feb.*— Terence Bourke has been with me for the last two days. He is now quite with me about the reform movement in the East and the Future Independence of Egypt. There is better news from Persia, where it is reported that the Shah's army has been defeated by the Constitutionalists, and the three Russian officers in his service are flying for their lives. Browne is issuing a useful pamphlet about the revolution there.

"*5th Feb.*— I have moved to London for some weeks, to Chapel Street. Cockerell dined with me, very happy, he tells me, at Cambridge, enjoying the life there and acquiring influence with the undergraduates.

"*9th Feb.*— In the afternoon came Brailsford, with whom I discussed Turkey, Persia, Egypt, India, and Somaliland. He thinks Grey is practically selling both Turkey and Bulgaria to Russia, as he sold Persia. Brailsford is making a good fight for them in the 'Daily News.'

"*13th Feb.*— There is another crisis in Constantinople, an attempt by Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier, to bring about a reactionary *coup d'état*. He has dismissed the Ministers of War and Marine, and appointed new ones. If the Parliament does not insist on his dismissal the Constitution will go to ruin, as it went thirty years ago, at least so I read the telegrams.

"*17th Feb.*— The crisis at Constantinople has passed off well, the Committee of Union and Progress, with its great majority in Parliament, having forced Kiamil to give in his resignation. This will be an excellent example, and was absolutely necessary if they are not to lose what had been gained by the revolution. The 'Times,' however, and 'Pall Mall' and other financial papers are very angry, just as they were angry when Sherif Pasha had to resign at Cairo in 1882. There are finance schemes at the bottom of it all now as then, and precisely the same arguments are used about military pressure having been put upon the Chamber, the *pronunciamento* it is called.

"*25th Feb.*— Morley has produced his Indian Bill in the Lords, a great flourish of trumpets about a very small matter. Morley will not be at the India Office long enough to set the reforms really going, and his successors and the Anglo-Indian officials will take care that these are neutralized in detail, as they easily can be. If Morley had been serious he would have brought in his Bill three years ago when he had an all-powerful Radical House of Commons behind him, but he did absolutely nothing, nor would he have done anything but for the boycottings and assassinations. Then he tried the first sham reform, a council of tame landlords, suggested to him by the Anglo-Indian officials, and now he puts forward this other sham suggested by Gokhale. They will lead to nothing. Still the East is awake and moving.

"Conny Lytton has been arrested with other suffragettes, and is to-night in Holloway gaol. She has led a hermit's life at home for the last fifteen years, seldom going away from her fireside, nor from her mother's wing, now she suddenly takes up this suffrage question in its most violent form.

"I hear from Lady C. that the poor King is really very ill, though they do all they can to hide it. The present attack they say dates from his visit to the Kaiser Wilhelm at Berlin, caused by wearing a Prussian uniform too tight at the throat.

"*1st March.*— I have been reading Newman's 'Loss and Gain,' which I read years ago, but had forgotten. In style I think it quite perfect, having the same sort of quiet humour one finds in Jane Austen's novels, but even more subdued. The characters are admirably drawn, and justify themselves in speech and action in a way so many novelists miss, including Meredith; thus it continues to interest one in spite of its strangely out-of-date controversial Theology. Newman's mind, at any rate in his Oxford days, seems never to have faced the real issues of belief and unbelief, those which have to be fought out with materialism, yet the book was published less than a dozen years before Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' What a gulf separates us from that time, the epoch of undoubting belief in the literal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. It seems difficult to realize the time when the best and sanest minds in England were arguing about the Apostolical Succession and the Councils of the early Church, unconscious of the wider issues about to be opened, just as they were at Constantinople about the Procession of the Holy Ghost, while Sultan Mahmud was hammering at the gates.

"*5th March.*— Chapel Street. Frank Lascelles lunched with me, and we had a pleasant talk about old times. He has seen much lately of the King, having been at Sandringham and Windsor, and constantly asked to meet his Majesty at dinner and play bridge with him. He gives the same account of the King's short temper that Lady C. did, and of the language he uses to his partners when the cards go wrong. I asked him whether the King was a good player, and he said, 'Oh no, when he has a good hand with his dummy he knows how to make the best of it, but he has no knowledge of where the unseen cards should be.' The King is off to-day to Biarritz, and I gather that there is something seriously the matter with his throat. Frank talked highly of the King's knowledge of Foreign politics, and of his tact and skill in dealing with them. Cromer was Frank's subordinate in Egypt in 1879, and he told me that meeting Cromer the other day, he had remarked, 'I suppose we shall be having the Emperor William talking again in a few days, it seems impossible to make him hold his tongue.' Frank's reply hit Cromer hard: 'Yes, as impossible as it is to make you

hold yours.' Cromer deserved it, for he has been talking a deal of nonsense since he returned from Egypt about things he does not understand. Lady Cromer has become a suffragette in opposition to her lord.

"Next we talked about the Sackville case, which is just now much in the papers. I asked him what his recollection was about Lionel West's having ever acknowledged his marriage with Pepita, and he said that he had never heard him acknowledge it, though, of course, they were together at the Paris Embassy. If he had acknowledged it Frank would have taken his own wife to call on her. But there was never question of it. Lionel was the most secretive of men. Some years ago he had written to Frank to ask him what his memory was on the point of such acknowledgment, and Frank had answered him in the sense just given. On the other hand, there were one or two curious facts within Frank's recollection. Pepita died at Arcachon during the Commune, while Lionel was in charge of the Embassy at Paris, and Frank was with him when he received the telegram announcing her death from Lord Lyons, who was at Bordeaux, which was as follows: *'Votre pauvre femme vient de mourir. Vos enfants vous appelent.'* Lionel asked him what he ought to do. Could he leave Paris? It was agreed that certainly he ought to go. Lionel was terribly overcome, for he was devoted to her, and Frank saw him off to the Orleans station in a private brougham they found in the street, for there were no cabs on hire — as an affair *'de vie et mort.'* This would seem to show that Lord Lyons recognized the marriage, but nobody actually knew. John Bidwell once put the question plainly to Lionel, and his answer was 'the person most interested in knowing knows the whole facts.' Another curious incident, taken in connection with the present case, which is being tried at Madrid, of a page in the entries of the marriage register having been torn out, is this: It happened also while Lionel was in charge at Paris. Sir Richard Wallace had been married at the Embassy, and Lionel one day looking through the Register, found the entry recording it and tore out the page, saying, 'the marriage is an irregular one, and ought not to be here.' Atlee, who was Librarian in charge of the Archives, was shocked at this, and insisted that Lionel should restore the page and write an acknowledgment of its having been torn out. My own impression from all this is that Lionel wished to make a legal marriage with Pepita, but knew of her previous marriage, and perhaps went through some form of marriage with her secretly, wishing to legitimize the children one day, at least in France — that in order to secure this he got the page of the Madrid register torn out which would have been evidence against them, indeed of his own first marriage. It is certain that he entered his later children as legitimate.

Afterwards, however, when he had become Lord Sackville, the succession to the title and estates became a matter of importance, and as his chief love was for his daughter Victoria, whom his marriage could not legitimize in England, for she was born before the secret marriage, and whom he had married to his nephew, he changed his mind and wished to destroy all trace of it and, to make matters surer for his nephew, Victoria's husband, got him to restore the torn out page recording Pepita's first marriage to its place in the Madrid register. This, I think, is the only possible solution of the puzzle consistent with Lionel's honourable character, the love he bore to Pepita, and the love he bore to Victoria. It would account, too, for his nephew's part in the affair, for there would be nothing dishonourable in *restoring* a missing page to its proper place. The truth about the double marriage was probably told by Lionel to his brother Edward and Edward's son, the present peer, and it was agreed between them to say nothing about it, and trust to chance, as the case could not legally arise during Lionel's lifetime. I expect all this will come out when it is tried in the House of Lords. Meynell, however, whom I saw later in the day, declares that the burden of proof will lie with those who deny Lionel's marriage. I am of opinion that the nephew and Victoria will be able to retain their possession of Knole and the title. But it is a most interesting problem.

"*8th March.*— Called on Margot in Downing Street, and finding her alone stayed on for an hour. We talked among other things of Conny Lytton's imprisonment and the doings of the suffragettes, from whom she gets numerous threatening letters, not all of them anonymous, menacing her with bombs and even the murder of her children. She got one only the other day and has to be guarded by police. There were two at the door as I came in and every caller has to be scrutinized, and I had been kept waiting five minutes for this in the hall before I was allowed upstairs. 'Even my brothers,' Margot said, 'have to submit to this.' I told her of a letter I had received about Conny from her sister Betty, and she expressed great concern and asked what she could do to make her comfortable at Holloway. Could she send her things to eat, or what? I told her there was nothing to be done except to keep her in hospital, where she would be well looked after, but I advised her strongly to cease the war with the suffragettes if she could; there was nothing so demoralizing for a country as to put people in prison for their opinions. This could be seen in Ireland, where nobody felt it any longer a disgrace to be in gaol. She said: 'I suppose they will get what they want in the end, though I don't suppose it will do them any good. Henry says that it all depends on the Cabinet, where there is a majority in favour of the suffrage, but he does not see how women could be

kept out of Parliament if they got the vote, and that would never do. From this we went on to Francis Thompson and other pleasanter themes till the hour went by, and her doctor calling, I said good-bye. I am very fond of Margot. Years do not change her nor the deceitfulness of politics.

"10*th March*.—Father Tyrrell and George Wyndham came to luncheon with me, and we had an interesting discussion on poetry, literature, and religion. We talked about the proposed new 'Life of Newman,' which is being brought out by Wilfrid Ward. Tyrrell doubted whether it would be a sincere one as to Newman's attitude towards Papal Infallibility, and he told us how a letter from Newman to Lord Emley, dated 1870, had recently been destroyed, in which Newman had spoken strongly against it. It was untrue to say that Newman had never had a doubt since he joined the Church. Newman, he agreed with me, had never really argued out the fundamentals on which Christianity is based, the existence of God and the reality of a revelation. Newman's attitude is epitomized in his 'History of My Religious Opinions': 'I believe in God because I believe in the existence of myself and in my consciousness of right and wrong, all the rest is a matter of development,' or words to that effect. Tyrell to-day was in his most attractive, least aggressive mood.

"After this I went on to Farm Street, which had been so long Father Tyrrell's home, and sat an hour with his once fellow Jesuits, Fathers Gerard and Pollen. Father Gerard showed me his 'History of Stonyhurst,' where we had been at school together, and gave me a little play, an extravaganza he had written for the centenary of the College. He talked also of Alfred Russel Wallace and his opinions, which he thought illogical, and of W. H. Hudson, and of various matters of natural history, which has always been his hobby.

"11*th March*.—John Dillon came to lunch and we discussed Persian, Turkish, and Egyptian affairs, about which he has been worrying the Government in Parliament. We talked also about old times in Ireland, when we two worked together. 'It is astonishing,' he said, 'how all the doings of that time are forgotten. There is hardly a young man in Ireland now who has any knowledge of what the Land League accomplished, or who Michael Davitt was, or what was the Plan of Campaign. The ten years that followed the Parnell split were a political blank. It has left a gap in our history.' I asked him whether George Wyndham's Land Bill had done good or harm? 'Something of both,' he said, 'the people who have taken advantage of it had become better off, but it has not stopped the decrease of population nor the emigration. One thing it has not changed, the ill-feeling towards England is stronger than it ever was.' 'As long as that is the case,' I said, 'things are going right.'

"*12th March.*—I was premature in thinking I had converted Margot in the direction of peace with the Suffragettes. She writes in strong language about them: 'I personally think the women criminal as they threaten people's lives and incite the rotters in the street to storm anything and anybody. They are hysterical, full of vanity, and too idle to promote their cause in an intellectual way. . . . Let them have the vote after a general election approves of it, but let us be in peace till then.' I am answering: 'You must not be angry with me for what I said in favour of the Suffragettes. I have no brief for them, nor do I take much interest one way or another in their cause. I should be against them if I thought there was the smallest chance of woman rule in England, but there is none, no more than there is danger of "the Yellow Peril" in Europe, or the "Negro Peril" in America. Women have never ruled men anywhere and never will except indirectly by being better and kinder and less selfish than we are. You are one of these, and if I talked as I did it was because I was afraid you might focus on yourself the resentment of some foolish women who would do you an injury in anger at having been treated criminally for a political offence. I know how violent ideas work in enthusiastic people's minds. That is my chief interest in the quarrel. So absolve me. The whole woman's movement is not worth a curl of your brown head, which may God protect from evil.'

"An Indian gentleman, Mr. Khaparde, called on me with a letter of introduction from Hyndman. Here is a genuine Nationalist of a very different type from Gokhale and Lajpat Rai. He is in England now for the first time to do what he can in favour of his friend Tilak, who has been deported to Mandalay. He brought Tilak's case before the Privy Council but, of course, without result, and he is now trying to get a petition signed in favour of his friend's release, and present it in Parliament. He spoke very openly in an extreme national sense, saying that everyone in India now was for eventual independence, even the moderates, though people dared not say all they thought. 'Even the Mohammedans?' I asked, and he said there was no real difference of opinion between them and the Hindoos, 'in a revolt they would all be with us. They hate English rule, perhaps more than we do, because, except in the West, it was they, not we, who had been deprived of power by the English. The Moderates,' he said, 'were swayed by motives of personal interest, but they had no following in the country. Gokhale found it to his advantage to play the English game or he would not be where he is. As for Lajpat Rai, his arrest had been a blunder, for he was a man of no importance, the real leaders of the riots being still at large.' He said he found our people here in England very different to what he had imagined them. He had been brought up with the tradition of their being full of good

qualities, liberal hospitable, and kindly, he found them entirely engrossed in money-making, and it was impossible to get them to take any interest in Indian questions. His visit to England had convinced him that it was useless to appeal to any sense of justice, there must be more than talk in India before any change could come about and violence there would be. He was scornful about Morley's reforms, they would be useless except to the few hangers-on to the Government who would get places and pay. They would never have been given at all but for the bombs, and the reforms were not intended now to be effective. The Indian Government had got all it wanted — special powers of arrest and imprisonment and of putting down the freedom of the Press. I asked him whether this would stop the revolutionary movement. He said on the contrary, it would accelerate it, they would work on all the same in secret and more effectively. Khaparde has adopted European dress but still wears his red turban; he has great intelligence and his ideas are precise and strongly expressed. He is to come again.

"*16th March.*— Poor Peploe Brown is dead. Yesterday his servant Fred called on me and gave me a long account of his master's illness and death. It was a pathetic story told in that odd cockney language 'Fwed' was famous for. I had never heard exactly about Peploe's early life, for great talker as he was, he never spoke of it to anyone, and Fred had only learned it from a brother who came to him in his last days, for all that he had ever said to Fred was that 'God had been hard to him in his youth.' It appears that forty-six years ago, being a young lieutenant in the army, he had married a girl he loved and who loved him, but almost in their honeymoon she had been taken with a fever and died. This destroyed his life. He left the army, wandered about the world, took up painting and adopted Bohemian ways. For the last twenty years he had occupied a studio in York Place, where he died. He had squandered all his money and lived there in the greatest poverty. I knew him through his fellow-painter, Molony, who had made friends with him many years before at Madrid. He was the kindest of men, and when Molony grew old he nursed him and took great care of him notwithstanding Molony's somewhat scornful protests, who used to swear at him as 'that damned fellow Peploe.' About the time Molony died he himself got a return of malarial fever which attacked his spine (much as my case was), and for the last twelve years he has been practically paralysed and has remained day and night sitting in his armchair, never going to bed or lying down, and often at a loss how to get a meal, for he could not sell his pictures. He could not have lived but for his servant Fred's good care, who for the last fifteen years had done

early hour to the studio and staying on till eight or nine at night and never a day off during all those years. There was no bed for him in the studio. Peploe spent his lonely nights reading, sometimes Fred said for thirteen hours at a time, though he was almost blind and had to use microscopic glasses applied to his single valid eye. Being alone at night he had had a number of contrivances arranged to put out or light the gas, or to call for help if needed, for he was an ingenious mechanician. Last Christmas he was taken with a strong bronchitis and a violent attack of what Fred called 'his lightning pines' (pains), but Fred nursed him through it till the late snow and cold had brought it back. He had been left to sleep one evening, and when Fred and the brother came back in the morning they had found him sleeping still, but he was dead. It was then discovered that during the forty-six years since his wife died, and in spite of growing poverty and difficulties of every kind, he had kept all the things that had belonged to his dead wife, her clothes, garments of the days of crinoline, her jewellery, her ornaments and the furniture of the house where they had lived, stored in a magazine for which he had religiously paid rent, also that he had worn her photograph next to his heart, and they found it on him when they found him dead. A number of his smaller treasures they buried with him in his grave, but the poor old clothes and the furniture in the warehouse will be sold. He had sat all these years under his 'Magnum Opus,' an immense picture in the style of Murillo, representing the Adoration by the Shepherds at Bethlehem, at which Molony used to mock in its unfinished state because the angels, represented as sitting in the clouds, with their harps not having yet been filled in, left the expanded fingers in the grotesque attitude that schoolboys use in ridicule, though this had been altered now and the picture with infinite labour finished. It had been bought of him out of charity by a former friend, Lord Bute, who had been kind to him in many ways, but Lord Bute unfortunately had died, leaving the picture there. Lady Bute was now taking it away to put in her chapel. I asked the faithful Fred what had been done for him. 'He had nothing,' he said, 'to leave me, poor gentleman, but he was generous and good to me. I am by trade a mender of china, I mean to set up in a small business, but I cannot get over the loss. I have been with him seventeen years and never a day off. I do not know now where to turn.' [I took two statuettes of camel riders, which Brown had modelled in his later years, off Fred's hands, they are very perfect of their kind, and had been given him with other odds and ends from the studio by the brother. Fred brought them to me a few days later and left me promising to come again, and I promised I would help him to set up his business, but he never reappeared.]

"*18th March.*—There has been a debate in Parliament on the

military danger from Germany, and Frederic Harrison has a long letter about it in the 'Times.' I agree with him that the danger is a very real one of invasion and ruin within no great number of years, only he does not draw the inference I draw, namely, that we should hasten to divest ourselves of our overgrown overseas Empire and devote our naval and military resources to the defence of our own shores. We shall not do this, and we shall perish, as the Roman Empire perished, by trying to hold too much. I am myself the extremest of all possible Little Englanders and would cheerfully return to the 'spacious' days of Queen Elizabeth when we held not a foot of land outside the kingdom.'

[This is the point at which Harrison and I diverged from what had for twenty-seven years been a common political sympathy about foreign affairs into antagonism, his path being towards war with Germany, mine towards a gradual shedding of our "white man's burden" in Egypt and India.]

"I saw George Wyndham in Park Lane. He is pessimistic about the prospects of a German invasion, and thinks it is certain to happen in a few years. The only thing we can do is to go on building ships. Speaking of the plan revealed to me by Usedom in 1866 of bringing Holland into union with Germany and claiming the Dutch Colonies, he told me he had heard the same a good many years ago from Vitelleschi.

"*19th March.*— Professor Browne came to luncheon. He has made a wonderful fight of it about Persia, but is beginning to be hopeless, as Russian armed intervention seems imminent. He is losing his influence, too, with the Foreign Office. Grey at first listened to him, but is now less willing. 'Grey,' he said, 'is so ignorant, that he hardly knows the Persian Gulf from the Red Sea.'

"*26th March.*— Things are going badly both in Persia and the Balkans. As soon as the snow melts, both countries will be occupied, the one by Russia, the other by Austria. Grey has thrown over the Persian Constitutionalists, and has declared that the Russians may do what they like at Teheran.

"*29th March.*— I have been reading Stead's book about himself and Madame Novikoff, poor stuff as literature, a paste and scissors collection of articles of the last thirty-five years; nevertheless I have managed to extract from it certain historical facts of importance, as also to fix the date of Madame Novikoff's visit to Crabbet. It must have been September or October 1876. She was not at that time a really pretty woman, but was lively and anxious to please, singing Russian songs and making the most of herself. I paid her some attention at first, and wrote a song for her to sing to one of her Russian airs, but she ended by boring us before her week's visit was

out. She was too intent on her own particular politics to be interesting in any other way. As to these she no doubt began by being an enthusiast, but she also made a business of it later. Her advocacy of Ismaïl Pasha's claims in 1885 can hardly have been political. She and Stead were pretty well matched. I find in the book one important letter which I wish I had had when I was writing my 'Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt.' It is from Gladstone, written a few days after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and reveals how entirely that great moralist had thrown himself into the fury of blood-shedding in that least just of wars. After thanking his correspondent for her congratulations he says: 'We and the whole country are in a state of rejoicing, and I hope of thankfulness to Almighty God who has prospered us in what I feel and know to be an honest undertaking. . . . Whether the England of 1882 deserves to be regarded by some in Russia with a jealous eye, or whether we, too, have been labouring in the common interests of justice and civilization a little time will show. We certainly ought to be in good humour, for we are pleased with our army, our navy, our admirals, our generals, and our organization! . . . It is hardly more than seven weeks since we determined to send some 35,000 men to a distance of say 3,000 miles, and it has pleased God to give us a quick result.'

"This, be it recollected, in regard to a military adventure undertaken in the interests of the Stock Exchange, and a battle at which 20,000 of the half-armed peasantry of the Nile had been slaughtered.

"*2nd April.*— There is a telegram in the papers, 'Riots at Cairo, the garrison under arms on account of new Press Law'! I should not be surprised if what has happened in the Balkans may have had some connection with it. There Servia has had to accept the terms imposed on her by Austria — backed as Austria was by Germany — while Servia failed of her expected backing by Russia, a German triumph and a corresponding defeat for England. There has long been a connection between Egyptian Nationalists and German policy. It is clear now that Germany is all-powerful in Europe, and that a great slap has been given in the face to our Foreign Office, and the King and Hardinge and Grey, who has played his cards badly. I am only sorry for the sake of reform prospects in Turkey, which are likely to be jeopardized.

"*3rd April.*— Rothstein came to see me, and we discussed the whole state of Europe and Asia, where his views coincide closely with mine. He looks upon Grey's diplomatic defeat as absolute, and Germany's position as unassailable in Europe. Grey's (or what is the same thing, the King's and Hardinge's) attempt to get together a Coalition with Russia and France against the Central German Powers, he regards as an immense error of calculation, Grey being unaware first of Russia's

military helplessness, and secondly of France's entire unwillingness to fight. Of this Aerenthal and Bülow have taken full advantage, and have not only gained their end in Servia, but have done it in such a way as to make it clear to all the world that their will is law, and that they care not a brass button for either Russia or England. This cannot but react on Constantinople, and it is probable now that the Turks will have to make terms with Austria, perhaps even an alliance, and leave English influence aside. I confess I do not see what else they are to do. It is clear England cannot and will not give them military help, and they are forced back on Kaiser Wilhelm's good will if they are to preserve Macedonia or even Constantinople. Rothstein, however, assures me that no farther advance will be made by Austria yet, as Germany will not be ready with her navy for some years. Then the war with England will certainly be."

This remarkable forecast of the situation marks the point at which Grey's incredible mistakes in diplomatic dealing with Europe and at Constantinople began to declare themselves. That he should have been ignorant of Russia's impotence and have sacrificed to her alliance all his relations with the East, was a cardinal mistake which led to his subsequent gambler's folly of joining France and Russia in the great war.

"Rothstein had hardly gone when letters came from Farid Bey at Cairo and Malony at Teheran. Malony's account of the Persian revolution is more cheerful than any I have yet read. He considers the whole of Persia to be now on the Constitutional side, even Teheran, where the Shah has a few troops. He does not think the Shah can maintain himself even there. Farid complains of new press laws and laws prohibiting meetings. He urges me to raise my voice once more in the Egyptian cause.

"George and Sibell dined with me and Saleeby and his wife, a fortunate combination, and we had a very pleasant evening.

"11*th April* (*Easter Sunday*).—The news of the day is that Swinburne is dead. 'The greatest lyric poet of the English tongue,' is my judgment of him, and perhaps 'our worst prose writer.' Beyond being a poet, he was almost nothing. He never enjoyed his life, wasting his youth on drink and his old age on Theodore Watts. Mrs. Morris says he never was in love with any respectable woman, but Lady C., who knew him well, says that he was once when quite young. His most respectable connection was probably Ada Menken. It was a poor life as far as action was concerned. As a poet, however, he will live when nearly every other of our age is forgotten, for he was a prince of harmony and rhyme and created an entirely new kind of lyric verse. He was seventy-two last week and died of a rapid pneumonia. He ought certainly to have been Laureate after Tennyson, but the old

Queen refused to appoint him because in one of his poems he had fulminated against the Emperor of Russia, and she said that after that it was impossible he could be in her household service. The last thirty years of his life have been stultified in a suburban villa at Putney with Watts-Dunton, who had used him as an advertisement for his own literary trash.

"Last night Belloc looked in on me very woebegone because he had made a rash vow of total abstinence from liquor during the whole of Holy Week, and it was the last day of his sufferings, which he said were beyond endurance. 'It has its uses, however,' he said, 'if only to make one realize how flat the brain becomes when cut off from wine. There are moments when I find myself thinking and arguing almost like a teetotaler, but I will make it up to-morrow after Mass as soon as ever I have received Communion.' I tried to make him break his vow, but in vain, and he went home sadly. [N.B. He wrote the most amusing of all his books, 'A change in the Cabinet,' during that temperate week.]

"13*th April*.— From Blanche Hozier I get a letter, one of the best she ever wrote. In it she describes her doings at Dieppe, where she has established herself in a home of her own. It also encloses a pretty scrap from Clementine at Blenheim, where she is very happy with Winston. Blanche has a real genius for letter writing, women being far better letter writers than men, they chatter more naturally and are less self-conscious. I am reading 'Pepys's Diary,' the unbowdlerized edition, which is extraordinarily good and has something of both these qualities, but is without grace and is coarsely fibred.

"14*th April*.— There has been a counter revolution at Constantinople, and Abdul Hamid has once more got the upper hand. A mutiny of soldiers against their Young Turk officers, joined in by the less liberal Ulema and a reactionary mob, has upset the Committee of Union and Progress, and has forced Hilmi Pasha, the Vizier, and the Ministry to resign. Constantinople is in full reaction.

"18*th April*.— The Young Turks are marching, it is said, on Salonika from Constantinople.

"19*th April*.— Frederick Ryan, late Editor of the 'Egyptian Standard,' has returned from Cairo, and came to-day with the latest news. He is an intelligent young man of the same Irish type as Malony, good, modest, and sincere. He tells me there is a complete split now between the Khedive and Farid Bey, and the Press Law is directed mainly against the Khedive's opponents. Abbas has lost what little popularity he had with the old-fashioned Ulema by his attempt to misappropriate the Awkaf revenues of the Azhar. The students struck for an increase of their bread money needed by the immense rise of prices. All the Cairo newspapers protested against the Press Law except two.

Ryan complains of the lack of business capacity in the management of the Egyptian newspapers. They are also now without a capable leader. Mustapha Kamel died of cancer in the stomach and suffered tortures.

"*20th April.*— The Young Turks under Enver Bey have again got the upper hand and have marched to Constantinople. There is news to-day, though not certain, that the Sultan has abdicated and fled. This will be a splendid triumph. A revolution to be effective must have a basis of force, force which everybody is afraid of and is bound to acknowledge, otherwise it degenerates into mere chaos. I think they will be well advised to bring Abdul Hamid to open trial; it would be dangerous to leave him at large, or even alive in prison.

"*23rd April.*— Things still unsettled at Constantinople except that the Young Turk Party is in power. It is not yet decided what the Sultan's fate is to be. Enver has declared that Abdul Hamid cannot be allowed any longer to reign, though his life will be respected. I fancy the Kaiser Wilhelm is intervening on his behalf. They may be obliged to consider German wishes. Otherwise in cases of this kind 'stone dead has no fellow.'

"*24th April.*— An order has been given for the occupation of Tabriz by the Russian army, the excuse being that the Shah has broken his promise of allowing food to be supplied to the besieged townspeople. The Russians will now certainly occupy Teheran and Northern Persia and administer it in imitation of our English way in Egypt. Massacres, too, are announced in Armenia and at various places in Asia Minor, which may lead to intervention in Turkey. However, let us hope for the best.

"*Later.*— The Young Turk army has stormed Yildiz, though with what result to the Sultan is not known.

"*29th April.*— Abdul Hamid is at last formally deposed and has been sent as a prisoner to reside at Salonika. Reshad Effendi has been proclaimed Sultan Mohammed V in his stead.

"*30th April.*— Lloyd George has brought in a Budget of a rather Socialistic kind, with a beginning of taxing land values and of things more drastic.

"*1st May.*— To Cambridge, where I am staying with Browne at his villa in Trumpington Road. The garden is large, one of those pleasant suburban gardens which run a long way back, but the house is of the plainest Philistine order — very clean, very handsomely furnished, but everything in it commonplace, Browne being the least æsthetic of men. He has made me, however, extremely comfortable, and is in all things else extremely sympathetic. A nightingale is singing close to us.

"He is writing a history of the revolution in Persia, which will

include a life of Seyyid Jemal ed Din, as to whom I have promised to write a monograph. We had several clever young men at dinner, one of them, Mozley, a young Don, Editor of the 'Cambridge Review,' and Somerset, Editor of the 'Granta,' also Cockerell and his wife, and Angela Mackail; also another interesting young man, Malory, and Haddon, the anthropologist. Browne is, of course, in despair at the Russian march on Tabriz, and believes the English Government has the idea of partitioning the Ottoman Empire as well as Persia.

"*2nd May.*— Spent the day with Cockerell, going with him to the Fitzwilliam Museum where he showed me Rossetti's MS. of the 'House of Life.' He has asked me for a MS., if I have got one, of 'Esther.'

"*3rd May.*— Back to Chapel Street.

"*7th May.*— All the past week has been glorious at Newbuildings which is in full Spring beauty. On looking into the bathroom yesterday I heard a twittering and there were three of the swallows hatched there last year, siting together in last year's nest. They must have been the same, as they were not frightened at my coming in, and the fact of there being three of them also shows it, for if they had been strangers looking for a place to build there would not have been more of them than a pair.

"Yesterday I watched for an hour the throwing of an oak, one of seven old ones they are cutting at the end of Newbuildings Wood. I wonder whether oaks have any sense of pain, perhaps a little, but it must be very little, just when the sap is rising. Woodcraft is the most fascinating of all rural work.

"*14th May.*— I have written a valentine for Nellie Hozier:

AN OUT-OF-DATE VALENTINE

NEW is the morning, child,
  Sunrise for thy heart.
Evening, how near its close,
  Sunset for my heart.
Life in its fulness yours,
  Mine but an ending.
Loyal we yet may be
  Love's cause defending.
I have my wisdom, child,
  You your youth's glory.
Each shall find wealth in each,
  In each a story.
High be our fortune's aim,
  He who would win it
Offerings large must bring
  To Fate each minute.

Zealous is Love for love,
  Grudge not love's kindness.
Ill 'tis for joy to wait,
  Light lost is blindness.
Ends life as life began,
  Heart which would meet heart.
Run we and outstrip Time,
  Child, be my sweetheart.

"*20th May.*— Meredith is dead after a two days' illness, and there is talk of his being buried in Westminster Abbey. The papers say more about him than they did about Swinburne, though as a poet he was really far inferior to him. With the exception of 'Modern Love' and 'Love in a Valley,' Meredith wrote no verse that was quite first rate, or even much of it readable, and his novels were not, in my opinion, really great. I never could read quite through any of them. They contained, of course, a number of good things and the style was original and natural to the man, but as stories they had little point, and though he sketched out his characters well at starting he had not the art to give them strong dramatic action, nor had he sufficient knowledge of human nature to make their doings credible. He was without a grain of tragic power, still he had a vast number of readers and I see no reason why he should not be buried in the Abbey. Politically I was for the most part in agreement with him, and we interchanged letters on such subjects more than once. I see in the obituaries that the fact of his having been a tailor's son at Portsmouth is evaded by the paraphrase of his having been 'born in Hampshire.' Only the 'Daily Graphic' gives a photograph of his birthplace at Portsmouth. According to Meynell the fact of his tailoring parentage was the secret trouble of his life.

"It has been glorious weather all the week, and I never saw the view of the downs from the Hilly Seven Acre field so beautiful. But the ash-trees, checked by the frost of 1st May, are not yet in leaf. Most of them are still quite bare while the oaks are in full plumage. Nightingales are rarer this year than usual, probably because it was so bad a breeding season last Spring.

"I have been reading Rousseau's 'Confessions' again after forty years and do not find my opinion of them much altered. The early part, before he went to Paris and grew famous, is wonderful as a work of art and justifies itself as a young man's confession, for in spite of its crudities, it is beautiful. But the rest is ugliness unredeemed. I fancy my own memoirs, if they are ever read, will give the same impression, though my youth has been prolonged beyond all measure and his ended very early. It was reading Rousseau's 'Confessions' about

the year 1866 that first determined me to write mine and at the same time to have a more satisfactory life to make record of.

"*21st May.*— Meynell came to dinner and gave me an interesting account of his intimacy with George Meredith and of Meredith's romantic devotion to Mrs. Meynell. It began in this way. Some fifteen years ago Meredith had told a mutual friend of theirs that he was curious to know who 'Autolycus' was who wrote the literary criticisms in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and hearing it was Mrs. Meynell, wrote her a very characteristic letter complimenting her on her style of writing and inviting her and him to pay him a visit. 'You will find,' he said, 'my daughter to receive you, she looks at literature through an eye glass.' It happened soon after that an address was being presented to Meredith by the Society of Authors, and Meynell and his wife joined them and went down from London to Burford Bridge where Meredith met them, and when the presentation was over drove her back with him to his house on Box Hill, while Meynell walked. During the drive Meredith asked her whether she was not the author of a certain book, to which Mrs. Meynell, who has a talent for silence, said simply, 'No,' at which he expressed himself disappointed, and then whether she was not Francis Thompson's sister, to which she again said, 'No,' at which he expressed himself doubly disappointed. Nevertheless they speedily made friends and from that time for two or three years he wrote to her, both letters and verses (these have not been published) and professed a special devotion. It was a great interest for both of them and was continued, as said, for several years. Thus Meynell came to know him well, amongst other things his secret trouble about his parentage, which cast a shadow over the novelist's life. The trouble was that his father had been in trade, in fact a tailor, a fact which in his later years he kept jealously concealed, though his first novel, 'Evan Harrington,' published anonymously, had been founded on that very theme. His father had been the well-known naval outfitter at Portsmouth and his grandfather's name had been Melchisedech, as in the novel. Mention is to be found of him in Marryat's 'Peter Simple,' and again in Hardy's letters to Nelson, where Hardy mentions that he had lodging at Portsmouth with 'the tailor Meredith.' It is curious that having attained to the eminence where he was he should have allowed so small a thing to annoy him. Meredith's life latterly was a very lonely one, though he had many friends he had nobody to be quite devoted to him. He had talked of me to Meynell and had once said, which I am glad to hear, 'Blunt is one of the few honest men we have in public life.' He and I had much sympathy on many matters, and I bear him the reverse of a grudge in that, being Chapman and Hall's literary reader, he was the cause of my first little volume

of mixed verse and prose being refused publication. He was entirely right, for the volume, except some of the sonnets, was worthless. That must have been in 1867, Robert Lytton having recommended me to send it to Chapman who was then his publisher. It was a fortunate refusal.

"*29th May.*— Newbuildings. It has been a week of glorious weather, the last of a long drought, but now there have been two days of rain. Our only trouble is that the caterpillar has fallen on the oaks, and half the leaves are devoured. This is always the result of frosts at the time the leaves are first unfolding, for the young grub needs a certain cooking of its food, and the frost does this for it, burning the young leaves. It is the same with the apple blight, which is also upon us. Both apple and oak, however, have a natural regrowth of leaves in July and August, which renews their vigour, giving them a second Spring.

"*30th May (Whit Sunday).*— At Newbuildings. Meynell is here. He has just been for Joan of Arc's canonization to Rome. He saw Monsignor Stonor there, and asked whether he had been to the ceremony. 'No,' said Stonor, 'why should I go? She was a Frenchwoman.' The subject of modernism, he said, is now never mentioned at the Vatican. 'The Pope is a worthy, good man, but his pronouncements are all dictated to him by the Cardinals, and he is allowed no initiative.' I showed him a passage in my diary in 1892 relating to Manning's Modernist sympathies in the last years of his life, and he told me that what I had put down was quite correct, and about his death. Vaughan had been his creature, but latterly the Cardinal had grown to dislike him.

"*2nd June.*— I am at Newstead Abbey, brought here by Beauclerk, who is a country neighbour and friends with Lady Chermside and her sister, who own it. He tells me that his father was once offered Newstead Abbey and a part of the estate for £6,000; then, in 1860, old Webb bought it of Wildman, to whom Byron had sold it. Webb had had two sons, but the elder, a charming young man, had committed suicide while an undergraduate at Cambridge, and the younger had emigrated to Australia at the age of twenty-four. So he left Newstead to his daughters, the eldest, Geraldine, having married Sir Herbert Chermside, a retired General, the same Chermside who was in Egypt and Governor at one time of Suakim. The sisters lived together there, the younger, Ethel, who is unmarried, sharing the ownership of the property in a sort of way, one managing everything indoors, the other everything out of doors. They are both pleasant and conversible, and proud of their family possessions, as they may well be, and of its connection with the poet. They have made me very comfortable in rooms overlooking the garden.

"I forgot to say that Meynell, who dined with me last night in London, narrated to me the true version, as he heard it from Meredith, of Meredith's quarrel with Rossetti. They were at breakfast one morning, and had a dispute about a trifle, and Rossetti, resenting something that Meredith had said, told him that if he said it again he would throw a cup of tea in his face. Meredith thereupon repeated it; and Rossetti threw the tea, and Meredith left the house at once and sent for his effects during the course of the day. I have been reading 'Evan Harrington' coming here in the train, but as far as I have got, it does not alter my opinion of these novels. I fail to take any interest in the characters. They are cleverly sketched, but act very much at hap-hazard. They are not comic enough to make one laugh, and not tragic enough to make one weep. They bore one before one is half through with their doings. There is a good deal of subtle observation and happy phrasing, but it is strange that anyone should call them great novels. Yet I find people comparing Meredith with Shakespeare and all the heavenly host!

"*3rd June.*—I have spent the day very pleasantly, the morning with Miss Ethel Webb, who, in spite of a rugged exterior, is a nice woman, more conversible, I think, than her sister, though both are good talkers. Having that department under her special charge, she showed me everything outside. Certainly Newstead is a splendid domain, through the abundance of its water and the lie of the land about it. The trees are mostly sycamores, to me a new feature, the soil being unsuited to oaks. The celebrated oak sown by Byron only a hundred years ago, is already dying. I have recommended its being pollarded as the best chance of prolonging its life, but the soil is gravel and sand. Yews grow better than any other tree on it, and the tank, which is overshadowed by them, is one of the most beautiful features of a garden I ever saw. Miss Webb pointed me out the place in the garden wall where there had been a postern gate opening formerly towards the forest. This has been built up, she tells me, for centuries, yet her dogs sometimes scratch at it, recognizing it as a doorway still. We sat in her rock garden in the sun, for the wind was cold, and she told me she had acquired the power of making birds understand her, and that the blackbirds and thrushes give her warning of the approach of strangers when she is there alone, as she often is, not wishing to be disturbed. The outside walls of the Abbey have been much spoiled by restoration, done in Wildman's time, who spent £100,000 on it, so that it is difficult to make out quite what is old and what is new, and the windows have been plate-glassed, and otherwise bedevilled, but it is still a splendid possession, much larger and more important than I had at all imagined, and one can well understand how the sudden inheritance of it by Byron and his mother turned their heads, and helped to give him that

exaggerated pride of birth and position which was his weakness. Inside, too, the house is a noble one, in spite of horrible tampering with the stonework of the Gothic lower story; all, however, might be made good with whitewash. The cloisters are less injured, and need nothing but to be let alone. Upstairs, wicked architectural things have been done, but the great drawing-room is magnificent, one of the finest state rooms to be found anywhere, and the long corridors are also fine. The main front has the advantage of looking south. Byron's own little bedroom, with its simple furniture, is most interesting, unaltered since his time, but that has been told in the guide books, so I need not describe it. Beauclerk has returned from his manœuvring, and we walked again in the garden. He starts for Central Asia next week, to remain away a year. He is a very attractive young man, with, I am sure, an excellent heart. The feeling of the house is strongly against Lady Byron in the old family quarrel.

"*4th June.*— Back to London early, much pleased with my visit to Newstead and the good ladies, my entertainers there.

"Sabunji came to dine with me. I had not seen him since 1895, I think. He has become the type of what he doubtless was till the other day, a Yildiz Palace spy, a little furtive old man dressed in black with a black skull cap on his head, a jewel in his shirt front and another jewel on his finger. He has come to London, I imagine, on some business of intrigue, and to me partly to find out what my opinions are, partly to get my help in a publishing project he has in hand, a 'History of all Religions.' I got a deal of useful information from him about men and events at Constantinople. He tells me he continued to hold his place at Yildiz and draw his pay or pension till a month ago, but he is now deprived of it in common with the rest of the Palace employés. His position with the Sultan Abdul Hamid, which had been originally that of Reader for him and *précis* writer of the European Press, had latterly become one of tutor to the young Prince Burhan ed Din, the Sultan's favourite son, whom he describes as very clever, and knowing French, English, German, and Italian, besides Turkish, Persian, and a little Arabic. The fact of his loss of income by the Sultan's deposition naturally colours Sabunji's views, and he is gloomy about the prospects of Turkey under the new *régime*. I asked him about the revolution of last year, and the counter-revolution of two months ago. As to the first, he says the Sultan was in complete ignorance till it happened, and this, doubtless, was the fact. The counter-revolution was got up not by Abdul Hamid or Burhan ed Din, but by an intrigue between Az ed Din (son of Sultan Abdul Aziz, who is heir to the present Sultan according to the law of succession), and the Russian Embassy, the latter being jealous of the influence the English Embassy had acquired under Kiamil Pasha. The German Embassy had

nothing to do with it, nor was it true that the Sultan had distributed money to the troops to make them revolt against their officers. The Sultan had given money for the foundation of a Madrasa (public school) which had been handed over by the Ulema, who had received it for the Madrasa, to the troops. This sounds like an excuse. What probably is true is that there was a strong reactionary party at Stamboul, which appealed to the soldiers on religious grounds. Sabunji declares that this feeling was so strong that it was intended to have a general massacre of Christians, and that this was only prevented by the rapidity of the march on Constantinople from Salonika. Had the massacre taken place there would have been European intervention and a partition of Turkey. He declares that there was a settled plan for the partition already agreed to, according to which England was to get Syria as well as Egypt; France, Tripoli; Italy the Albanian coast; Austria, Salonika; and Germany, effective administration of the railway line from Broussa to Bagdad, with ten kilometers on either side of it, while Russia was to get the northern part of Asia Minor. [Compare text of the secret treaties afterwards discovered at St. Petersburg and published 1917.] He says, too, that there was an intrigue between Izzet Pasha and the Khedive Abbas for getting Abbas acknowledged Caliph, and that the English Government favoured it, intending to use the Khedive as a first step towards an Arabian Caliphate under English protection. This, of course, is the old idea which he (Sabunji) with many others, held in 1881, as shown in my 'Future of Islam.'

"*9th June.*— Chapel Street. Met Cunninghame Graham in the Park and talked with him of Grey's speech at the Imperial Press Conference, which will need, I think, a manifesto from some of us to the Mohammedan world, for I read it as announcing a definite intention to retain Egypt. 'English policy,' Grey says, 'is to keep all we have.'

"It is a question now for the Ottoman Empire to make up its mind whether in the coming conflict it is to side with England or with Germany. On the whole an alliance with Germany would probably be the lesser risk of the two, seeing how Egypt and now Persia have been betrayed by England, and how India is held by us in permanent bondage, also England's power is apparently on the wane, while Germany is increasing.

"Lady Gregory came to luncheon, and we went after it to the Court theatre together. She has just been for three weeks at Venice, staying there with Lady Layard. She gave an amusing description of the arrival one day at luncheon while there of two little 'maids of all work' rather shabbily dressed, which proved to be Queen Alexandra and her sister the Empress of Russia, who had arrived together on a yachting cruise, and had come to call without ceremony. The Empress, Lady Gregory says, looks now much the older of the two, for the Queen

is extraordinarily well preserved, whether by nature or art. They stayed on chattering the little banalities of Court conversation for half-an-hour with the German accent Lady Gregory imitated well. At the theatre we found Yeats, who talked to us between the acts. He told me he had been converted to my use of the Alexandrine metre for plays in verse, but that he had such a difficulty in finding rhymes that a rhymed play would take him two years to write. The pieces we saw given were 'Devorgilla' and the 'Playboy of the Western World.' The 'Playboy,' I fancy, must have been a bit bowdlerized from the original version, or else it was not very intelligible to an English audience, but certainly here in London it seemed a very harmless bit of broad farce which could shock no one. The Irish of it was such that a good deal of the dialogue was difficult to catch. I found it immensely amusing and quite admirably acted. The principal girl's part was done by a sister of Sarah Allgood, who had been engaged to Synge. Of Sarah Allgood herself I thought less, she was more conventional. The house was half empty, and there was little encouragement given to the actors. Yeats is beginning to get fat and sleek; he has cut his hair and his cheeks have a pink colour, and he is well dressed, as a prosperous theatrical manager should be.

"*22nd June.*— George Wyndham came. He is rather out of it just now in Parliament as he takes no very strong interest in the Budget dispute, believing the Radical bark to be worse than the bite. I do not expect the Lords will reject the Budget, as some of the extremists would have them do. In regard to the land they would be on firm ground, for the Radical view on the land question is essentially unsound, unless the full Socialist doctrine be admitted, *la propriété c'est le vol.*

"To the Tate Gallery, which has revived in me many old memories. The Vernon Collection, which I remember in Marlborough House when I first came to London in 1856, and used constantly to visit, the early pre-Raphaelite pictures, most of which I saw about the same time hung in the Academy, and numbers more. It is wonderful how they have improved with age, or is it with pictures as it is with a sonnet, which seems better if one has once known it by heart and half forgotten.

"*24th June.*— Some Persians called on me, introduced by Rothstein, poor helpless people, knowing hardly a word of any language but their own and Russian. They had come to London to try and enlist English sympathy for their Constitutional cause.

"*28th June.*—Halil Hálid and Meynell dined with me. Halil has been with Mukhtar Pasha since his stay of three days in England as Extraordinary Ambassador, but he had very little to tell me, being affected with pseudo diplomatic reserve, except that the question of Egypt was not raised or mentioned by Mukhtar. Cromer, he tells

me, still influences the Foreign Office and was put to sit next to Mukhtar at a dinner given to the Marshal.

"*3rd July.*—We had our Arab sale to-day. Bidders few, but the financial result not unsatisfactory.

"A most important thing has happened in connection with India. Sir Curzon Wyllie has been assassinated by a young Indian at the Imperial Institute. The 'Manchester Guardian' and other Liberal papers are endeavouring to persuade themselves that the assassination is not political; but this is nonsense. It has quite obviously been planned as part of a new departure and almost certainly by Krishnavarna, whose 'Indian Sociologist' of last week contains clear indications of what might be expected. The whole English Press is united in its religious horror at the crime, forgetting how it applauded exactly such crimes in Italy fifty years ago, and in Russia the other day. Krishnavarna's position is precisely the same as Mazzini's then was, whom we all now justify since his plan of assassination led to the liberation of Italy, and if ever people had excuse for means of this kind it is the people of India.

"*8th July.*—Gallifet is dead. I remember him well in Paris in the sixties when he used to play tennis at the court in the Tuileries Gardens, a good looking *sabreur*, with an irresponsible tongue. His wife was one of the pretty women of the second Empire, but he had no respect for her, and I have heard him crack his garrison jokes about her without reticence. She had her lovers, and he his mistresses, but made no concealment of his contempt for her. All the same he was a gallant fellow and has died in deservedly high repute with his fellow-countrymen, for what he was, a true French aristocrat of the old-fashioned fighting and love-making eighteenth century days.

"I went to a party at Button's house at Fulham where his sister Eva was entertaining, a garden party with tea out of doors. Button has made a very beautiful place of it with his marble columns and gateways and well-heads, like a villa at Pompeii. What especially helps the effect is that there are broad walks crossing each other covered with paving stones, the squares enclosed by them being of grass. If I were a millionaire I would certainly buy the whole *en bloc*. Most of the Wyndham clan were there.

"*9th July.*—To an evening party at Stafford House, a really charming entertainment of, perhaps, 200 people, which in those immense rooms looked like a family party, where I met a number of people I had not seen for years, with a few foreign guests, among them Pierre Lôti. The last is a diminutive dapper little Frenchman, very correct in his get up, with scarves and decorations, and a rather aggressive pose. Remembering his joint letter of two years ago written to me,

with Mme. Adam, I got the Duchess to introduce me to him, but found him less amiable than I had reason to expect. We spoke of Mme. Adam and Mustapha Kamel, but his tone about them was not enthusiastic, and gave me the impression that there must have come a coolness between him and Mustapha since the day when they were photographed together. I mentioned having read Mustapha's letters to Mme. Adam recently published, which are really very pretty, and in which the photograph is reproduced, but my remark brought no response at all. Perhaps their publication had displeased him. Then we were separated by other claimants on his attention. He did not impress me favourably." There was much else of an amusing nature connected with this party but which I cannot transcribe here.

"10*th July*.— Good old Lord Ripon died last night at half-past eight in the evening. One of the few honest men in public life, and the only Whig who ever showed real sympathy with Eastern liberty.

"I am reminded by having met Pamela Plowden last night of the beautiful lines Harry Cust once wrote to her, and which I think have never been published except in an ephemeral 'Book of Beauty.' I transcribe them here.

Beautiful face!
Is your heart broken that you look so sad?
Is there no heart on earth that once made glad
Your heart, to hearten yet your flower of grace?
Is God untender towards you? Or can Man,
Loving such dear eyes,
Or, save despairing
For too much caring,
Grudge his uncrownedness in the race he ran,
And squandered life and lived and lost the prize?
They pay the worthiest cost
Whose lives for you were lost.

"13*th July*.— Spent the day at Caxtons with Professor Osborne, head of the Natural History Museum at New York, and his daughter. He is a highly intelligent man, a pupil of Huxley's and is writing a book on horse history. He has read my controversy with Professor Ridgeway on the origin of the Arab horse in Arabia and takes my side in it, holding the Arab to have been the descendant of a distinct wild breed in the Peninsula. He wants the United States Government to start an Arabian breeding stud in some of the dry districts of the Western States.

"16*th July*.— Late on Tuesday night I got a telegram from Meynell saying that Father Tyrrell was dying at Storrington, and this morning the 'Times' announces his death. His loss is a great one, both personally to me and to the world at large, though perhaps for himself

it is a happiness. Miss Petre has very sensibly written to the 'Times' announcing the fact of his having died at her house, and giving the details of the last rites administered. It seems to have been a paralytic stroke, for he had lost the power of speech, and I fear his ecclesiastical enemies will hold this to be a judgment of Heaven upon him, but it will save him at least from the reproach of having 'recanted his errors' in the face of death. I have telegraphed to Miss Petre and shall certainly, if permitted, attend his funeral as an act of sympathy with a persecuted man who was also, I am glad to think, my friend.

"*Later.* I drove over to Mulberry House. Miss Petre had gone out to the monastery, but her sister, Mrs. Powell, took me into the garden house and showed me the poor body. It was laid out in the tiny cell which had been his sleeping place, hardly more than a cupboard, ten feet, perhaps, by five; there was scarcely room to squeeze in between the very narrow bed and the wall. There lay the dead heresiarch, as sad a little shard of humanity as ever my eyes saw. I could not have recognized it as the man I had known so brilliant in his talk, so full of combative life, or indeed, hardly as a man at all. The face was shrunk and the features seemed to have fallen in though he had been only thirty-six hours dead, for he died at nine yesterday morning, and the body with its poor small fingers was more like an accidental handful of shapeless clay than anything that had been alive. Pious hands had clothed him in surplice and stole, as befitted the priest he was, and there were two tapers lighted at his head. I knelt a minute or two beside him and recited a 'De Profundis' and kissed the hem of his garment, or rather the stole, and rose and went out, moved, as one could not help being moved, to tears of pity. It was so utter an ending. I had some talk with Mrs. Powell, a vigorous, unemotional woman of fifty, who gave me the details of his death and of how the Archbishop was raising objections to his being buried as a Catholic with full funeral rights. Her sister was out on this very business at the monastery, but would be back immediately and she urged me to await her. I occupied the half-hour which elapsed in paying a visit to Mrs. Lucas, Meynell's married daughter, who has taken rooms in a farm house, Chantry's, just outside the village. When I came back I found Miss Petre had returned and she received me in her room upstairs. I had been prepared to find her altered by this sudden misfortune, but she met me with her usual cheerful smile and without a trace of sadness on her face. There was no paleness on her cheeks or trace of tears, and she talked at once in her open, straightforward way about all that had happened and was happening. She is a wonderfully wise, courageous woman, for it is certain that Father Tyrrell's death must be a terrible grief to her, and loss in every way. She talked of him simply as a child might talk, but with the wisdom of

a woman, the courage of a man. What she told me is this: Three months ago there had been some question of Father Tyrrell's health and he had seen a doctor, some kidney trouble, but the doctor thought little of it. It was while he was staying at Clapham, nor did he think much of it himself. He came back to Storrington for his summer holiday at the end of last month. She thought him overworked, for he was writing a final apologetic, added to his great daily correspondence. It was not till a week after, that one day he complained of his head, while at dinner, and rose to leave the table and, as I understand, fell. Still, for a day, she did not recognize it as serious. 'I am naturally of a sanguine disposition,' she said, 'and thought he would recover. He complained of violent pains in the head, and could not speak plainly, but I did not recognize it for what it was. Then he got worse. I was with him for forty-eight hours without leaving him before anyone came to help nurse him. He suffered terrible pain continuously till he died.' Three doctors have since declared him to have had Bright's disease and the stroke to have been a consequence, the breaking of a blood vessel on the brain. She repeated to me what there was in her 'Times' letter about his having received the last sacraments. 'I sent it,' she said, 'because I knew there would be all sorts of stories told, and I thought it best to let the truth be known at once.' She was pleased when I told her how wisely, in my opinion, she had done. 'It was, perhaps, fortunate,' she said, 'that he could not speak, as it spared him explanations, and enabled his friend Abbé Brémond, to administer the sacraments and give him absolution, also it will at least prevent any false account of his having at the last moment made recantation of his opinions.'

"She went on to speak of their difficulties since with Archbishop Bourne, and she spoke strongly of the little moral courage existing in the world, and how all were afraid of undertaking independent responsibility. The Prior of Storrington was anxious to be kind, but he was without courage, and it seemed as though he would not dare give a Catholic burial, although he had administered extreme unction. I suggested that the Crawley monks might be more bold, and it is settled that we are to apply to them if others fail.

"*17th July.*— The 'Times' has the following: 'At Mulberry House, Storrington, the Rev. George Tyrrell, aged 48, fortified by the rights of the Church. R.I.P.'

"Meynell arrived for the week-end. He has been to the Archbishop's house in Westminster to discuss the case of Tyrrell's burial. The Archbishop himself is away, having gone abroad to Rheims to take part in the ceremonials connected with Joan of Arc's canonization, but he saw Butt the coadjutor. He tells me Miss Petre's letter to the 'Times' has put them in a terrible fix. Bourne is himself much in

sympathy with the Modernists, and especially with Father Tyrrell. He had once said, 'I had rather my hand withered than lift it against Tyrrell'; nor is Butt otherwise than friendly. But the position is this: Tyrrell, though not technically excommunicated, was cut off from the sacraments until he would recant three propositions, which he had not recanted. If nothing at all had been said, the fact of his having on his death-bed received absolution and extreme unction might have allowed them to presume a recantation, but Miss Petre's letter makes this difficult or impossible, and the Archbishop if appealed to must forbid Catholic burial. To me, however, it seems that in the first place Miss Petre's letter to the 'Times' is not authoritative, however true what it says may be; secondly, burial not being a sacrament while penance and extreme unction are sacraments, it would be straining at a gnat to refuse the first, the rest having been swallowed. Meynell thinks that if the worst comes to the worst it would be best to bury him at Newbuildings where Abbé Brémond could perform the service, trusting to a change in ecclesiastical opinion for his subsequent translation to consecrated ground. Meynell cited it as curious that he should find himself connected with this case as he had been with that of Mivart. In Mivart's case Meynell had appealed to Cardinal Vaughan, who left the decision to three of his canons, two of whom decided against Mivart's being given Catholic burial, so Vaughan forbade it; but on Vaughan's own death-bed he was troubled at the thought of this decision. 'I was wrong,' he said, 'in the Mivart case.' And, in fact, Mivart's body has since been removed (it was done privately at night) and reburied according to Catholic ritual in consecrated ground. It is also curious that Bourne should be just now away at Rheims, officiating at Joan of Arc's canonization; Joan of Arc, who was refused by the Bishops of her day burial at all, her ashes being scattered to the winds lest any relic of her should be preserved, and over the place of whose martyrdom were ecclesiastically inscribed the words 'Heretic and Sorceress,' yet she is to-day being worshipped on all Catholic altars. The same might happen, who knows, to Father Tyrrell. The Archbishop's position is made more difficult because his leanings towards Modernism have delayed the sending a hat to him from Rome.

"The 'Times' announces the abdication of the Shah Mohammed Ali and the triumph of the Constitutional régime in Persia, which is acknowledged by the Russian and English Governments. This is a victory stolen out of the fire, and Browne may justly claim as his the whole success. But for him Persia would most certainly have been annexed by Russia, or rather put under Russian tutelage after the precedent of Egypt.

"*18th July.*— After luncheon I drove Meynell to Storrington, where we found Mrs. Powell. The present situation is that they have got a

telegram from Brentwood, the Petre estate in Essex, to say that the priest there will bury Father Tyrrell; so they consider the matter settled, and Miss Petre has gone to Brentwood to make sure. The funeral will be on Wednesday.

"Mrs. Powell gave us a more detailed account of Father Tyrrell's illness. He had had trouble with the kidneys for some time, but did not pay much attention to it, and his doctor did not consider it very important, though now, since his seizure, all agreed it to have been Bright's disease. He spent the early Spring at Clapham, but when her sister returned from abroad he also returned to Storrington, but had left again for London till the end of June, when he once more came to Mulberry House for the summer. He had been greatly overworked and felt his quarrel with Rome more deeply than appeared on the surface. He was subject to violent headaches, when he would retire to his own room for twenty-four hours at a time, but in the intervals was cheerful and seemed full of life. His general health had improved latterly.

"*20th July.*— Tyrrell's case seems to have been referred to Rome, and the burial service absolutely forbidden. It is announced to be at Storrington to-morrow, I presume in the parish graveyard, so I go back to Newbuildings to-night. Tyrrell's little book of poems is in print at Elkin Mathews', though not yet published. Meynell took me there and we saw it: 'Versions and Perversions,' with 'To W. S. B.' on the title-page. They gave us a copy of it not yet bound.

"I lunched with Harry Cust and his wife and George Leveson Gower, and Harry's young nephew (Storrs), who has some place in Egypt, a very intelligent youth.

"John Dillon spent an hour with me, and we discussed India and the ethics of assassination. He said he had always been opposed to it, except where there were secret societies, which could not be maintained without it against members who turned traitor. I told him I would send him my 'Canon of Aughrim,' which he said he had never read. He will try and bring forward the case of the Egyptian press persecutions on Thursday, when they have the Foreign Office vote. There may be some chance of getting it discussed now that the Persian question seems in way of settlement. He says, however, that there are not three members in the House that interest themselves about Egypt — and this is true.

"I went down by the last train to Newbuildings, nor do I intend to return to London this summer.

"*21st July.*— The day of Father Tyrrell's funeral. I drove over to Storrington, and arrived at Mulberry House half an hour before the contingent of mourners from London, and had some talk while waiting with Freddy von Hügel, now an old man much grizzled, and the most

distinguished of the lay Modernists in England, and with his daughter, a devout disciple of Tyrrell's. She was greatly pleased with his lines, 'Two Chambers hath the Heart,' when I recited them to her. The London friends having arrived, we formed procession some forty or fifty persons, to the grave, which was in Storrington parish churchyard, a pleasant place under the Down where Tyrrell had been in the habit of walking and reciting his breviary not twenty yards away from the Catholic Chapel, just outside the wall, symbolic, so I thought, of the position into which Tyrrell himself had drifted. Abbé Brémond read the funeral prayers in English, and then read an address he had very carefully composed for publication, a moderate and worthy presentment of his poor friend's religious attitude towards either Church, the English or the Roman. Miss Petre was to me the chief interest at the grave. She was evidently much moved, and her face showed signs of weeping, but she stood there valiantly with her sisters and two little nieces following the prayers out of a book with them and giving the responses aloud. I shook hands with her when all was over, and she asked me into the house, but I did not care to face the crowd there, and drove straight home.

"*23rd July.*— The Foreign Office vote was taken yesterday, the whole time allotted to it being occupied discussing the Czar's visit, so that Dillon could say nothing about Egypt. It is impossible to get any attention in the House of Commons either about foreign affairs or about India.

"*24th July.*— Dingra, the slayer of Sir Curzon Wyllie, has been condemned to death, having made no defence, beyond a dignified justification of his act as one of political warfare. When the judge, the Lord Chief Justice, had passed sentence on him that he should be hanged by the neck until he was dead, 'Thank you, my lord,' Dingra said. 'I am proud to have the honour to lay down my humble life for my country.' Also, before the sentence, he had said: 'You can pass sentence of death on me if you like, it is perfectly illegal. You are all-powerful and can do what you like, but remember, we shall have our time.' No Christian martyr ever faced his judges more fearlessly or with greater dignity. I discussed his case with Kháparde, who is here for the week-end, his first country visit in England. He is as full of admiration as I am of Dingra's courage. We agreed that if India could produce five hundred men as absolutely without fear she would achieve her freedom. It was recorded in the medical evidence at the trial that when arrested, Dingra's pulse beat no quicker than was normal, nor from first to last has he shown any sign of weakening.

"*25th July (Sunday).*— Kháparde (Mrs. Russell, Miss Cockerell, and Miss Nussey being here) gave us a most interesting account of his religious views. He is a Theosophist, having adopted their tenets

as a young man, and he explained, better than I have ever heard it treated, their teaching of the relation between mind and matter. He is an admirable expounder, expressing himself slowly in English, but with extreme clearness and logical exactness, seizing at once the meaning of each question put to him, and evading nothing in reply. By birth he is a Mahratta Brahmin who has broken his caste. His father was a Yogi, and he gave us an excellent account of him and the high-minded simple life he led; how he passed his days sitting for the most part in the shade of trees in contemplation during his later life, though earlier he had been in Government service as Deputy Collector, or something of the sort. His grandfather had been a banker and rich, but dying his wealth had been lost, and the father had to reconstruct it and revive the bank. Kháparde himself was brought up in good circumstances, living on lands of his father's own, with horses to ride, and a herd of cows. He had made his education in the Government College in Bombay, and while there had joined the Theosophists. He is now fifty-six. He reverences Mme. Blavatsky and highly esteems Mrs. Besant, though the latter, he says, has gone wrong lately on the political question. Under these ladies' influence he learned to eat meat and drink wine, but later returned to his vegetarian food. His philosophy is extremely interesting, but it always surprises me that the doctrine of the eternity of the soul renewing itself by passing from body to body should be so absolutely believed as it is by men so enlightened in science. In reply to his exposition I set before him my own philosophy of the nothingness of man, a mere scum on the surface of our little earth. He acknowledges the truth of this, but supposes that in other worlds of the vast universe a higher kind of animal body exists into which our souls may transmigrate before they come to perfection. 'Only a few souls, such as Jesus Christ or Buddha,' he said, 'can have attained to perfection on this Earth.' Arguing on these lines he had a great success with our house party, his discourse having become a regular lecture, including Miss Lawrence and Miss Butcher and my grandchildren, who listened with open eyes fixed on his dark face and crimson turban. In the course of it his exposition between soul and body were so closely the same as those I had put into verse fifty years ago that I recited a stanza of it to him:

I am but by your union.
  With either soul or body lost
All perisheth. Then work ye on
  Together, friends not corpse and ghost.
To live and be is my sole boast.
  Learn this, alone ye nothing can.
Yet both together ye make Man.

"This he declared to be an inspired verse. Later he displayed great intelligence when I showed him my Arab horses, chestnut with four white feet and a blaze, being, he said, the favourite Indian colour, especially that dark chestnut (Feluka's colour) which he recognized just as Mohammed Abdu had done as *kumeyt*.

"*26th July*.—Belloc tells me that the government is seeking an excuse to treat Dingra as a criminal lunatic instead of hanging him. That traitor Stead had a letter in yesterday's 'Observer' urging this on the ground that it would punish him more. I have written to Dillon showing how dangerous a precedent it would be, as admitting the right of an English Government to inflict lifelong torture on its political enemies when it finds one brave enough to face death and defy them. Kháparde says that certainly Dingra would prefer death, because he would then at once re-enter life in a higher sphere of being, instead of having to wait twenty or thirty years in prison for it, with the risk of becoming deteriorated by the too long persecution.

"*29th July*.—The papers are full of flying feats, a Frenchman, Blériot, having flown across the Channel. How interested Robert Lytton would have been in this! He always maintained forty years ago that the true solution of the flying problem lay in a machine which should be heavier, not lighter than air.

"*30th July*.—There has been something of a revolution in Spain, caused by an unsuccessful piece of filibustering by the Spanish Government in Morocco. The people at Barcelona and Madrid refused to go on with the War there. It is an excellent symptom of anti-jingo feeling, and will do good everywhere, though it will also work to the profit of Socialism.

"*1st Aug.* (*Sunday*).—Belloc and Basil Blackwood came to luncheon; Belloc in one of his most talkative moods. He tells me Father John Pollen was with Tyrrell the day before he died. Belloc was at Mulberry House, too, though not inside Tyrrell's room. There has been a great dispute in the papers as to the true facts, but Pollen's visit is mentioned by none of the writers, unless it be as 'the other priest' who gave him absolution.

"*15th Aug. (Sunday)*.—We have Professor Cockerell and his wife here for the week-end with Meynell and again Kháparde. Kháparde, who was born a native of the Berar province of Hyderabad, has told me the story of how the province was finally made over to the Calcutta Government on a perpetual lease in 1903.[1] Kháparde's account is that when Curzon was at Hyderabad in that year he was invited to dine with the Nizam, he being on one side of the Nizam and Lady Curzon on the

[1] See my "India under Ripon" for an account of the intrigues by the Indian Foreign Office to get hold of the Berars.

other, they got him to give a verbal promise that a lease should be granted, the Nizam being partly drunk at the time. In the morning he would have backed out of his promise, but Curzon threatened to depose him and forced him to sign the document desired. Thus Lord Ripon's promise that the Berar province should not be taken was evaded by the officials. The Nizam is said to have been so angry at what had been done that he refused to take food for four days. Now there is a new intrigue, which has for its object to get hold of the two other Provinces, Arungabad and Parabhani, they being, after the Berars, the richest of the Nizam's territory. I asked Kháparde his opinion of the Viceroys who succeeded Lord Ripon. Of Dufferin he said he was a diplomatist, who gave fair words but did nothing. On arrival he announced that he intended to carry out Lord Ripon's policy, but he made no step in advance of the Municipal Councils, Lord Ripon's first instalment of self-government. Lords Lansdowne and Elgin also did nothing, letting the officials have their own way. He holds Curzon to have had the ambition to make himself Viceroy for life of India, and to revive the state and splendour of the Mogul Emperors. The great Durbar of 1903 cost £5,000,000 sterling, though only £50,000 figured for it in the budget, the deficit being made up by charges credited to the Public Works Department. This was made easy by the arrangement according to which the provincial budgets are subject to approval and alteration at Calcutta, so that extra expenses can be charged on these if required by the Imperial Government. In Curzon's time all the Councils were officialized, and the management centralized, so as to destroy their independence. He told how the famine accounts had been manipulated in 1900 in Berar and the Hyderabad state. During the famine no accounts were kept by those entrusted with the distribution of relief, the money wanted being drawn from a fund at Hyderabad, which consisted of the surpluses of six or seven years, paid from the Berars and kept there in hand, but when the famine was over those who had administered the relief were called together and were told to write out accounts, so much for one thing, so much for another, so as to make up the sum taken from the Fund; thus there was no real check at all upon the expenditure.

"I asked him about loyalty to the Crown. At this he smiled. There was at one time, he said, a certain feeling towards Queen Victoria, on account of her proclamation of 1858, but all that was long past. The Nizam was bitter about the Berars, and had no love at all for the Imperial Government or for the present King. The Duke of Connaught had good manners with the Indian princes; in this a great contrast with others, but his appointment as viceroy would not alter the situation now. As to the Mohammedans there would be difficulty arising from them in a restoration of self-government, except in the Pun-

jaub, where the feeling between the two communities, Hindoo and Moslem, was still very bitter.

"This afternoon we had quite a garden party, over twenty guests sitting down to tea in the Jubilee Garden. Among them Miss Frances Jennings, who came with one of the Meynell girls. Miss Jennings is a most interesting girl, pretty in the Burne-Jones way, with a rose-leaf complexion, strange blue eyes and flaxen hair. Meynell tells me she is of Welsh origin, but she herself said her father was from Cumberland, her mother from Devonshire. She came up quite young to the Slade School in London, where everybody, girls and boys, fell in love with her, and she having a romantic fancy for Olivia Meynell, became a Catholic, inflicted on herself all kinds of austerities, and wanted to be a nun. In the meantime her drawing at the Slade School became famous, and she went over to Paris to study art there. She was alone, and failed to find a lodging in an inn in the Quartier Latin, and was picked up by a charitable Englishman there, who has ever since wanted to marry her. Then she returned to England, and last Spring was found by her friends sitting outside St. Etheldreda's church in the rain with severe influenza, and she has since been paralysed. I had some talk with her. She has all the look of a Saint, with strange unearthly eyes which seemed as if looking at spirits in the air, and a wonderful ecstatic smile and still more wonderfully sweet voice; her features rather irregular with a wide unshaped mouth, I can imagine her attracting a young man's devotion. Kháparde has talked brilliantly all day.

"*17th August.*— My birthday of 69. They have done me the honour of choosing the day for Dingra's execution, thus making of it an anniversary which will be regarded as one of martyrdom in India for generations.

"Another long talk with Kháparde. He is very angry with the Indian Government, which has just closed five Schools which he had founded in Berar, as seditious. He talked more plainly than he has yet done about the future of India. I asked him whether they could set up a form of Government there which would replace the English, and if so what would be its character? He answered that it could easily be done. First, they would redistribute the provinces, so as to make them coincide with ethnical conditions, each to be governed by a Provincial Council, which in its turn would send delegates to a Central Council. The Provincial Councils would have the management of all provincial affairs, while the Central Council would control the army, the posts and telegraphs, foreign affairs, and other matters called Imperial. Thus, in a way, the old Hindoo Empire and the Empire of Akbar would be refounded. Who should be the head of it would probably be determined by events; it might be a successful soldier, or

it might be a President, as in the United States. All would be easy to arrange. He does not give English rule in India more than five to ten, at most twenty, years of survival. A revolution could be accomplished to-morrow if the funds necessary were forthcoming. Five million sterling would be sufficient. As to the army, it was a mere matter of money which side it would take. It was mercenary, and would go where its pay was most secure. It was not loyal for any other reason. As for the native Princes whose loyalty was constantly proclaimed, they hated English rule in their hearts; their loyalty was forced on them by the residents, who ordered all things in their name, by promises held out alternately with threats. One great hold the Residents had over them was this: in former times each independent prince had his treasure house where he stored up his wealth. Now the Residents insisted on their investing it in Government securities, so as to bind their money interests to the existing state of things. I showed him my notes of what Mademoiselle Gaignaud had told me in 1884 about Cordery's threats to the Nizam. He assured me it was true. Since I was at Hyderabad, there had been a plot in Lord Dufferin's time, according to which it had been intended to depose the Nizam, on the plea of unsound mind, and to replace him with a Regency, so as once more to get control of the State Funds; but this had been prevented by the Nizam's appeal to his old minister, the Peshkar, who had him medically examined and pronounced him to be entirely sane before Cordery could get a contrary medical opinion. The plan of Governing by a Regency was a favourite one with our officials, as it threw all power without restraint into the hands of the Resident. As to Scindia, it was the same thing; none of the native princes were really loyal, in spite of their public professions and their subscriptions.

"I asked him whether it would not be better to bring about the coming change peaceably. He said, 'Of course. But it would be impossible; there are too many money interests involved. India, in spite of the great poverty of the people, still had much undeveloped wealth in mines and such like. The Indian Government would always be able to pay a mercenary army for its support, and as long as it could pay its way it would listen to no reason. It would never abdicate its authority while it could buy men to fight. The Government policy was to prevent the growth of wealth in native hands. Nevertheless the present state of things could not be made to last by force for more than twenty years

"Dr. Riza Tewfik, Turkish delegate and member of Parliament for Adrianople, lunched with us in Chapel Street. He is by birth an Albanian Moslem, his mother a Circassian, nor has he till this year been out of Turkey, yet he talks French like a Parisian, and has a great knowledge of French and English literature, and has acquired a very great

breadth of ideas. Of Turkey's constitutional prospects he does not speak hopefully; the Empire is so diverse in its languages and nationalities. He believes in ultimate autonomy for the provinces, though at present self-preservation makes administrative union a necessity. He approves my recommendation of allowing the interior of Arabia to govern itself in its own way, holding only the seaports and the pilgrim railway. I asked him about Egypt. 'Egypt,' he said, 'is already independent of the Empire, except in name. We sympathize with their desire for a constitution, but they must look for it to England. We cannot interfere or raise any question likely to make trouble between us and England. England will probably allow the Egyptians some kind of Constitution, as much as they are worthy of. They are a corrupt people without courage. Nevertheless there is no danger of the Ottoman Government selling Egypt to England as the price of financial help. It has been talked about at Constantinople, but will not be entertained.'

"Speaking of the revolution at Constantinople, Dr. Riza Tewfik said that the reactionaries had a certain support from our Embassy through the influence of Fitzmaurice, the Chief Dragoman, our Ambassador, Lowther, being quite ignorant of Turkish affairs. On the whole I find him quite sympathetic, and he urged me to write to him. He returns to Constantinople this week."

I went down in the evening to Clouds, where I spent ten pleasant days.

"18*th Aug.*—Dingra's last dying pronouncement is published in the *Daily News*, all other papers being silent about it.[1] It is a noble declaration of his faith in the destinies of his motherland and in his own. 'My wish,' he says, 'is that I should be born again of the same mother, and that I should die the same death for her again.' No greater fortitude was ever shown by a martyr for any faith. With such men to love her, the Mother India must succeed; but the British public is so besotted with its own self-satisfaction that it refuses to acknowledge in this martyr's death endured so calmly anything but a murderer's wish for notoriety. The day of reckoning, however, cannot be long delayed.

"19*th Aug.*—At Clouds. Lyne Stivens, the doctor, was here today, a vulgar, amusing dog, who told a number of good stories. One of them was how the King received Cromer on his return from Egypt when he went to His Majesty to receive the Order of Merit. 'I am happy,' the King said, 'to bestow this final honour upon you, and all the more so because I hear so good an account of your work in Egypt from my friend Sir Ernest Cassel.' This raised Cromer's bile.

[1] See Appendix III p. 443.

"He told us, too, of how the Duke of Connaught's chauffeur, having been fined by the magistrates of Salisbury for exceeding the legal speed limit in his motor, His Royal Highness had declared his determination never to enter Salisbury again, with more stories of a like high life kind. He had brought with him his wife, a Buenos Aires heiress, whose wealth puts him above the necessities of his profession, much to his fellow-doctors' disgust, who treat him as a quack; but he is a clever fellow, who claps his patients on the back and tells them to 'buck up,' which they do. He talked about the Dingra assassination, which seems to have at last convinced his Royal friends that there is something wrong about the state of India. People talk about poltical assassination as defeating its own end, but that is nonsense; it is just the shock needed to convince selfish rulers that selfishness has its limits of imprudence. It is like that other fiction that England never yields to threats. My experience is that when England has her face well slapped she apologizes, not before.

"*22nd Aug.*— Hugh Wyndham, the younger, arrived last night. He is settled now with his wife near Johannesburg, on a farm eight hours' railway journey from the Natal frontier, where he breeds thoroughbreds for racing. He is a rich man, as his father left each of the younger sons £10,000 a year, and he intends going into the new Cape Town Parliament. He gave me a more intelligent view of the political position that I have yet had. He approves of the Transvaal settlement made after the war, and thinks that in time Boer and Briton will settle down amicably together, though the balance of power will be with the Boer, whose vote on all questions will be given solidly, and who moreover is an increasing population more than is the British. On the negro question he does not think there is any danger of a return to legal slavery. Also it will be impossible to prevent the education of the blacks, or their eventually obtaining the franchise. They are rapidly increasing in numbers and in knowledge of their power. He would like State education for them, so as to direct their intelligence in a right direction. He is opposed to dividing the land into white and black districts, as it would be impossible to enforce the dividing lines. The whole question of the future is whether the white man can be persuaded to do manual labor. If not, South Africa must eventually fall to the blacks, but he thinks the pride of colour will be sacrificed by the whites when they find they cannot live without white labour. He also thinks that the independence of the Basutos and Bechuanas will be respected. His ideas are far more humane than I at all expected.

"*29th Aug.* (*Sunday*).— I am spending a week-end at St. Giles' with the Shaftesburys, a large and pleasant party with a number of interesting people, George Wyndham amongst them, and we sat up

talking late, Shaftesbury, George and I, when the rest were gone, and with us De Bary, Shaftesbury's chaplain, once Father Angelo at Crawley, now doing priestly duty in the Anglican Church. I asked him what his religious position exactly was, and he told me that, without changing any of his opinions, he had signed the Thirty-nine Articles as expounded to him by Dr. Gore, the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, and now did duty in the parish church here. He seems quite happy, and has a very pleasant time of it at St. Giles' and at Belfast with the Shaftesburys. He is a quiet, serious man, and spends his time writing books on theology and history, being on the best of terms with his patrons, making them a very superior chaplain indeed. George, of course, did most of our talking, and gave us one of his lectures on Irish politics and the new Land Bill, using arguments which are precisely the strongest ones for Home Rule. We also discussed India, and he agreed with my major premise that India was being ruined by us economically. He does not seem wrapped up in its retention, caring more for the English-speaking colonies. Shaftesbury, without special brilliancy, is sensible and open-minded, and took full share in all this.

"*30th Aug.*—Newbuildings. Kháparde has been telling me some tales of the great Delhi Durbar of 1903, at which he was present. It began with a half comic, half ominous incident. All the world was assembled in the great horseshoe arena waiting for Lord Curzon to open the proceedings in state, when a fox terrier belonging to a bandsman in one of the Highland regiments was suddenly seen to mount the steps of the dais and jump into the throne on which the viceroy was to sit and began barking, to the amusement of the assembled Princes, dignitaries of the Empire, and somewhat too to their disgust, till the dog was driven out. It seemed to some of the Princes to symbolize the indignity to which they were subjected, and the position of India as a country with a dog for master. When Lord Curzon arrived, he took his seat, the Duke of Connaught, representing the King, being placed at his right on another throne, and the Duke had to rise and bow to the Viceroy, which gave new offence to the native princes, while Lady Curzon had to curtsey to the Duchess, each being then seated behind their respective husbands. A third cause of offence was when the Begum of Bhopal came forward in public, contrary to all Indian usage about women, and touched the Viceroy's foot with her forehead. Lastly, as an ill-omen, three men of the Highland regiments fell down dead with sunstroke. These happenings, which Kháparde saw with his own eyes, being not more than ten or fifteen yards from the throne, were the subject of much native talk, though the incident of the dog was kept out of the newspapers. The chief offence, however, given to the princes was that, while Curzon returned

none of their visits paid to him in camp, he devoted three hours to newspaper correspondents.

"He told me also some interesting details of the Government's dealings with the rulers of various native States, notably with Scindia, Holkar and the Nizam. Scindia, it seems, had accumulated eighty crores of rupees in specie as a reserve fund in case of actual rebellion and for the payment of an army he kept up of some strength. This immense sum the Imperial Government, taking advantage of there being a Regency (a favourite opportunity), invested in Government securities, and this bound the Gwalior State to loyalty. This was managed under Lansdowne. Under Curzon, the State of Indore, Holkar's, was in like manner manipulated during a Regency.

"*31st Aug.*— Newbuildings. Two young Egyptians came to dine and sleep, and consult me about their hopes. They have come to England on behalf of the National Congress to be held at Geneva on the 13th, the anniversary of Tel-el-Kebir. Both young men are courageous in their opinions, and the elder especially of a keen intelligence, reminding me not a little of Mustapha Kamel, but speaking English instead of French. The younger of a purer Egyptian type, the son of a rich man in the Delta, who has been for three years an undergraduate at Oxford. The first was a disciple of Abdu's, and has taken a degree at the University of Lyons, and has been working for some time past among the Delta villages, preaching political sermons in the mosques. He gives a very hopeful account of his progress among them. Both are thoroughgoing in their plans. They came to ask my advice as to the course of action they should take under present conditions. The Khedive, they say, has gone over altogether to the English, but has very little influence, the younger students of the Azhar being now very nearly all Nationalists. What they are afraid of now is lest the Government at Constantinople should sell Egypt to England. On this point I reassured them. I advised them to keep on the best possible terms with the Copts and the European Colonies, so as to conciliate as far as possible the European Powers, and very especially not to quarrel with Constantinople, Egypt's connection with the Ottoman Empire being its real safe-guard against England. We discussed the formation of a secret society on the lines of the Turkish Committee of Union and Progress. One of them has a plan of throwing up his career at Oxford without waiting for a degree, and of going to Constantinople or the United States or Germany to get a military training. He says the Egyptian army is rapidly becoming Nationalist, and they have received assurances that it would join them in case of disturbances. It would not fire on the people, but officers would be wanted when the time came to take the place of the present English officers. He is fired with the ambition of playing

a part like Enver Bey's. He is a big strong young fellow, rather silent, but with flashes of enthusiasm and anger. I much applauded his resolution; also I told them I considered it waste time to try and convert England to the idea of evacuation. Englishmen were not open to persuasion on that head, but might be convinced if it could be shown that their hold on Egypt was a trouble and a danger. I read them my manifesto, not yet finished, for the Congress, and they will have it read out at the opening of the proceedings. It is in French, and they will have it translated into Arabic as well as English. We sat up talking till midnight. These are the sort of young men to make a revolution. The older Egyptians are useless; they have not the courage.

"*1st September.*— The young men are gone. Winston Churchill came down to-day to Carpenters to see his wife, who is staying there with her mother, and I had tea with them and discussed the Indian question with him. I found him sufficiently open-minded to admit that if it could be proved that India was poorer to-day than a hundred years ago we ought to leave it.

"*2nd Sept.*— There is a report in the papers to-day that the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, Hilmi Pasha, has declared his entire approval of the Khedive and of English policy in Egypt; but it is also rumoured that Hilmi is about to resign. I have read Gorst's new White Paper with the text of a new law permitting the deportation of persons in Egypt without trial.

"*5th Sept.* (*Sunday*).— Winston and Clementine came to lunch with me. Winston is a charming young man, as unconventional as his father was, and as light in hand. We lunched in the garden, and sat there after it till four o'clock, discussing nearly all the great questions of the day, the Budget, the fight with the Lords, South Africa, Egypt, India, all the tricks of the political game. He believes the Budget to be very popular, and that the Government will win on it if it comes to a General Election; but it will not come to that. The Lords will not fight. Some day there will be a great Constitutional fight, which he thinks the Commons will win, though, at present, the Lords would have all the physical force in their hands: army, territorials and Boy Scouts. The Lords could be coerced if they refused, after the General Election, a second time to vote the Budget, and the King, if he refused to swamp them with new peers.

"Talking about public schools he said they were a bad training for a clever boy. 'I never learned anything at school,' he said, 'and to be high up at Eton is enough to ruin any boy, and give him a narrow view of life.' He likes the universities and military training for a few years, though the army is a poor profession. 'I got all the fun of it,' he said, 'for I was on active service nearly all the time in the Soudan, and afterwards in South Africa, as a newspaper corre-

spondent.' He went on to Kitchener and the Mahdi's head. Kitchener, he said, had behaved like a blackguard in that business. He pretended to have sent the head back to Soudan in a kerosene tin, but the tin may have contained anything, perhaps ham sandwiches. He kept the head, and has it still. 'I made a row about that,' he said, 'though they told me it was bad taste for a young Lieutenant to say anything. I always hated Kitchener, though I did not know him personally. They are ashamed of the matter now, but I took pains to remind them of it two years ago when the case for Mambata's mutilation in Natal was brought forward. I had to defend the Government. "At any rate," I said, "We have an excellent precedent for what was done to the Zulu Chief in what Lord Kitchener did to the Mahdi when he blew up the body and kept the head." There was a question raised about a medal being struck for the campaign amongst the Zulus, and they sent the sketch of it to me at the Office for approval. I wrote on it: "Surely the medal ought to have Mambata's head on it, not the King's." This docket must be still at the War Office.'

"From this we went on to the characters of various personages; Morley's, which he praised, because he always learned something from talking with him, though he more or less agreed with me about him as a poor politician, and the mess he had made about that very Mahdi's head business. Of Arthur Balfour he narrated how Belloc had spoiled a dinner-party at Harry Cust's where Arthur and several others had been. The house had caught fire during the dinner, and after putting it out they all drank champagne, and Arthur had grown talkative and confidential, and was just launching into the secret history of the South African War when Belloc insisted upon giving his own views and kept on talking all night and Arthur never got in again. Winston corresponds with Labby, of whom he has a good opinion, and he admires Chamberlain, 'Old Joe,' because he is unscrupulous and bold; but he says Labby is an example of failure in that line. He had the ambition of being in the Cabinet, or else an ambassador, and he succeeded in neither. About South Africa he told how he had dined with Moore, the Natal Premier, a little while ago, and how Moore had said to him, appropos of what was going on in India: 'Well, Churchill, I suppose you'll have to bleed them soon; there's nothing like it. Next time they have a demonstration ride them down, and if that isn't enough pour in a volley. You'll bleed a few thousands of them, but it will be better for them in the long run; there's nothing like bleeding.' Winston did not talk as much about India as I had hoped, but he said: 'If they ever unite against us and put us in coventry all round, the game would be up. If they could agree to have nothing at all to do with us the whole thing would collapse.'

"He went on to Egypt. He said: 'We shall continue to hold it whatever happens; nobody will ever give it up — I won't — except we are driven out of it at the end of a war. It will all depend upon whether we can hold command of the sea; the fate of the war will decide it.' It is something to know from him that this is, in fact, the present Government's policy. It is exactly what I have just written in my Congress Manifesto.

"I talked to him about my prison time in Ireland, and this interested him. 'I am dead against the present system,' he said, 'and if I am ever at the Home Office I will make a clean sweep of it. I promised to send him in a paper on the subject if ever the time should come. He thinks Home Rule will come now very soon. About the suffragettes, he expects them to take to dynamite, he told a story of a man who, talking about their chaining themselves to the railings till they got the vote, said: 'I might as well chain myself to St. Thomas's Hospital and say I would not move till I had had a baby.' Coming indoors he saw the butterflies in cases on the chimney-piece, and told us about those he had found in Uganda. I like him much. He is *aux plus petits soins* with his wife, taking all possible care of her. They are a very happy married pair. Clementine was afraid of wasps, and one settled on her sleeve, and Winston gallantly took the wasp by the wings and thrust it into the ashes of the fire. We had out the stallions for him to look at; Ibn Yashmak being the one he liked best. He is to come again and shoot pheasants here in October. Now he is off to the Prussian Manœuvres and to visit Kaiser Wilhelm.

"Talking about the decay of the House of Commons as a power in the country, he said that if he had his way he would revive the right of adjourning the House once a week to debate any urgent affair of the moment. He is all for the discussion of everything, and is inclined even to adopt my doctrine of no secret diplomacy. He thinks with me that it is monstrous the Government should be able to bind the country by secret treaties for years, while the country knows nothing whatever about them.

"*12th Sept.*— On Tuesday Keir Hardie sent me an urgent message wanting to see me about Egypt at any hour next day that I would name, and I telegraphed that I would give him luncheon in Chapel Street at one; but though I went up to London on purpose he failed to keep his appointment, and it was not till two days later that he wrote to apologize. These M. P.'s have no manners. His reason for wanting to see me was that he was going to the Congress of Geneva with Kettle and two or three other members. I have been hard at work all the week past writing my manifesto for the Egyptian Congress in French, and I have posted it to Geneva.

"*16th Sept.*— De Bary, ex-Father Angelo, came for a couple of

nights. He tells me his father and mother were mystics who looked for a restoration of a theocracy in Europe under the Pope and a Catholic king in France. They wished all their six children to become monks and nuns, and all six did so. He himself joined the Capuchins before he was fifteen, and made his vows without knowing anything, if I understand him rightly, of the relations of the sexes. For that reason Father Tyrrell was of opinion that De Bary's vow of chastity did not bind him, and that he was free to marry if he chose. He showed me a number of Tyrrell's letters, one of which bore on this point. At twenty-one he was made to sign a disentailing deed of the family property which he had not read or understood the meaning of. He is now about forty, and acts as private chaplain to the Shaftesburys at St. Giles,' where I met him in the summer. I drove him to-day to Storrington, where we had tea with Miss Petre, and visited Tyrrell's grave with her. It is kept decked with flowers, and there were two persons, a man and a woman, kneeling there and praying. This is Miss Petre's pious work. De Bary and I knelt also. There is yet no stone placed.

De Bary is an interesting man, and on his own subjects is a good, though rather vague, talker. He is enthusiastic about the rights of the weak races of mankind, and is a good Nationalist in Ireland of the Horace Plunkett school. He was a member of the Roger Bacon Society, which had its meetings at Holmwood, with several other Capuchins. He has a high opinion of Gibson as entirely devoted to Sinn Fein. Gibson's wife was sympathetic to a certain point, but, as a Catholic complained that he adopted 'all the heresies.' Mivart was one of the most notable of their members. It was Coventry Patmore who started the idea of the identity of Aphrodite and the Virgin Mary, which Mivart afterwards brought forward in one of his 'Nineteenth Century' articles. Jesus Christ, Mivart said, was first worshipped as identical with Æsculapius. De Bary is a great believer in Bishop Gore and his Christian Socialism, and he assures me that this section of the English Church is sound about India and the Zulus and other native questions in the British Empire. De Bary was a year earning his own living in America, where he says things are far worse than in England. He has been fortunate in getting into harbour at St. Giles'.

"*24th Sept.*— Newbuildings. The Geneva Congress has been a success. Osman Ghaleb writes enthusiastically of young Goumah, who took the lead at the Egyptian meeting, speaking out well in answer to Keir Hardie (who had made a half-hearted speech), and had carried the Congress with him. They also carried an amendment omitting the complimentary telegram to the Khedive. It has had its effect here in England. The Budget debate, however, absorbs all English attention, and much depends on its issue both for Egypt and for India.

"Bernard Shaw writes to me: 'We are in for a bad time in India I

am afraid, but the Indians, like the Egyptians, must work out their own salvation, for we *cannot* let them go on until they break loose, and until defeats and Empire shrinkage in other directions compel us to march out as the Romans marched out of Britain.' Hall Caine, too, writes to me about his new Egyptian novel, 'The White Prophet.' The novel is fantastic, but will do good, as thousands of people will read it. He says in his letter: 'I recall the fact that you kindly sent me "The Wind and the Whirlwind" at the time of its publication. I read your poem again while writing "The White Prophet," and it may possibly occur that certain of my own passages are coloured by yours, etc.' Cromer, he says, has been making efforts to influence the Press against his book, and he wants me to write in praise of it.

"*27th Sept.*— Lady Cardigan's Memoirs have been published, a really audacious book, surpassing everything of the kind that has yet been printed. Most of the stories in it relate to things well known in society, but which have only been talked about in private hitherto. There is very little that is new to me. One thing, however, I may say I know to be untrue, the story of Lord Ward's first marriage, though the versions given of it here I have also heard. What I believe really happened (my informant being Mme. d'Usedom, who told it me forty and more years ago) is this: Miss de Burgh, who was a very pretty girl, had four young men who adored her, and who all had proposed to her. Among them were Lord Mount Charles and Lord Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley). There was another, however, whom she really loved, and finding herself with child to him and him unwilling to marry her, she wrote to the others in turn saying that she was now willing, on the sole condition that the wedding should take place at once. Ward accepted her terms and married her, and for some time remained ignorant of how it was with her, but finding it out at last sent her back to her parents, and a separation, not, I think, a divorce, took place. The wife, however, did not long survive it, and having miscarried badly of her child sent to her husband and begged his forgiveness, and he nursed her with all possible kindness to the end. Mme. d'Usedom said this was the account Ward had given her of the affair, and one that, if I remember rightly, Mount Charles had confirmed. Lady Cardigan's story, a very different one, of Ward's brutality was, however, circulated at the time, Ward being a man of strange idiosyncrasies with women and unpopular with men. She quotes as her authority Lady Duppelin, whose husband was one of the lady's lovers and who doubtless got it through him from the lady — not a very reliable source. The occasion on which I heard my version was when I was staying with Mme. d'Usedom at S. Maurice in Switzerland in 1867, Lord Dudley being at the time on his second honeymoon there.

Through Mme. d'Usedom I made acquaintance with him and his bride, whom I had known as Miss Moncrieff, and formed a high opinion of him in the character of middle-aged husband with a quite young bride. Though it was anything but a love marriage at starting (for she was in love with another man, Lord Tyrone, who had failed to marry her, and took Dudley as a *pisaller*), he was so assiduous and tactful with her that he succeeded in gaining her full devotion, and eventually she bore him sons and daughters not a few, and remained through life attached to him, although he was unfaithful to her. Blanche Hozier confirms my version of the story as being that told her by her mother, Lady Airlie, who knew Miss de Burgh well at the time of her marriage. She says that Dudley died of a too violent passion he indulged in for Sarah Bernhardt. I have a special recollection of a picnic in which we all took part at S. Maurice, and of Dudley's having challenged me to race him a hundred yards down hill, one which, being then young and for a short distance light of limb, I won easily enough to his chagrin and, as I think, to his bride's. She was a lovely girl, tall and framed like a goddess, but with an unlovely voice.

"*1st Oct.*— Belloc was here to-day wanting to buy cord-wood for his winter's firing. He tells me that Gorst is now looked upon at the Foreign Office as a complete failure, and that he himself acknowledges that the whole of his policy has broken down. He wants to leave Egypt for another post, but they cannot find anybody willing to replace him. 'They missed their opportunity,' Belloc said, 'of making a deal about Egypt with Germany.' This was to have been in connection with the Bagdad railway, but the revolution at Constantinople spoilt that. Gorst's policy was what I always said it was, to convert the Egyptians through the Khedive to English ideas, and, of course, it has failed egregiously. Even the wretched old Legislative Council has rebelled, and has addressed a remonstrance against Gorst to Grey for what he said in his last annual report, and claiming a sort of Constitution. Lastly, Ronald Storrs writes from Cairo that he has just been given the succession to Boyle's place at the Agency, another indication of a change of plan there. Boyle has been chief adviser of the Agency for the last twenty years, and has engineered the Cabal against the Nationalists, with the help of the Mokattam newspaper and the Syrians. Storrs has just been at Damascus. He knows Arabic well, and is an extremely clever fellow, and his appointment is significant. It probably means a change of policy, perhaps, a reversion to Cromerism, perhaps, though I don't expect it, something really liberal at last, only all this is dependent upon politics at home and the fate of the General Elections.

"*2nd Oct.*— Our shooting party arrived late last night, Winston and Clementine and Harry Cust and his wife; and we had an exceedingly

pleasant evening. Winston was in excellent form, and as he and Harry are old and very intimate friends, the ball of conversation was kept rolling well. Harry described to us Asquith's adventure with the Suffragettes at Lympne. He was there with Asquith and Herbert Gladstone, and the suffragettes assaulted Asquith, striking him on the face with their fists, or rather with their wrists (he gave a demonstration). He, Harry, was Secretary of the Golf Club and intervened, telling the women that whatever their dispute with the Prime Minister might be it was impossible they should be allowed to walk on the grass, as it was against the regulations of the Club. This, he said, impressed them. Asquith defended himself, and caught hold of one of the women and Herbert of another, and eventually got away in a motor. While they were at dinner a stone, a big block of granite, was thrown through the window of their room and fell within a yard of Margot. He says it will come to murder before long. The women were quite mad.

"Winston gave us a very full account of what his policy in the Budget dispute with the Lords would be. He began by saying that his hope and prayer was that they would throw out the Bill, as it would save the Government from a certain defeat if the Elections were put off. The Budget, once it became law, would be immensely unpopular, and everybody would be against it. It was therefore to the interest of the Opposition to let it pass. It seemed, however, likely that the Lords would throw it out. Then there were two courses, either to resign at once or to dissolve. He is for dissolving. Then if the Government came back with a good majority he thinks they could go in for a regular attack on the Lords' veto. He thinks the King would go with them in swamping the House of Lords by a creation of peers, and so would abolish the veto. But, if only with a small majority, they would say the King's Government could not be carried on, and would resign, when Lansdowne would be called on to form an administration; and he also being unable to carry on the King's Government, would have again to dissolve. Thus it would no longer be a question of the Budget but of a quarrel between Lords and Commons, 'and in time we should have all the forces on our side'— except the physical forces. Winston is an admirable and delightful talker; very clear in his ideas and with an extraordinarily ready wit. Harry, though also ready and witty, was nowhere at all with him in the discussion, which he tried to maintain from the Tory side. We had continued our talk after leaving the dining-room and got on the subject of India and George Curzon. Curzon, according to Harry, entirely lost his head in India; and after Broderick became Secretary of State, thought he could do what he liked. St. John, he said, had been George's butt for thirty years. He had always laughed at him and would not treat him ser-

iously. St. John, on the other hand, could not resist the temptation of having his little revenge on George, when at last he found himself George's official superior, and was down on him on the first opportunity. As to the quarrel with Kitchener, whom Winston hates, calling him by very hard names, Winston explained how badly Curzon had played his cards. The quarrel between them he declared to have been this: when the question of the change in the Commander-in-Chief's powers was introduced, Curzon agreed to it on condition that Burrows was appointed, and Kitchener agreed verbally to the appointment. At the same time, however, Kitchener telegraphed privately to the War Office saying that Burrows was quite unfit. This telegram, according to the espionage system practised in India, was laid before the Viceroy. 'Curzon ought then,' said Winston, 'to have called on Kitchener to explain himself, accused him of being the liar and intriguer he was, and reported the whole thing to the India office, when it would have been Kitchener who would have had to resign. Instead of this he allowed Kitchener to bring the thing forward as a dispute about the Commander-in-Chief's powers, where Kitchener was able to get the best of it. Curzon being Kitchener's superior, ought never to have allowed this — and it ended in his having himself to resign.' He lost his temper to such an extent that when Minto came out to relieve him he refused, contrary to all precedent of etiquette, to attend the ceremony of handing over his Governor-Generalship to the new-comer, and remained in his own room.

"Winston sympathizes much with my ideas about the native question in India, and in general about the enslavement of the coloured by the white race. But he says he is an Imperialist, and his chief interest is in the condition and welfare of the poor in England, who, he says, are far worse off than the poor in any part of the East. 'I would give my life,' he said, 'to see them placed on a right footing in regard to their lives and means of living. That is what I am paid for, and I would really give my life.' I can see all the same that my arguments have effect on him, just as they used to have with his father; and I should not be surprised if some day he made the Indian cause his own. Talking of Kitchener's appointment to Malta he scoffed at Haldane's pretence that this was destined to be a post of the highest military importance, comprising the whole of our military communication with India, 'when,' he said, 'we all perfectly well know that our only road to India in war time is by the Cape.'

"To-day we shot hedgerows round about Gosbrook and Blinks Wood. Winston shot very well, though, of course, it was easy shooting. Both the ladies walked with us. Farid Bey and Osman Ghaleb had announced their arrival, which would have been most inconvenient; but, fortunately, did not appear, having, I suppose, received my telegram in

time to put them off till Monday. It was a beautiful day, and all went off successfully.

"In the evening we had another great discussion of the fundamentals of politics, each of us holding our own ground. Mine was, of course, that of 'Satan Absolved,' to which Winston opposed one of optimistic Liberal Imperialism where the British Empire was to be maintained, in part by concession, in part by force, and the constant invention of new scientific forces to deal with growing difficulties of Imperial rule. He admitted, however, that India does not pay its expense to us in men or money; and it seems to me that he would be pretty easily persuaded to let it go, were the pressure severe enough. Like most of them, it is the vanity of Empire that affects him more than supposed profit or the necessities of trade, which he repudiates; also, doubtless, his military training counts for much in his Imperialism. He will come round to me in time. Harry Cust, with all his cleverness, was quite outclassed by Winston in the discussion, who has studied all these problems thoroughly, and is wonderfully quick in defending his position. He has just his father's talent of seizing the points of a situation and driving them home in his replies. He fills me with admiration and delight. The two women took little part in the discussion, but sat in rapt attention. Mrs. Cust is a nice woman and her book, 'Gentlemen Errant,' which I have been reading, is a monument of historical research. He, though less attractively brilliant than Churchill, is wonderfully well equipped for talk, having a far greater knowledge of history and literature and a real poetic side, which in Churchill is wanting. His knowledge of poetry is wide, and he has himself written quite excellent verse. Both have wit and quickness of repartee and the power of epigram. It is first-class sword play between them.

"*3rd Oct.* (*Sunday.*)—To-day was rainy and nobody appeared downstairs till noon. But our talk began again at luncheon with new vigour. Then we went out to look at the stallions. I mounted Churchill on Rijim and took him with the others to Worleys to look at the mares, which gave us a fine exhibition of galloping and circling round us. Rijim showed himself nobly, and I promised Churchill he should ride him in the procession there would be one day when he went to open Parliament as the first President of the British Republic.

"Again we sat up till late. Among the many memorable things Churchill said was this: Talking of Dingra, he said that there had been much discussion in the Cabinet about him. Lloyd George had expressed to him his highest admiration of Dingra's attitude as a patriot, in which he (Churchill) shared. He will be remembered 2,000 years hence, as we remember Regulus and Caractacus and Plutarch's heroes, and Churchill quoted with admiration Dingra's last words as the finest ever made in the name of patriotism. All the

same, he says that he was strongly in favour of the law taking its course, even to the extent of refusing to give back the body of the hanged man to his friends for their own funeral rites. He quite understood that it would have been an additional torture to have commuted the sentence." [For text of Dingra's speech see Appendix III.]

"Churchill's opinion of Lloyd George is high, but I doubt if he so regards any of his other colleagues in the Cabinet, though he is careful in his words about them. Of Burns he said, 'His attitude is quite excusable. He has been attacked out of jealousy by his fellow Socialists past endurance; but he does not care. He has been three years in office, drawing £2,000 a year salary, of which he only spends £300. He has saved up all the rest. He can afford to snap his fingers at them.' There was much discussion between him and Cust about Asquith's character, and a comparison made by them between him and Arthur Balfour. 'Asquith,' Churchill said, 'is a very simple-minded man, very ingenuous, but he has a wonderful talent for work, and the clearest possible head for business. He will sit up playing bridge and drinking late at night, and yet in the morning he will come to his office or to the House and enter into the most complicated business with his head entirely clear and work on for six or seven hours. He will attend committees and give full attention to every point of discussion, and draft amendments in his perfectly clear handwriting without altering a word clause after clause, and he is far and away the best speaker in the House. That is what gives him his power. He is single-minded and good. Arthur, on the contrary, is in his nature hard; he could be cruel. I call him wicked. He is very courageous, the most courageous man alive. I believe if you held a pistol to his face it would not frighten him. He is not appalled by adverse circumstances, by the number of his enemies. I look on him as my enemy, and I say this of him. The difference between him and Asquith is that Arthur is wicked and moral, Asquith is good and immoral.' This was *à propos* of a question put by Harry as to which of the two it would be pleasantest to spend a week with. According to both of them, Asquith of late years has gone morally downhill. From the Puritan he was, he has adopted the polite frivolities of society. Harry told stories of this, and compared him to Fox and Arthur to Pitt. He had gone all to pieces at one time, but pulled himself together when he became Prime Minister. He had lost his influence with the Radicals by his addiction to fine society. 'But,' said Churchill, 'Lloyd George and I have re-established his credit with our Budget. It has put a stop to his social career.' This evolution of the square-toed Asquith, with his middle-class Puritanical bringing up and his severity of conduct, into the 'gay dog' of London society is to me irresistibly funny. It needs a Balzac to deal with it properly. As to Morley, Churchill is

silent, allowing me to attack him without defending him, and I think in his heart agreeing with me. We went over the whole history of Morley's weakness in the Mahdi's head case, and in that of his feeble opposition to the Boer War and his muddle-headedness about India. I think Churchill will come round to my views about India, for in all essentials he is at one with me; and he was fired at the description I gave him of his father's doings at the India Office and at our formula, 'The Queen and Native India,' against the covenanted Civil Service.

"He is sympathetic, too, about the motor car tyranny, and talks of children being collected and carried to school so as to escape the dangers of the road. But he has no scheme of immediate protection for foot-goers, and says that flying machines will have superseded motors in ten years' time as an amusement of the rich. He told me he had a scheme for settling the Somaliland folly on lines precisely the same as those I proposed five years ago — that is to say, by withdrawing the British troops to the seaports, and providing for the 'friendly' tribes, if they could not agree with the Mullah, elsewhere. I told him about the blood money way of settling accounts. Also he has urged a settlement of the Cyprus trouble by ending the swindle there in regard to the tribute. All this is excellent, and may lead to real Imperial reforms.

"*4th Oct.*— They are all gone, much pleased, I think, with their visit.

"Farid Bey and Osman Bey Ghaleb arrived from Paris to talk over Egyptian affairs. They intend holding their Congress next year at Constantinople. I think that a good move. There seems to have been an intrigue at this year's meeting at Geneva, the Khedive having got hold of one of their number, Mohammed Fehmi, in the interests of a rival party, the party of the people. It was only Goumah's courageous speech that turned the tables against these.

"*5th Oct.*—I have received a letter from Arabi after a long silence, congratulating me on my Congress manifesto. I am glad to get this from him, for it may be the means of putting him right with the young Nationalists. Belloc repeats to me that Gorst seems now quite discredited at the Foreign Office. His policy, as he himself admits, having failed, he wishes to be moved to another post, but there is difficulty in finding any one willing to succeed him.

"*7th Oct.*— Churchill has sent me two secret minutes he had printed for the Cabinet two years ago about Somaliland and Cyprus. They are very plain spoken in the sense of our talk. He must have been Under-Secretary for the Colonies at that time. 'There are only two secure alternatives,' it says: '(A) To occupy the country effectively by holding all the important wells and, in concert with the Italians, to crush the Mullah, or (B) to withdraw to the coast as

the Italians have done since, and as we did before the rise of the Mullah's power.' Winston recommends the second. Churchill's second minute, that about Cyprus, dated 19th Oct., 1907, recommends the expenditure of the revenue being devoted to the improvement of the island, and that the tribute which goes to the holders of the Turkish loan should be paid by the English Exchequer, which is responsible for the Turkish loan it guarantees.

"*12th Oct.*—George Wyndham and Mark Napier have been here to shoot. Last night we discussed the Indian question. George disapproves now of the Japanese alliance, and praises that with Russia. He says that it is quite impossible India should be made self-governing under two hundred years, or that the English democracy will ever consent to a withdrawal. But at the same time he is inclined to agree with me that England would be better without her Indian Empire. In old times, when England was governed by an oligarchy, the administration of India might have been gradually transferred to the natives, and so the country be set adrift, but not now. A Minister proposing to do so could not remain a month in office. This, of course, is true, but it is the same thing as admitting what Gordon said, that no reform was possible in India except by a revolution.

"Conny Lytton and Mrs. Brailsford have been arrested with other suffragettes and mean to starve themselves, and Brailsford telegraphs to me asking me to get George Wyndham to take up their case. George, however, of course would not do this, though he says he is opposed to these violences in prison against women, and we discussed the case of the treatment of political prisoners. He is more enlightened on this point than Mark, who takes a plain lawyer's view. I have written to Brailsford in this sense.

"*15th Oct.*—Conny and Mrs. Brailsford have been released by order of the Home Secretary, and Conny has written an extremely able letter to the 'Times' about her case. It will, I think, force their hand into altering the law about political prisoners.

"*25th Oct.*—George Leveson Gower has been here shooting. Talking about the G.O.M. (Mr. Gladstone) whose private secretary George was from 1880 to 1885, he told a good story. At the time of the Kilmainham Treaty he had undertaken to expostulate with his master on the danger he was running by carrying on the negotiation through Mrs. O'Shea. He and Eddy Hamilton (his fellow private secretary) had talked it over together, and Eddy had said he did not dare approach the subject with Mr. Gladstone, but had no objection to George doing so. George opened the matter with what delicacy he could, mentioning Parnell's connection with the lady; but the old man fired up at once, and made him an oration which George repeated to us, imitating exactly the old man's voice and manner: 'You do not

mean,' he said, 'to ask me to believe that it is possible a man should be so lost to all sense of what is due to his public position, at a moment like the present, in the very crisis of his country's fortunes, as to indulge in an illicit connection with the wife of one of his own political supporters, and to make use of that connection in the way you suggest.' I asked George whether Mr. Gladstone negotiated the thing personally with Mrs. O'Shea, and he said, 'Oh, no, not personally; he did not see her, but it was done through her.' He also told us about Minto, as Viceroy of India, a mere nonentity in the Government, not even reading the most important documents laid before him. On one occasion they tested this by gumming the leaves slightly together, which he returned unopened. A third thing George narrated *à propos* of Lady Cardigan's memoirs, which have just been published. He went once to Dene with his father to look at a house, as they were staying in the neighbourhood at Apthorpe, and while they were being shown round came to the portrait of Cardigan riding in front of the Balaclava Charge, when his father nudged him and whispered that it was all fudge; Cardigan was not in the charge at all, being at the time on board his yacht, and only arrived on the field of battle as his regiment was on its way back from the Valley of Death. This sounds incredible, but George says his father was very positive that the thing was so.

"The chief excitement of the week has been the execution of Ferrar in Spain for complicity in the Barcelona insurrection. It has roused all the Socialism of the world to fury, and even in London there have been demonstrations, in which Cunninghame Graham has taken a leading part.

"*1st Nov.*— Two events have occurred in the last week; an attack made on a convoy in Somaliland by the 'Mad Mullah,' in which three Indian Sepoys have been killed, exactly proves the folly of continuing to hold the Interior. The second is what is called a 'punitive expedition,' despatched by Gorst to Siwah. There my old friend Haboun has got into a quarrel with the Egyptian authorities by shooting the Maoun and two others, who had come to effect a domiciliary visit. A hundred and fifty men are now being sent from Alexandria to arrest him and restore order. [This resulted in the capture and hanging of Haboun.]

"*6th Nov.*— Terence Bourke and Basil Blackwood are here. Terence tells me things are going not so badly in Tunis for the natives; and there seems to be less violent feeling against the French there than against us in Egypt. Basil has got an appointment at the Board of Trade. He is a pleasant fellow, astonishingly like his father in manner and voice.

"*12th Nov.*— Neville came to dine and sleep. He is much interested just now in the Steinheil trial at Paris, through his intimacy with Geoffroy, whose mother was M. Steinheil's sister, and he also knew

the lady herself there in his student days. The Geoffroys had quarrelled with Mme. Steinheil, and Geoffroy's father had even given evidence against her at the trial. As to her connection with President Faure's death Neville gives me this account of it. She met Faure at some watering place 'aux Eaux,' and obtained an influence of passion over him; and it was in her arms that he died. She had been introduced privately into the Elyseé, and his hand in death was so tightly clutched in her hair that the hair had to be cut off. This fact and the possibility of political revelations regarding it seem to have influenced the prosecution into giving her every opportunity of an acquittal; and an acquittal seems intended.

"*19th Nov.*—Lord Lansdowne has made the sensational announcement that he will propose an Amendment to the Budget Bill in the House of Lords to the effect that the Lords are not justified in passing it without an appeal to the country. This means a General Election in January. Margot, in a note to me of the 11th writes: 'The Lords are mad; but I pray that they may help us to a good majority in January. There will be hot fighting for four weeks and not much holiday.'

"In Egypt the quarrel over the Suez Canal concession, against which there has been a strong Nationalist protest, has been solved by the Canal Company's refusing the terms proposed. I have written to congratulate Farid on what is a victory for his party.

"*22nd Nov.*—I have been reading the traveller Stanley's autobiography. The description of his early life as a workhouse boy, and at sea, and as a vagabond in the Southern States of America is extremely interesting; and his wife, whom I used to know before her marriage, would have been well advised for his fame to have ended her volume there; for the later record, which is not strictly autobiography, reveals him as the type of all that is most repulsive in what are called our 'Empire Builders.' No book ever showed more clearly the demoralizing influence contact with savage life exercises on the average white man. Stanley, before he went exploring in Africa, though ill-bred and ill-educated, was a decent working-man with a modest opinion of himself and a good heart, but the position he found himself in in Africa filled him with the usual idea of being the representative of a superior race, with right of command over the people of the country he was travelling through, and little by little he got into the way of shooting them if they did not obey his orders, or provide him with food. All his later writing is an attempt to show that he had a high motive in excuse for these violences, the cause of Christianity, civilization and the rest, till he became a contemptible humbug. His journalism, too, as he gets to that point of his career, gives him the nauseous flamboyant style I remember in his lecture at the Albert Hall. He re-

mained to the last the rough lout he began life as, with a veneer of sham romance added, which made his later life so despicable. Nevertheless, as was the case with Burton, his brutality gained him the devotion of a superior woman far too good for him. There are many points of resemblance between the two men revealed in their base countenances, though Stanley's is the more ignoble of the two.

"Morley's Indian reforms are published, poor things in truth, for though an unofficial majority is in name conceded to the Provincial Councils, it is not an Indian majority, the Anglo-Indian non-officials being counted in, so that there remains everywhere an English majority. Also the Government grants itself a power of vetoing the candidature of any Indian; this, with new powers of arbitrary arrest and of seizing newspapers and printing presses, leaves native India in a worse position than when Lord Morley came into office. Nevertheless, his sham reforms are a long step towards real revolution.

"*23rd Nov.*— The Abbé Brémond, Tyrrell's friend, who performed his funeral rights, has recanted his errors publicly and made apology at Rome, so poor Miss Petre is left out in the cold. I did not like the man when I saw him at Storrington.

"*24th Nov.*— Lunched with George and Sibell. They had all been attending the debate in the Lords (about the Budget), the House crowded with peeresses and, George said, the most representative assembly he had ever seen, representing as it did very grade of society from royal princesses down to Rosie Boote, Marchioness of Headfort. George quite approves the fighting attitude of the peers and believes in his party winning at the General Elections. He has been doing a great deal of the fighting himself. George has written an excellent sonnet which he sent me a day or two ago.

"*25th Nov.*— Called on Frank Lascelles. Talking about the Budget quarrel he told me he had a long conversation yesterday with old Joe Chamberlain. Chamberlain is paralysed but quite clear in his mind, though he has a difficulty in speech being unable sometimes to pronounce his words rightly. He assured Frank that the Tories would return to power with a large majority. In England, whatever it might be in Scotland, they would sweep the board. Then to luncheon with Winston and Clemmie. I told him of Joe's prediction, but he declared the Government would remain with a clear majority of sixty after the election, independently of the Irish. About Somaliland he told me things had been arranged according to his wishes. The troops are to be moved to the coast. 'I don't call it evacuation,' he said, 'but concentration, it sounds better.' This is satisfactory. I gave him the first copy of my 'India under Ripon,' which reached me on Monday, and we discussed the whole question of Empire over again and I find him much more favourable to my anti-Imperial views than he was two months ago. In-

deed, he is almost converted to the view that the British Empire will eventually ruin England. 'We get no advantage from it,' he said, 'and it's a lot of bother. The only thing one can say for it is it is justified if it is undertaken in an altruistic spirit for the good of the subject races.' I said, 'Yes, but where do we find the altruism?' and I repeated to him a story my hairdresser, Middleton, told me yesterday of how a military customer had come into his shop one day when old Lewis, his former master, was alive, and how he had spent ten minutes expounding to them the glories of the Empire, across the counter. 'Old Mr. Lewis stood there all the time saying nothing, and the customer began to lose patience, "You don't say a word," he exclaimed, "now tell me Lewis, frankly, what your opinion of the Empire really is?" The old man seemed to think awhile and then in his deliberate way replied, "Well sir, you see, I have only been to the Empire twice and I didn't find the entertainment amusing enough to go a third time." He thought, or pretended to think, the talk had been about the Empire theatre. It was a good answer, but we lost our customer, he never came again.'

"Winston was brilliant as usual, and he inspires brilliancy in those about him. I found myself talking in epigrams and we had a merry rattling hour and a half before he was obliged to go back to his office, with intervals of domestic felicity, his baby being brought in with the coffee. There is no more fortunate man than Winston at home or in his political prosperity. He is quite ready, he says, for Irish Home Rule, and I expect him by degrees to adopt the whole of my programme, including my anti-Socialism. He believes in the acquisition of railways by the nation but is not for nationalizing the land, which, he says, will lead to endless jobbery, the nation being the worst of landlords. All this pleases me. He gave me in return for my Indian book a volume he has just published of his speeches.

"*30th Nov.*— Hyndman writes me a long eulogistic letter about my Indian book, 'India under Ripon,' which has just come out, and asks me to help his candidature at the elections; this, of course, I cannot do, though he would be personally an acquisition to the House of Commons. He tells me he is sixty-eight (too old to begin).

"*4th Dec.*— The Lords have thrown out the Budget by a majority of 260 to 75, and the Commons have passed a resolution by a majority of 250, saying the Lords had no right to do it. The Irish did not vote. So here we have war declared, it is pretended to the knife, but I expect it will end in some compromise; there is not stuff enough in the country to make a revolution.

"*5th Dec.*— Belloc and his wife came to dinner. He looks for a 160 majority for the Government, and he expects a great creation of peers, hoping he himself may be one. There was much talk in Belloc's

random way about the corrupt practices of Governments and the sale of titles. Mark Napier was with us and defended Asquith's integrity.

"Belloc has written a very amusing little squib in rhyme which he recited to us, a ballad of which the leading line is 'And Mrs. James will entertain the King.' If this comes to His Majesty's ears it may stand in the way of his hoped for honour. I have been reading Belloc's 'Marie Antoinette' and find it most interesting.

"*17th Dec.*— That scoundrel, King Leopold of Belgium, is dead, the greatest ruffian of all those sitting in the high places of the Earth. I remember once having speech with him as long ago as 1863, when I was an attaché of the Madrid Legation. It was in the picture gallery in the Retiro where I was copying a Velasquez, and he and an aide-de-camp came behind me and looked over my work and talked to me for a few minutes about matters of art; a tall, black-bearded man, by no means ill-looking; he cannot have been more than thirty then. It is just a reminiscence and no more. The history of the Congo State will hand his name down to posterity as that of one of the most infamous among kings. He has, however, made a pious ending, and has received the sacraments, including absolution of his crimes, so our good Catholics of the Belloc school will doubtless say their prayers to him as to a saint. His death has disclosed the fact of a secret marriage made by him some years ago with a French girl who has borne him two sons more or less legitimate. It may give rise to dynastic complications, the papers say.

"*20th Dec.*— The Unwins and Meynell dined with me. Great talk about the elections. The King, they say, strongly disapproved of the throwing out of the Budget by the Lords, and will create 300 peers. Redmond has declared in favour of the Liberals in virtue of a not very clear Home Rule pronouncement made by Asquith, but I trust he has got it in writing more clearly from the Cabinet or he runs the risk of being made a fool of should the Liberals return in power enough to do without him. Their safest policy would be to lower the Liberal majority, and I wrote about it some time ago to Dillon. If it is true that the King sides with Asquith, it is very important. Arthur Balfour has chosen the occasion of the elections for one of his influenzas.

"*31st Dec.*— The year 1909 has been a notable one for the world, all that portion of it that most interests me, the deposition of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and of the Shah of Persia, with grave events in India. As to my own life I feel that I have come at last to its watershed, and that whatever happens henceforth can only be on the downward slope, not without its little pleasures perhaps, but still with no possibility of again ascending.

CHAPTER VIII

KING EDWARD'S DEATH

"*1st Jan.*, 1910.— Colonel Louis Gordon came to luncheon, bringing with him several interesting papers of his uncle's. He is the family depositary of these, and is helping me with my proposed new volume, 'Gordon at Khartoum.'

"*16th Jan.* (*Sunday*).— The General Elections began yesterday. George Wyndham is in by an increased majority at Dover, and Belloc keeps his seat at Salford; but Eddy Tennant is out at Salisbury, which means that he will be made a peer. The popular feeling seems not very strong against the Lords, but democracy is a foolish, fickle thing.

"*23rd Jan.*— Newbuildings. Belloc was here yesterday, much pleased with having retained his seat, and anxious to know my opinion whether he should accept a place in the Government if they should offer it. I said, 'Of course.' Why, indeed, should he refuse? He is a clever fellow, and wants to get on, and has no particular principle to sacrifice, except his beer.

"On Wednesday two Indian Mohammedans, Saïd Mahmud and Nasir ed Din Hassan, spent the afternoon here, and gave me a deal of information about things in India. They are excellent young men, and are anxious that I should help them to found a society for the Moslems in London, especially the Indian Moslems, which should have nothing to do with Amir Ali and the Government. I agreed to do what I could about it. We might call it the Moslem Patriotic Club or something of the kind, and co-operate with the Hindoos.

"I have written a line to George Wyndham, in which I say: 'I think you have a great policy now to take up. Cannot you come to terms with Redmond by which, in return for Home Rule, he should join you in a Tariff Reform amendment to the Budget? What the elections show more than anything is that England, apart from Scotland and Wales, is an entirely Conservative country. . . . If at the same time you would give Home Rule to Scotland and Wales you would box the compass and remain in office for the next twenty years.'

"*25th Jan.*— I have recorded my vote at the election for Winterton, the Tory candidate, his opponent being one Owthwaite, an Australian land nationalizer, a carpet bagger sent down from London.

"*26th Jan.*— There is a new assassination in India, this time of a

Mohammedan police officer in the High Court at Calcutta who has been getting up prosecutions for the Government, and Minto announces new measures of coercion. It is the Irish history over again, with Morley playing the part of Buckshot Forster at the Indian Office.

"*1st Feb.*— To London and called on Lady C. We talked about the elections, and she declares that the King will very certainly refuse to create the 400 peers needed to deal with the House of Lords. 'You may take my word for that,' she said. I told her I thought the King would do very wisely to refuse, as there was no really strong feeling against the Lords, and she said: 'I will let him know what you say; he would pay attention to your opinion.' She tells me the King has no ill-will towards me, but my books give offence with the Court people, who cannot understand how I, with my position of an English gentleman and landowner, can go in for revolution in Egypt and India.

"*3rd Feb.*— Spent the afternoon with Rivers Wilson, who told me much that was interesting of his official days in Egypt, and his recollections of General Gordon. [I have embodied most of what he told me in my 'Gordon at Khartoum,' and need not transcribe it here.]

"*4th Feb.*— Called on Clementine Churchill and arranged that I am to lunch with her and Winston on the 10th, just before he attends the Cabinet which will decide the momentous question of the procedure against the House of Lords. So far neither Winston nor any of them knows what Asquith intends about the changes in the Cabinet. We hope Winston may get the Home Office.

"*5th Feb.*— George Wyndham lunched with me. He assures me the Conservative peers have not the least idea of throwing up the sponge about their hereditary right to veto, nor does he at all fear that the King will swamp their House with new creations. He thinks there will be a kind of deadlock in politics, which will prevent legislation of any kind for the next five years. The strength of the Tory position is that they and the King together command the whole material force of the country, besides half its voting strength. They have the money, and the army and the navy and the territorials, all down to the Boy Scouts. Why, then, should they consent to a change in the constitution without fighting?

"*6th Feb.*— Lady Gregory (who is in London trying to raise funds for her Dublin theatre), as well as George Wyndham and Hudson, the naturalist, came to dinner. There is a story about that Lord Percy, who died of pneumonia in a small hotel at Paris six weeks ago, was really shot in a duel there, and, what is quite absurd, that it was by Winston Churchill.

"*10th Feb.*— Lunched, as arranged, with Winston and Clementine. He had just been at the Cabinet in Downing Street, and arrived late, looking rather grave; but he soon cheered up, and began talking about

the situation. Nothing has yet been settled about the policy, which depends on two unknown factors, Redmond and the King. The Nationalist alliance with the Liberals is anything but popular in Ireland, and O'Brien's success in getting ten of his men returned may force Redmond's hand. 'Of course,' said Winston, 'if they (the Nationalists) go, we're done for'; but he does not really fear this. The King is the true master of the situation as far as the quarrel with the Lords goes, and they dare not try to force his hand. 'It would never do,' he said, 'to bring the King into the dispute.' What Winston anticipates is a new dissolution, when he thinks they would gain thirty more seats. As to his own position in the Cabinet also nothing is settled. There is to be a 'general post,' but nobody knows who is to get what. He would like the Home Office. He would not take Ireland, unless it were to grant Home Rule. I questioned him as to his understanding to the Home Rule to be given, and he said it would be complete Parliamentary Government of all Irish affairs in Dublin, including finance police, and everything, but not the power of levying Custom duties against England, or altering the land settlement, and, of course, none of levying troops or of treating with foreign Powers. He would have the Irish members still sit at Westminister, but in diminished numbers. He quite admitted the alliance between the Irish and the Liberals was unnatural, and that their natural alliance would be with the Tories. As to Somaliland, he told me that he had managed to get the policy of returning to the sea coast adopted, but the devil of it was that the Mullah would not be quiet. As soon as the outposts were evacuated he came down on the friendly tribes and slaughtered them. The Government had sent a man to propose a money settlement in favour of the tribes with the Mullah, but the Mullah had cut off the man's head. This made an unpleasant situation. He was pleased when I told him I should like to see him Prime Minister. 'I think,' he said, 'you may see me yet carry out your ideas' (meaning my anti-Imperial ideas). He and Clementine are to come to Newbuildings to hear the nightingales. They are on just the same honeymoon terms as ever.

"On my way home I looked in on Frank Lascelles, who gave me a deal of interesting information about his relations with General Gordon when they were both in Egypt. [But this, too, has been embodied in my 'Gordon at Khartoum.']

"*11th Feb.*—Lunched at the Reform Club with Fisher Unwin, who had invited Mackarness and Cotton to talk over Egypt and India, both good men who have worked hard in the unpopular cause of liberty and have failed at the elections.

"*13th Feb.*—John Redmond called on me, and we had a long hour's talk about the situation in England and also in Ireland. I began by giving him my view of the deadlock; the impossibility Asquith was in

of getting the King to coerce the Lords, and that I did not think Asquith or Grey or Haldane was really in earnest about Home Rule, though Churchill and Lloyd George were. He said he quite agreed with this view. He believed in Asquith to the extent that he would trust him if he made a promise in so many words, but he had not quite done so about Ireland. What he had promised was full self-government, subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament. Churchill, he believed, was quite sincere. He had a very high opinion of him. Churchill had told him once that it was the ambition of his life to bring in a Home Rule Bill as Chief Secretary. How his own Irish party would vote on the Budget would depend upon whether Asquith kept his pledge of making the House of Lords Veto Bill the first question for the new Parliament. They had no idea of voting the Budget first and waiting for the House of Lords Bill. If that was decided upon in the Cabinet they would move an Amendment and vote against him. He said he did not see there was any good to be got by keeping Asquith in office if he could not give them Home Rule, or anything much to be feared by letting Balfour into office. Unless the Liberal party could abolish the Lords' Veto there was as much to be hoped from the Tories as from them. He told me as a great secret that when Dudley was Lord Lieutenant he had sent for him, Redmond, one day, and had proposed that he should join the Tories on Tariff Reform. Redmond said he was quite willing, but would want Home Rule in exchange. Whereon Dudley had said it was no good going on with the argument. But all the same, he believed the Tory rank and file would make no insuperable difficulty. In Ireland the defeat of the Government would be hailed with delight. 'There will be bonfires lit on every hill in Ireland.' The alliance with the Liberals was very unpopular, and the people wanted a fighting policy again for Home Rule. He also explained to me O'Brien's attitude as largely a personal one. His hatred for Dillon was greater now than if they had never been such close friends. His general attitude was the same as Dunraven's Devolution and Reform; but if it came to a question of real Home Rule they could, of course, count on him. As to the influence of the Clergy it was nothing to what it had been twenty-five years ago; wherever the Clergy had opposed an election the election had been won. He promised to send Dillon to see me. I am sure he has told me the whole of what he thinks.

"*15th Feb.*— The changes in the Cabinet are announced. Winston gets the Home Office, and I have written to congratulate him and remind him of his promise to reform prison discipline. I shall send him a memorandum of what I think ought to be done.

"*16th Feb.*— Winston has telegraphed thanking me for my letter, and asking for the memorandum about prison reform.

"Edith Lytton called to-day. Talking of the new Viceroy who is

to be named for India, she declared Kitchener to be quite out of the question. His appointment would set all India on fire. It had been found out that he had enrolled spies in Sepoy Regiments to report disaffection, and the Sepoys had been furious. Kitchener was brutal, and had shown himself to be so at Omdurman. I was surprised to hear this from her.

"*17th Feb.*— Victor Lytton came to lunch to talk over the question of prison reform with me. He talked intelligently on the subject, in which he is much interested.

"*18th Feb.*— Redmond seems to be following out the policy we agreed on together, and there is good prospect of the Irish Labour men voting an amendment to the Address, and Asquith having to resign. If Asquith has to resign it will be a fine consummation, and put a final end to what Whig Government we shall see in our time. It has at last been discovered that Asquith had not the King behind him or any promise except that if there was a majority of 500 the King would create peers. As there will be no clear majority at all the King, of course, will do nothing.

"*19th Feb.*— Newbuildings. The political crisis has come to a head, and there is every prospect now of Asquith coming to grief either on the Address or on the Budget. I called on Belloc to-day at Shipley and found him in a great state of excitement, claiming to have caused the revolt of the extreme Radicals by a letter he wrote a week ago to the 'Times.' He showed me an amendment to the Address he intended to move. 'I drafted it,' he said with pride, 'in a pothouse with Maurice Baring, quite in the traditional manner, and I sent it to the "Times," threatening if they did not insert it I would have it in every paper in the North of England. But for me the party would have let Asquith break all his pledges.' Belloc counts now upon breaking up the Whigs and getting office with Lloyd George, Churchill, Loulou Harcourt, and the extreme Radicals, but he will have to wait for that. Asquith may remain in office at present, he thinks, through the support of the Tories.

"*21st Feb.*— Back to London, and was lucky enough to find George Wyndham in Belgrave Square, where we compared notes about the political situation. Everybody, he tells me, has got hold of the idea that a truce has been patched up between Asquith and Redmond, and he was anxious to prove to me that Redmond was a fool to be taken in by Asquith's soft sawder. He has seen the King's speech which is to be read this afternoon; and though he said he had no right to reveal anything, told me it was an absurd document, as I would admit when published. It might mean almost anything. I did not tell him I had seen Redmond, but consoled him in a general way about the Irish vote, which I was sure would not be given to the Government without As-

quith's declaration that he had very definite guarantees. He thinks if so that Asquith will be out of office by the end of the week. He would come again in the evening, and give me a full account of everything in the House when it was over. This he did, and unfolded all his secrets. He began by giving a dramatic account of the reading of the King's speech and the debate in the Commons which followed it. The speech is certainly one of the most feeble and obscure and ungrammatical ever composed by the Committee of the Cabinet which draws these speeches up, and reads as if it was the House of Commons, not the Lords, which was to be attacked. He described Arthur Balfour's speech which followed as artistically the best he had heard him make, but too subtle to be understood by the dullards of the House, though leading up to an effective climax, 'a series of lancet wounds,' George said, 'from first to last, ending in a stiletto stab.' Asquith's reply showed courage. He declared he had never intended to imply that he had got any guarantee from the King or even asked for one, only such guarantee as a Bill brought in in Parliament could give. The finance was the first consideration, and then the Veto. His speech was well reasoned, but excited no enthusiasm. Then Redmond got up, and also made an excellent speech, less of an oration than is his usual style, but more effective. He declared roundly that Ireland had no interest in helping the Government to pass their Budget; the Veto was all they cared for, as a preliminary to Home Rule.

"What was most interesting in George's account was his estimate of what next would happen. He became very confidential, and told me Balfour did not intend to take office if Asquith resigned. Certainly he, George, would refuse office, though he knew a high one would be offered him. He thinks there would then be no way out of the deadlock except by Rosebery being invited to form an Administration of a stop-gap kind, which he could do with Milner, Cromer, George Curzon, Hugh Cecil, and Lord Durham. It would be supported by the Tories till after another General Election.

"I asked him about Lord Percy's death, and he told me the story was nonsense of his having died otherwise than of pneumonia. He had known Percy intimately well. He described him as a man who had never had any passionate adventures; who was deeply religious, of his father's Irvingite creed; interested in politics, but only in a pessimistic sense, as he believed all was going hopelessly wrong. His vitality was low, and he easily succumbed. There was no real mystery at all about his death, but the Paris newspapers could not understand how an English lord should be staying at the Gare du Nord Hotel instead of one more fashionable, and so had invented a fanciful explanation, and thus every kind of absurdity had been put about, but there was not a ghost of foundation for any of them. Every public man who fell ill at

Paris was liable to stories about him. It was generally attributed either to delirium tremens or adultery.

"*22nd Feb.*— Boutros Pasha (the Coptic Prime Minister) has been assassinated at Cairo by one Ibrahim Wardani, a young Nationalist, secretary of the Geneva Congress last year. He says he did it to rid Egypt of a minister who was betraying her, as he had already betrayed her on other occasions. It is the first instance of bloodshed by an Egyptian Nationalist. An Egyptian with a letter of recommendation from Arabi lately written, called on me, and when I asked him what he thought of Boutros' death said very simply, 'A good thing. I think it will do good.' Yet he was certainly no fanatic or anything otherwise than a quite harmless sort of professor, wanting to give a lecture on law at the London University. This shows how general anti-English feeling in Egypt has become, and how violent. Rivers Wilson, who asked me to come and see him, had much to tell about Boutros, who had been a friend of his, having helped him on a Commission of Liquidation as long ago as 1879. He had always been an Anglophile, a man of ability but without independence and ready to do what he was told. He was content to be in office and draw his salary, £3,000 a year. This is just what the Nationalists complain of in Boutros. Also they have a special quarrel with him, first, because, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had signed the treaty with Cromer which ceded half the sovereignty of the Soudan to England. Secondly, because he connived at the Anglo-French entente about Egypt in 1903; thirdly, because, acting as Minister of Justice, he had presided at the Denshawai trial, and lastly, because, as Prime Minister, he had again played into English hands the other day in the matter of the Suez Canal. It was this last betrayal probably that caused his death.

"*25th Feb.*— The Government have escaped from the Tory Amendment for Tariff Reform by the skin of their teeth, a majority of thirty-one only, the Irish having abstained from voting, as well as Belloc and half-a-dozen other Radicals.

"I have sent in my Prison Memorandum to Churchill. (See Appendix.)

"*26th Feb.*— Mary Wentworth arrived this morning from Teneriffe, very ill, poor girl, and I have put her up in Chapel Street. George Wyndham dined with me, and we both chuckled over the wretched plight of the Whigs. Balfour, he tells me, does not wish them to resign and would be glad to keep them on for another year, as pensioners upon Tory good will. I showed him the prison memorandum I have sent to Winston, which he much approves, also two letters I received this morning, one from Hyndman, about the Chinese in Tibet, the other from Malony, about Persia, both most interesting.

"My old friend, Mme. Arcos, on whom I called to-day, tells me the

Empress Eugénie is delighted with my books about Egypt and about Cromer, whom she greatly dislikes. The Empress, she tells me, is wonderful considering her age, neither blind nor deaf, still taking an interest in everything and entirely up-to-date.

"*1st March.*— Asquith has accepted the extremists' lead, it was the only thing he had to do except resigning, so they are to be helped through supply by the Irish and the Tories. The Budget is to be put off till after Easter, and the resolution against the Lords' veto passed meanwhile.

"*2nd March.*— George Wyndham came to luncheon. There will be dissolution in May or June. Rosebery is to bring in a scheme of reform for the House of Lords at once.

"*3rd March.*— Called on Hyndman and had a long talk with him, mostly on Indian affairs. He believes in a very short date for the revolution there and that it will come about through the Gurkhas and the Maharaja of Udaipur. He regards the occupation of Lhassa by the Chinese as the beginning of a great movement. I don't know how this may be. Hyndman is a big, burly, bearded fellow, a rough edition of William Morris, with the same energetic talk on Socialistic topics that I remember in Morris. He lives in Queen Anne's Gate, which is used as a Socialist Bureau as well as his residence, and the whole time we were conversing he was being rung up constantly by a telephone in his room. 'Hullo! what is it? Yes, thank you, good-bye.' We discussed the prospects of Socialism and how it would affect Imperial questions, and I told him I believed it would be just as bad for the subject races in Asia under a Socialistic régime in England as now. This he would not agree to, but he did not convince me I was wrong. 'We are National too,' he said, 'as well as International and have no wish to go on preying on the Asiatics. We hold that we could get enough employment for all our millions at home without it, if our energies were turned in the right direction. He is a strong believer in the intention of the German Government to attack us, and is for compulsory military training in England (not military service) in defence of the country, also for a close union between the democracies of England and of the Continent, for a Channel tunnel, and for garrisoning Antwerp with English troops. He says the Belgians are quite ready for this in case of war. The war itself cannot be prevented as the democracy in Germany is powerless against the Government. Bebel and all the leaders assure him of this. England from its geographical position, which is unique in the world, ought to be the centre of the world's industry and the citadel of democracy. Hyndman, amongst other things, to-day asked my opinion of Churchill, and I told him there were three things of value in him, great ability, honesty in politics, and a good heart. 'That,' said he, 'is the first favourable account I have had given me

about him, especially about his heart. They tell me he is rude and brutal with servants.' I assured him it was not so, and he was glad to hear it. He gave me to read the newly published 'History of the Indian Revolution of 1857' [a highly seditious and interesting volume, written by Savarkar, whom afterwards they imprisoned for life].

"*4th March.*—Two more young Indians called, both from Cambridge, Mohammedan Nationalists of advanced opinions and ready to join the Hindoos.

"*7th March.*—Dillon writes: 'I am glad you consider the party has done well. I am extremely well satisfied. I do not think the party ever occupied a stronger position. We have undoubtedly saved the Liberal party from a catastrophe.'

"*8th March.*—There seems a good chance now in Egypt, that the General Assembly will reject the Suez Canal Convention and I see that Prince Husseyn has resigned his presidency of the Assembly. He was the Convention's principal advocate. The new Prime Minister is to be Mohammed Said, a Nationalist of the Saad Zaghloul school, this is a gain. [This is the first mention in my diary of Prince Husseyn, who has since been rewarded for his services to the English party at Cairo by being made Sultan of Egypt.]

"*10th March.*—William O'Brien has sent me an article he has written in the 'Nineteenth Century' in a Union of Hearts sense to which I have answered: 'The older I get the more revolutionist I become about the British Empire, and about Ireland the more Fenian. The Union of Hearts is a long while on its way, and unless it is brought about in some violent form, I hardly hope to see it. I often think of good old Dr. Duggan, whom we loved so much, and who used to wish he was not a Bishop so that he might be in the Portsmouth dockyard blowing up English ships. Perhaps he was right, we English are a very stubborn people to convert.' I have also written to Hyndman about the book he gave me. I find it very interesting but at the same time depressing. One cannot help seeing in the account it gives of the revolution of 1857, that if with all the advantages native India then had of taking us unawares and comparatively defenceless it could not succeed, it has hardly any chance now, nor do I think a rising will be attempted. The break-up of the British Empire will come more likely through a financial collapse and troubles nearer home. India will profit by it but will not initiate it.

"*15th March.*—The Debate on the Reform of the House of Lords began to-day, Rosebery making a great oration. George Wyndham came to tea and stayed on talking. The Tories are angry because the Government have only voted supplies for six weeks with the idea of then resigning and leaving their successors in a financial hole. The only thing then, George thinks, will be to get the Rothschilds and the

City generally to make another advance of thirty millions to carry on with till the new General Election is over. He thinks Rosebery could manage this with the Jews. He had just come from the House of Commons and had heard Churchill announce his scheme of prison reform, which is based closely on my memorandum. George entirely approves the scheme as he did what I had written about it three weeks ago.

"*16th March.*— Winston's pronouncement on prison reform reads better than even George's description of it. It is everything I could have wished, and I went to Eccleston Square to congratulate, and found him alone. He is quite thorough about the reforms and said he would have liked to adopt the whole of my programme only public opinion was not ready for it yet. However, the Home Secretary will now have full power to mitigate prison treatment, and, except for crimes of violence, to put all prisoners with a good character (and that will include political prisoners) in the first class of misdemeanants.

"With regard to the political situation, Winston said: 'We shall carry on all right now till the end of April, when the crash will come either on the Budget or the Lords' veto. If we are beaten on the Budget we shall resign; but I can't think Redmond will be fool enough to turn us out, though we don't know what he is going to do. If he votes against the Budget he will take all the sting out of the attack on the Lords, and the Irish have no chance of getting Home Rule except by abolishing the veto.' He is sore with Redmond for making himself a leader of revolt with the Radicals against the Government. He thinks his party will win seats at the General Election. If so, they will remain in office, and when the Peers reject the veto will dissolve Parliament.

"Dillon writes showing that he is not for upsetting the Government. 'I cannot quite agree with you about the Liberals. The leaders have behaved badly, but the rank and file is sounder than at any time since Rosebery's betrayal of 1895. I do not see why we should break with the Liberals without reasonable proposals from the Tories. At present the Tories are under the worst possible influences. It is clearly our policy to support an attack upon the Lords.'

"*17th March.*— Goumah writes to say that he means to start a monthly Nationalist paper in England, and asks me for help. [This was a first suggestion which led to our issue of the monthly paper 'Egypt.']

"*24th March.*— They have released eight young men in Egypt whom they had arrested as Wardani's accomplices.

"*31st March.*— Chapel Street. Dillon spent an hour and a half this morning with me. He gave me the exact plan he and Redmond have determined on. The situation is that Grey and Haldane are trying to

get out of a square fight with the Lords, and are manœuvring to persuade the Irish party to support the Budget and let them stay on in office without bringing the veto question to a positive issue. This, however, the Irish are determined not to consent to. Their plan is first to support the resolutions against the Lords; then when the Government brings in the Budget to vote for it on the second reading, but not on the third, and to insist that Asquith shall first get guarantees from the King that he will create a sufficient number of Peers to pass a Veto Bill. If the King promises, well and good. They will then vote the third reading of the Budget, and help to get the Veto Bill through; but if, as is almost certain, the King refuses, then they will insist on Asquith's resigning, or if he will not resign they will vote against the third reading. Dillon says they are absolutely determined on this, and he authorized me to give Churchill a message to that effect. He calculates that in this way they can force Balfour to take office, which will lead to a still greater deadlock than ever. Balfour, he thinks, dares not pass the Budget, yet cannot carry on the Government without doing so during the three months needed for a new General Election.

"He told me a number of interesting things about Ireland. Wyndham's Land Bill has had the effect of changing the whole character of the peasantry. Instead of being careless, idle and improvident, they have become like the French peasantry, industrious and economical, even penurious. Marriages are now contracted later, though the limitation of families had not yet begun owing to Catholic influences, and he repeated to me what he had said about this influence in Australia, Canada, and the United States. 'It is in this way,' he said, 'that the non-Catholic civilization will be beaten by the Catholic. Irish and Italian are replacing English and Dutch settlers everywhere in America. Boston, which used to be the home of the Puritans, now always elects a Catholic mayor.'

"As to the House of Commons, he says: 'The Labour party has gone altogether to pieces. They can't collect money enough to keep themselves going. The Radicals have no leaders of ability. They have been obliged to take us' (Redmond and himself) 'as their leaders. The Government is weak and divided; it has lost all prestige.' Dillon had urged them over and over again to resign directly they found they could not get the King's help against the Lords, but they clung to office, and now they are discredited.

"*2nd April.*— A week-end party at Newbuildings. The Churchills, the Granville Barkers, and Beauclerk, with great discussions. Winston had been to Brighton for the day, and had been entertained by the Mayor and taken a round of reformatory schools, and had been hissed and cheered by rival factions at the railway station. He means business with his prison reforms, and is making a distinction between political

and common prisoners; but he is obstinate about forcible feeding in spite of all Barker and I could say about torture and the Spanish inquisition, which it closely resembles. Barker has paid much attention to these prison matters, and is a very good talker and a pleasant fellow.

"*3rd April.*— A brilliant day of talk. After breakfast I took Winston into the New Room, and we had the whole question of the Budget out together and the veto and the Irish vote. I gave him Dillon's message, which for a moment rather staggered him, as he was under the impression the Irish would in the end give way and let the Budget pass, and he said that if they persisted in wrecking the Government their blood would be on their own heads. The Liberal party would never support Home Rule again. The policy of wrecking one party after another would only result in the two parties combining to crush them. I explained, however, that they did not want a quarrel, only that they distrusted Asquith, Haldane, and Grey, and did not intend to be humbugged. This made him reasonable again, and he told me what the Government plan is. They are to finish the Veto resolutions by the 13th, and then go straight on to the Budget and carry it right through to the third reading, the Veto resolutions being meanwhile sent up to the Lords. If the Lords refuse, Asquith will at once apply to the King for assurances that a Veto Bill on the same lines as the resolutions shall be forced on the Lords by the creation of Peers or otherwise, but it is not at all likely the Lords will do this at once. They will put it off till after the Budget battle has been fought, and thus it will be impossible to get the guarantees from the King in time to satisfy the Irish. All the same he does not despair of carrying the Budget through its third reading, the Irish vote notwithstanding, by help of the Tories. They will apply to Balfour for his assistance to carry on the King's Government, and if he refuses will resign and leave him to get out of the mess as he can. They mean to stand or fall on this issue. It is extraordinarily even betting, he says, which way it will go.

"We had a great deal of talk about the King, with whom Winston now corresponds, or rather, to whom he writes a daily account of what goes on in Parliament, this duty having been transferred from the Prime Minister to the Home Secretary, and the King now and then writes in reply. He believes he is personally in good favour with the King, though his last speech might get him into trouble, in which he had said that the King and Commons would have to unite against the encroachment of the Lords. Also he had the advantage that the Liberals, when in office, were always more polite to the King than the Tories. The Tories were in the habit of considering they were doing quite enough for the King by being in office and protecting him from the Radicals and Socialists without showing special politeness, while Liberal Ministers showed him the greatest consideration, thus balancing things

between the parties. He thinks the King will promise the guarantees. Churchill is already drawing up his list of peers to be created, should it be necessary, and he offered Beauclerk and me to give us each a peerage when the time came on the sole condition of voting the Veto; after which we might do what we liked. 'I can do it for you if you will take it,' he said, and he proposed it again at dinner, and I said I would think it over. He also offered to get Barker a seat at the next General Elections. None of us took it very seriously, though Barker would, I have no doubt, make an excellent M.P. He is a Fabian, and a man of much political intelligence, besides being an excellent fellow and man of the world. At dinner the conversation was more brilliant than ever. We discussed Morley's character, and Kitchener's *à propos* of his possible succession to Minto as Viceroy of India. Churchill hates Kitchener, who, he told us, once prevented his entering the Egyptian Service, and was always rude to him, he does not know with what reason; and we also discussed Curzon. Churchill has a wonderful memory, which extends to scraps of poetry and fragments of speeches of a hundred years ago. He is also a great and very rapid reader of books. He told us he wrote his life of his father mostly in the House of Commons, and while busy with all sorts of other work.

"*4th April.*— Our party broke up this morning, Winston having a Cabinet to attend, where he doubtless will lay before his fellow conspirators what he has learned of the Irish plans from me, and persuade Asquith to make the public declaration of getting guarantees from the King, which he told me Asquith should give.

"*7th April.*— A rumour of our Irish negotiations has got into print through the London correspondent of the 'Irish Times.' It is singularly exact, and would seem to show that Asquith and Churchill have come to terms with Redmond on the basis of Asquith's engaging himself publicly to resign at once if the King refuses guarantees, and not to stay in office over a new General Election. This, I feel pretty sure, will meet the Irish requirements.

"*14th April.*— O'Brien has blurted out that Lloyd George, when they had their Conference, promised to remit all the obnoxious taxes in the Budget as far as Ireland was concerned, and Lloyd George has given him the lie; nevertheless, I have no doubt the thing is true, as Churchill told me almost as much when he was here.

"*15th April.*— We have won a complete victory in Egypt, the Suez Canal Convention having been rejected by the General Assembly, and our Government having withdrawn from it in consequence. At the same time, there has been a new affirmation made by our people of 'England's right to the Soudan' in joint Sovereignty with the Khedive. By the terms of the Convention of 1899 England's right to occupy the Soudan is concurrent with her occupation of Egypt, and lapses when

that ends. The Soudan will probably be retained if we evacuate.

"*25th April.*— Asquith has made his declaration in the House of Commons in accordance with the demands formulated through me by Dillon to Churchill. If the King fails to give the guarantees Asquith will resign; if he gives them he will dissolve Parliament. In return for this Redmond has declared publicly that the Irish party will vote the Budget. I am not sorry for the delay in Asquith's resignation, for things are critical in Egypt; and with Balfour in power here and Curzon and Cromer advising him, we risk having a bit of King Stork again. There is a strong demand now at Cairo for a Constitution and with the Radicals and Irish in power here I don't see how the Liberal Government can refuse it, but there is a strong Press agitation beginning here against Gorst. Belloc, who dined here last night, tells me there is talk at the Foreign Office of his being recalled. There is no doubt his policy has failed completely from the Foreign Office point of view. Wardani's trial has begun at Cairo. According to Osman Ghaleb the defence was to be that Boutros was not killed by the bullets fired into him, but by Dr. Milton's surgery in extracting them. It is ingenious, but will hardly save Wardani.

"A young Indian, Savarkar, has been arrested here on a charge of having written letters inciting to murder in India; this on the demand of the Indian Government. The plan, Kháparde tells me, is to get him to India on any plea, true or false, and when once there to deal with him under the Deportation Law. A queer state of things for us to have come to in England, and a good example of how Imperial despotism abroad is ruining National liberty at home. According to Brailsford, young Savarkar is a most excellent and admirable youth, as all the young political murderers seem to be, both in India and Egypt.

"The Egyptian papers have been full of Roosevelt's adventures at Cairo, and the speech he made to University students in praise of British rule. He is a buffoon of the lowest American type, and roused the fury of young Egypt to boiling point, and it is probable that if he had not cleared straight out of the country there would have been mischief. From Egypt he went on to Rome and had a quarrel with the Pope, and he is now at Paris airing his fooleries, and is to go to Berlin, a kind of mad dog roaming the world.

"*27th April.*— Dillon lunched with me to-day in Chapel Street. The Budget of 1909 is at last to have its third reading to-day, and the King is to arrive in London from Biarritz at six. So far, Dillon tells me, they have not the least idea what the King will do about the Veto. He has been written to twice about it, by Winston, I suppose, as he corresponds with His Majesty, but the King has made no reply. Nobody expects him to create the peers or to give any assurance. According to Belloc (and Dillon agrees with him) he will try to have the

General Election put off till January, on the ground that it will be most unpopular, and an immense expense, which it certainly would be. Dillon has no great confidence in Asquith's keeping his promise of resigning at once when the King refuses to give the assurances, but says it will not matter, as they will always be able to turn him out over the Budget of 1910, and will do so if he tries to shirk. Nor does he trust much in the possibility of abolishing the House of Lords, but expects to get Home Rule from the Tories. He would sooner have these in office with a weak majority than the Whigs. I asked him his opinion of the relative merits of Churchill and Lloyd George. He said they were both men of genius and extraordinary eloquence. Lloyd George was a Celt, entirely in sympathy with Ireland and all the causes Irishmen care for. He knows him well, better than Churchill, who as an Englishman is less one of themselves, but he admires and believes in both. As speakers there are only two in the House who can compare with them, Balfour and Asquith. Balfour is not great intellectually, but he is a great Parliamentary speaker, far the best at present; the Tory party are quite unable to do without him, and had to take him back as their leader after the elections of 1906, although he had made every conceivable mistake in office and he did not agree with them on tariff reform. Asquith, too, was a great speaker, with a power of stating a case clearly and powerfully in a few words such as was possessed by nobody else. His influence, however, is gone. He had been ruined by his second marriage to one who was a Tory at heart, and was always advising him to stand out against Lloyd George and Churchill and the mass of the Radical party. Asquith was quite demoralized. Dillon does not trust him. Before his second marriage Asquith was quite different. He was so unused to Society that when Lady Mathew, Dillon's mother-in-law, asked him to dinner, he did not know how to behave according to the usages of the world, and used to give his arm to his first wife to take her in to dinner. He had no pretension then to being anything but what he was, a Nonconformist of the middle-class; now he had adopted all the failings of the aristocracy. Dillon is off now to Ireland for a month, but will be back for the Veto." [The conversations recorded in the present chapter with Dillon and Redmond about their parliamentary affairs have been very much curtailed by me in putting them in print, though nothing of importance is omitted, but a full transcript would take up too much space, and the subject has become unimportant and would weary all but close parliamentary readers.]

"Called on Lady C. Knollys has been lately with her, and she laughed to scorn the idea of the King creating five hundred peers; he was no such fool. Of Lloyd George she spoke with contempt, as a wretched little lawyer, doubtless reflecting the opinion of the Court

about him. Churchill was a gentleman, quite a different sort. Kitchener is to go to India as Viceroy, the King being strong for him, though 'of course, the King can't do everything.' Both Kitchener and the King are to arrive from abroad to-night. Later, in the train, as I was going back to Newbuildings, two lawyers got into the carriage, who talked of having just seen the King drive away from the station. He looked very white and flabby, they said.

"*29th April.*— This morning I opened my window at 3.45, and five minutes later a cuckoo began to sing. I counted the number of notes he repeated, beginning when he had done half-a-dozen or so. He must have been sitting in the big oak tree a hundred yards away from the house, and went on and on for some twenty-five minutes while I counted, watch in hand, having got back into bed. He began with a series of 208, when another cuckoo interrupted at a distance, but after some fifteen seconds he went on again with a series of 368 and another of seventy-one, and another of 354 and then fifty-five. In all 1056 notes without a break of more than a quarter of a minute, nor did he change the place he sang from. I noted with the second hand of the watch that he did thirty-eight to forty notes to the minute, though at the beginning he was quicker and more regular. This must be a record performance. I put down the numbers on a card with a pencil while it was going on. It ended at 4.15 a.m.

"*2nd May.*— I have written to the 'Manchester Guardian' in answer to Gorst's Egyptian Report, just published, advocating evacuation as the sole alternative to a rule of force. The latter is certainly intended. Dillon writes to say so, and there is a telegram in the 'Daily Telegraph' announcing on the highest authority that 'the Khedive has decided on deportations after the Indian fashion.' This is a return to the régime of Ismaïl.

"*6th May.*— To London, where I found the world in commotion with the news of the sudden illness of the King, not likely to live through the day, as his heart was attacked. I went to see Lady C., whom I found at home. 'The King,' she said, 'is not likely to get over it.' He is being treated with oxygen and has five official doctors with him, including old Douglas Powell, and also a little doctor of her own discovery, I forget his name. 'The King has for five years had a swelling in his throat which has been sprayed twice a day, and Laking always said it might develop any time into cancer. When the King came home from Biarritz the other day he insisted upon going the very same night to the opera, and has since been to two theatres, and to see the Royal Academy Pictures. He cannot do without excitement. His death,' she said, 'will be a great loss to the world and a great loss to me. He has been a good friend to me, and everything will be changed now. There will be a regular sweep of the people that

used to be about the Court, the Jews and the second-rate women that the King preferred to his aristocracy, because they amused him. The Prince of Wales hates all these, and will have nothing to do with them. The King is a Radical, though not a Socialist. He told me once that he had gone to hear Gambetta speak, and that he spoke so well that he had half converted him to be a republican. He is a clever man and a great King. His death will be a great loss.'

"Meynell and Khâparde dined with me. We feel sure that if the King dies the whole question of the Veto will be shelved, at any rate, for a time, as it will upset every calculation. The bulletins this evening are very ominous. When I saw Lady C. to-day she repeated to me that Kitchener was certain to be appointed Governor-General in India, as they were afraid of having him here. She asked me whether I should like to meet him at her house, but I said I would rather not, as I had had a public quarrel with him about the Mahdi's head, and I related the whole story to her. Khâparde thinks it would be a good thing for India if Kitchener went there, as it would bring the revolution to a head.

"Meynell tells me the sale of Thompson's works during the past twelve months has gone to 18,000 volumes. Also that Father Angelo de Bary is engaged to marry Miss Bunston!

"*7th May.*— I was writing this of yesterday in bed at seven in the morning when the milkman brought the news that the King died at midnight. It is a very serious matter for all the world, for internationally Edward VII held a high position, and at home was a guarantee against revolution. Personally, though I had never much to do with him directly, I have regarded him as a friendly influence. Lady C. has always assured me of this. We were pretty nearly contemporaries, and I knew many people he knew. Peace be with him.

"Down to Clouds by the one o'clock train. As I started on my way to Waterloo Station I saw the Royal standard at half mast high on Buckingham Palace, and bells were ringing for the new king, George V.

"Clouds. It is a family party here, and in the middle of dinner George arrived from London full of the news of King George's accession. He and Arthur Balfour had been telegraphed for in the morning to attend a general meeting of the Privy Council, and he gave us the whole story of what had taken place at it. It appears that on the demise of the Crown all authority in the country ceases till the new King is proclaimed, either by Parliament or the law officers or any other body than the Privy Council, whose business it becomes to proclaim the dead King's successor. In theory the King never dies, but until the proclamation it is supposed to be in doubt who the King is, and it is the Council that decides, the Council being the primitive Government of England. At midnight, immediately after King Edward's death (for

he died at 11.40), it fell to Winston as Home Secretary to announce the event to the Lord Mayor of London, and from that moment till 4.30 this afternoon there was no Government in England. What authority there is vests in the Lord President of the Council, in this case Crewe, who issues formal notice to each member of the Privy Council to attend a meeting instantly, naming the hour. George showed us his black-edged summons, which I noticed was unsigned by anyone, but sent by hand in an official envelope. He and Arthur had received their summonses in London, having had informal notice by telegraph. On arrival Arthur would not go to the Carlton Club himself, but sent George to find out all about it, and what clothes they were to wear, and they dressed in uniform, with crape sashes round their sleeves, and walked to St. James's Palace, where the meeting was held. There were 150 members of the Council present, more or less, out of 250, the total number, and the Lord Mayor and some Aldermen were there, though these last, not being members, were turned out before the proceedings began. No one sat down except old Lord Cross, who was infirm, and no one shook hands or talked except to exchange a word or two silently. Crewe opened the proceedings, George said, with great dignity. He announced the King's death and the duty of the Council to proclaim his successor briefly and clearly. No one else spoke. Then Prince Christian, as representing the Royal family, went out with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, and presently came back with the Prince of Wales, whom they presented to the Council as King, and the King made a short speech, extremely well expressed and with much feeling, and took his seat, and all those present knelt with the right knee upon a cushion placed upon a stool and kissed his hand and swore allegiance on the Book. Thus was King George V proclaimed. 'A mediæval ceremony,' George said, 'of a most impressive kind, and quite apart from the vulgarities of modern life, there being no reporters or outsiders of any sort, a return to the reality of ancient days, when the King and his Council were the sole legal Government of England, all the rest, the government by Lords and Commons and votes in Parliament and Prime Ministers, being only a modern delegation of authority tolerated, but not strictly legal. At this point old Percy, George's father, woke up from his half sleep into which he had sunk and said he hoped there would be a return to this primitive form of rule in England before long. It was all he said. 'The Jews of the Privy Council,' George went on, 'took their oaths on the Old Testament and the Catholics separately. Amongst these last, to the general surprise, Cassel.'

"George told us next how, on the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, he, as Chief Secretary, had proclaimed the late King Edward at Dublin, and how he had been much impressed by King Edward's good sense when he visited Ireland later, especially in connection with words he

had used on landing about the Pope, whose death had been announced the day before. George had gone over from Dublin to meet His Majesty at Holyhead, and all the Dublin officials had been alarmed about what the King might say; but as soon as the King came on board his yacht he sent for the captain and said to him: 'Take Mr. Wyndham to a cabin where he can be alone, and give him a pencil and paper,' and he asked George to draw up a speech for him. This George did. But the King vastly improved the draft, and on landing said exactly the right thing, so that Protestants and Catholics alike were pleased. We all agreed that the late King was a great loss in foreign politics, though George thinks that perhaps his death may bring the Emperor William to the funeral, and so lay the foundation of a peace with Germany. I doubt it. 'The Emperor,' he said, 'is fifty, and has found out that, though he has an immense army, not a single soldier in it has been under fire, and he has no assurance that he would be able to command it in war. For forty years the German army has not fired a shot.' All the same I can see that the prospect of a new and more Conservative King is welcome in this house.

"*11th May.*— George went away to-day to take the Parliamentary oath to the new king. We have had much talk, both about affairs here in England and also about Egypt. I showed him the proof sheets of my articles on Gorst's report, and he remarked that Egypt would certainly not be evacuated, which, of course, is true. He made me alter a word or two, so as to make it less hostile to Gorst, in whose favour he is interested through his former private secretary, Mark Sykes, who married Gorst's sister. On the main point, however, we are agreed, namely, that the future of Egypt is bound up in the general future of Asia, and especially of the Ottoman Empire. George is inclined to minimize the chances of Asia being able to regenerate herself and hold her own against Europe; while I am strong in my belief in this. He says the Russians are far more bent on recovering their position in Asia than in making any advance westwards. He hears this doubtless from his brother Guy, who is military attaché at Petersburg, but the signs of the times are distinctly of an awakening everywhere of the Asiatic races to a sense of the necessity of self-preservation. Even in China the Emperor has been obliged to summon a kind of Parliament, and the Turks have pretty well tided over their danger of absorption. The real hope for Asia as against Europe lies, in my opinion, in the seeds of social decay so very visible among the Teutonic races and the higher European civilization generally, where these are beginning to commit suicide. My last word to George was in this sense: 'The men will refuse to work and the women will refuse to breed.'

"About the prospects in England, all here seem to think the politi-

cal crisis indefinitely postponed by the King's death, and that Asquith will be able to potter on now till the end of the year. They tell me the new Court is going to be a very moral one, but they hope it will be saved from dullness by becoming intellectual, but we fear it is not likely to attract many geniuses.

"*13th May.*— Everybody has gone into black for the King's death, and some enthusiasts talk of going on mourning for a year. It is all very absurd, considering what the poor King was, but the papers are crammed with his praises as if he had been a saint of God. All the week since his death has been one of storms and tempests attributed to a comet so diminutive that nobody has seen it yet, and last night one of the great beech trees was thrown down in the park. I saw it lying uprooted on my way to the station this morning, symbol of the dead King, quite rotten at the root, but one half of it clothed with its spring green.

"Arrived in Chapel Street, I went at once to see Lady C., who had written me asking me to come, as she had things to tell me she could not put on paper. She gave me a graphic account of the King's death as she had heard it from the King's doctors, Laking, Reid, and Dawson. 'The King,' she said, 'has had a swelling in the throat for three or four years past, with latterly a chronic catarrh, but it was not cancer. He had a very bad attack at Paris on his way to Biarritz in the winter, where Reid was with him, treating it with injections recommended by Laking. It was a more or less experimental treatment, and, she says, did him more harm than good. Nevertheless he was very well in his general health when he arrived in London, but the doctors could not keep him quiet. He would not stay at home at night or go to bed early; he must have people with him and go about to theatres and sit up playing cards till two or three in the morning.

"The King had been much worried about the Veto by Asquith and his Ministers. He was written to about it three times while he was at Biarritz, but had evaded it, saying each time that he would attend to it when he returned to England; but on his return they worried him, and he had lost his temper with Asquith, when Asquith pressed him, saying he should resign. Asquith had told him the King ought to send for Lloyd George in his place. This roused the King, who, as a rule, had good command over himself, for they all hate Lloyd George, and the King was quite upset by it. The King rather liked Churchill because he is a gentleman, but Lloyd George he could not stand. Queen Alexandra is furious with Asquith, and said he killed the King. She is going to have Marlborough House probably for her life, but she will not live there, as she is going back to Denmark, where she will keep house with her sister, the Russian Empress. The morn-

ing of Thursday, the day before he was taken ill, he had seen some of the Ministers who were worrying him about the political crisis, and he had a bad fit of coughing. Mrs. Keppel came to tea with him in the evening with the two Keyser girls. He had no idea that he was in danger, and even the day before he died they told him nothing. He had people to see him on business in the morning, and again he had a fit of coughing and choking, which got worse and worse. They sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he did not see him, and he smoked a cigar. Only once he said: 'If this goes on much longer I shall be done for,' and soon after became unconscious and never said another word. . . . He liked the society of women who could talk, and Jews and people who could amuse him. He liked also every sort of public function, and entertainment and theatres and card playing. All the same he was a clever man, and knew all about foreign politics better than any of them, and was a bit of a Radical. Things would be very different now.

"Lady C. went on talking about other personages she had known, the King of Greece, the Emperor William, King Leopold of Belgium, and the Crown Prince Rudolph, as to whose death she gave me almost the same account as that I had from Countess Hoyos at Fiume. She knew the story from King Edward, and I do not doubt that hers is the correct one.

"*14th May.*— To Newbuildings, where I am entertaining the Rhuvon Guests, Mark Napier and Shane Leslie. Leslie, who has recently become a Catholic and a Nationalist, after being by birth an Ulster Protestant, was run by Redmond at the last elections for a Nationalist constituency. His mother, Mrs. Jack Leslie, Lady Randolph Churchill's sister, was a favourite of the late King and a friend of Mrs. Keppel, and he has heard the story of the King's last days both from his mother and from Winston. The first alarm about the King, he says, was on Monday, the 2nd, when he went to play bridge with Mrs. Keppel and spend the evening, the same evening, no doubt, that Lady C. had talked of when the Miss Keysers were there. But Mrs. Keppel had got him to go home and to bed early at half-past ten. The next day, however, he could not be prevailed upon to stay in bed, and got up to do business in the morning, and the same on Wednesday and Thursday, when he had to receive some Colonial people. He lost his temper because he misunderstood exactly who they were, and said something *mal à propos*, and this caused a violent attack of coughing, and the Prince of Wales was telegraphed for and the Queen.

"*15th May (Whit Sunday).*— I have had a long talk with Leslie about Irish affairs and think he may eventually take a lead in them, as he has had the wit the join the National party. Young and being

of the landlord class, a tall, good-looking fellow, with much intelligence, heir to a baronetcy, and, Meynell tells me, an excellent speaker, he may even have Redmond's succession some day. It has always astonished me that no great landlord of them all should have come forward long ago in this way even out of mere ambition. Leslie has been at Eton and Oxford, but is nevertheless, as far as I can judge, a quite sound Nationalist. He went away in the evening.

"The Bellocs and Maurice Baring came to dinner.

"*20th May.*— To-day the King was buried, and I hope the country will return to comparative sanity, for at present it is in delirium. The absurdities written in every newspaper about him pass belief. He might have been a Solon and a Francis of Assisi combined if the characters drawn of him were true. In no print has there been the smallest allusion to any of his pleasant little wickednesses, though his was not even in make-believe the life of a saint or in any strict sense a theologically virtuous man. Yet all the bishops and priests, Catholic, Protestant, and Nonconformist, join in giving him a glorious place in heaven, and there were eight miles of his loyal and adoring subjects marching on foot to see him lying in state at Westminster Hall. For myself I think he performed his public duties well. He had a passion for pageantry and ceremonial and dressing up, and he was never tired of putting on uniforms and taking them off, and receiving princes and ambassadors and opening museums and hospitals, and attending cattle shows and military shows and shows of every kind, while every night of his life he was to be seen at theatres and operas and music-halls. Thus he was always before the public and had come to have the popularity of an actor who plays his part in a variety of costumes, and always well. Abroad, too, there is no doubt he had a very great reputation. His little Bohemian tastes made him beloved at Paris, and he had enough of the *grand seigneur* to carry it off. He did not affect to be virtuous, and all sorts of publicans and sinners found their places at his table. The journalists loved him; he did not mind being snap-shotted, and was stand off to nobody. If not witty, he could understand a joke, and if not wise he was sensible. He quarrelled with nobody, and always forgave. He disliked family scandals, and spent much of his time patching up those of the Court and whitening its sepulchres. In this respect he has every right to the title of 'Peacemaker' given to him.

"It was the same with his peace-making diplomacy. He liked to be well received wherever he went, and to be on good terms with all the world. He was essentially a cosmopolitan, and without racial prejudice, and he cared as much for popularity abroad as at home. This made him anxious to compose international quarrels. He wanted an easy life, and that everybody should be friends with every-

body. He sank his English nationality on the Continent, talked French and German in preference to English, and English with a foreign accent. He knew Europe well, and exactly what foreigners thought of England. The knowledge was of use to him and to our Foreign office, especially under such insular Secretaries of State as Arthur Balfour and Edward Grey. He tried hard to win the Irish over to him because he was well aware that the long quarrel with Ireland was a blot on the English name abroad. He had no sympathy with violent measures of coercion. He stopped the Boer War, knowing how upopular it was making England on the Continent and everywhere, and how much we were becoming despised for our childish attempts at subduing this sturdy little people. In Egypt he was shocked at Cromer's brutalities and his unnecessary quarrel with the Khedive and the Sultan. It was entirely due to him that Cromer was recalled. The Anglo-Russian treaty he did off his own bat with Hardinge, Sir Edward Grey looking on. His only notable failure was in the affair of Bosnia, and people in England knew too little of the conditions to understand how great a failure it was. Also, he never succeeded in making friends with his nephew Wilhelm, and I fancy they hated each other to the end. All this doubtless made Edward VII a wiser and a better king than most of ours have been, and he may even rightly share with Solomon the title of 'The Wise.' They each had that knowledge of women which, as we know, is the beginning of wisdom, or at least which teaches tolerance for the unwisdom of others. Of all this the newspaper writers say no word, being professionally what is required of them, virtuous men and fools."

CHAPTER IX

GEORGE V KING

The death of Edward VII was a misfortune for English diplomacy and the peace of Europe. Although in some ways he had launched the Foreign Office on an adventurous course by the two ententes for which he was primarily responsible, that with France about Morocco and that with Russia about Persia, his influence with the Government had been a steadying one, and it is probable that if he had lived another ten years the supreme catastrophe of a European war would have been avoided. He knew what was going on in the various Courts of Europe far better than did our professional diplomatists, and his disappearance from their counsels left the supreme direction of our foreign policy uncontrolled in the hands of Grey, whose ignorance of foreign affairs was really astonishing, knowing as he did no foreign language, and having made hardly so much as a holiday tour in Europe. King Edward's successor, whose life had been that of a sailor, knowing the world only as a sailor sees it at the seaport towns where his ship stops to coal — and seaport towns all the world over are alike — and being without any experience of politics, even those of his own country, was quite unable to supply the directing power his father had exerted at times so successfully. Consequently from this point onward, the year 1910, our English policy on the Continent exhibited a series of blunders of the most dangerous kind, leading by a logical sequence in four years' time to England's entanglement in a war, the result of which was not foreseen, and for which no preparation whatever had been made. How all this came about will, I think, be made clear in the following pages.

"*21st May.*— Newbuildings. Prince Mohammed Ali, the Khedive's brother, who has been representing the Khedive at the King's funeral, arrived here this afternoon with two of his Egyptian friends to see the horses, having an Arab stud of his own at Cairo. While at tea, when he had seen everything, I asked him about the state of affairs in Egypt. He said they had been going very well until about a year ago, but owing to the weakness of the Radical Government here had since gone badly. Too much licence, he said, had been allowed to the Press, so that the Government and everybody connected with it had been attacked, and the Prime Minister, Boutros Pasha, had been mur-

dered, the University students, boys of twelve and thirteen, cheering the murderer. This was intolerable. I asked him whether he did not wish to see the British occupation ended, and he said: 'Of course we all wish to be independent and a great nation, but we are not ready for it yet. We have not the men to govern.' I asked him why he did not himself take office. 'What would be the use,' he said, 'without the power? If you took an agent to manage your estate and forbade him to climb over a fence how could he succeed?' His idea seems to be the old one of despotic rule, and doubtless this is the Khedivial intention if he can get his way. I asked whether he liked Gorst. 'We like him,' he said, 'and you must not believe what the English newspapers in Egypt write against him. They are angry because in Cromer's time the English officials did just as they pleased, but now they have to take a second place.' Mohammed Ali doubtless represents the feeling of the Court party. Gorst has been putting back the Egyptian Government clock to where it stood in Tewfik's time, who was allowed to arrest and deport as he pleased so long as he supported the Occupation. As the Prince was driving away in his motor, he said, putting his head out of the window: 'We like Gorst anyhow better than Cromer.'

"*25th May.*— The seven kings assembled for King Edward's funeral have broken up camp and gone their ways, I fear in peace. I would rather they had quarrelled, for a peace to which Kaiser Wilhelm is chief party bodes little good to Asiatics.

"*2nd June.*— That swine, Roosevelt, has made another speech, this time at the Mansion House, about Egypt, worse than before. I have written a short answer to it for the 'Westminster Gazette,' but I doubt if they will publish it. All the Tory papers are in delight at the speech, and the 'Daily Telegraph' demands the recall of Gorst and the dragooning of Egypt after the severest Cromerian manner. 'The Times' is curiously moderate, though Egyptian Unified has fallen to 99.

"*5th June* (*Sunday*).— Lady Gregory and Yeats came down to dine and sleep, Yeats in good form, telling a number of excellent stories at dinner. He said that the three persons he had known who had most impressed him with their power were William Morris, Henley, and Madame Blavatsky. He had gone on one occasion with Oscar Wilde to call on Henley. Oscar did not before know Henley, and put out all his most brilliant talk to captivate him and succeeded in doing so, while Henley said nothing. Both professed themselves afterwards much pleased with the other's wit.

"Lady Gregory is bringing out her new three-act play, 'The Image,' at the Court Theatre. They have also Synge's 'Deirdre' on their list, but they say it is not successful. Yeats tells me he makes only about £30 a year by the sale of his poetry. He is an extremely

pleasant fellow, and has a more prosperous look, and is fatter and rosier than formerly. Lady Gregory has been the making of him.

"*7th June.*— One Homer Davenport, a Yankee friend of Roosevelt's, and a breeder of Arab horses, was here to-day. He is an amusing fellow, come over with Roosevelt as newspaper correspondent for the 'New York World.' He tells me he has no very high opinion of Roosevelt's intellect, and treats his pronouncement about Egypt and other things as an overflow of nonsense and high spirits rather than as anything more serious. Roosevelt, he says, is sure to be named President again, as he amuses the American public. I took him the round of our horses here and found him intelligent about them, he having visited the Anazeh tribes once. After going through a number of our small fields surrounded with thick hedgerows he remarked: 'You have the cunningest little paddocks here for breeding that ever I saw.' I sent him back to London with Kháparde, who was also here, an oddly assorted pair.

"*8th June.*— I have written to Dillon and Dr. Rutherford, M.P., advising them that when the question of Egypt comes on in Parliament, the point to urge should be a resumption of the Drummond Wolff negotiations for evacuation. It is no use trying to bolster up Gorst, he is too manifest a failure.

"Belloc has gone to Berlin, news having come that the Emperor William having been stung by an insect in his hand is ill with blood poisoning, and Belloc wanted to be in at the death. Little as I love Wilhelm I should miss him at the present juncture. It would leave the game in the East too entirely in English hands.

"*14th June.*— Chapel Street. Meynell and Everard Meynell dined with me, and we talked much about Egypt. There was a field-day yesterday about it in the House of Commons, Grey solemnly recanting, amid rapturous Tory applause, the whole of his policy of conciliation there, begun three and a half years ago. There is now to be an era of coercion. Nationalism is no longer to be killed with kindness. There will be arrests and deportations, which will go on till one fine day the Khedive is assassinated. Turkey is now Egypt's only chance. Grey's speech shows quite clearly that it was a matter arranged beforehand between him and Roosevelt that Roosevelt should make the speech he did at the Guildhall. It was one of those little perfidies by which Cabinet Ministers sometimes force the hands of their colleagues, and it has been most successful. Without it Grey might have had a difficulty in getting up the agitation about Egypt which was necessary to excuse the change of policy. Cromer will now once more be the Foreign Office adviser, vice Hardinge, promoted as Viceroy to India.

"Hardinge's appointment is probably as good a one as the Government could have made. He is friends with Russia and knows some-

thing of the East, and will have the recommendation of having been the late King's right-hand man. Nothing, however, in the shape of new men will much affect the march of Asiatic and Egyptian things. Egypt's future depends on the success of Turkey; India's on the success of China and Japan. One thing Grey's speech will certainly have effected: all Egypt will now become Nationalist and anti-English.

"*15th June.*— Dr. Rutherford came to lunch with me. In the afternoon I went to Belgrave Square, and on with Madeline and Dorothy to the Court Theatre to see Lady Gregory's play 'The Image,' which disappointed me, being in three acts without much action, and the dialogue being difficult for any but an Irishman to follow. The little farce, 'Hyacinth Halvey,' which followed it, was quite delightful.

"*16th June.*— I have written to reproach Dillon with his absence and the Irish silence at the Egyptian debate. Dillon, if he had been there, could have led a serious attack on Grey, who once more was able to hypnotize the Radicals below the gangway and obtained a complete success for coercion in Egypt. The Irish were probably afraid of offending Roosevelt. The Irish entertainment of Roosevelt the day after his Guildhall speech was a betrayal of liberty which may cost the Eastern world dear. [The incident of Roosevelt's intervention marks an evil turn in Grey's diplomacy. The American's influence with him was a personal one, due to their common interest in natural history and out of door sports, which with Grey was paramount. I attribute his marked preference for American rather than any other foreign suggestions to the fact that with Americans only he could converse in their own language, being ignorant of French or German.]

"Lady C., on whom I called, told me she had just met M. de Soveral, who had told her the King was certainly killed by his doctors. Soveral was quite broken down by the King's death. As to the new Court, she tells me Knollys was the only one about the old King who was really faithful to him. He was left heir to all the King's papers and correspondence, and knew absolutely everything of the King's secrets, having been entrusted with the keys, while he lived, of every box. Most of these secrets, she said, will die with Knollys. Queen Alexandra has been well provided for, the King having left her £30,000 a year, which will be made up to £100,000 by Parliament. She will go with her sister, the Empress of Russia and her daughter to Copenhagen at the end of July and stay there till Christmas, then to Sandringham, where she will live when in England, her son reserving the shooting. King George is entirely devoted to his mother and will do everything possible for her.

"Kitchener has been recently to see Lady C. She had talked to him about me and he had said I had done a deal of mischief in Egypt; I am glad he thinks so.

"*20th June.*— I have written, at Dillon's suggestion, to Redmond about Grey's speech on Egypt, urging him to take the matter up strongly on the first occasion. Asquith has fooled them after all about the House of Lords, and has gone into conference with Arthur Balfour about the compromise of the quarrel. Unless the Irish get rid of Asquith, Grey and Haldane, they will never gain what they want. They have certainly had bad luck with the King's death, but it was a mistake their allowing the Budget to pass.

"*26th June.*—Newbuildings. D—— G—— was here to-day, just back from the Congo with some friends interested in the rubber trade. It is a sordid and abominable occupation, and D—— has made a fortune out of it, as there has been what is called a rubber boom. He has for some time past had a rubber speculation in the Malay Peninsula and took service under that scoundrel King Leopold to learn the art of the thing, and now, old Leopold being dead, he has returned to Europe. I asked him whether the tales of the atrocities on the Congo were true, and he admitted that they had been so, but said it was all changed now. All the same it is a sorry business for one like D——.

"*28th June.*— Chapel Street. With Beauclerk to the White City to see the Japanese pictures, which are worth looking at, and in the evening with Farid Bey to a Conference at Caxton Hall, where he made a speech about Egypt in French which nobody understood. These meetings are entirely useless, the audience made up mostly of young Indians and enthusiastic middle-aged ladies.

"*29th June*— Dillon and Farid to lunch. We decided that Dillon is to bring on the Egyptian question, if possible, as an Irish party question in connection with the Foreign Office Estimates; otherwise no real debate is possible. The points he is to attack are (1) The financial mismanagement with the spending of twenty-six millions of the Reserve Fund, (2) The new Press and Deportation Laws; (3) The Suez Canal Convention. Dillon recommends that the Legislative Council should sign a public protest against the new coercion laws passed over their heads. I am to write a pamphlet. Farid has his facts well in hand, but, as usual, his inability to speak English stood in his way with Dillon, who speaks no French.

"*10th July* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Dillon and Kháparde are here for the week-end. Dillon is hopeful about Irish prospects. He says the Sinn Fein movement as far as it was hostile to the Parliamentary party has all but died down. He expects a General Election in January, with a result of even forces between Tories and Radicals; and so the possibility of an arrangement between the two parties favourable to Home Rule. He has seen much of Churchill lately, who is much depressed at the failure of their plans. Dillon will do what

he can about Egypt, but it is difficult to keep the Irish members in London, except when it is a case of Irish questions. He understands the Egyptian case thoroughly; the Radical members, however, will give no support; they are too ignorant of foreign affairs, and too much afraid of Grey. Dillon is the pleasantest of companions, and an excellent talker, and we have had a profitable time.

"*11th July.*— The twenty-seventh anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria. I am writing my final letter for the 'Westminster Gazette,' disclosing the financial scandals in Egypt, so as to give Dillon a lead on the Foreign Office vote.

"*15th July.*— Dillon writes that Grey, after saying that the Suez Canal Correspondence would be laid on the table for members to read, has withdrawn these, and there can be no debate about Egypt. Thus the whole attempt to get publicity for the rascalities in Egypt breaks down. My letter was sent in on the 13th, but the Editor says it may be some time before he can print it. Such is the way these things are managed.

"*16th July.*— Savarkar, the Indian who was recently extradited and sent to London, has managed to squeeze through his cabin window at Marseilles and swim ashore, but was arrested by a French gendarme and returned to the ship. He had had friends ready with a motor to get him away. Kháparde tells me that Savarkar is the author of 'The Indian Revolution of 1857,' and that is the real reason why they want to get him back to India and punish him.

"*18th July.*— The Editor of the 'Westminster Gazette' after keeping it for a week refuses to publish my final letter about Egypt, and as both Dillon and Keir Hardie say there is no chance of Egypt being discussed, I am obliged to leave it there. I cannot fight this battle absolutely alone, the odds against me are too great." [This letter I had printed as a pamphlet under the heading "The Fiasco in Egypt." I am quite sure that it was shown to Grey by the editor, and that in consequence Grey resolved to burk the debate by withdrawing the correspondence.]

"*22nd July.*— After all, Dillon was able to say a word on the Foreign Office vote, but unsupported by a single member on the Liberal side. It brought Grey out with another still stronger pronouncement about the Government determination to stay on in Egypt. The absolute and entire defection of the Labour members as well as the Liberals is depressing. They have all now adopted Grey's imperialistic doctrine of 'might is right' in dealing with Orientals. I hold Morley more responsible for this conversion of England to Jingoism than anyone else in the Cabinet. He has surrendered the Indian citadel to the enemy. It does not surprise me, nor do I suppose it will make any difference in the end. Egypt's fate depends on the success of the

Ottoman reformers and on the Kaiser Wilhelm, though I suspect that terms were come to by our Government with Wilhelm about Egypt when he was over here for the King's funeral, otherwise Grey would hardly have been so emphatic. The only thing now for Egypt is to make the closest possible alliance with Turkey and share the fortunes for good and evil of the general Mohammedan world. Gorst is over here.

"Churchill has made a long exposition of his new prison regulations, following very closely the lines of my memorandum. He and Clementine are to spend Sunday week with me here at Newbuildings. Dillon has sent me his speech about Egypt, which is eloquent and well-reasoned, and, he tells me, provoked Grey to great anger, though he did not get into the financial scandals. He met with no sympathy in any quarter of the House, and he is so distressed at this that he would advise the Egyptians to cease their agitation against the Occupation and get what they can from England of self-government. I cannot agree with him in this. The sort of self-government Gorst and Grey would give, a Council without power and without a free Press, would only serve as a disguise for English rule. I have written to him in this sense. France is once more pushing forward in Morocco, and is counting on English help. It would not surprise me if the partition of the Ottoman Empire were in our Foreign Office plan. It is a race between these harpies and the Ottoman army. If this can be reorganized and strengthened in time Islam will be saved and Egypt with it, not otherwise.

"*24th July* (*Sunday*).— The Bellocs to dinner. He tells me Dillon's speech about Egypt was really most eloquent but equally ill-received by Radicals as by Tories. It shows that there is no longer the smallest hope of converting England from her imperial ways.

"Goumah writes from Lyons that there is a reign of terror at Cairo, spies everywhere and police arrests. It is a return to the state of things in 1883, a fine comment on the civilizing effect of English Liberal rule after twenty-seven years. I have answered him that I advise closer relations with Constantinople. It is their rightful and legal way, seeing that the Sultan is their Sovereign Lord, and England cannot with any face quarrel with them for their loyalty to him and at the same time pretend to be the friend and protector of Islam. It must now be war between Islam and England, and as the Egyptians have no armed force of their own they must rely on the hope that the Sultan will some day be strong enough to reclaim Egypt as a Province of the Ottoman Empire; it may not be a very good chance but it is the only one they have.

"*28th July*.— There is a new and very ugly development in the world's great affairs. The United States has declared its intention

with the Sinn Fein movement, being friends especially with the Healy faction.

"*24th Aug.*— Farid has written inviting me to be Honorary President of the Egyptian National Congress to be held at Paris on the 22nd of September, and I have written accepting, though I cannot be there, sending an address to be read at the first meeting.

"*30th Aug.*— The Kaiser Wilhelm has made a speech at Königsberg in which he allowed himself a new outburst about his 'divine right.' I remember just the same thing nearly fifty years ago, when his grandfather came to the throne. His 'Gottes-Gnaden' was a phrase of comic opera mocking in Germany at that time.

"*6th Sept.*— Chapel Street. A Mr. Atkin came to lunch to consult me on Turkish affairs in Arabia. He has been lately at Constantinople and tells me there is a pretty complete *brouille* between the Young Turks and the English Embassy; our ambassador, Lowther, does nothing and knows nothing, and the Germans have it all their own way. There is talk of the Sultan bringing on the Egyptian Question with the support of Germany and Austria. I doubt, however, whether Atkin is a reliable informant.

"*15th Sept.*— Newbuildings. Father John Pollen, S.J., came to lunch from Burton Park and spent the afternoon, he not having been here since 1876, when he went into his Jesuit novitiate. He is a pleasant, good fellow, and we had much talk about old days when the Pollens lived here. Philip Napier and his wife also came, and we had much Egyptian talk. He is living at Sheykh Obeyd now, and has developed good National sympathies, a most unusual thing for an Englishman in Egypt.

"*16th Sept.*— The French Government has forbidden the Congress being held at Paris, and it has had to be transferred to Brussels. According to an account sent me by Goumah, he and Farid had an interview yesterday with the Chef de Cabinet du Premier Ministre, in which he excused the French Government by saying that 'France was so surrounded by enemies that she could not afford to quarrel with her one friend, England.' The forbidding of the Congress is in accordance with an agreement come to with England, that if the French Government will forbid the Congress the English Government will consent to liberate Savarkar. I hope it is so, for the first will be a small misfortune compared with France's surrender of a captured fugitive and her violation of the right of asylum.

"*20th Sept.*— There is a quarrel between the French Government and the Turkish Government over a loan of £6,000,000 arranged by the latter with the Crédit Mobilier, but which the French Government refuses permission to be quoted on the Bourse because it is to be applied to the purchase of war ships in Germany. [The 'Goeben'

was one of these.] The French made a condition that certain protected French subjects in Syria should be given up by the Ottoman Government, and also a certain oasis on the Tripolitan frontier evacuated, which, of course, could not be conceded. The answer to this is a rumoured military convention between Turkey and Roumania, and the all but certainty that Turkey will now join the Triple Alliance. This is the best thing that could happen to Egypt, so I rejoice.

"*24th Sept.*— My letter in French to the Egyptian Congress has been clearly a great success, the London Liberal papers giving extracts from it, and describing it as a 'sensation,' and the 'Daily News' giving it three-quarters of a column under the heading 'Mr. Blunt's Remarkable Prophecy.' I am sure this has been the right way to attack Grey's position. It is announced now that Cassel has come forward with an offer of financing the Turkish loan if the French Government refuses to allow the Crédit Mobilier's offer, and that he has support at Berlin.

"*26th Sept.*— Worth Forest. The news from Brussels is excellent. Keir Hardie has declared himself at the Congress in unmistakable terms for evacuation. He has even told the Egyptians they must have a revolution. The following are the resolutions agreed to:

'(1) The occupation of Egypt by Great Britain being illegal, evacuation must take place immediately.
'(2) The Constitution of 1882 must be restored.
'(3) The Press law must be abolished.
'(4) The deportation law must be repealed.
'(5) Control over the debt must be maintained as long as Egypt is the debtor of Europe.
'(6) The treaty of 1898 between the Khedive and Great Britain affecting the Soudan is void.'

"These are exactly the resolutions I should myself have drafted. I mean now to take a holiday from the whole thing. Clementine Churchill writes that Winston thinks my advice to the Egyptians very good advice, but he will never consent to the evacuation. I have answered that I remembered his saying so last year, and I also remembered how Jules Favre said in 1871 that he would never consent to the surrender of a stone of France's fortresses.

"*3rd Oct.*— Newbuildings. Riza Bey Tewfik unexpectedly arrived from London, having found his way on foot from Southwater through the woods. We had a most interesting talk about Ottoman politics, and he gave me an exact account of how England had lost her popularity at Constantinople through the stupidity of our Embassy and the mistake made in giving support to the counter-revolution. At the

had put it in the workhouse, and who had been given two months' hard labour for deserting it, and about abuses he had discovered in a reformatory. He talked also about public executions. He is in favour of capital punishment, but, while thinking executions cannot be made a spectacle for hooligans, will see to it that relations and friends shall be allowed to be present. This in connection with what I wrote the other day in the 'Observer.'

"He then got on his travels in the Greek Islands and the Sea of Marmora, where he has been yachting for the last two months. He was immensely pleased with the Island of Rhodes and its defensive works. At Constantinople he had stayed four days, and had been taken to see the new Sultan, but had found him uninteresting; indeed *gaga*. Djavid Pasha had shown him about, and he had talked with several very intelligent Young Turks; also with Bieberstein, the German Ambassador, of whose ability he had formed a high opinion. The Germans had got the better of our diplomacy there. He had brought away a great sympathy with the Young Turks, and was all for them being encouraged and supported. I told him that I had been asked to advise the Ottoman Government as to its policy, and inquired what his advice to them would be. Would he advise them to join the Triple Alliance? He said: 'I should advise them, while working up their army and making it efficient, to keep out of all wars for five years and get their finances in order. As to alliances, I should advise them to remain in the position of the courted party rather than of one actually engaged.' I asked: 'Would it not give them a stronger position to join the Triple Alliance openly? If it is only a secret understanding they might find themselves betrayed.' He said: 'Perhaps.' I gathered from him that he was well aware of the mistakes made by our diplomacy at Constantinople, but he excused these by saying that we were hampered by our position in Egypt.

"We then argued the whole Egyptian question, and with Philip's help, I think we produced considerable effect on him, though still he declared the impossibility of evacuation. Public opinion in England would never consent to it. We should hold on to Egypt as we hold on to India. It was not that it brought us any advantage but it was impossible to go back on what we had undertaken, a necessity of Empire. The fate of Egypt would be decided by the issue of the coming war with Germany. He used, in fact, all the old arguments; nevertheless, I think, he is shaken about it. Philip staggered him by asserting that the land of the Delta was being ruined by over watering and that the rural administration was bad. 'One thing,' he said to me privately, 'I can tell you. There will be no more talk of the Suez Canal Convention.' He asked me what I thought of Gorst, and said they were going to support him. 'As to the Suez Convention,' he said, 'there

are three people who have always disapproved of it, you and I and Cassel, each arriving at his view on different grounds.'

"The only subject we avoided was the conference about the Lords, but I feel sure that they have come to terms with the Irish. Redmond has just made a speech in Canada announcing Home Rule all round. What exactly this may mean is uncertain, but it would hardly have been made unless some agreement had been come to with the Tories that the Irish demand was to be conceded. About the railway strike in France, he expressed much confidence in Briand. Besides all this, a metaphysical argument was started on the old doubt about the existence of matter, and we even got for a moment into theology. With Gordon Blunt he discussed military manœuvres, declaring our own on Salisbury Plain this year to have been absurd. On every topic he was good, making from time to time most amusing little House of Commons speeches and telling anecdotes in illustration. Nobody could have been livelier or more witty. We all agreed, as we went to bed, that we had had an excellent show. His last word to me was, 'You must not quarrel with me if I annex Egypt.' While at Constantinople he saw the Khedive whom he described as 'between the devil and the deep sea,' England and the National Party.

"*16th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— Worth Forest. I am over in the Forest for a few days. On our walk up from Cinder Banks we came upon four deer, one a white doe, close to the great beech tree. This was Percy and Madeline's golden wedding day.

"*19th Oct.*— It is announced from Teheran that Grey has threatened to occupy Southern Persia, a last perfidy which has decided me to write to Riza Bey and advise the Turkish Government to join the Triple Alliance openly, if they get the offer. It is the only thing left for any Moslem state to do. The Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente intends their destruction.

"*20th Oct.*— Chapel Street. I have despatched my letter to Riza Bey, of which I have kept a copy as it is important. I see there is excitement at Constantinople about the British threat to Persia, which will certainly make for the proposed alliance. Riza Bey will show my letter to the Grand Vizier and it ought to settle the matter. Our Foreign Office has been very foolish with its Russian Alliance. Osman Ghaleb writes with a full account of the Egyptian Congress at Brussels and the reception my address to it met with. He describes this as having been 'profound,' so much so that Baron Max de Wendland, Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria, who was sitting next him, exclaimed, 'There are still honest politicians left in England.' Copies of my address were sent by him to the Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, and to Saad Zaghoul. It has been reproduced in full at Cairo and Constantinople, and it is evident that it came at a most critical moment and has had its

full effect. The Constantinople Press is now violently anti-English, as well as anti-French, and the announcement of intervention in Persia has caused an explosion. It is certain now that Turkey will join the Triple Alliance. There is talk already of sending a Turkish Army Corps to the Persian frontier, and I should not be surprised if war should result. Our Foreign Office game now clearly is to involve Turkey financially, just as Persia has been involved. It all now depends on Germany. When Churchill was here I discussed with him the possibility of an invasion of Egypt, from Syria, by a Turkish army, helped by a German contingent. He seemed to think it impossible, but stranger things have happened.

"*23rd Oct.* (*Sunday*).— The crisis at Constantinople will have been heightened by a foolish speech made by Hardinge as prospective Viceroy of India, in which he praises the late King's astuteness and his own in making the alliance with Russia. He quotes the saying that Asia is large enough for the two Empires to live at peace in, and applauds the Convention about Persia. This will help to put the dots upon the i's. One must be a fool not to see that a partition of Persia is intended, though official denials are being given in our papers. It is all intensely interesting and can hardly not result in a war, which I may yet live to see, a war for the leadership of the Old World.

"*24th Oct.*— Big headlines announce a demonstration at Constantinople against Russia, England and France, and an appeal to the Kaiser Wilhelm as Defender of Islam. Whether my letter to Riza Tewfik had anything to do with it I do not know. It must have reached Constantinople on the 22nd and the demonstration took place on the 23rd. In any case it follows very closely the lines of my advice.— Rothstein's book, 'Egypt's Ruin,' is out.

"*25th Oct.*— Chapel Street. Mackarness called to talk over the plan of of a new Egyptian Committee, but I foresee it will come to nothing, as he can find nobody in the House of Commons willing to go in for evacuation, and with anything short of that I will have nothing whatever to do. It is ridiculous to go on demanding a Constitution which will never be given, or a resumption of Gorst's futile régime.

"*26th Oct.*— Back to Newbuildings. As I was shooting on Sheppard's Farm an airship passed over us, the first I have yet seen, a sausage-shaped dirigible balloon, drifting along at about 8 miles an hour. The propeller was not working only two little vans which seemed to steer it, keeping its course northward, the wind being south-east. In the brilliant evening sunlight it was rather a pleasing object than otherwise, as it drifted almost directly over Newbuildings at about 500 or 600 feet above us.

"*27th Oct.*— The airship turns out to have been the largest yet launched and to have come from Paris and to have descended at Alder-

shot. It must have been travelling faster than I thought and at a greater height. On arrival at the garage at Aldershot it got torn and exploded, but the passengers, they say, were unhurt. It seems to have been the first regular passenger ship to cross the Channel.

"*28th Oct.*— I have sent a copy of 'Egypt's Ruin' to Asquith, with a letter requesting him to read it, and another to Morley. In my letter to Asquith I say, 'Our position in Egypt, taken in conjunction with the general attitude of the Mohammedan world, is a very critical one and may any day need your personal decision in the Cabinet to prevent greater mistakes than those already made at the Foreign Office. It is for this reason that I beg you not to allow things to drift on there as Mr. Gladstone allowed them to drift in 1882, till no issue could be found for them short of a violent one.' In my letter to Morley I have added an allusion to his conscience. I don't suppose either of them will read or answer, but it will at least be on record that I placed the truth before them.

"*2nd Nov.—Jour des Morts*, but whether it will be Persia or Turkey that will die, or the British Empire, depends upon Providence and the Kaiser Wilhelm. I went up to London early, in connection with a Mohammedan meeting to be held about Persia, in the afternoon, and found Syud Mahmud and another young Indian Moslem in Chapel Street, and helped them to draw up a resolution, or rather an amendment to the resolution, which will be proposed there. It is to this effect, 'that in view of the actual presence in Northern Persia of Russian troops and of the recent threat to occupy Southern Persia with British troops, and in view, moreover, of aggressions in the past under closely similar circumstances of ill faith by both Russia and England, this meeting of Mohammedans resident in London, is of opinion that no reliance can be placed on Sir Edward Grey's declarations that Persia's ancient independence will be respected by either of the two occupying Powers and it calls upon His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, and the Government of Turkey to concert measures with the Persian Government for the speedy ending of a situation which is a menace to both Persia and Turkey, and an intolerable insult to the whole of Islam.' The young men assure me that such a resolution would obtain a large majority of votes. It has been occasioned by the news that British bluejackets have been landed at Lingah on the Persian Gulf 'to protect life and property.'

"Called later on Rivers Wilson, who talked about old times, and especially about the year he spent as private secretary to Disraeli, 1867–1868. Dizzy, he says, was in those days still the *farceur* he had been in his youth, having his tongue in his cheek and not pretending to be serious when behind the scenes. He would sit with him, Rivers, telling stories hour after hour, always amusingly and never pompously. It

was not till after the Congress of Berlin, ten years later, that he began to take himself *au grand serieux*. The wonder is that anyone should have been found to take him seriously after such beginnings as his had been. Rivers is indignant with the present Government, and especially with Lloyd George, 'that mountebank of finance.' To his Treasury traditions of economy the present expenditure of £160,000,000 yearly is lunacy; and so it is, only if people will have an overgrown Empire they must pay for their fun.

"Then on to Horace Rumbold, another relic of the past generation. He, too, is indignant with the Government for having taken up the Young Turks in 1908, and now mismanaged things, so that their joining the Triple Alliance is a certainty. He is hardly consistent, however, I think, as he is strongly in favour of an Anglo-Russian Alliance and against that with Japan. Winston writes that the European situation could not be worse for us. This reassures me about the attitude of Germany, as to which I sometimes fear lest it should be won over from an alliance with Turkey. There is always the danger of the whole of the Great Powers settling their differences by a partition of the Ottoman Empire. It is a risk we have to run, but I am sure the best chance is for Turkey to join the Triplice. We are playing for very high stakes, and this is our weakest card. If William were to die and be succeeded by an unambitious Emperor everything would be lost. All the more reason for hastening on the Alliance now.

"*4th Nov.*— Newbuildings. The Persian meeting turned out to be a poor affair, my young friends having failed to bring forward their amendment, and the original milk and water one is all that the papers publish about it. Mark Napier and Beauclerk came to dine and sleep. Mark, who takes a purely City view of these questions, declares it to be impossible Egypt should ever be evacuated, seeing how many millions of British capital are invested there. 'The British Empire,' he says, 'will muddle through somehow, as it did a hundred years ago in the time of Napoleon.'

"Miss Petre has sent me a copy of a letter she has written to the 'Times.' She has been called upon to sign a declaration that she accepts the Papal Rescript *Pascendi* and the rest, and she has asked in return that she should be informed whether the rescripts are *de fide*. Her position is sound in logic, but the Church can hardly afford to be logical any longer. She proposes to come to luncheon here on Monday and talk it over with me.

"*6th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— Last night being Guy Fawkes' day we drank confusion to the British Empire, though, in truth, all present but myself were rank Imperialists. Warburton Pike, Beauclerk's friend, was of the party, and the talk turned mostly on gold mining, in which all of them are interested. Mark told us the history of the Mysore gold

mine, of which he is the Director. The mine was discovered some thirty years ago accidentally by two English sportsmen when Mark's father was Governor of Madras, and a company was formed, but it yielded no great result till old Sir Charles Tennant, Margot's father, put £20,000 into it, and became almost sole owner. The thing was treated as a mere gamble, and having nothing reliable to go upon in the way of engineering reports and, nobody knowing where to dig, it was decided that Sir Charles should put his finger at haphazard on the map and that the digging should be begun there, and there exactly the gold was found, several millions' worth of it.'

"Mark gave me to-day also an interesting account of the battle of Majuba Hill, which he got from Sir Ian Hamilton, an old friend of his, and which is as follows: 'General Colley finding himself about to be superseded in the command by a superior officer, was anxious to achieve some notable success before his successor arrived, and with this object he occupied the hill with a few hundred men. The hill dominated the Boer position, and if they could have brought guns with them and entrenched themselves the plan would have succeeded. It was, in fact, near succeeding, for the Boers, finding the hill in possession of the English, were beginning to retire when they thought they might as well first see how strongly it was held. The British army was at that time in a quite undisciplined state, and the men not only refused to drag up the guns but even to entrench themselves when at the top, saying they were too tired for work and lay down to sleep; and Colley, who was a theoretical rather than a practical soldier, had not sufficient personal authority with them to insist, so that the Boer attack found them quite unprepared. The Boers, advancing from below, had the advantage that their heads were comparatively invisible as seen against the rocks, while the English were clear on the skyline, so that the Boers stalked them like deer and got close to the top before they were perceived. Hamilton, as I understand the story, was sent with a detachment to oppose the Boer advance, but being driven in found Colley lying on his back smoking a cigarette, having given up all attempt to cope with the situation. He was alone with only a few men of his staff, but the rank and file had already run in panic down the hill on the side opposite the attack. Hamilton had then returned to the advanced post where he got wounded on the wrist, and once more was driven back by the advancing Boers to the crest of the hill. This time he found all the living and unwounded gone, and Colley lying dead, shot through the head with a pistol in his hand. He had committed suicide. The Boers then rushed over the crest, driving what remained of the advanced guard before them, and Hamilton took to his heels. "I would have jumped over any precipice just then," he said to Mark; as it was he jumped over one twenty feet deep and stunned himself,

remaining unconscious till the next morning, when he found a young Boer standing over him with his rifle pointed and about to finish him, but an older Boer stopped the young one, and having stripped him of everything he possessed, they gave him a kick on the backside and let him go.'

"All this account is in strict keeping with what Mark's brother Jack told me many years ago. According to both accounts it would have been impossible at that time for the British army to continue the campaign aggressively, as the Orange State would have joined the Transvaalers, and the army was quite disorganized.

"*7th Nov.*— There has been a shifting of places in the Cabinet this last week. Morley leaves the India Office to become President of the Council; Crewe takes Morley's place, and Loulou Harcourt takes Crewe's place as Colonial Secretary; Beauchamp gets the Board of Works. That gives us two of our Crabbet Club men as Secretaries of State, their chief qualification.

"Beauclerk brings me an important piece of news about Persia. He has lately seen Major Sykes, our Consul at Meshed, who is at present in London, and is chief adviser on South Persian affairs at the Foreign Office. Sykes told him that the occupation of Southern Persia on the same lines as the occupation of Egypt has been decided on, and that he himself, Sykes, is to be British Agent and Consul General at Kirman, and direct the administration on Cromerian lines. It has long been intended but was not expected to take place for five years. Now, however, he says, two years will see it accomplished." [This is an entry of extreme importance, showing how fully it was intended by Sir Edward Grey and the British Government to occupy and administer Southern Persia, notwithstanding all denials.]

"Miss Petre and her sister came to luncheon, and we discussed the whole question of her quarrel with Rome. She means to fight it out, but I doubt if they will give her any answer about the binding character of the encyclicals. Her bishop will simply say that if she does not choose to sign she shall have no sacraments. To console her I gave her an account of my own religious experiences of fifty years ago. I like her much.

"*9th Nov.*— There has been a meeting at Berlin of the two Emperors, German and Russian, solemnized with an immense slaughter of Imperial deer, five hundred in the single day's shooting, beasts which had been penned for the purpose beforehand and let out one by one, as cockney sportsmen do with their purchased pheasants. According to the 'Times' these Emperors and their Ministers have come to an amicable understanding about Persia. If so, Persia's fate is sealed. [Compare Dr. Dillon's book, 'The Eclipse of Russia.'] In the meanwhile, we here in England are entirely engrossed in our local quarrels.

The Conference about the House of Lords has broken down, and there is a strike of miners with fierce riots in Wales.

"*11th Nov.*— The ex-Shah of Persia has suddenly appeared at Vienna, after having disappeared from Odessa, where he was a month ago. This means more than meets the eye, for an Oriental ex-King is a card in the hand of any European Government which wants a footing in an Eastern State. I should not be surprised if this one was taken up by our and the Russian Governments to be restored at Teheran or Kirman, as Tewfik was restored in 1882 at Cairo, with a joint Anglo-Russian occupation indefinitely continued.

"*12th Nov.*— There is an article in the 'Pall Mall,' which is usually well-informed about Foreign Office affairs, lamenting the failure of British policy in the East and announcing as certain that Turkey has joined the Triple Alliance, or rather the Dual Alliance of Germany and Austria, and that an arrangement has been come to between these and Russia for the construction of a railway through Bagdad and Persia to the Indian frontier, which will put India at the mercy of Germany, a death-blow to the British Empire. Redmond has returned from America with £40,000 for the coming electoral campaign.

"*14th Nov.*— To London for the meeting of Parliament, which is to-morrow, and to the Reform Club to concert with Mackarness an opposition to Grey's Eastern policy and the formation of a new Egyptian Committee.

"*15th Nov.*— To the Grafton Gallery to look at what are called the Post-Impressionist pictures sent over from Paris. The exhibition is either an extremely bad joke or a swindle. I am inclined to think the latter, for there is no trace of humour in it. Still less is there a trace of sense or skill or taste, good or bad, or art or cleverness. Nothing but that gross puerility which scrawls indecencies on the walls of a privy. The drawing is on the level of that of an untaught child of seven or eight years old, the sense of colour that of a tea-tray painter, the method that of a schoolboy who wipes his fingers on a slate after spitting on them. There is nothing at all more humorous than that, at all more clever. In all the 300 or 400 pictures there was not one worthy of attention even by its singularity, or appealing to any feeling but of disgust. I am wrong. There was one picture signed Gauguin which at a distance had a pleasing effect of colour. Examined closer I found it to represent three figures of brown people, probably South Sea Islanders, one of them a woman suckling a child, all repulsively ugly, but of a good general dark colouring, such as one sees in old pictures blackened by candle smoke. One of the figures wore a scarlet wrapper, and there was a patch of green sky in the corner of the picture. Seen from across the room the effect of colour was good. Apart from the frames, the whole collection should not be worth £5, and then

only for the pleasure of making a bonfire of them. Yet two or three of our art critics have pronounced in their favour. Roger Fry, a critic of taste, has written an introduction to the catalogue, and Desmond MacCarthy acts as secretary to the show. I am old enough to remember the pre-Raphaelite pictures in the Royal Academy exhibitions of 1857 and 1858, and it is pretended now that the present Post-Impression case is a parallel to it, but I find no parallel. The pre-Raphaelite pictures were many of them extremely bad in colour, but all were carefully, laboriously drawn, and followed certain rules of art; but these are not works of art at all, unless throwing a handful of mud against a wall may be called one. They are the works of idleness and impotent stupidity, a pornographic show.

"*16th Nov.*—Two things of immense importance have happened, though they excite little attention here. At a banquet given to Von der Goltz at Constantinople, Bieberstein has publicly declared the Kaiser Wilhelm's warm interest in Young Turkey and the strengthening of the Ottoman Empire as a military power. Also in Persia the native Press has declared for an alliance with Turkey and Germany.

"Frank Lascelles looked in on me. He admits that Grey has made a terrible hash of his policy abroad, especially at Constantinople. He disapproves of the partition of Persia, where he once was British Minister, and says that the Russians will never leave it. The agreement about the railways will leave everything in the hands of Germany. Even about Egypt he agrees that the position is very bad for us.

"John Dillon came to lunch and stayed till four talking. He says there has never been so complicated a political position as just now. Asquith is absolutely bound to the Irish party by his promise to resign if the King will not give the pledge required, and the Irish party will hold him to his promise. The future rests with the King, and nobody knows which way he will decide. All that he (Dillon) knows is that Knollys, who is acting as go-between for the King with Asquith, is strong for Irish Home Rule and for the Veto; but the King is subjected to other influences, and it is a toss up which side he will take, and on his decision will depend in large measure the fate of the elections. The Irish position has never since Parnell's time been so strong as now. Redmond has got the whole of the American, Canadian, and Australian Irish, with insignificant exceptions, at his back. Their coffers are full, and there is no chance of O'Brien winning more than his half dozen seats at home against them. We also discussed Persia, Constantinople, and Egypt, on which subject Dillon and I are at one. He will help our Egyptian campaign in Parliament, though he will not join the Committee. Dillon gave me a curious instance of the kind of temptations put in the way of the Irish party by the capitalists. In the Spring of the present year he had been approached by representa-

tives of the brewing interest offering him £25,000 for the Irish Parliamentary party fund if they would vote against the Budget. He declined to have anything to do with it, and had told only Redmond and two or three of the party about it. The Irish party had always refused contributions coupled with secret conditions. The only instance to the contrary was Cecil Rhodes' gift of £10,000, but that was publicly acknowledged, and the letters that passed between Rhodes and Parnell were published. The party accepted contributions from anybody, but not on conditions. I asked him about Redmond's sale under the Land Act, and this is what he says: Redmond inherited the family estate from his uncle, so burdened with incumbrances as to be, in Redmond's own words, a *damnosa hereditas*. When the Land Act was passed his tenants had come forward spontaneously offering to buy at terms of from eighteen to twenty-four years' purchase. Redmond never got a penny out of the property, as the charges on it covered the whole of the income. Speaking of the Catholic priesthood's attitude towards Home Rule, he said they never had the hierarchy more solidly with them. All the bishops supported them now, except Archbishop Walsh, Cardinal Logue, and the Bishop of Limerick and one other. He also says that the national University has turned out a complete success.

"*17th Nov.*— Tolstoy is dead. A few days ago he ran away from home, tired to death of his wife and children, and announcing his intention of ending his days in a monastery or as a hermit, or anywhere out of reach of them. They had made his life a misery to him by their stupidities, and at the age of eighty-two he at last broke loose. In Russia, however, it is impossible for anyone to conceal himself, least of all an old bearded patriarch like Tolstoy, whose photograph was in every shop window, and his family tracked him down. First a daughter caught him and then the rest. He took to his bed to shut them out, and as a last resource died at a railway hotel, refusing admittance to his wife to the end. For Tolstoy as a writer I have the most profound admiration. His two great novels, 'Anna Karenina' and 'Peace and War,' are probably the greatest ever written. As a philosopher I admire him less; as a prophet I do not believe in him at all. Nevertheless he was distinctly the most interesting personality of our generation, the man who commanded the widest following, the man of the most indisputable genius. Some of his political manifestos are splendid. He had courage to a supreme degree. As a moral teacher his ideas were sublime, but quite unsound; his religion was absurd. Such is my brief estimate of him. The world is poorer for his death.

"I have a letter from Miss Petre asking what my religious position now is. Her own position, Meynell tells me, is considered to be logical and correct by all the English bishops, except Amigo, her own diocesan. The Pope's encyclical letters are *not* binding *de fide*, and they all say it

was foolish of Amigo to ask her to sign her approval of them. The demand was quite unprecedented.

"*19th Nov.*— Asquith has declared that Parliament will be dissolved on the 28th. This can hardly not mean that the King has given the guarantees, and if so and Asquith does not cheat, Home Rule is certain. I am not sure of Asquith, but Dillon says he can be relied on.

"*20th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— More Russian troops are being marched into Persia, and it is telegraphed from Teheran that at a great public meeting there appeal has been made to the Sultan for an alliance and also to the Kaiser. It is the Persians' only chance. Riza Bey writes to me that he has shown my letter to Talaat Bey, the Minister of the Interior, and others, and that my work for them is fully appreciated. He also says that when Churchill was at Constantinople he created an excellent impression.

"*21st Nov.*— A loan of £20,000,000 is announced and put forward with much pomp in 'The Times' for an Anglo-Russian railway to be run through Persia to Baloochistan. It is to pass through Kirman, the intended capital of the British sphere of influence. Belloc is of opinion that Asquith will trick the Irish after all.

"*23rd Nov.*— Chapel Street. Asquith, Birrell, and other Ministers have been mauled by the Suffragettes and their windows broken. They are enraged because Winston will not prosecute them. I entertained my political allies to-day at luncheon, Dillon, Browne, Mackarness, O'Malley and Cunninghame Graham were also to have been of the party, but they did not appear. We got the question, however, of our Egyptian Committee settled on a basis of evacuation, though no action can be taken by it till the new Parliament has met. Keir Hardie is an honest old fellow, with a Scotch terrier's face, rugged and plain spoken. I took much to him. Besides the Committee here in London, we are to get up a proper English paper for Egypt.

"I have been reading a very interesting new book, called 'The Conflict of Colour,' by one Puttenham Weir, but Beauclerk tells me his real name is Robinson, son of an English resident in China, and nephew of Hart, the Director of Customs. His book is an excellent one, and I agree with most of what is said in it.

"*5th Dec.*— Parliament was dissolved on the 28th, and the General Election is in full swing. I have five votes, at Horsham, East Grinstead, Reigate, the New Forest of Hampshire, and Westminster.

"*15th Dec.*— Lunched with Eversley. We talked about Egypt, as to which he is sympathetic. He says there is talk of a reconstruction of the Cabinet, of Loreburn's retirement, and Haldane's appointment as Lord Chancellor, with Birrell at the War Office and Churchill in Ireland. Eversley has the highest opinion of Churchill as a much abler man than his father.

"*19th Dec.*— There are evil rumours in the papers of an entente between England and Germany, which should have for its basis the settlement of their rival commercial ambitions in the near East. This can only be at the expense of the near Eastern populations. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"*22nd Dec.*— The Elections are now over, the result being an exact repetition of those of a year ago. The Government claims it as a decisive victory. Though with a majority of 126, Asquith is really in an English minority of fourteen. All once more depends upon the King. If he finds pluck enough to refuse to create 500 peers required to pass the Veto Bill, he will carry general opinion with him. The country cares too little about abolishing the House of Lords to make a revolution for it. Apart from Ireland's chance of Home Rule, which depends upon it, I am personally with the Lords as against the Commons.

"*26th Dec.*— On the 23rd there was an account in the papers of the capture of Kerak (*Crac les Chevaliers*), and this morning a letter has come from Riza Tewfik relating the misdeeds of the party now in power at Constantinople. I am inclined to think he exaggerates these, as he is the leader of the Parliamentary opposition there, but what seems certain is that the Turks have got into a mess in Arabia by trying to coerce the Bedouin tribes. This is a folly I warned them against long ago.

"*31st Dec.*—'The year 1910 has been for me on the whole a happy one.' Politically I still fight on and have accomplished much, but it has been in what looks more and more a losing battle. I doubt if I shall see the accomplishment of any of my dreams. The cause of Eastern liberty is dark at present. In Persia it seems lost and in Turkey to be in no little danger. Without the resuscitation of the Ottoman Empire Egypt will remain in English hands till a stronger robber comes. Still we must fight on, and I have done my best. What will the New Year bring? I dare not prophesy."

CHAPTER X

THE FRENCH INVADE MOROCCO

"*2nd Jan.*, 1911.— The birthday honours list gives Jameson a baronetcy who ought to have had a rope.

"*3rd Jan.*— There has been a battle between the police, helped by sixty men of the Scots Guards on the one hand, and two men on the other, described as anarchists and assassins, who defended themselves in a house in the East End of London for a whole day. Winston in his character of Home Secretary put himself in command of the forces of the Crown, and advanced under fire.

"*12th Jan.*— Farid Bey has returned to Cairo and is to be prosecuted for an introduction he wrote some time ago to one Ghyati's poems. Also Ismail Abaza, the only independent member, has been turned out of his place in the General Assembly. All this is disheartening. There is much discussion at Paris, Berlin and Petersburg as to the meaning of the Potsdam arrangement made between Germany and Russia about Persia. It would seem directed against the Anglo-French Entente, but does it not also mean a further division of the spoils in Asia and Egypt? The danger we have to face is a possible Anglo-German Entente. This would be fatal and final—may God forbid it. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"*26th Jan.*— Farid has been sentenced at Cairo to six months' imprisonment, a really outrageous sentence, for having written a few words of introduction in a volume of poems, one of which contained praise of Wardani. His defence is that he never read the poems, and being a very busy man it is more than likely that that is the fact. The sentence was, no doubt, dictated by Gorst to the Assize Judge whom he appointed to deal with the case. It is just the same old way of manipulating the law in political cases we used to know in Ireland.

"Dilke is dead. I hardly know what to say of him except that he was in politics, what I most distrust, a Radical Imperialist. The extreme Radicals here had come to look upon him as one of their stalwarts, and only a few days ago Mackarness wrote to me proposing him as Chairman of a new Egyptian Committee, knowing nothing of his past history at the Foreign Office in 1882. Dilke remained very secretive about Egypt, speaking constantly in the House on every other subject but not on this. I advised Mackarness to ask Dilke whether he

repented of his Egyptian sin, and he did so and found him unrepentant. Dilke was possessed, as the papers say of him, of 'an almost encyclopædic knowledge' on foreign affairs especially, but he had long ceased to be a force in the House of Commons though made use of now and then. The scandal of his connection with the Crawford divorce suit stood always in the way of his regaining office, and he had no wit or personal charm to attract to him a party below the gangway. Politically and morally he seems to have formed himself on the model of his friend Gambetta, a republican at home and an Imperial expansionist abroad. It is not for me to cast a stone at him for anything but his betrayal of Egypt to the Jews in 1882. Peace be with him.

"*27th Jan.*—Cotton, Mackarness, Rutherford and Rothstein came to tea with me, to arrange about our Egyptian Committee, of which I am to be Chairman, and our monthly newspaper, 'Egypt.' We are to publish a first number as soon as possible.

"*28th Jan.*—Lunched in Eccleston Square with Winston and Clementine; Birrell also there, and we renewed acquaintance on the ground of my former friendship with his father-in-law, Frederick Locker, and my character as a poet. Birrell has a pleasant reputation in the House of Commons as a gay trifler, covering his personal appearance of pedagogue to the extent that his style of wit has been called 'Birrellism,' and he made play on these lines in conversation during our meal, his forehead still dotted with sticking-plaster, as sign manual of his adventure with the suffragettes three months ago. I made him give a narrative of this. He had been walking home alone, he said, and was crossing the open space by the Duke of York's column when he suddenly found himself in the middle of a group of wild women who thrust their ugly faces close to his and told him he was a bad, wicked man for not giving them the vote, and hustled him so that he had to defend himself with his umbrella, ineffectively, as they caught hold of his arms and the struggle between them lasted six or seven minutes. Then a weak knee which he had gave way and he fell down and was helpless, until Lionel Earle, who happened to be passing in a motor, stopped and rescued him. He was considerably mauled, and has been more or less on the sick list ever since. The recollection of it excited him and he talked of it with resentment, and now he had come to Churchill for sympathy and to consult how to meet the assaults to be expected at the opening of Parliament on Monday. I was sworn to secrecy while they discussed their plans of action. [On account of my oath I do not transcribe it here.] My contribution to the conversation was that I suggested that instead of being forcibly fed, which savoured too much of the ways of the Spanish Inquisition, the imprisoned women should have their own meals and their own medical attendants, and that the Ritz Hotel should be engaged for their accom-

modation, also that if I were a Cabinet Minister I would promise everything and do nothing. Also that if assaulted as Birrell had been I would go down on my knees and say 'Ladies, have mercy on me, I am a poor weak man and appeal to your chivalry; spare me in consideration of my sex.'

"From this we went on to Ireland, about which Birrell was sensible and interesting. He confirmed all that Dillon had told me about the improved condition of the small farmers and especially of the labourers, for whom cottages had been built. These had given superior ideas of comfort to all. He also praised the new local administration which had superseded the old system. It was surprising, he said, how quickly the small tradesmen in the towns, who now managed it, have picked up the way of dealing with local matters. The only real difficulty now in Home Rule was the financial one, caused by the old age pensions. The English Treasury would have to provide two more millions yearly for this, and forego all charge for army or navy or interest on the National Debt. Birrell, however, foresees great difficulty in getting certain sections of the Liberal party to agree to Home Rule on these generous lines. Much would depend on how the Irish received the King on the occasion of his visit to Dublin in the summer. If the King were not well received it would be difficult to pass a Home Rule Bill. The whole thing depended for its value to us on our getting the Irish to join with us in loyalty to the Empire. I pricked up my ears at this but said nothing. I am sorry to find that Winston is getting more and more Imperialist. I asked what the King's personal feeling was about Home Rule, and he said it was favourable. 'It is a common mistake,' he said, 'to suppose that the late King was more in favour of it than the present King. The contrary is the case. All King Edward would listen to was "something in the way of councils," whereas this one has quite colonial views about it. He is altogether colonial about Home Rule and the Empire.' It is useful to know this, but is of evil omen to that other half of the British Empire where my interest lies, the coloured half. As I was going away Churchill called to me, 'What will you say to our making a large increase in the Cairo garrison and putting the expense of it on Egypt as a result of your inflammatory pronouncements?' 'You may keep 100,000 men there if you like,' I said, 'It will make no difference to the result.'

"30*th Jan.*— Called on Weardale at his house in Carlton House Terrace and asked him to join our Egyptian Committee. Our manifesto he entirely approves, but like all of them, he is afraid of offending Grey by putting his name to it. He looks upon Grey as an ignorant commonplace man, quite incapable in foreign affairs, but he, Weardale, is interested in the question of the Declaration of London, and dares not quarrel with him on that account.

"*1st Feb.*—We launched the manifesto about our paper 'Egypt' this morning, with my sole name on it as provisional Chairman, none of my fellow Committeemen being willing to attach their signatures. English Radicals are timorous folk. Parliament met yesterday. The principal incident was a protest made by one Ginnell, an Independent Irish Nationalist, against the system of excluding private members from all opportunity of speech.

"*5th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—Two young Egyptians, came from Oxford to see me. They described the régime of political terror at Cairo as closely resembling what I remember there in 1883, the city honeycombed with spies, and subject to arrests and imprisonments under the new Press Law. They told me also that two months ago the German Consul General at Cairo, Prince Hatzfeldt, issued an invitation to young Egyptians to go for their education to Berlin. This was published in the 'Mowayyad.'

"Later Dillon looked in. I urged him to bring forward the subject of Egypt in the Debate on the Address to-morrow, but he tells me Redmond would not support any attack on Grey just now, nor will the Irish Party move any amendment. The Labour members cannot be relied on. They are choosing Ramsay Macdonald as their leader. Talking about Ireland he said the King's visit was most unfortunate; he would be badly received in Dublin, but the King had insisted upon going there. Ginnell he described as a clever but quite wild man, who would not conform to the rules of the House of Commons. They had had to carry him out of the House on one occasion by the arms and legs. At one time he had been his, Dillon's, private secretary. Of Birrell he has a high opinion.

"Meynell tells me the Pope has forbidden mixed marriages in Ireland unless solemnized by Catholic rite, and has made the rule retrospective. This will raise trouble, and is contrary to all the formerly received canon law, where the declared consent of the parties followed by consummation was considered to constitute a binding marriage even without any religious ceremony.

"*6th Feb.*—I have been arranging Lytton's letters to me, some two hundred of them, a really wonderful series, from 1865 to 1891, when he died. They are as good as Byron's or Shelley's, and far better than Trelawney's, whose letters to Clare and Mary Shelley I have just been reading. These last are disappointing, being for the most part very badly written; the older ones school-boyish, the later less vigorous than one would have expected from the old buccaneer Trelawney posed as being. Both these women seem to have played with him; Mary certainly did, and it does not appear from the letters that with Clare there was anything more than a single brief passionate episode, never quite realized.

"*9th Feb.*— Rumbold and Lascelles lunched with me. We discussed the fortification of Flushing, which is exercising the minds of diplomatists just now. I told them of Usedom's words about the eventual union of Holland with Germany which interested them. As to the motives that might induce Holland to unite with Germany, they suggested that the danger to the Dutch Colonies from the Naval power of Japan might be one, as Germany might guarantee these to Holland. Rumbold has a poor opinion of Grey. When the revolution happened at Constantinople he expostulated with Grey on its recognition by England, but Grey told him he did not agree with him. There is no doubt Grey entirely misunderstood what was happening, and was likely to happen. Lascelles told a story about Kaiser Wilhelm's infatuation for Lord Lonsdale, whom he regarded as the most reliable of advisers about English things. Lonsdale had told the Kaiser once that he, Lonsdale, was in King Edward's black books on account of his being unwilling to give up the Kaiser's friendship. 'I told the King, however,' said Lonsdale, 'that this I would not do. I was ready to lay down my life for the Crown as my ancestors had done, but not to betray my friends.' This is considered a good joke.

"*13th Feb.*— To London to interview Miss Howsin, whom I have engaged at five pounds a month to edit our paper 'Egypt' under my direction. She is an intelligent young woman of about thirty-five.

"*15th Feb.*— To see Maud Allan dance, a great performance, in the Palace Theatre. It was finer than anything of the kind I have ever seen, especially the Mænad prancing, which one cannot doubt is a true reproduction of the old Greek way. She is a very beautiful woman.

"*17th Feb.*— Lunched in Downing Street. [I had so far avoided going there though often asked.] A large casual luncheon party of unexpected guests, for luncheon is an occasion for Margot's friends to drop in. I found myself next to Julia McGuire, with Asquith beyond her, who came in rather late, and chattered gaily during the meal. I had not seen him to speak to since he became Prime Minister.

"Phil Burne-Jones dined with me and Meynell and his daughter Viola. George Wyndham came in immediately after in uniform from the Speaker's banquet. He was in one of his most loquacious moods, and entertained us with theories of Post-Impressionism and art in literature. He out-stayed the rest and sat on with me well into the night, explaining to me the troubles of his Conservative Party, which is at sixes and sevens, Balfour away and no two of the others of the same opinion how to act on the Veto Bill. 'In the House of Commons,' George said, 'there is an absolute dearth of ability. The Leadership in Balfour's absence is disputed by Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain, a choice of mediocrities. Both look to Arthur's succession, and Arthur is tired of politics and affects to be unwell, though he

has nothing at all the matter with him, and has taken a holiday exactly at the crisis. Walter is ambitious without ability; Austen plodding and industrious; neither has any imagination. He, George, is the only one with brains, and he is standing aside, as he does not care to give up his literature and social amusements for the mere chance of being some day Prime Minister. Still, it lies within his reach, he says, if he wishes it, and he wants my advice. If he goes in for it, it will mean ten hours' work daily, taking on three or four Secretaries, spending all his money and abandoning romance and friendship. What is he to do? If it was a question of saving the Empire from ruin, he would, of course, do it. But can the Empire be saved? His plan would be, when Asquith faces them with the Veto Bill to dare him to do his worst, to say 'You threaten us with a revolution, we threaten you with a counter-revolution; create the five hundred peers if you can, we refuse to have the constitution destroyed.' If Arthur would call a meeting in St. James's Hall and declare war in this way he would carry the country with him, only Arthur won't. Arthur is not sufficiently interested in the issue. He is disgusted with the way things have gone, he does not want to fight. He takes too scientific a view of politics. He knows that there was once an ice age, and that there will some day be an ice age again. This makes him indifferent.' My advice to George was that if he cared about it enough to make a real revolution on these lines it would be worth doing, but that otherwise he had better enjoy himself.

"19*th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—Yesterday I stayed in all day writing. I have done three articles for 'Egypt,' the leading article, 'Secrecy in Foreign Affairs,' and 'The Bagdad Railway,' besides most of the rest of the first number. I never had such work." [The article on "Secrecy in Foreign Affairs" was the reproduction of an old protest against the ways of the Foreign Office which I had first made as long ago as 1885 at a meeting at Islington Hall presided over by Frederic Harrison, and was at that time a novelty in politics.]

"To-day Dillon came to luncheon and stayed three hours talking. He approves of all I have written, especially about the Bagdad railway (see 'Egypt,' No. 1), and will get the new labour leader, Ramsay MacDonald, to bring our Egyptian questions forward in Parliament. About home politics, he told me the Opposition was all at sixes and sevens; they had no leader. He did not believe in the Lords throwing out the Veto Bill; the threat of creating the peers would be enough. The King would write a letter to Asquith promising the necessary number, and the Lords would give in. Still it all depends upon the King. I told him what I have often told George—that the obstinacy of the Tory party about Ireland was like the obstinacy of Pharaoh. They had been refusing for the last thirty years to let the Irish go, and had sacrificed first the House of Commons, now the House of Lords, and

to-morrow very likely would sacrifice the Monarchy, and all for nothing. This pleased him. We talked about Asquith, whose intellectual power he greatly admires, though he says his range of interest is too narrow to govern an Empire. For myself I consider that Asquith has always been a wet Home Ruler, if one at all. Asquith is above all things a lawyer, and knows how to talk both ways.

"*21st Feb.*— With Phil Burne-Jones to his studio. He has done several nice little portraits on a very modest scale, the best being one of his father. It is not great art, but respectable and good. He is a pleasant, good fellow.

"Neville took me in the evening to a prize fight, where four or five thousand persons had collected to see a battle in gloves between a black man and a white man. It was very interesting, indeed exciting, as it involved a question of race superiority. The white man (Lang) was an English Australian, six feet and an inch high, with an immense width of shoulders, and limbs which looked as if they could smash everything; while the black man (Langford) was short, only five foot six, Neville said, but astonishingly well put together head to heel, lithe and strong. The contrast in build was great, but that of *morale* was still more remarkable, contradicting all my expectations. Lang was nervous, and though he had never been beaten was manifestly afraid of his enemy, who from the beginning took the offensive with a quiet, persistent attack which demoralized the other, and a rapidity of striking power which left him no chance. At the end of the fifth round Lang was smashed flat, so that I thought him killed, and though he got up pluckily his face was a mask of blood, and he staggered like a drunken man. The end of the fight was disappointing. Lang, to save himself more punishment, hit a foul blow. The black man, while pommelling him, happened to slip down on one knee, and Lang struck him while down. This disqualified him and ended the fight. It was a great triumph for the black, and I was pleased to see that the feeling of the spectators was mostly on his side, which was right, for he fought not only fairly, but with a certain generosity, while the other showed poor courage. Neville tells me the blacks as fighters have far better nerve than the whites, and are much more dogged. A fight between two blacks generally goes over forty rounds." [The result of this fight was a surprise to me. I had expected to see a gigantic black man subdued by the scientific persistence and higher *morale* of his smaller white opponent, a triumph of white mind over black matter, but it turned out absolutely the reverse. It was the black man that wore the white down by superior science and superior courage.]

"*25th Feb.*— We have got our first number of 'Egypt' into print, every word of it written by myself, except a review of Rothstein's

book by Sir Henry Cotton. Miss Howsin, though enthusiastic and painstaking, is, I fear, useless as editor, as she has had no literary experience.

"Savarkar's case has given in favour of the English demand, which refuses to send him back to France. I am sorry for the poor young man, whose real crime in Anglo-Indian official eyes has been his authorship of the 'History of the Indian Revolution.'

"*26th Feb.* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc to dine. Very cock-a-hoop about the success of his 'Party System,' which has come very opportunely. It is most amusing, though, unlike his books, is written seriously. He tells me he gets constant letters about it and invitations to lecture at £20 a night. We discussed, among other things, the fortification of Flushing, which he declares the French Government would make a *casus belli*, but I doubt the French fighting for it.

"*28th Feb.*— Chapel Street. Beauclerk brought Lord Ronaldshay to luncheon, a pleasant young man of thirty-five, who has travelled much in Asia, and is now in Parliament, with aspirations of being some day Viceroy of India. He was A.D.C. to Curzon for a year, and regards him with much admiration, though understanding the weak points of his character. My view of Imperial matters was entirely new to him, as it is to most people, though it is really forty years old. He, like everybody else, confuses the meaning of the word Empire, which has only quite recently been applied to our white colonial system, which is no more imperial than was the Greek colonial system in the days of Pericles. Empire properly means what the Roman Empire was, the subjugation of a number of races by a single race or a single man. This is the Imperialism I repudiate, not the other.

"*1st March.*— Called in Park Lane and found George Wyndham working up a speech on the Veto Bill. He told me the party had made up its mind to fight. The Lords would not pass the Bill, whatever threat of creating peers might be used.

"*2nd March.*— There is a new Ministry at Paris, Monis, Prime Minister; Delcassé, Marine; and Cruppi, Foreign Affairs.

"Mrs. Harrison told me of a luncheon at which her husband had been present at Morley's, there being Alfred Lyall also there and Chirol. Morley had put to them three questions. (1) Was the entente with France less cordial than when it was made? (2) Was it possible to improve it? (3) How could it be improved? All but Morley agreed that it had ceased to be effective; that the French were disappointed at the results, and that the only thing that could make it effective would be the introduction of some form of conscription in England which would enable us to place an army at the

service of France in the case of a war with Germany. Also that it is impossible we should raise such an army. The Entente is pretty nearly dead.

"*3rd March.*— The first number of 'Egypt' was distributed this morning, sixteen hundred copies. It happened to be the bicentenary to a day of the first issue of Addison's 'Spectator.'

"*5th March* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc to dinner. He assures me Haldane has not got 50,000 men to send to Egypt if they want to do so. He thinks it more likely that the condominium will be re-established there, with a joint French and English garrison.

"Eddy Tennant has been made a peer (yet another member of the Crabbet Club arrived at high honours). He is also made Lord Commissioner of the Church of Scotland.

"*7th March.*— There was a pronouncement yesterday in all the papers from Berlin and from Constantinople, in which it was clearly declared that England will not be allowed to meddle with the Bagdad railway, a final blow to Grey and the Foreign Office in exact confirmation of what I had just written about Grey's blundering. Happening to meet Belloc, I asked if he had noticed it, and what would be the result. He said: 'The danger is that Grey may make a *coup de tête* and rush into a war with Germany.'

"*9th March.*— There has been a debate on the Bagdad Railway. Dillon writes excusing himself for not having taken part in it, but he has arranged with Ramsay MacDonald that they are to act together.

"*10th March.*— With Beauclerk to the National Gallery, where we looked at the Lansdowne Rembrandt. This, though a good landscape, is not at all worth the £100,000 Lansdowne has been offered for it, nor, I think, 100,000 pence. It is ridiculous giving long prices of this kind for small unimportant pictures, however good, and here we have nothing very wonderful. The new rooms at the Gallery do not display the pictures to such advantage as the old ones, and the walls are decorated too much like a railway restaurant.

"*12th March* (*Sunday*).— Chapel Street. Dillon came to lunch, and we had another long talk about the Bagdad Railway, Persia, and Egypt. As to Ireland, he thinks Home Rule will be come to by agreement, the younger Tories seeing now that their party has been ruined by its obstinacy in opposing it. He gave an interesting account of the Irish debate on Thursday, an all night sitting, where, Asquith having been called away, Churchill was for the first time left Leader of the House. A band of young Tories, Hugh Cecil, Winterton, Castlereagh, and one or two others, took the occasion to rag Winston, and succeeded in making him lose his temper by continual noise and calling out 'Rats!' so that he was driven to a standstill. It is strange to see him thus hoist with his father's petard.

"*14th March.*— My cousin, Percy Wyndham, George's father, is dead. Here is a good photograph of him. It gives all his best qualities of honour and benignity. I know of no one who in these had his equal. His death leaves me without anyone now with a right to lecture or reprove me, for he was my elder by over five years, and had the position with me through life of an elder brother. George was with him when he died.

"*15th March.*— The papers have been full of the Bagdad Railway all the week, while Grey's climb-down seems to have satisfied the German Government, and now he has made another speech about disarmament. Both speeches are very able, and Dillon tells me that the first about the railway was admirable in style. Grey has a fine House of Commons manner, which imposes on his hearers. Indeed, he seems to fulfil the ideal of British statesmanship as it is described by Wells in his 'New Macchiavelli,' a dignified attitude which is always ready under pressure 'proudly and quite firmly to take the second place.' The 'Temps,' however, calls his disarmament speech childish, which is also true, inasmuch as it does not deal with the reality, that in order to economize in war preparations you must have a peace policy abroad. It is impossible to run high Imperialism on the cheap.

"As to Bagdad, I see Curzon has given notice of a motion in the House of Lords to move for papers. This ought to clear the atmosphere and bring to light at last the text of his secret treaty with Mubarak at Koweit in 1899. I have been looking through my diaries of 1898, and find that at the time of Curzon's going to India the young Tories, of whom he was the leader on foreign affairs, looked to a partition of the Ottoman Empire between England, Russia, and Germany, England to have the Arabic speaking provinces. Curzon's intrigue with Mubarak was one of his first moves in preparation for it. My chief fear now is least the German Government may after all weaken in its Bagdad policy and come to terms with England for an immediate division of the Ottoman spoils. There was a little paragraph the other day in the papers saying that Frank Lascelles, who has been passing through Berlin on his way back from Sweden, dined with the Emperor. May he not have been used by the Foreign Office to negotiate this?

"*19th March* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc came to dinner. He says of Grey's arbitration alliance with America that such an alliance will certainly bring about a rapprochement between France and Germany, and the uniting of all Europe against us. He also says, speaking of the threatened quarrel between America and Mexico, that the United States have not a strong enough army to coerce the Mexicans.

"*20th March.*— Beauclerk went up to London with me, and we

went to his rooms in Mount Street, where we met a certain Fielding, a mining engineer, whom he had made acquaintance with in Persia. Beauclerk explained the position of the Russians with a map on the Chinese frontier. The Russians have two strong military stations on the frontier, the one at Tashkend, the other at Kiahta, threatening Kulja and Urga respectively. The Russian colonists cannot in any way compete with the Chinese, and it is difficult to see what they want with extending their Empire in the Chinese direction, except that just over the frontier towards Kulja there is a valuable coal mine, which they covet.

"*21st March.*—Browne came to luncheon and brought with him Mirza Abdul Ghaffar, of the Persian Legation, an intelligent man, with whom we discussed the Persian and other Eastern questions for full three hours.

"*22nd March.*—To the House of Lords to hear the debate on Bagdad. It was a disappointing affair. Curzon made a long, dry, and pompous exposition of the case, carefully avoiding, however, the point of real interest, namely, his own intrigue with Mubarak Ibn Sbaa at Koweit. He just mentioned that place, mispronouncing it Ko-ite (as one might say 'go right') instead of Quate, but only to say that it need not be discussed. His whole speech was a shirking of the real matters in dispute, and Morley, who followed him, in reply, was only too glad to leave it so. I never saw anything feebler or less imposing than Morley showed himself on this occasion, unless it was the same Morley twelve years ago dealing with Kitchener at Omdurman in the House of Commons. He seemed ashamed of himself there in the House of Lords, a little old senile vestryman fumbling with his papers, ignorant of the whole case he had to state, timid in addressing his brother peers, contradicting himself and saying the wrong thing, at times quite inaudible. It seemed absurd that he and Curzon between them had had the whole fortunes of the British Empire in the East in their hands for the last dozen years, and that the Empire should have survived it. The debate ended in the *non sequitur* of Curzon withdrawing his demand for papers.

"Beauclerk on Sunday repeated to me the account of Major Sykes having fortified his house at Meshed. When Beauclerk stayed with him there three years ago, Sykes had 200 Indian Sepoys as his Consular guard, and he used to drill them daily to rifle practice. Also he had dug a mine from his garden 100 yards long, passing under the street to that of the Governor of the town, and had even undermined the Governor's house. He learned this from Sykes himself. [A pleasant instance of what diplomatists call 'peaceful penetration.']

"*24th March.*—Bain, the author of the 'Digit of the Moon,' dined with me. He is less interesting than his books, a typical Anglo-Indian

with more knowledge than sympathy in Indian things, and no sympathy at all with modern India.

"*25th March.*— Dillon lunched with me to concert measures about 'Egypt,' which seems to have been put on the official black list at Cairo. I am off now to Newbuildings till after Easter.

"*26th March* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc came to dinner with Maurice Baring. Baring is intelligent and pleasant, but showed no extraordinary brilliancy in talk.

"*11th April.*— Moberley Bell's and Alfred Lyall's deaths are announced to-day. Bell I never knew personally, but Lyall was for many years my friend. He died suddenly of *angina pectoris* at Farringford, where he was staying, apparently in good health, at the age of seventy-six. He had a successful Anglo-Indian official life, and twenty years ago was much cherished in London society; but, as old people are obliged to do, had dropped out of it laterly, and we had not met for the last eight or nine years. Without being a poet, he wrote some good verse, and had much knowledge of the East with as great sympathy for it as an Indian official dared to show.

"*12th April.*— Laid the foundation stone of my new Manor House in Worth Forest.

"*18th April.*— George Howard Lord Carlisle is dead. He was one of the best of men, as well as one of the most domestically tried.

"*19th April.*— Newbuildings. One Duse Mohammed, who has written a good book on Egypt, cribbed, nearly all of it, from me and Rothstein, came to see me. He is an odd creature, an Egyptian mulatto, he says, but knowing no word of Arabic; a Mohammedan, but unable to recite the formula of the faith; an Egyptian historian with almost no knowledge of Egypt. He tells me he was circumcised a Mohammedan, that his name is properly Mohammed Ali Ibn Abd El Salaam, but was taken to England by a Frenchman named Ducey when he was ten years old, and has only once been in Egypt since, namely from May 1882 till February 1883, when he returned to England. There he went on the stage, and later in America, lecturing on Shakespeare and writing for the Press. To test him I tried whether he could recite the Fatha, but he was unable to so much as repeat the words after me. It reminds one of the Tichborne claimant, who, asserting that he had been brought up a Catholic, was unable to repeat the 'Hail Mary.' He has married an English woman and goes sometimes to church, but has always refused, he tells me, to be baptized.

"*22nd April.*— The French Government seems drifting into an invasion of Morocco, just as Gladstone drifted into invading Egypt in 1882. Our fine Liberals here are all applauding out of 'loyalty to France'; this is their thieves' honour.

"*25th April.*— Rothstein is furious about Duse Mohammed's ap-

propriation of his work, which is more flagrant than I thought. Also, I fear, we may have trouble about the management of our paper, as Keir Hardie wants to run it his own way. Dillon advises me to get rid of the Committee.

"*28th April.*— It has been decided by the Committee that 'Egypt' is to remain under my sole political and financial direction with no other interference than the advice of an Executive Committee, consisting of myself, Ryan as Editor, Miss Howsin as Sub-Editor, Dr. Rutherford and El Alaili. Ryan and Miss Howsin will be paid by me. This leaves me in sole control.

"*1st May.*— Newbuildings. Belloc dined with us last night. He has been in Germany and has come back more than ever certain that in the next war the French will beat the Germans. His new paper is to be called 'The Witness,' with £2,000 to start it, and much promised help.

"*6th May.*— The event of the past week has been the invasion of Morocco by the French, a scandalous affair, exactly on the same lines of financial speculation and Colonial and Imperial intrigue which were followed by us in Egypt thirty years ago. Belloc tells me that the French Government has this time defied the German Government. He has information that a few days ago Delcassé (who manages French Foreign Policy, though not Minister of Foreign Affairs) had the German Ambassador at Paris invited, a very unusual thing, to attend a Cabinet meeting convened to discuss the Moroccan question, and that, on the Ambassador's observing that the Algeciras Convention would have to be respected and that the German Government's information about Fez was that there was no danger for Europeans there, Delcassé told him roundly that France was determined to march on Fez, and this time would do so whether Germany liked it or no. Belloc declares the French army to be better than the German, and that Germany will not dare to go to war.

"*7th May (Sunday).*— Chapel Street. Dillon and the Persian Consul, Ghaffar Khan, came to luncheon, and we had a long talk on Eastern affairs. Ghaffar would like England and Germany to compose their differences and unite in an alliance with Turkey and Persia, Turkey abandoning Egypt to England, a fanciful idea, which would only mean an end of all things for Islam in Turkey as well as elsewhere. There is but one chance for Islam, and that is Germany's friendship, not, of course, a disinterested one, but still one that would protect them from the other European Powers until Islam is strong enough to stand alone. I explained the same thing to an intelligent young Egyptian from Oxford, Abd el Ghaffar, who came to consult me. He is of St. John's College. He tells me there are about eighty young Egyptians in London, who are here studying:

"Yesterday, while at Newbuildings, three aeroplanes passed over at a great height, racing from Brooklands to Shoreham. We first heard shouts of boys and then the rattle of the machines. They were near enough for us to be able to make out with a glass that there was somebody in each. The leading one was a monoplane, a much more workmanlike machine than the others and extremely like a bird. Machinery, however, does not interest me, and I have not the smallest wish to take a flight in one.

"*11th May.*—Worth Forest. Gorst's Egyptian Report is published, a lame affair, which will do him little credit. It justifies all I have written about him and the advice I have given to the Egyptians. He admits that there was never anything at all serious in his Constitutional reforms. There is no chance whatever for Egypt, and has not been since 1904, except in the revival of Turkey's military power and the intervention of Europe.

"*14th May* (*Sunday*).—Newbuildings. Meynell is here, with his nephew, Captain Butler, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, Sir William's son, an exceedingly nice young fellow, of thirty, with all his father's anti-imperial ideas, an unusual phenomenon in a soldier; clever, original, a Home Ruler and a pious Catholic, who would like to fight for the Pope. I asked him how he managed to get on with his fellow-officers, having such ideas. He answered, 'They do not think, and I play polo.' He is just back from India where he saw a good deal of the German Crown Prince, who was travelling there during the winter. He confirms Philip Napier's account of his unconventional ways. The Crown Prince would not pay attention to the official big-wigs or be bored with German deputations, but he made great friends with the English officers, 'messing with them like a subaltern and playing polo. We all liked him much.' At Cairo, according to Napier, he gave great offence, refusing to wear uniform on solemn occasions or keep tiresome engagements. When he was to visit the Khedive on one occasion he was not ready, being occupied with a lady, and sent his Aide-de-camp on in the Khedivial carriage intended for him, arriving too late himself in a taxicab (with the lady) in a suit of overalls. Butler understands horses and took an intelligent interest in everything here.

"*17th May.*—Ryan enters on his duties as editor of 'Egypt' from the 15th. I like him much.

"*19th May.*—A great fuss is being made in London about the Kaiser Wilhelm's visit, and a gala representation of that ancient play 'Money' is being given in his honour. I only hope this visit to London is not to be another Reval meeting, with some 'plot of peace' involving the ruin of some Eastern nation. That is always the danger on these gala occasions. It is easy for robbers to make friends over a corpse, and Morocco is there ready to their hands.

"*22nd May.*— The French Prime Minister, Monis, and the War Minister, Marceaux, have been, the one killed, the other seriously hurt by an aeroplane which they were watching the start of in an air race from Paris to Madrid yesterday. This may make a difference in the political world, and just possibly save Morocco from being invaded by the French. May God confound them! I fear it is as Belloc told me, the German Government have either given in or come to an arrangement about Morocco, for the occupation of Fez is no longer concealed, the price perhaps of France's and Russia's withdrawal of their opposition to the Bagdad railway. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"*24th May.*— The French have entered Fez, it is said, without opposition, the whole story of Europeans whose lives were reported to be in danger having proved to be a fable of the same kind as that invented about Johannesburg at the time of the Jameson raid (N.B.— Jameson has just been made a knight by our Liberal Government), and now the same course of lying is to be pursued by the French about remaining there as we pursued in Egypt.

"*26th May.*— There has been a report of a threat issued by the Russian Government to Turkey in regard to Montenegro, but to-day it is announced that its arrogant tone is apologized for. Germany once more has intervened.

"*28th May* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Shane Leslie, Patrick Butler, Francis Meynell, and Ryan were here for the week end, and yesterday Mallock. Young Meynell is clever and interesting, and Butler a good young man, with no little wisdom too. With Belloc and his wife who came to dinner, an entirely Catholic party.

"*1st June.*— The foolish Lords have passed the Veto Bill, and so have committed suicide without a division and without glory. Never was a position so frittered away. Arthur Balfour is principally responsible for this, acting on the advice of the two Whig deserters, Rosebery and Lansdowne. If he had stood firm two years ago and risked a civil war he would have had all the physical force of the country with him, and popular opinion, at least in England, too. There would have been no civil war, and he would have come back to office and stayed there for twenty years. It was the Whig obstinacy about Home Rule in Ireland that prevented it, and has caused their ruin.

"*6th June.*— A young Copt, Louis Aknoukh Fanous, came to consult me as to how to bring about a reconciliation between the Copts and Moslems in Egypt, in which I was very ready to help on two conditions — that the Copts should declare themselves (1) honestly for evacuation and (2) for the maintenance of the connection with the Ottoman Empire. He told me that the younger generation of Copts were quite ready for this. They did not want foreign rule, or

to be separated from the Empire, where they were more at home than they would be in any European hands. Only they insisted that in their schools they should not be forced to learn to read out of the Koran, and that they should have Sunday as their holiday in the public offices, and should have a share in the provincial administration. I promised to speak to the Nationalist leaders about this. The young man is extremely intelligent, speaks English perfectly, and took a degree in Oxford three or four years ago. His father is one of the richest and most influential Christians in Upper Egypt.

"*11th June* (*Sunday*)—There is more trouble brewing in Albania, the Catholic Mirdites having joined the Rebellion, and the Austrian Government having issued a warning of a moderating kind to Turkey. It would alarm me more if there was not news from Berlin which seems to show that the Turks are still backed by Germany. Goltz has publicly expressed his entire confidence in the Ottoman army, and the Emperor William is to receive a deputation from the Ottoman Parliament. But for this I should say the situation was very serious. The Bellocs dined with us and Cecil Chesterton, with whom he is collaborating his paper, 'The Witness.' They have asked me for some verse, and I have given them my 'Coronation Ode.' Belloc is delighted with it, and will print it on the first page of his paper.

"*14th June*.—There is a new complication in Morocco, the Spanish Government having sent troops into the country in exact imitation of the French.

"*15th June*.—Newbuildings. Yusuf Bey el Moelhi and a friend, Doctor Rashad, arrived to consult me in Egyptian affairs. He is all for alliance with Constantinople and Berlin, and is starting for Berlin to-morrow. He complains of the inefficiency of Hatzfeldt, the German Consul-General at Cairo, and of the little pains taken by him to strengthen German influence. Yusuf Bey is intelligent and patriotic, but, like most of them, looks to money as the main object in life. It is only the younger generation which has larger ideas. He has my 'Secret History' translated at his own cost, but doubts whether it will not be seized under the new Press laws.

"*17th June*.—The Albanian quarrel seems arranged, and the Sultan recited the prayer yesterday at the tomb of Sultan Mourad at Kossovo, 80,000 Albanian clansmen praying with him.

"*19th June*.—Dr. Rifaat, a Nationalist exile, arrived from Paris; he, too, to consult me. He is an extremist in his views, very hostile to the Khedive, and without much confidence from any quarter in the future. He looks upon the Ottoman connection as the best chance for Egypt, but is gloomy about the Ottoman Empire. The Egyptians are easily cast down, just as they are too ready to shout victory.

"*20th June*.—Drove over to Greatham to call on Meynell at his

new home there, a most beautiful site. He has just secured between Parham Park and the Amberly Marshes eighty acres of waste land, where he intends to found a family colony, wild heath, overgrown with fern, for which he has paid no more than £20 an acre. We found him in high delight at his sudden good fortune as a landed proprietor, a good fortune he deserves, and made our picnic under a clump of hollies, discussing the sites of cottages he intends to build.

"Belloc's paper is published under the title 'The Eye Witness,' with my 'Coronation Ode' occupying the most prominent position.

"*21st June.*— Old Riaz Pasha is dead, the last of the old Pasha gang in Egypt. He began life as a dancing boy of Jewish origin at the Court of Abbas I, and has ended in high consideration and respect, though his subservience to English policy had lost him latterly the popularity he enjoyed twenty years ago, a patriot according to his lights, but these were never clear. I liked him personally much. *Allah kerim.*

"*22nd June.*— Coronation Day. We drank the King's health and the Queen's and all the Royal Family's, not, I fear, very devoutly.

"*28th June.*— Hassan Bey Sabri, an old disciple of Abdu's, came to see me. He belongs, if anybody in Egypt does, to the English party, expecting to be one of the nominated members of the Legislative Council, and is a follower of Saad Zaghloul. He thinks there is some new Liberal policy being planned for Egypt. Gorst, poor fellow, is dying, and his successor is to be Arthur Hardinge, and if the Nationalists will only be quiet, and not oppose English policy, something in the way of a Constitution will be given them. Personally I always liked Gorst, and used to find him more amenable to my ideas than Cromer, but he has proved a bad friend to Egypt, because, knowing her better than Cromer, he was better able to betray. Arthur Hardinge is a man of the same school, both having been Cromer's pupils, Hardinge probably the cleverer of the two. The Legislative Council will be allowed to pass laws, and even to control finance, as far as these relate to internal affairs. I asked him what his ultimate plan was, and he said he wanted evacuation, but not yet. I found him an honest man but timid, and as such in favour of half measures. Talking about Mohammed Abdu's death and in answer to my question whether he thought the Mufti had been poisoned, he said he was sure of it. He had been with Abdu at Alexandria on the 13th of June (Abdu died on 11th July) and he had suspicions then which have since been confirmed. He believed the same plan had been pursued with Abdu as with Seyyid Jemal ed Din, cancer had been communicated by means of a poisoned toothpick.

"*2nd July* (*Sunday*).— There is a sensational announcement in the 'Observer' of the landing of German troops in Morocco. Belloc, who

dined with us, declared the French Government will not fight. The French Government are in the throes of the reconstruction of their Cabinet, Monis having resigned, and the moment has been well chosen by the Germans for their coup.

"*5th July.*— The 'Daily Telegraph' has a paragraph saying that Kitchener is to have Gorst's place at Cairo.

"*7th July.*— The position in Morocco is very serious. I have been talking it over with Belloc. He is sure there has been an understanding between the German and French Governments about Agadir, and that the quarrel will be settled at our English expense. Agadir, he says, is of great importance to Germany, as the only possible seaport on the Moroccan Atlantic coast, and is of no importance to France in any hostile sense. The hostility is all towards us. Also he says that the French and Germans are too much afraid of each other to go to war, and that France will not join us in any attempt to expel Germany from its African position (at Agadir) unless we can guarantee her the support of a hundred and fifty thousand men landed on her frontier in France, a force we are unable to provide. We shall have therefore to make up our minds either to submit to the German seizure of Agadir or to go to war with Germany alone or find her compensation elsewhere. Where can we find such? Our Government seems aware of the position, for Asquith made a declaration yesterday in Parliament that England had interests of her own in Morocco separate from those entailed on her by her engagements to France. The question may possibly lead to war, though more likely to Germany's keeping Agadir."

[This shows, as an early link, the connection between France's invasion of Morocco in 1911 and the great war of 1914, with the part we played in it as France's ally, supplying a contingent in a land campaign against Germany.]

"*9th July* (*Sunday*).— Lady Gregory is here. She has been very successful this year with her plays, having cleared £500 by her theatrical visit to London, and got £3,000 of subscriptions, while Yeats has received a Government pension of £150. The King and Queen are in Ireland, where they are having a loyal reception carefully prepared for them, though the Dublin Corporation has refused to vote a penny or authorize an address.

"Belloc dined with us. His view that the occupation of Agadir was arranged beforehand between the French and German Governments seems the correct one. They seem to be on excellent terms with each other, and it is we that are to be left out in the cold. There is sufficient danger of war to have made me write to my bankers about it.

"*11th July.*— Newbuildings. The anniversary of the Bombardment of Alexandria. Miss Howsin came from King's Mead, where

she is staying with Mrs. Mackarness, to talk over the affairs of 'Egypt.' I hear from Osman Ghaleb that the Khedive is making overtures of reconciliation to the Nationalist Party, being angry at the idea of Kitchener being re-imposed on him to succeed Gorst. When one remembers their quarrel in 1893, and how Kitchener, being in the Khedive's service as Commander-in-Chief of his army, left Egypt for South Africa without having so much as the politeness to take leave at the Palace, one wonders at his having been sent back to Cairo by the Foreign Office. I have drawn up a resolution to be issued by the Egyptian Committee protesting against Kitchener's appointment.

"*12th July.*—Caffin (my land agent, who is also a miller,) tells me that war is an absolute impossibility for this country at the present moment as we have no supply of food whatever in store, and even a belief in war would be ruin. 'We are all,' he says, 'living literally from hand to mouth. I have large contracts to supply flour at given dates, and last week was within twenty-four hours of shutting down my mill because it was impossible to buy wheat anywhere. I could not get a hundred sacks at Chichester for love or money, Chichester being the centre of our Sussex wheat supply, where in my grandfather's time a thousand sacks were always to be had. England would starve in a fortnight; war is impossible.'

"*13th July.*— Everybody believes Kitchener's appointment to Egypt certain. If it is so, it can only mean that Grey has taken the bit between his teeth and means some form of Protectorate there. The Khedive is furious at the idea.

"*14th July.*— Chapel Street. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' announces Kitchener's appointment, not only as Consul General in Egypt, but also to command the army of Occupation and all the forces on the Nile, with a great flourish about some form of Protectorate. I cannot get the Egyptian Committee to make any vigorous protest.

"To Hugh Lane's house in Chelsea where Lady Gregory is staying, for a tea party in connection with the Abbey Theatre. It is a nice house in Cheyne Walk, which is being redecorated for him by John, and contains two or three good pictures with others less good. Lane is Lady Gregory's nephew, a young Irishman who began with nothing but his wits. She apprenticed him to Colnaghi at a hundred a year, where he learnt his business of picture dealing. He began his fortune, she tells me, by an accident. He happened to hear of a picture which was for sale in some remote country place, and travelled down to look at it, but, having no money to buy, although there was almost no bidding, was obliged to let it go for a very small price. When the sale was over, the bidders, who were all professional dealers, went to a public house, and he with them, and then it turned out that they had been standing in together not to bid, and they held a

private sale of the picture amongst themselves, dividing the price realized between them, and as Lane was known to belong to Colnaghi's he was included in it, and got £160 as his share. This started him, and he has now made a fortune and been knighted for presenting a collection of pictures to the Dublin Gallery. Also being a good-looking youth with much pleasant audacity, he has become a man of fashion in London. Among other fine ladies at his tea party to-day I found the Duchess of Sutherland, Lane playing his part of host nobly.

"Meynell dined with me, and we went on together to Stafford House, an amusing evening, as evenings there always are, and where I met a number of ancient friends, ex-beauties, and others who seemed pleased to see me. Among them Lady Desborough, who reminded me of the Sunday we spent together, hard on thirty years ago when she was Etty Fane, at Brocket. She was a beautiful girl then, not yet out, and is now probably forty-seven, and has seen much racket in the world, and there was Lady Randolph and Mrs. Jack Leslie and Lady Horner and a number more of that generation. The girls of the present generation have the disadvantage of the grotesque fashion now prevailing in dress in which no woman can look otherwise than a bundle, but there was no lack of amusement. At a certain stage in the evening, after much loud comic singing, the guests sat down in a circle on the ground, and certain performers from Paris danced the *Danse des Apaches*, which is the same which used to be called the *Can-can*, with other gymnastic eccentricities formerly confined to the Jardin Mabille, for our amusement; an astonishing display, which would have shocked us, I think, even at Mabille, in the days of the Second Empire and would certainly have been impossible in London in my young days at a public dancing hall, let alone in a drawing-room, but which now delighted us all without a suspicion of indecorum, young men and maidens applauding unrestrainedly, for such is our new kingdom of Heaven. It is not for me to find fault, and I suppose we enjoy our lives more.

"16*th July* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc dined with us. He says that Cromer is very angry at Kitchener's appointment, declaring him to be a thief, which was, I believe, Mohammed Abdu's opinion too. Cromer and Kitchener were never fond of each other, and it is certainly a preposterous choice to have been made if they have no design of annexation up their sleeves. According to Belloc there was a great effort made to obtain the place for Sir Charles Eliot, but it failed through the refusal of Lord Lansdowne to agree to it, Lansdowne had recalled Eliot from Uganda, and would not consent to his being employed again by the Foreign Office, for these things are arranged now by the two front benches in private agreement.

"17*th July*.— A telegram from Gros Bois to tell me of the death

of my dear old friend Wagram. It was signed by Alexandre and the two girls.

"18*th July*.—Grey has declared, in answer to a question in Parliament, suggested by me, that Kitchener's instructions, which he declines to produce, 'will involve no change in the general policy of his Majesty's Government.' He said the same thing when Gorst succeeded Cromer. What he probably means is that, with the same pretence of preparing Egypt for self-government, the military occupation, which is all they really care about, will be maintained. There will, however, most certainly be a change of tactics, the entente with the Khedive will give place to an entente with the Khedive's enemies, and there is already sign of it in a telegram from Cairo saying that the Nationalists are pleased with Kitchener personally. Osman Ghaleb writes from Paris sending me a message dictated to him by the Khedive. In this letter Abbas declares himself quite ready to grant a Constitution, and says that it was in reality he who caused the Suez Convention to be rejected by the General Assembly last year. Osman Ghaleb adds a private P.S. saying that Abbas talks of abdicating; but that would only mean the substitution of his son with a Regency giving complete power to Kitchener.

"20*th July*.—Worth Forest. Things are happening fast in Europe, and it seems pretty certain now that Germany has made terms not only with France but with Russia, in order to break up their entente with us. The 'Conversations' which have been held at Berlin between Von Kiderlin Waechter and Cambon (Jules) are announced to have resulted in a claim made by Germany of the French Congo as a set off for Morocco, and at the same time the Spaniards are pressing things on at Alcazar and a French Consul has been insulted there. This means that the Germans are determined on having their naval station on the Atlantic whether we choose or not. The 'Times' has a warlike article to-day reminding Asquith of his bold words of a fortnight ago, and pressing him to make them good. I don't suppose he will, for he is entirely occupied with his quarrel with the House of Lords, which has reached its crisis, while the Dock Strike continues, making the shortage of wheat in the country so great that Caffin tells me even a well-founded rumour of war would bring about a collapse. People don't believe in war as a possible thing concerning England.

"The ex-Shah of Persia has landed at a Caspian port, and is raising an army obviously with the consent of the Russian Government. The Turkish quarrel with Albania has developed too, and almost anything may happen in that direction. It is impossible things can settle down without great changes and shiftings to the detriment of Mohammedan lands, and this makes me unhappy.

"Osman Ghaleb has written again, and I have sent a letter in re-

ply, which I intend him to forward to the Khedive as my advice. It is that His Highness should write a formal letter to our King George, protesting against Kitchener, and asking for an *homme d'état* to be sent to Egypt in Gorst's place, one who shall work with him to set the Government of Egypt on a Constitutional basis. Such a letter, if published, will at least serve to reconcile the Khedive with the Nationalists.

"Dillon writes: 'I have read your poem, the "Coronation Ode"; it is a fine powerful denunciation, rather too hard on your own country and your own people. If I were an Englishman I do not think I could so utterly have condemned England, much as I detest Grey's policy. The Rosebery gang and the Tories have undoubtedly led England through the mire, as far as foreign policy is concerned, but in spite of all England remains the freest country in the world, and that is something.' This may be true, but it is precisely the position taken by the Primrose League with its motto '*Imperium et Libertas*, Empire Abroad, Liberty at Home.'

"The Bearwood Estate, belonging to the Walter family, was put up for sale a few days ago, with a reserve of £150,000, but no bidding. Meynell tells me that the Walters have come to complete ruin, a wonderful event when one thinks of their career of glory as proprietors of the 'Times' and the power they wielded in the world, wielded and abused to the ruin of how many weak nations. The 'Times' was the source of their wealth, and it no longer pays its expenses and has passed into other hands.

"*23rd July* (*Sunday*).—Ryan came and also El Abd, president of the Egyptian Society of London, which has written to the Khedive demanding of him a Constitution for Egypt, but he declares the Khedive is not to be trusted.

"To dinner came Belloc and with him a French Jesuit, Father Courvois, who is the director of a kind of Catholic Socialism—an intelligent and agreeable man, who speaks excellent English.

"*24th July*.—Osman Ghaleb writes from Paris, saying he has sent on my message to the Khedive, but he is unlikely to take my advice. On leaving for Italy the Khedive had told him that he had had a letter from Kitchener announcing his appointment, and saying that he hoped they would work together for the regeneration of Egypt.

"*25th July*.—To London for a great luncheon given by the Eastern Association to the two delegates of the Ottoman Parliament, Bostani Effendi, senator, and Riza Tewfik, Deputy, a heavy affair with long-winded speeches by Admiral Fremantle and other ancient bores, and by the delegates, who spoke in very creditable English, but were afraid of saying anything precise about the actual situation. I had, however, a private talk with Riza Tewfik, who takes a gloomy view of the situa-

tion in Albania, and thinks that the war will extend to the other Balkan States, and perhaps to intervention by Austria. I asked him whether Germany would not prevent this, and he said: 'Germany will give us advice and her moral support, but nothing more than that, as she has always done.' He condemns the present Government at Constantinople in the strongest terms, he being the leader of the Opposition in the Chamber. He told me that the letter I sent him last October warning them of the folly of campaigning in Arabia, had been shown by him to Talaat Pasha and others, but they had paid no attention to it, though my advice had since been entirely justified. 'For instance,' he said, 'what you said about paying the Arabs rather than fighting them. The whole quarrel with the Druses could have been settled for £200, and it cost us £600,000, beside the bloodshed.' Riza's fellow delegate, Bostani, is a learned Arabic scholar, member for Beyrout, who was made Senator last year. His speech was lengthy and terribly dull, but I found him pleasant to talk to.

"In the evening, just before dinner, I looked in at 44 Belgrave Square and found George Wyndham there with F. E. Smith and Bendor, all three much excited. 'Here you see the conspirators,' said George. For some time past George has been organizing a revolt against Lansdowne and Arthur Balfour's management of the Tory party in the matter of the Veto Bill, and yesterday they brought matters to a head by making a violent scene in the House of Commons, and refusing to let Asquith speak. Hugh Cecil and F. E. Smith are the leaders of the revolt with George. Bendor has turned Grosevnor House into an office, where they hold their meetings, and they are to give a banquet to old Halsbury to-morrow as the saviour of the Constitution. They are all in the highest possible spirits at the commotion they have caused and consider that they have forced Balfour's hand. 'You ought to have done it,' I said, 'two years ago, and you would have had the whole country with you, Army, Navy, Territorials, and all down to the Boy Scouts.' The two others did not stay many minutes, and when they were gone George talked it over with me, promising an absolutely full account of it when the crisis should be over, but he had given his word of honour not to reveal certain things at present. Nevertheless, I gather from him that they suspect Arthur Balfour of having been all through in secret collusion with Asquith, and that perhaps now Arthur is in secret collusion against Asquith with them. It appears that just before the last election in January Asquith got the King to promise to create a sufficient number of peers to pass the Veto Bill, which the King promised, thinking the elections would go more against Asquith than they did. The King does not at all want to create the peers, neither does Asquith, though the King is in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. They hope that the peers will give in

without that necessity, and have been looking all along for a compromise, but the extremists on both sides will have none of it, and now George says the country is in revolt, meaning the Tories in the constituencies. 'If we had given in without a fight there would have been an end of the Tory Party.' George thinks they have saved that at least. They are ready for actual armed resistance, or rather, they would like that. They have chosen old Halsbury for their nominal leader because of his great age (eighty-eight), otherwise there would have been jealousies. All the best men of their party are with them, including Austen Chamberlain, whom they did not expect. The only one who has disappointed them has been George Curzon. 'He is a fool,' said George, 'for he might have been next Prime Minister.' However, I am to hear *all* as soon as the crisis is over. George thinks war with Germany quite possible, and he wants it.

"*26th July.*— To Shaw's new play, 'Fanny's First Play,' last night, at The Little Theatre, with Meynell and Miss Montgomerie, an American beauty. The play was screamingly amusing, and I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. Mrs. Granville Barker, who was acting the principal character, sent me a message when it was over, and I went into her room and congratulated her, which I was glad to do, as she had heard that I did not like her in 'The Witch.'

"To Lady C., who tells me Kitchener called on her yesterday, and quite contrary to his custom, spoke in high terms of me. This seems to show that he is trying to play the diplomat, and wants to conciliate his enemies, for he knows that I am a friend of hers and that she will repeat it. I asked her what he had told her about his mission to Egypt, and she said, 'Oh, he did not want to go there, he wanted to stay at the War Office, and says he is getting old and Egypt will be his last post, but he is to organize everything, the army and all, and make a big thing of it.' She tells me that she knew Kitchener when he was quite a young man. 'I knew Horatio,' she said, 'forty years ago, when he had just left the French Army. He was in a very poor way then, so low that he had accepted an offer from Toole to go on the stage at £2 a week. Talking about his never having married, she said, 'he had no time to trouble himself with ladies.' He wouldn't marry because he was determined to succeed in his profession, and he could not drag a wife about after him, and he had to be careful not to make scandals because of his men. I told her that I was afraid I should have to bring up the Mahdi's Head against him, and, in fact, I had just been writing as strong an article as I could find words for about it, this very morning, for our next number of 'Egypt.'

"I forgot to say that talking to George yesterday, he told me that once in talking to the late King about Ireland when he was Chief Secretary, the King had said: 'We must either govern Ireland like

an English county, or give them complete Home Rule; there is no middle course.' This, I know, is George's own view, yet in public he is always saying Home Rule is impossible and so is the other.

"*27th July.*— George's revolt is not likely to succeed. They held their public dinner to Halsbury last night, and were only able to muster some forty peers at it, while Balfour and Lansdowne have produced a list of 250, and these have threatened to vote for the Bill rather than have peers created to swamp them. The fact is the revolt is all too late.

"Dillon lunched with me and described the scene in the House of Commons on Monday, and Hugh Cecil's behaviour. The *mot d'ordre* for the Irish party had been that they were to sit absolutely silent during the row, which they knew was intended, but at the height of it, some of the Irish grew excited and began to shout, while Redmond turned on them and said in the hearing of the Tories, who sit with them on the Opposition benches, 'If these damned Englishmen choose to make bloody fools of themselves, it is no reason for us not to behave.' The sentiment was approved by some of the Tories, and one of them said to Redmond, 'Though you did call us damned Englishmen I agree with every word.'

"Down to Worth Forest in the afternoon. Quite late a messenger from Glyn's Bank made his appearance, having wandered all over the woods at Newbuildings, and on here, carrying £500 in gold for me, my provision for war. He, poor man, was nearly dead with his exertions in the heat, and I made him stay and dine with me and found him good company, with his reminiscences of the Bank and City affairs. He has been twenty years at Glyn's. I gave him a full meal and plenty of wine, and sent him away happy somewhere about midnight!"

[This adventure, unique in the good man's experience, has become a legend now in Lombard Street.]

"*28th July.*— Asquith has given in about Agadir, pretending that he did not mean that the Germans were not to have a naval station on the North Atlantic coast. Rothstein, whom I saw three days ago in London, tells me that before Lloyd George's war speech at the Banker's dinner was made, a Cabinet was held, at which it was decided, with only one dissentient, Loreburn, the Lord Chancellor, that Germany should be defied about Agadir at the risk of war. Loreburn, however, went to the London Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian,' and told him about it, and got him to write in a pacific sense. The 'Daily News' had been notified by the Government in a contrary sense, and orders had been issued to the Northern Squadron. Their swagger, however, did not frighten the Germans, only made them angry, and as the French have not the least notion of going to war about Agadir to please us,

Asquith has thought better of it, and now makes this explanation. War for this country is an economical impossibility, the Germans will have their naval station at Agadir or wherever else they choose.

"*29th July.*— In the early morning we buried our box of gold in the middle of a fir wood under a sycamore tree, the only one there.

"Dillon has sent me the Hansard account of the debate on Thursday on Egypt, in which he took part. Grey made in it some valuable admissions, declaring that anything like a reactionary policy in Egypt was unthinkable. It will make it very difficult for Kitchener to play the tyrant. He will try to play the lapdog first.

"*30th July* (*Sunday*).— Having been away for two nights, on our return to-day to the Forest, we went to look whether our hiding-place had been disturbed, and to our astonishment found a toad seated on the box that contained the gold, a curious circumstance, like what one reads of in the middle ages." [The box had been buried only a few inches below the surface, and the toad had made his way down to it. It will save future treasure hunters trouble to be told that the box and its contents have long left the forest precincts and been returned to Glyn.]

"*1st Aug.*— Our annual Arab Sale, a smaller attendance than at any previous one.

"*3rd Aug.*—Newbuildings. Ismaïl Pasha Abaza came with Surur Bey to consult me about what line should be taken at Cairo towards Kitchener, whether to oppose him or make the best of him. I advised opposing him. He gave me a long account of the Khedive's troubles, being in his confidence. He explained that His Highness was as much opposed as anybody to the Occupation, but had not means of resisting. He had tried it many years ago, but had found himself without support, and had been obliged to yield. At present he was without a friend in Europe, and was on bad terms with the Government at Constantinople, and if he brought things to a quarrel with the Cairo Agency, he could not count on support anywhere. If he refused to sign the decrees forced on him they would govern the country without him; they would declare a Regency. I do not believe this, or that if he chose his occasion of quarrel wisely they would dare any such violent measures against him, but it would be no good to quarrel about trifles. I asked him about the Khedive's relations with Gorst. He said that except at the beginning, when they had been really friends, Gorst had obliged him to do this and that just the same as Lord Cromer did, only politely instead of brutally. I recited to Abaza the old fable of the Wind and the Sun, which was new to him and amused him much. He declares the Khedive had been ready to grant a constitution two years ago, but Gorst would not hear of it, the Khedive had said as much to the Editor of the 'Temps.' I said that was not

the right way of doing things. The Khedive ought to issue a proclamation to his people and show himself their leader. It is clear, however, that Abbas has no stomach for strong measures. In Egypt they are all dreadfully afraid of personal loss. If they are patriotic, the Nile water would be cut off from their estates, and other material injuries be inflicted on them. Abaza had had a personal quarrel with Gorst, and it was Gorst who had intrigued against his election for the Legislative Council. Abaza is pessimistic, but he reassured me on two points:

"(1) There is no party anywhere in Egypt favourable to the Occupation, unless it be with the foreigners and some of the Copts.

"(2) The Porte will never consent to make over Egypt to England in any legal way, nor in his opinion with Europe. It is against the Khedive personally that the anger is, and the danger of the Porte's playing into English hands. Gorst was never in earnest about reforms, and was never really friendly to Egypt. I asked him whether the Khedive had not sufficient patriotism to disregard his material advantage, but all he could say was that if the Khedive could be sure that it would profit the country he would make the sacrifice, but at present he was convinced that nothing he could do would change the situation. It is this lack of real patriotism that stands in their way. These rich men hate the English Occupation, but will run no risks to get rid of it.

"*7th Aug.* (*Sunday*).—To Storrington to call on Miss Gordon, General Gordon's niece, who is the acknowledged authority on all Gordon matters. She had read my account of the digging up of the Mahdi's body in 1899, as published at the time, and said it was quite correct, except that the Mahdi's head was really buried again in the desert. Two officers, she said, took it out with them when the trouble about it had been made in Parliament and buried it by night in the open desert, some miles away; they themselves did not know exactly where, so they could not have found it again if they had tried. She said this in so positive a manner that I feel sure her brother (Bill Gordon) must have been one of the two. All the rest of the story she confirmed in every particular. Bill had been specially employed by Kitchener to do the work of destroying the dome by blowing it up after it had been shelled, but he had had nothing to do with the digging up of the body, which was a piece of rowdyism done at night by some of the young officers. These kept the head, and gave it to Kitchener, who entrusted it to Bill to take down with him to Cairo when he returned there, where it was deposited, she believes, at a bank, Kitchener's intention being to present it to a Museum, at least so it was supposed. Bill was immensely disgusted at the whole business. She talked with great enthusiasm about her brother, almost

with tears, and anger at the way he had been treated and made use of by them, and in the end worked to death. She lives at Hove, but is staying with her sister (Mrs. Jones), who has a house called the Manor House, at Storrington.

"To-morrow the great debate begins in the House of Lords, which is to seal its fate, old Halsbury leading the Opposition to Lansdowne, who has gone over to the Government, and is supporting the Bill which is to abolish the power of the Lords. It is a great occasion inadequately dealt with.

"*11th Aug.*— Newbuildings. The Lords have voted their own death by a majority of seventeen, great numbers abstaining, a pitiful ending for an institution of such antiquity. They have played their game with inconceivable stupidity, making miscalculation after miscalculation. When the quarrel began they had the game in their hands. They might have declared for Irish Home Rule and defied the House of Commons, which was at that time quite discredited. They might have rejected or amended the budget as they chose, asserting their own necessary position in the Constitution, and effecting a *coup d'état* which would have restored the Tories to power for another generation. But they idiotically referred the decision to a General Election. Then they counted on the King to help them, and they went in for a second election, having first abandoned the hereditary position of the House, which was the essence of its being. The revolt from all this absurd blundering came too late, and now they are laid out dead as door nails. Belloc maintains that the whole thing has been arranged from the beginning between Balfour and Asquith, and it looks like it. Irish Home Rule has now also, he says, been agreed upon between them.

"*22nd Aug.*— Spent the day with George Wyndham in Worth Forest. George gave me a gloomy account of his campaign in the Lords, which, however, he says, he was very near winning. They did not count on so many traitors being found to vote their own destruction as the thirty-one who voted with the Government. They are especially angry against Curzon. It was all snobbishness, George said, on Curzon's part. He could not bear to have his Order contaminated with the new creations. They are going to boycott him. I asked if he had really quarrelled with Arthur, and he said, 'Yes, politically, but not privately.' The peer he thinks most of is Willoughby de Broke, who when reproached with deserting his leader, Lansdowne, said: 'As master of hounds, I don't like killing a fox without my huntsmen, but it is better than losing my hounds.'

"*23rd Aug.*— The Russo-German agreement about Persia is published in full text. It is clearly directed against England, but does not make the situation worse for Persia than it already was. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"*1st Sept.*— The world is much disturbed just now here in England with our strikes, in France with bread riots, and in Germany with warlike talk about Morocco. If there is no war between England and Germany it will be because we cannot fight economically, and because Germany is not ready for a naval war with us. I still think the Germans will remain at Agadir, and a full settlement of the Morocco disputes will be adjourned.

"*8th Sept.*— The ex-Shah's army has been defeated at Teheran and its leader executed. The complicity of the Russian Government in the attempt at counter-revolution is proved. The Morocco quarrel still goes on.

"*17th Sept.* (*Sunday*).— Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister, has been assassinated at Kief in presence of the Emperor while at the opera. This may lead to serious consequences. Stolypin had been the head and front of the reaction in Russia, a tyrant of the worst kind, affecting liberal ideas, and at the same time ruling by spies and secret police and arrests and hangings and deportations to Siberia. His example has been followed by Morley in India, by Grey in Egypt. These modern Liberals are worse than any of the old-fashioned reactionaries. Stolypin's assassin turns out to be a Jew, one of his own secret police, and the man specially entrusted with his personal safeguard. The outlook for liberty in the East is a bad one. If Germany agrees to a French protectorate in Morocco it will lead to England claiming a protectorate in Egypt, and to Italy claiming a protectorate in Tripoli. The situation seems to be that the German Government is not quite ready yet for war with France and England, while France, though unwilling to fight, is aware of this. Neither is likely to give in in any formal way, and the quarrel will be left open to be taken up again in two or three years' time. An accident, however, might precipitate matters. The outlook for Egypt is bad any way things go, for I imagine that at the outbreak of war England would annex Egypt, or declare a protectorate as an excuse for governing by martial law and treating all patriotism as rebellion. [N.B. Compare this with what actually happened in December 1914.]

"*22nd Sept.*— News has come of Arabi's death, and the morning papers give obituary notices founded on Cromer's 'Modern Egypt' and Milner's 'England and Egypt,' official and untrue. I have written to Ali Bey Kamel, urging that some public recognition of the old National leader should be made by the new Nationalists on the occasion of the fortieth day, seeing that it is already too late to give him a public funeral, but most of them are too dull-witted to see how great an opportunity it is. At Cairo the death seems to have been kept unknown until the funeral was over.

"*24th Sept.* (*Sunday*).— There is ominous news to-day of a threat-

ened invasion of Tripoli by the Italians. This taken together with a settlement of the Morocco quarrel between France and Germany which seems now to be pretty certain, has a very ugly look.

"*25th Sept.*— My kinsman, Gordon Blunt, was here yesterday to say good-bye on his starting for Malta, where he is to be in command of the mechanical transport.

"*26th Sept.*— Things look uglier than ever in regard to Tripoli. I feel certain it is part of a general agreement, come to very likely as long ago as last year, for the dismemberment of what remains of the Islamic States of North Africa, and probably brought to a head by the disclosure of the fact that Germany is not prepared for a war with France. The Italian Fleet has already put to sea, and Tripoli or Benghazi, or both, will be bombarded and a landing attempted. Turkey must fight, though at the immense disadvantage of the Italians holding the sea, and so cutting her communications with Constantinople. Germany is said to be persuading the Turkish Government to yield half the Sultan's sovereign rights to Italy, but this they cannot do. It is a still more lawless affair than the French raid on Tunis of thirty years ago, and with less pretence of right. Indeed, no pretence is being made except that Italy needs compensation for France's raid on Morocco. It can hardly not lead to a general dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. It is a thoroughly black outlook.

"*28th Sept.*— Chapel Street. Halil Hálid was here in the afternoon. He tells me the Turks will certainly fight, but they have only 10,000 men in Tripoli, and no commander of ability. They have been betrayed there by the Freemasons belonging to the Committee of Union and Progress, who playing into the Italian hands, have neglected sending reinforcements. If this is so, and he says the Freemasons have it all their own way in Salonika, Turkey's case has become hopeless. He says also that the Turkish Ambassador here has applied to Grey to intervene, but Grey has refused categorically.

"*30th Sept.*— War is declared, and the Italians have landed troops at Tripoli, Benghazi, and in Albania. Also, and this is the worst feature of the case, there is a change of Government at Constantinople. Hakki Pasha has resigned, and is succeeded by Said and Kiamil, a combination sure to be in English interests as to Egypt, while Shefket, the fighting head of the Army, is no longer Minister of War. This means, I fear, a tame surrender, though the Tripoli Arabs will not accept Christian rule without fierce fighting.

"To 'Man and Superman' with Dorothy in the afternoon. A good play, like all of Shaw's, but less amusing than 'Fanny's First Play,' or 'Arms and the Man,' or 'John Bull's Other Island.' These three are the most amusing plays ever written in any language.

"*1st Oct.* (*Sunday*).— With Meynell to call on old William

Rossetti beyond Regent's Park. He lives with his two daughters in a villa well filled with family mementos. Among the many drawings by Gabriel Rossetti I noticed two water colours by William Rossetti's wife, who was a daughter of Madox Brown, which seemed to me gems, worth all the rest. It pleased him much when I told the old man so. He is hale and hearty, though eighty years old, with a clear, healthy complexion, somewhat bronzed and showing his Italian origin. His manner precise, with considerable dignity. He spoke of the Italian raid on Tripoli, and I was glad to find his sympathies were with the Turks. He had read my 'Secret History,' and approved all my ideas. We talked, however, most of the past, his brother Gabriel, Burne-Jones, Morris, and Watts, and he was interested to find my recollection of Watts going back four years further even than his own.

"*3rd Oct.*—I am sick of Eastern politics and intend to take no more part in them when this Tripoli business is over. It cannot end otherwise than in the partition of the Ottoman Empire, a little sooner or a little later. There are too many hungry wolves in Europe to be satisfied with less, and it is thirty years since I began the battle. I feel inclined to say with Pitt: 'Roll up the map of Islam.'

"*4th Oct.*—To London for a Mohammedan meeting to protest against the attack on Tripoli. Lamington, in the Chair, made an unmeaning speech, excusing the Italians and excusing Grey, and exhorting all men to moderation, till the meeting rose against him. Two M.P.'s, Cox and Mason, made strong speeches, but Browne had been engaged beforehand for moderation. Then I was called for and rose, Lamington trying to stop me, but I persisted, and pointed out the uselessness of relying upon mediation and the German Emperor, and that if the war was to be stopped it must be by England alone. The English Mediterranean Fleet should be sent to Tripoli. Finally Farid Bey, just arrived from Paris, spoke amid much applause. They all came back to supper with me in Chapel Street, and we sat on talking till midnight. Meetings of this sort, unless they are indignation meetings, do less than no good. It was absurd to hold this one under a man like Lamington, a mere wet blanket.

"*5th Oct.*—Tripoli was bombarded on Tuesday, 3rd, but it is still doubtful whether the Italians have landed troops. At Constantinople Said Pasha has formed a Ministry, but without Kiamil. Mahmur Shefket continues Minister of War. These absolutely refuse to give up Tripoli on any terms, and the war is to continue. It will be a fight between a whale and an elephant, and may go on interminably.

"Meynell brought Padraic Colum to dine with me. He is a modest and at the same time intelligent young man with no little good Irish wit and much feeling about poetry and knowledge of the poets. He

recites well, and is what is called a genius, that is to say, one out of the common, altogether sympathetic, but with hands which crush one's fingers with a grip of iron, all the more unexpected because he is a diminutive personality. Irish hand-shakings are a terrible experience.

"*9th Oct.*— The newspaper news from Constantinople is very contradictory, as also from Rome. Halil Hálid told me last Thursday that the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison from Tripoli and the undefended state of the town was due to treachery on the part of the Freemasons at Constantinople, who were in secret agreement with Italian Freemasonry. All the Ottoman troops but 10,000 regulars were withdrawn a year ago and sent to Yemen. They hold Hakki Pasha responsible for this.

"*13th Oct.*— Newbuildings. I have been pleased by an affectionate letter written me by George Curzon, a letter in which he recalled the 'immortal wassail' of the Crabbet Club. It was to thank me for a small donation I had made toward the rebuilding of the Royal Geographical Society's rooms. It had given him all the more pleasure 'because I know it to spring from personal affection which I most heartily and eternally reciprocate. In this respect we remain for ever young.' Mark Napier and George Wyndham came to shoot, and Belloc dined with us, keeping it up till one o'clock in brilliant talk.

George told us all the secrets of the intrigue of the 'Die Hards.' What started the rebellion against Balfour was a letter, or the draft of a letter, he wrote agreeing to the creation of 160 peers to pass the Parliament Bill. This George Curzon, when he read it, dramatically tore up, exclaiming 'That won't do'; and this made the support he later gave Balfour all the more unaccountable, and hence the anger of the secessionists against him. Now George declares that, with the exception of Curzon and Long, they have all the Tory party with them of those that count and nine-tenths of the rest, still 'Arthur will not resign.' Mark and I think it is rather a dispute about nothing, as there is no chance of the Tory party getting back into office at any nameable date, though Belloc says they have a chance if they will attack the Insurance Bill boldly. This George says they intend to do.

"We had a grand discussion later about Morocco and Tripoli, and the chances of a European war. George's view of the situation is this. He says that it is absolutely known to him through his former connection with the War Office that it was part of the Entente with France that, in case of war with Germany, an English contingent of 160,000 men should be placed on the Continent in support of the French Army. It was intended that this should operate at Antwerp, but later the plan was changed, and now the extreme north-west of the French line from Calais would be the scene of the English opera-

tions. The German plan of campaign, which he has also been shown, is to have a very extended line of attack, which should include southwards Western Switzerland, the main attack on France being intended from the southern end of the line. This the addition of the English contingent would enable the French army to meet. George declares he has seen the plans of military railroads already made in Switzerland in accordance with an arrangement concluded some years ago with the Swiss Government. We asked him what inducement had been offered to Switzerland for this, and he said that the Swiss Government was to be rewarded on the Italian frontier with those portions of the Italian Kingdom which ran up into the Swiss Cantons, and parts of Savoy. Italy had for some time past been dropping out of the Triple Alliance, and Germany no longer counts on her.

"I asked George whether in the late crisis about Agadir troops would have been landed in France, and he said that orders had been given for an expedition, though it was no longer possible to send more than 80,000 men instead of 160,000. These would have been placed under the nominal command of General French, though the man they really relied on at the War Office was another General (I forget his name) in whom George himself has full confidence. He says that when the Emperor William was here for the Queen's Memorial, he, Wilhelm, expostulated with King George for interfering between Germany and France, and used the words 'We wish to be friends with England, but if you force us, beware. Remember that Germany's sword is sharp.'

"We three shot Buzland's and Sheppard's beats, and got nineteen wild pheasants, with 166 rabbits. George and all of us shot extremely well, notwithstanding our overnight discussions, the day hot as summer.

"*15th Oct.* (*Sunday*).—George went away early to London, being busy with his leadership of the 'Die Hards' and the Constitution of the new Halsbury Club. Mark and I have talked over George's political prospects which we agree might yet be retrieved in his party if he could only be less self-indulgent. He is the imaginative brain of them all, having engineered the whole revolt against Balfour, and might have the Leadership if he would amuse himself less. As it is, he is likely to have to play second to dull men like Austen Chamberlain, and whipper-snappers like F. E. Smith. We have both spoken seriously to George about it, and I lectured Mark about his own imperialistic doctrines, arguing that after all honesty would be the best policy in foreign politics if they would only believe it. He is to spend a week at Glen with Grey, and I am anxious he should represent a more respectable view of Egyptian and other Eastern questions in the talks they are sure to have together. The Glen influence is a bad one for Grey. I

asked Mark what his opinion of Grey was. He said he had seen much of him formerly on political platforms, and that he used to be a stupid fellow and a dull speaker, but had 'greatly improved,' he was ignorant and a second-rate man, though personally charming and most distinguished.

"*16th Oct.*— The most important news of the last few days has been the revolution in China. It seems to be much on the lines of the Tai Ping rebellion which Gordon suppressed fifty years ago, a rising of the true Chinese against their Manchu rulers, only the present movement is led by a highly civilized and Europeanized young man, the same who was not long ago arrested and held captive at the Chinese Embassy in London and liberated in deference to English protests. The revolt has already affected a third of the Empire, with all the Central part, including Hankau.

"*17th Oct.*— Worth Forest. Terence was here this afternoon. Talking of Tripoli he tells me that there is little prospect of any determined opposition being made to the Italians by the native Tripolitans. The Turks were so unpopular that they would have welcomed strangers against these only they would rather it had been any other than the Italians. Fanaticism, he says, is dead in North Africa, it being recognized that resistance to Christendom is useless. The Senussia may show some fight in the desert but not the people of Fezzan, who are traders and care little for anything except money. The Italians are less liked than any other of the Europeans. Terence is more likely to know about these things than any Englishman I know, and he is probably right. If so the case is a very hopeless one. Terence does not believe in the rumoured intention of our Government annexing Egypt. Annexation is not in the English programme, as it is found much more advantageous to govern Mohammedan lands indirectly through a Moslem prince. It is not any scruple of morality that prevents annexation, only a calculation of interest. My book, 'Gordon at Khartoum,' is being well reviewed.

"*19th Oct.*— There is a scare at Berlin and Vienna that Egypt was to be annexed, but it is denied officially here and seems really to have had no foundation. I had a letter from Winston yesterday saying that he wanted to come here for a night and have a talk. He says in it, 'I am glad to find that my belonging to a Government wicked enough to send Lord Kitchener to Egypt has not altered our relations.'

"People in Egypt are subscribing to the war in Tripoli, and the Indian Mohammedans have taken it up.

"*23rd Oct.*— Ryan came, and with him Malony, fresh from Persia. Malony is engaged to marry a daughter of Sir Francis Elliot, our Minister at Athens. About Persia he is very hopeless, not on account of the Persians themselves, but because of Grey, who has sold them

to Russia. The Russian Government is determined they shall not recover financially or politically, and Barclay, our English Minister at Teheran, is instructed by the Foreign Office to play into their hands, though he personally would help them. The British Government is reinforcing the Legation guard at Teheran with 200 troops from India, which will be a new pretext with the Russians for increasing their garrisons. Malony has been seeing much of my old friend the Bakhtiari Chief, Ali Kuli Khan, now holding the title of Sardar Assad, who Malony says often talks of me, and is a man of great ability. [He travelled with us for three weeks from Haïl to Bagdad in 1879. See 'A Pilgrimage to Nejd.']

"*25th Oct.*— Cabinet changes are announced. Winston goes to the Admiralty, which will be an advantage to him as helping him out of infinite hot water he is in at the Home Office. I am writing to congratulate him, and have expressed a hope that if he bombards a town it will be Naples or Messina, rather than Constantinople or Jeddah. The Turks and Arabs have been fighting the Italians well at Benghazi, and at Tripoli the Turkish army has followed the same programme as Arabi's did at Alexandria. It has retired out of reach of the ships' guns, and is harassing the Italians on shore. At Constantinople the Parliament has met, and is for continuing the war. The Italians have committed atrocities in the way of drumhead court martials just as Beresford did in 1882.

"*27th Oct.*— Winston answers me from the Admiralty through Eddy Marsh, his private secretary. 'Winston wishes me to thank you and to say that he is very busy settling down here, but hopes to come and see you as soon as he can. Your wishes as to bombardments have been noted in the Department, and every care will be taken to prevent mistakes.' I fear Winston is still on the best of terms with Grey, as I see in the papers that Grey stood godfather with F. E. Smith to Winston's son and heir, the new Randolph, yesterday.

"*31st Oct.*— The atrocities committed by the Italians at Tripoli have passed all that have ever been heard of for a century. On the pretext that the Arab inhabitants of the palm groves behind the town joined the Turkish army in its attack on the Italian troops, the whole of the native population, men, women, and children have been exterminated, to the number, it is reported, of 4,000 persons. This is absolutely against the laws of war, and puts the Italians in a position of piracy which Europe will hardly tolerate. They seem to have been pretty soundly beaten in the fighting and have been obliged to retire inside the town. The Italians are a cowardly people, utterly vicious and corrupt, and this cruelty is a part of their nature. It will deprive them of any right to pose as the champions of civilization in this war or of Christianity, while it will unite all the Moslem world against them and against

England and France, who are supporting them. I ought to say, perhaps, the English and French Governments, for public opinion both here and in Paris condemns them. The Catholic bishops in Italy have declared themselves in favour of the war as a crusade, and it is said the Pope supports it, though Patrick Butler, who is staying with me, strenuously denies this. If true, I can only say what I have never in my life said, or thought to say, 'To Hell with the Pope.'

"These abominable doings have been overshadowed by a still more important event in the world, a revolution in China, which is being entirely successful on the lines of the Turkish revolution of 1908.

"*3rd Nov.*— Poor Lady Colin Campbell is dead.

"*4th Nov.*— The news from Tripoli is sickening. A young English officer serving with the Turkish army as volunteer has telegraphed how he and another Englishman, a correspondent of the 'Daily Mirror,' were with the Turkish troops when they reoccupied the oasis outside Tripoli, and how they found hundreds of women's corpses mutilated in the mosque with children's corpses, the work of these cowardly Italian ruffians. It is the most hideous story ever told about any war, and must I think force our infamous Foreign Office to intervene, although Grey and Asquith have both been excusing the Italian Government in Parliament, and refusing all information. The Turks now have reoccupied the outer forts of Tripoli, and are summoning the Italians to surrender. The Italian fleet has sailed away, it is said, to do new murder in the Ægean, but I cannot think that this will be allowed. Good may yet come out of this monstrous evil, for there will be a revulsion of feeling, and the world will see how hideous Christianity has become divorced from its beliefs, a mere religion of rapine.

"Stead has written again asking me to attend a meeting he is getting up at Whitehead's Tabernacle against the Italians. The November number of 'Egypt' is out, and will probably be suppressed at Cairo. I have promised Stead to get him a handsome subscription if he adopts my programme of coercing Italy, but I do not trust the man. One never knows whether there may not be some Russian intrigue at the back of his philanthropic agitations.

"*8th Nov.*— The Italian horror gets worse and worse as more news comes in. Grey, in order to distract attention from Tripoli has come forward with a statement in explanation of our relations with Germany, and the newspapers are away after this new hare. It is an old trick he has played more than once, for though an ignoramus in foreign politics he knows exactly how to deal with the House of Commons. I am preparing my letter to Stead as a pamphlet, and shall call it 'The Italian Horror.'

"*9th Nov.*— Half-a-dozen foolish Major Generals have written to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' outraged at my 'Gordon at Khartoum,' saying

they are going to memorialize the Lord Chancellor with a view to my being deprived of my functions as Justice of the Peace in the County of Sussex. These wise men have not stopped to enquire whether I have any such function to be deprived of, their anger being caused by a passage which they consider vilifies the British Army. I shall let them run on and make fools of themselves for awhile.

"*12th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— Beauclerk just returned from his gold digging in Alaska. He and Belloc dined with us. The sensation of the moment is that the Tory Party has decided to elect as its leader, in succession to Arthur Balfour, who resigned last week, one Bonar Law. It appears that the old Tories would not stand Austen Chamberlain for the place, and the Tariff Reformers would not stand Walter Long, and this Law is a compromise.

'*13th Nov.*— Worth Forest. The Ottoman Government has remonstrated to the European Powers about the Italian atrocities as a breach of the rules of war, but these have answered that they are 'unable to take action.' It is certain that the Tripoli raid was arranged beforehand with France and England at the time of the Agadir business. I am less sure about Germany. [It is now known that the German Government did not approve of the raid. The French had agreed to it with Italy as a 'compensation' to Italy for their own misdeeds in Morocco. Our Foreign Office approved, seeing in it a means of detaching Italy from the Triple Alliance. A scoundrel affair as ever was perpetrated.]

"*15th Nov.*— Worth Forest. There was a debate yesterday in the House of Commons about my book, 'Gordon at Khartoum,' in which Colonel Seely, representing the War Office, used strong language, and undertook to approach the Lord Chancellor with a view to having me removed from the Commission of the Peace and from my position as Deputy Lieutenant of the County, neither of which dignities has ever been mine. It is all very absurd, and now I shall answer. I had just sat down to write one when a young man named Duckworth arrived, much bedraggled by the rain, after a long wandering to find me in the Forest, and asked for an interview on the subject for the 'Daily News.' I gave him tea, but no information.

"*17th Nov.*— My reply to Seely is printed in the 'Daily News,' 'Daily Mail,' and other morning papers. The gallant Generals are more angry than ever at having made fools of themselves, and there is talk of their getting the law strengthened, so as to prevent criticism of the Army.

"*18th Nov.*— The post has brought me a number of anonymous abusive letters, with others of congratulation on my reply to Seely.

"I have just finished reading the first volume of Count Paul Hoensbroech's 'Fourteen Years a Jesuit,' which interests me enormously,

though his attitude of antagonism to the Society is not mine. Still I know enough of Jesuitism to recognize his narrative as in the main true. For instance, I remember well a terrible 'retreat' given at Stonyhurst, in which the physical horrors of hell were emphasized in detail just as he describes them, and there are a hundred small points of discipline I recognize as exact, while also the general spiritual atmosphere of the place is vividly reproduced. The Jesuit novitiate is the most mentally crushing process ever invented, and I remember well meeting William Kerr on the first day of his release from I forget how many years of absolute seclusion. It was at some function of the Redemptorist Convent at Clapham, and I walked back with him from it across the Common, I think to Putney, and he told me something of his life as a novice. He was like an owl that had wandered out into the daylight, an absolutely different man from what I had known him before his experience. This must have been somewhere in the seventies.

"*22nd Nov.*— George Curzon made an excellent speech the other day at a Persian dinner, and I have written to him, urging him to take up the Mohammedan cause as champion of Islam.

"*25th Nov.*— Newbuildings. The recent attacks on me and my book are causing it to sell well, and we are printing an extra 200 copies. Meynell arrived for the week end with Housman, author of 'The Shropshire Lad,' and we had a poetical evening, Meynell reading us 'Modern Love' with a running commentary, an excellent entertainment, as good as the best of lectures.

"*26th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— I took Housman for a walk and asked him how he had come to write his early verses and whether there was any episode in his life which suggested their gruesome character, but he assured me it was not so. He had lived as a boy in Worcestershire, not in Shropshire, though within sight of the Shropshire hills, and there was nothing gruesome to record. He shows no trace now of anything romantic, being a typical Cambridge Don, prim in his manner, silent and rather shy, conventional in dress and manner, learned, accurate, and well-informed. He is professor there of Latin, talking fairly well, but not brilliantly or with any originality, depressed in tone, and difficult to rouse to any strong expression of opinion. Nevertheless, I like him, and with Meynell's help we got him to discuss his own poems, though he refused absolutely to read them out. He read instead one of mine, in response to my having read one of his, the one I like best, 'Is My Team Ploughing?' I have a great admiration for his 'Shropshire Lad,' on account of its ballad qualities and the wonderful certainty in his choice of exactly the right word. We had much pleasant talk all day, and sat up again till twelve at night telling ghost stories.

He takes an interest in these. Housman's personal appearance is one of depression and indifferent health. He does not smoke, drinks little, and would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be.

"*28th Nov.*— Grey has made his promised declaration on foreign affairs, avoiding, as I thought he would, all dealing with the Tripoli atrocities, or explanation as to whether he knew of the intended raid. All he said was that the attitude of the Government was one of neutrality and non-intervention, and that he had no '*official*' information of the barbarities committed on either side.

"*29th Nov.*— Russia has sent a new ultimatum to Persia demanding the dismissal of Schuster [an American who had for two years been working successfully to reorganize Persian finance, too successfully to please the Russian Government], complete control at Teheran, and an indemnity. This means the conquest of Persia, and already Russian troops have marched. The old Shah will probably be restored, and North Persia Cromerised after the fashion of Egypt. It is an infamy for which Grey is responsible.

"*2nd Dec.*— The Persian Government has refused the Russian ultimatum, denouncing at the same time the perfidy of England. This is the only dignified way to take it, and though it sounds desperate, the best chance for the Persians of saving their national life. It is just possible there may be a revulsion of feeling in this country which may upset Grey, though it is unlikely, and a new policy substituted favourable to Islam.

"*5th Dec.*— The Russians are invading Persia. McCullgan, the war correspondent in Tripoli for the 'New York World' and 'The Westminster Gazette,' an excellent Irishman from Tyrone, came to see me. He has arranged to give a course of lectures in the principal towns in England on the Italian barbarities. I offered to help him financially, but he said his lectures were to be well paid by a business firm, which had undertaken it at £10 a night.

"*6th Dec.*— The royal tent set up for the Durbar has been burnt at Delhi, which looks like the beginning of demonstrations against the King, who has just landed at Bombay.

"*7th Dec.*— Pierre Lôti has written an excellent letter condemning the Italian raid on Tripoli, in reply to an Italian editor, asking his opinion on their glorious campaign. George Curzon has made another admirable speech in the Lords about Persia and has drawn from Morley something like a repudiation of Grey's outrageous approval of the Russian ultimatum. It is a great thing to have secured a man of his calibre on our side.

"*10th Dec.* (*Sunday*).— A letter from Margot which amuses me. I had asked whether I should send her pheasants. She says she loves game, hares and pheasants, or even turkeys; all are of real use to her

vast family, living in Downing Street and entertaining sixty to eighty people a week in the season, and thirty to fifty just now, is too much to expect of a Prime Minister with seven children, on £5,000 a year, etc. There is something comic in the idea of my contributing to the support of Downing Street just at present, and acting the part of Whiteley to the Prime Ministerial family.

"*13th Dec.*— The newspapers print news of a proclamation at Delhi, removing the seat of the Viceregal Government there from Calcutta, restoring also the unity of Bengal. This is a notable event.

"*15th Dec.*— Grey has made another long speech in the House of Commons about his Persian policy, in which he approves all the Russians are doing. What he is really aiming at is to Cromerise Persia, preserving the form of its independence while destroying the substance. Russia is to do this in Persia as we do it in Egypt, and Italy, perhaps, in Tripoli, and France in Morocco. They would do it in Turkey, too, if the Turks had no army. It is the modern way of devouring the Eastern nations. The Russian army is advancing on Teheran, where the Mejliss refuses to comply with the ultimatum, and we shall see a second edition there of Tripoli.

"*16th Dec.*— I have written a Ballade of resignation for Margot, which I intend to send her with a peacock for her Xmas dinner.

"I have been reading a volume of Scotch ballads, the only poetry now that gives me any pleasure. They rouse me from my gloom, especially that best of all, 'Sir Patrick Spens.' I am troubled at the scramble for Asia which is going on. The Russian army, with Grey's approval, is advancing on Teheran, where the Mejliss refuses to comply with their ultimatum, and we shall see a second edition there of Tripoli. There is talk of joint European intervention in China, and the year 1912 will see a partition of the Ottoman Empire. As for Egypt I no longer see any hope. Its chance of independence is bound up with that of Turkey, and will not survive the destruction of the other. Winston, I heard, has written to Seely, scolding him for his rudeness to me.

"*20th Dec.*— Browne has written to me in despair about Persia, where the Mejliss is standing to its guns. I think the Mejliss quite right. To accept the ultimatum would be to abandon all hope, and it is better to die fighting than to be swallowed slowly by the Russian boa constrictor and digested at leisure. Theirs is a council of despair, but even despair has chances.

"*26th Dec.*— There has been an abominable massacre by the Russians at Tabriz, 500 persons, men, women, and children, killed, women raped, and every imaginable abomination perpetrated. This is Grey's doing as distinctly as if he had given the order, yet almost no protest is made in our press, nor is there chance of an indignation meeting. It is hopeless my going on fighting under these conditions, a single voice

against the world's, and I am weary of a useless struggle. Belloc dined with me last night, but I could not get him to take much interest in anything but the parochical politics of the Insurance Bill. He asked me who I thought ought to be Poet Laureate after Austin. I said Gilbert Murray. [Because he had written no original verse.]

"*29th Dec.*— Went to see McCullagh at a nursing home in John Street, where he has been for an operation. The Tripoli atrocities are all condoned now by English public opinion as will be the Russian atrocities at Tabriz. Grey has invented a formula about these things. He has 'no official knowledge,' which means that the Consuls have not reported them as having themselves witnessed what has been done. They have had orders to hold their tongues.

"Meynell dined with me to-night, and we discussed the future of civilization. Meynell declares that the world will eventually come round to my opinions and acknowledge me as a forerunner. I wish I could believe it, but I see no sign of any such conversion. On the contrary I fear I am a belated survival of an age which has almost disappeared. The best chance the world has is perhaps the possible resurgence of China, which yesterday proclaimed itself a republic, and chose Sun Yat Sen, a Christian, its first President. But will not Europe intervene to wreck its chances as it has intervened in Turkey and Persia? It is all a question of material strength, and Asia, in order to survive, is obliged to remodel itself according to European standards, although in so doing it sacrifices half the value of its traditional ideas.

"*31st Dec.* (*Sunday*).— To-day a sad year ends, the worst politically I can remember since the eighties, bloodshed, massacre, and destruction everywhere, and all accepted here in England with cynical approval, our Foreign Office being accomplice with the evildoers, and Grey their apologist. It has been a losing battle in which I have fought long, but with no result of good. I am old, and weary, and discouraged, and would if I could slink out of the fight. I am useless in face of an entirely hostile world.

"In the afternoon I went to see Mrs. Morris at her daughter's house in Hammersmith Terrace, and found her lying alone, quite invalided in a chair. She had come up to London for her teeth, and other ailments, but was glad to see me. We were, however, interrupted in our talk by de Morgan and his wife, who looked in. He is a lugubrious little man with a certain caustic wit battling with senility, his wife a busy little woman, with a more cheerful manner. I remember having met her at Kelmscott House when she was tending Morris, which she did with great devotion during his last illness. Then I went on to Walker's, who lives next door, who showed me some of his book treasures, amongst them a complete set of the Kelmscott Press works in vellum. He is a good and modest man, who began as a plain workman and has

now an assured position at the head of the printing trade, at least of that branch of it which deals with illustrated books. Morris, he told me, had once offered him partnership in the Kelmscott Press, 'But I had too good a sense of proportion,' he said, 'to accept.' And so the year 1911 has slipped away."

CHAPTER XI

GENERAL TROUBLE IN EASTERN EUROPE

"*4th Jan.*, 1912.—Chapel Street. Rothstein called and told me much about affairs in Europe. He says true reason the German Government would not fight this year was not any doubt of the superiority of its army, which is infinitely more powerful than the French, but because it had not the mass of the people with it. These did not think Morocco worth a war. He says, however, that Germany is of one mind to fight England on the first occasion, as they were very angry with us, far more so than with the French. All now are for war, except the Socialists, and even these are not all of them against it. He is sure the German Government was not privy to the Italian raid on Tripoli. On the contrary they are very angry with the Italians on account of it, so much so that they would join England in putting a stop to it. As to Persia, Rothstein assured me the Russian army was not formidable, the officers being just as corrupt and ineffective as before the Japanese war. If there was a quarrel with England about Persia the Japanese would advance on Siberia. They would also very likely intervene in China to replace the Manchus in power. Rothstein's opinion on all these things is the best in London." [N.B. Rothstein, whose opinions are constantly quoted in my diary, owed his wonderful knowledge of the European situation to the fact that he was London correspondent to nearly all the Socialist newspapers on the Continent. He was by birth a Russian subject, born at Kief, who had made his studies at the Odessa University, and having become involved there with the authorities about twenty years ago had made his escape to Western Europe, and had taken up his residence in London. He was on the Staff of more than one of our newspapers, but often complained to me that the Editors would not listen to him on subjects of European importance. To me he always spoke frankly, and I never found him mistaken in the information he gave me, as will be shown in the sequel.]

"*5th Jan.*—Irene Noel dined with me. I had not seen her for nearly two years, during which she has been flirting with the Crown Prince of Greece, and trying to get up with him what she calls a Balkan Federation which is to include the Greeks, and even perhaps the Turks. She is a clever girl, and has a talent for political intrigue.

"*10th Jan.*— The Russian Government has declared its intention of taking possession of Mongolia. Grey seems to have committed us to an approval of this as well as of the Persian robbery.

"*17th Jan.*— Labouchere is dead at the age of eighty, universally esteemed after a life which began in disrepute. I remember old Paddy Green, of Evans' music hall, with whose son I had been at school at Stonyhurst, talking of him in pitying tones as 'Loboucheer, Loboucheer, poor young man! He was always his own worst enemy.' This was somewhere in 1861, when Labby was still looked upon as something of a greenhorn. My first acquaintance with him was of this date, when he was living at Homburg entirely in the society of whores and croupiers. He had belonged to the Frankfort Legation, where I had succeeded him, and was nominally attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburgh, but had not proceeded there (pretending he was too poor to pay his railway fare). At Frankfort he was considered too disreputable for admission into society, and I have a caricature I drew of him walking with Madame d'Usedom, the Olympia of Bismarck's memoirs, who on one occasion had given him her countenance. It is labelled 'The Deformed transformed,' and was a very good likeness of him as he then was (a chubby young man with little slant eyes and pink cheeks). Later, I remember him at St. James' Club, the house in James Street that had once been Crockford's, boasting to all who would listen how he had bribed his way into parliament as member for Windsor. It was a short lived glory as he was at once unseated. In after years I saw much of him at his house in Queen Anne's Gate, where I often lunched with him and his wife in the eighties and nineties, and liked him greatly. He had become one of the very few quite honest M.P.'s, who always told the truth, and was always amusing.

"*21st Jan.* (*Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Belloc dined with us, and gave us some good talk. The Italians have seized two French ships as carrying contraband of war, which is making a commotion in France, and may possibly lead to a stopping of the war in Tripoli. Grey has been apologizing to his constituents in the North for his Foreign policy so piteously that Belloc thinks he will resign. If so I imagine the Foreign Office would be given to Haldane as the only member of the Cabinet who knows French and German. In Ireland Carson is campaigning on the Orange platform, threatening fire and flame if Winston is allowed to speak at Belfast: 'Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right.'

"*30th Jan.*— Chapel Street. Lunched with Winston and Clementine. He was in excellent form, and I had an interesting conversation with him about Eastern politics, his private secretary, Masterman Smith, being also there. About the Turco-Italian war I asked him which way his sympathies lay. He said, 'I have my official sympathies, and

those are strictly neutral.' His private sympathies are clearly not Italian. 'The Italians,' he said, remind me of the story of the giant who went to cleave an oak in two with his sword, and who caught his hand in the cleft and was held by it, till he was eaten alive by the wild beasts in the forest. They cannot get further, and they cannot get away. They are spending a quarter of a million daily, and will be ruined before they have done. As to the Turks, it is their own fault if they come to grief. They ought to have made friends with us instead of running after Germany, which will not help them. I said, 'They could not afford to quarrel with Germany which could have destroyed them in Roumelia, also you wanted too much.' *He.* 'They ought to have let us reorganize the police with English officers over them, all we wanted of them was our commercial share in the Bagdad railway.' *I.* 'Yes, and to stay on in Egypt.' *He.* 'We shall never clear out of that till the Empire breaks up.' As he seemed inclined to listen, I propounded my alternative scheme of policy, to make alliance with Turkey against Italy and Russia. Italy could easily be dealt with by the Fleet, while Turkey would willingly help to turn the Russians out of Persia. 'I thought,' he said, 'The Turks had made friends with Russia about it.' Returning to Egypt I gave him my solution there, the English garrison to be replaced by a regiment of Turks at Cairo, and another at Alexandria, to keep order, things otherwise to go on just the same. On this basis an alliance with Turkey could be arranged. It is clear, however, from his talk that he is bitten with Grey's anti-German policy. He said of the Germans, 'I never could learn their beastly language, nor will I till the Emperor William comes over here with his army.' Nevertheless Winston strikes me as being open to conversion on all these matters. Clementine talked about an act of rudeness shown to her and Winston the other day by Cambon, the French Ambassador, a trifle of no importance, except as showing that Winston also, like Grey, does not know French. We talked also about the Belfast meeting as to which I advised Clementine not to go with her husband, though the chief danger is over now as the meeting is no longer to be held in the Ulster Hall, but under a marquee in a meadow, which it would be difficult to blow up. Talking about Italy, Winston said chuckling, 'The Italians tell us now that if Turkey won't make peace, they will have to declare war again.'

"Browne came and gave me an account of the dinner given to Schuster yesterday, in which he had explained his doings in Persia. He has the highest opinion of Schuster, who made an admirable speech. Poor Browne is in terrible despair at it all.

"*1st Feb.*— Meynell dined with me, and I have read him Margaret Sackville's 'Wooing of Dionysos,' which he agreed with me in pronouncing a very first-rate poem. We also had a great discussion about

Ward's 'Life of Newman,' which is just out. Meynell has taken up the cudgels for Manning in the 'Tablet,' which has moved the Duke of Norfolk to anger.

"*6th Feb.*— Sat with Rivers Wilson at his house in Berkeley Square. He has been reading my Gordon book and also 'Egypt's Ruin.' He says both are very accurate, and that I have converted him on many points regarding Egypt. He told me some interesting things. First as to the origin of the famous Joint Note of 1881. [The Joint Note signed by the English and French Governments promising help to the Khedive Tewfik against Arabi and the Parliament. It was that that caused the war of 1882 and the English Occupation.] Wilson told me that it was he who suggested the idea of it to Gambetta, assuring him that the English Government would go with him. Though he did not take part in drafting the note, Gambetta sat down to draft it before he left the room, where they had been discussing it. It was to be a dead secret between the two, but Wilson told Nubar of it, who highly approved, and Nubar let it out to Blowitz, and it thus got talked of in the 'Times.' Gambetta was very angry with Wilson on account of it. Also he told me a number of tales about Omar Lutfi, Shahin Pasha, and others, and what scoundrels they had been, with other stories nearer home.

"*9th Feb.*— Haldane has been sent on a secret mission to Berlin, well advertised in all the papers. There seems to be a real attempt at a rapprochement with Germany. If it comes to anything they will probably shift Haldane to the Foreign Office in Grey's place. Anything will be better than Grey, though I don't trust the other.

"*11th Feb.* (*Sunday*).— A young man, Borthwick, appeared with a letter of introduction from Stead. He has been in the 10th Hussars for three years in India, and since in Algeria and Morocco. He wished to consult me about a wild cat scheme he has of going to Ghadamès raising the Senussia against Italy, and driving the Italian army into the sea. I had him up to talk to me, but did not much encourage him, as I think the thing impossible of success, though of course desirable. The right strategy for the Arabs is to harass the Italians and prevent their moving inland, and not to attempt to retake the sea coast towns where the Italian army is protected by the Fleet. Belloc dined with me. He says he hears that Kitchener is considered at the F. O. to be overdoing his part at Cairo.

"*12th Feb.*— I am reading Ward's 'Life of Newman,' a rather dreary work, though it interests me from the many mentions it makes of persons I used to know, nor do I think the book does any good service either to Newman or the Catholic cause. The truth is, a religious life is at least as unsatisfactory as any other, and seen near at hand there is much in Newman's which would have been better for-

gotten. Great men and holy men are very like other men, and there are just as many petty interests served in the Government of the Church as in other Governments. One had imagined Newman leading a life of prayer and self-sacrifice. He is shown by Ward dissatisfied with obscurity and running from one journalistic scheme to another, neither successfully nor with dignity. Human nature is human nature, whether in a convent or a palace. Newman was a great man notwithstanding, a great controversialist, and a master of English prose.

"*18th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—I have been a whole week in bed with influenza, and in great desolation of soul, the subject of my delirium being Grey and the Garter he had just been given, and this worried me for two days and nights. I am better to-day, and begin to see things sanely.

"*23rd Feb.*— Parliament has met in London, and Grey's Garter has provoked speculation as to coming changes in the Cabinet. They say Loreburn is to retire and let Asquith be Lord Chancellor in his place, which would secure him £10,000 a year for life; Grey to be his successor as Prime Minister, giving up the Foreign Office, for which he is incompetent, in favour of Haldane. What they want now is to pacify Germany, and Haldane is Germanophil.

"*1st March.*— Things have gone badly. The coal strike has monopolized attention, and Grey has been allowed to carry on his detestable policy in Persia and Tripoli, almost unrebuked. The latest diplomatic development is an attempted combination of the European Powers to coerce Turkey into ceding Tripoli to Italy, and so making peace. So far the Turks are standing firm.

"Monsignor Stonor is dead at Rome, where he has lived all his life. I remember assisting at his first mass at Oscott how many years ago. May he rest in peace, good man: they ought to have made him a Cardinal.

"I have been nearly three weeks in bed.

"*8th March.*— Chapel Street. Bendor came to see me. He has been in Egypt this winter, and brought to show me an *antika* he had picked up there of the hawk-headed God or Goddess, which by some odd accident had been fashioned into the exact image in caricature of our good Queen Victoria. It amused him much. He is a kindly, good-humoured fellow, like a great Newfoundland puppy, much given to riotous amusements and sports, with horses, motors, and ladies. The fast life clearly suits him, for he looks a model of health and strength. He was at Sheykh Obeyd, and saw the Stud there, which he appreciates.

"*10th March* (*Sunday*).— Syud Mahmud called. He is going back to India in May, very much in earnest about getting his fellow-Mussulmans to oppose the Government if it refuses to take up the defence

of Islam, but I fear that like all the rest his courage will ooze out of him under the influence of his native air.

"Dillon came to lunch, and stayed on talking for two hours. Home Rule he hopes to see carried through both Houses of Parliament in two years' time (it cannot well take less), and there are many accidents that may still further delay it. If the coal strike should go on over Easter it will hang up the Home Rule Bill over the present session, and there are the suffragettes who have threatened to wreck it, or there might be a war or a revolution; otherwise all would be plain sailing now. There was no difference at all between them and the Government as to the details of the Bill.

"Then he went back to past events, and gave me a full history of Parnell's connection with Mrs. O'Shea. Parnell, he said, as a young man, was no paragon of virtue, but his loves had not before been with married women, nor had they been serious. He met Mrs. O'Shea first at Thomas's Hotel in Berkeley Square at a party given by the O'Gorman Mahon to some of his political friends. Justin McCarthy, who knew the O'Sheas, had introduced Parnell to her there. She was a sister of Sir Evelyn Wood. She, like her sisters, was attractive, and O'Shea took advantage of it. There is no doubt that he got money from Parnell, and that Parnell kept the establishment at Eltham going. The lady, however, was really in love with Parnell, who was a very good-looking fellow, and she gradually acquired complete dominion over him. I was quite right, Dillon told me, in supposing that she not only made him neglect his parliamentary work, but was a force hostile to his patriotism, especially to that part of it which concerned the land movement. She also encouraged him in his pride, and made mischief between him and his colleagues in the House of Commons. Hers was a disastrous influence. It ended in ruining his career, and it was she who prevented him from accepting any compromise about the Chairmanship of the party after the great scandal when he (Dillon) and O'Brien had met Parnell to talk matters over with him at Boulogne. Every day they thought they had persuaded him to agree to a temporary retirement of six months, and every evening Parnell crossed the Channel back to spend the night at Eltham and return in the morning more obstinate than ever. 'I repeatedly promised Parnell,' Dillon said, 'that I would resign the Chairmanship back to him at the end of six months, indeed, I would only act as Vice-Chairman for him during his retirement, and it was he that each time he came back from Mrs. O'Shea refused all compromise.' [*Note.*— I am informed by Mrs. O'Shea's niece, Mrs. Steele, that I was misinformed as to Parnell's ownership of the house they lived in. Eltham Lodge was an old family residence of the Woods.]

"15*th March.*— George Wyndham came to lunch with me. He com-

plained of being tired of politics, but says that he cannot break loose from them. His ambition now is to be some day Father of the House of Commons, one he is not unlikely to achieve, for he has been twenty-three years member for Dover, and there are only four or five men with a better record, and he is still young. About his private plans he says he does not mean to have a London House, and would live entirely at Clouds. In these days all will have to live well within their incomes. Rich men are shutting up their large houses, amongst others, Plymouth, who is shutting up Hewell, and means to live all the year through at St. Fagans.

"16*th March*.—This morning Margot brought her daughter Elizabeth to see me. The child is sixteen, attractive and clever, with a soft, sympathetic hand, which will help her to be loved. I had not seen Elizabeth since the day when she recited 'Maître Corbeau' to Coquelin ainé. She is just the nicest age now, and I am glad to have seen her before she begins going out in society.

"Later came Nellie Hozier and her mother for our midday meal, and Nellie took me to see the Futurist pictures. These, as art, are mere nonsense, the sort of things a child might make by pasting strips of coloured paper together as patchwork. They have neither design nor drawing, nor other colouring than a haphazard one, chiefly reds and yellows. One cannot assign a meaning to any of them, or even the suggestion of a meaning. Degeneracy cannot go further than this, and it is mere stupidity to talk of it as art. But we found the little rooms in Sackville Street crowded with visitors, who each had paid his shilling, while critics have been found sufficiently uncritical to treat the exhibition seriously.

"18*th March*.—Abd el Ghaffar came to see me, back from Egypt ten days ago. He gives a bad report of things; the National party without a capable leader and split into factions, each with its separate newspaper. Farid has lost his political credit. The Hesb el Ahali, or Party of the People, is now beginning to take the National Party's place. Its principle is to trust to England to give some sort of a Constitution and make Egypt entirely independent of the Porte. If England could be trusted to do this, and Egypt could become strong enough to defend herself against other European aggression, the policy might be a good one, but such trust and such hope are mere delusions. The connection between Egypt and the Ottoman Empire is the only possible chance Egypt has of escaping permanent subjection to Europe, and, slender though that chance is, I will not abandon it for the other, which is no chance at all. Abd el Ghaffar tells me that he has learned on the authority of Rushdi Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs at Cairo, that there have been negotiations between the English Government and the Porte for a cession of the Cyrenaica to the Khedivial possessions.

"*21st March.*— There is talk of further troubles in Europe, possible war between France and Spain about Morocco, and a reported secret treaty between Italy and Russia against Turkey. [Compare Dr. Dillon's 'Eclipse of Russia.']

"The coal strike is in a worse state than ever, as Asquith's proposed legislation has been repudiated by the Labour Party, and Arthur Balfour is to lead the Tory Party against it. There is a probability of a prolonged crisis.

"Two young Indian Mohammedans lunched with me, Syud Mahmud (as before) and Syud Hussein, the latter the grandson of my old friend Nawab Abdul Latif, of Calcutta. There has come about a split among the Mohammedans of India owing to recent events. The Agha Khan has resigned the presidency of the All India Moslem League, a body of timid folk loyal to the British connection, and has declared himself for common action with the Hindoo Progressives. The principal cause of this is the connivance of our Government with the Italians and Russians in Tripoli and Persia, and Syud Mahmud tells me our little paper 'Egypt' has helped in effecting this. They are beginning to see that it is only the pressure that can be put on the Government by India that can change Grey's treacherous policy. The Indian Mohammedans in London, numbering 250, intend to make a demonstration in this sense, and they will do well. Ameer Ali has lost what little influence among them remained to him.

"*23rd March.*— Browne and his wife lunched with me, and Desmond MacCarthy. Browne very despondent about the East, as he is right in being.

"*24th March* (*Sunday*).— Dillon came to lunch. He says that during the last few days the Asquith Cabinet has been on the verge of a break up over the coal strike, and that the country is menaced with revolution. There is to be a new conference between miners and mine owners to-morrow. If it fails there will be a general industrial collapse. The miners demand a minimum wage, but if the Government embody this in their Bill it will open the door to a system of minimum wages for every class of labour, and to this Dillon is strongly opposed as an extreme form of Socialism, while a continuance of the strike will so delay things in Parliament that it will be impossible to get the Home Rule Bill through this session. He thinks all the same that a settlement will be reached to-morrow. Should it be otherwise and should Ireland by this accident lose her opportunity, I must say that it will in some measure serve Redmond and the Irish Parliamentary Party right. Ever since they made their compact with Asquith two years ago the Irish in Parliament have identified their fortunes with the English Whigs, abetting them in all their Imperial misdeeds, and treating Grey's alliances with the French in Morocco, the Russians in Persia, and the

Italians in Tripoli, as pleasing to Irish ideas. It has been a disgraceful betrayal of the cause of liberty, and it will be no more than justice if in aiding our diplomatic jugglery abroad they lose their own chance of freedom at home. Dillon alone of all the Irish members has so far preserved his integrity, but even he has come to regard the retention of Egypt as a necessary part of British interests, and I have been unable to get him to ask questions involving an attack on Kitchener, who he thinks will be recalled some day, when the revolution at home has been followed by a reaction, to play the part here of military dictator.

"*26th March.*— The Conference with the miners has failed, and anything now may happen, from a general breakdown of trade to a revolution. The trains are ceasing many of them to run and I am going back to Newbuildings, where we can better stand a siege than here.

"*27th March.*— Lunched at the Duchess of St. Albans', where I found a large party, her son-in-law Lord Richard Cavendish, Lord Grey, young Baird, M.P., who is Bonar Law's private secretary, Garvin, and others — an extreme Tory assemblage, discussing their plans, of which Garvin is just now the inventor and chief prophet. Garvin began as an Irish Fenian writer on the 'United Ireland,' but has gravitated to the position he now occupies of ultra anti-Home Rule Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' and the 'Observer.' He asked me what my view was of the situation. I said, 'I take my views every afternoon from the "Pall Mall Gazette," and every Sunday morning from the "Observer."'

"They have rushed a Miners' Wages Bill in twenty-four hours through both Houses.

"*29th March.*— Kaiser Wilhelm seems to have stopped the nonsense of Russia's joint action with Italy against Turkey. He met the King of Italy at Venice two days ago and probably told him not to be such an ass.

"*31st March.*— Belloc and Chesterton dined with me, Belloc complaining terribly of the fast from liquor he has been maintaining during Lent and to-day is Palm Sunday. 'Ah,' he said, 'if you want to see a really happy man you should come to me on Easter Monday afternoon.' He consoled himself at dinner with a sad lemonade, but talked all the more brilliantly for it. He admits now that he made a mistake about the coal strike in predicting the miners would win. Asquith, he says, has been too astute for them. He amused them by his Miners' Minimum Wage Act, over which they lost their time and spent their money, and now he has them in his hands.

"*6th April.*— Newbuildings. Belloc tells me the miners are very angry with their leaders, especially in the north of England, and thinks

there will be riots. Fortunately these things do not affect us here in Sussex (where we have not a single mine or factory).

"I have been reading Eversley's 'Gladstone in Ireland'—a good and useful book which gives the public facts fairly. But history written as this is under the House of Commons restrictions of suppressing private conversations and refraining from assigning private motives for public action cannot be satisfactory. How futile to go on representing Parnell's neglect of his public duties to ill-health instead of to its true cause, Mrs. O'Shea, or Hartington's implacable opposition to Home Rule to anything but his brother's assassination. Yet there is no hint of either of these veracities in Eversley's book. All the same the book is a good one, and its writer was a good friend to me at the time of my trial at Portumna, the only man in Parliament with a front bench position who had the courage to support me there.

"*13th April.*—Farid writes from Constantinople, whither he has fled from Cairo to avoid arrest and perhaps four years imprisonment for a speech made at a general meeting of the National Party. I think he is quite right to have made this *hegira*, as he can be of more use at Constantinople, and the present régime at Cairo against which it is useless to struggle until the Ottoman Empire is in a position to insist. It appears that Saad Zaghloul has resigned at Cairo, having refused to prosecute Farid.

"*14th April* (*Sunday*).—Young Borthwick came again to talk about his scheme of joining the Turks in Tripoli. It has developed now into the idea of fitting up an old man-of-war with which to land artillery somewhere on the coast. Of this the Turkish Embassy in London approves. He has an old connection with Turkey through his father, who was in the Ottoman service, and went through the campaign of Plevna, and he himself was born at Constantinople. He is also nephew to the Borthwick of the 'Morning Post,' a good looking, active young fellow, who knows Arabic, having lived, he tells me, for a year in a village in Oran, and having accompanied the French expedition to Fez. He gave me a detailed account of the rogueries that go on officially in Algeria from the Governor-General downwards. Borthwick's business in Algeria was to buy land for an English company, and thus he became acquainted with the way in which things are done there. The French officials in charge of large districts get only 200 francs a month pay, and are allowed to make what money they can out of the Arabs; the taxes are farmed out, and the officials make a profit by lending money on usury to the Arab landowners to enable them to pay the rates imposed (£4 a year is the rate for each plough), and then to foreclose, and get possession of the land. It is a settled policy of the French Government to get rid of the native population, and replace it with

Europeans. The officials all go away more or less rich, and the Governors-General amass fortunes. Borthwick is of opinion that if the Turks can get artillery enough to do it, they may drive the Italians into the sea at Tripoli, and that then the whole of native North Africa will rise in Tunis and Algeria as well as in Morocco. The plan is an adventurous one, and he is aware that he is running a great risk. He has been three years in India serving in a cavalry regiment and left it four years ago. I advised him as a first step to go to Constantinople, and see what help he could get there. He came to me from Stead, who had suggested to him that I might help him to get the money necessary.

"*16th April.*— There has been an astonishing disaster at sea, the *Titanic,* the largest vessel ever built, wrecked in mid Atlantic by collision with an iceberg. It was her first voyage, and she was carrying over 1,000 passengers to New York, many of them millionaires. Most of the women and children seem to have been put in boats and picked up by a passing steamer, but the rest have perished, over 1,000 souls, including the ship's company. Among them is Stead, about whom I was talking to Borthwick last Sunday, the very day of the wreck. He was on his way on some newspaper business, and was to have written a sensational account of the voyage. I cannot say I ever liked or respected Stead, he was too much of a *charlatan.* It is impossible that a man who has made himself the agent of the Russian autocracy, who has intrigued for the restoration of the ex-Khedive Ismaïl, and who has been named by Cecil Rhodes executor of his will, all the while calling himself a friend of liberty, can have been quite honest. The Irish always refused to trust him, and they were right. Still one cannot help feeling a pang at so appalling an end. One thing is consoling in these great disasters, the proof given that Nature is not quite yet the slave of Man, but is able to rise even now in her wrath and destroy him. Also if any large number of human beings could be better spared than another it would be just these American millionaires with their wealth and insolence.

"*20th April.*— Newbuildings. There has been a demonstration of bombarding the Dardanelles by the Italians, a childish and cowardly proceeding, the ships opening fire at 8,000 yards, and firing 342 shots without any result whatever.

"*21st April* (*Sunday*).— I have been reading Davitt's book, the 'Fall of Feudalism,' an interesting bit of Irish history, though a stupid title, also Barry O'Brien's 'Life of Parnell.' The Turco-Italian war drags on, but is beginning to get on the English commercial nerves, the passage of mercantile ships having been blocked through the Dardanelles by the Italian attack. Nearly all our newspapers now lay the blame of the war on Italy, even those which have hitherto been most in Italy's favour.

"*30th April.*— Miss Frances Jennings appeared here this morning with her donkey and van in which she has been travelling since the beginning of the month, and I have established her and them in the goat field. Hers is a forlorn and uncomfortable existence, though being entirely out of doors she is happy, and though she is still partly paralyzed, and unable to walk or stand up except on crutches, she manages to harness her donkey, and lift herself into the cart, and she travels absolutely alone. She is naturally of a very fair complexion, and she is much sunburnt, going bare-headed and wearing her hair in long plaits. Her dress is of coarse green woollen stuff, her legs cased in huge pilot boots. She has no mattress to lie on, or other bed than some sheep skins, and a bit of eider-down quilt, but she says she can sleep all night and more, twelve hours at a stretch. It is difficult to say whether she is in her right mind or not. One would say not, except that her talk, though strange, is quite reasonable; it ripples perpetually on in a very sweet voice, broken with little waves of laughter, describing things she has seen and the small adventures of her life. We had our tea with her in the meadow, and have lent her books, for she has none with her. She lies all day on the ground, or sits in her van, which is very small and low, with an oil cloth hood. For her meals she crawls about gathering sticks to make a fire and hang a little pot for cocoa, but she cooks nothing in the way of meat, eating bread and herbs, docks, and nettles, which she finds close by. Hers is an entirely defenceless life, except for her power of talk and her appearance of utter guilelessness, but she is only twenty-six, and sufficiently attractive I should say to run some risk at the hands of drunken roughs. Her chief fear, however, she tells us is of slugs, and possible snakes crawling over her at night. I have advised her, since she intends to travel all through the summer, to go north to Holywell, and bathe at St. Winifred's shrine, but she says she has too little faith, though she became a Catholic some few years ago, but I have told her that faith is not necessary there for a cure, witness my own.[1]

"*2nd May.*— Drove with Miss Lawrence to Reigate Priory, where we lunched with the Somersets. Lady Katherine is pleasant and very like her brother Osborne Beauclerk, with just his way of talking and asking questions. (I had not seen them since they came to see us at Sheykh Obeyd on their honeymoon tour.) I like both of them, and found the house most interesting, with gardens, and grounds, the prettiest in Surrey.

"*3rd May.*— The 'Times' announces that our paper 'Egypt,' has been forbidden entrance circulation and sale at Cairo, its articles 'disturbing public order.' This is doubtless Kitchener's doing. I have protested in a letter to the 'Times,' and am also writing to Grey.

[1] See Appendix VII, p. 458.

Dillon is unfortunately away in Dublin, and the other Irish members are too closely pinned to the Government to help us much in Parliament. The Italians have seized Rhodes.

"Miss Jennings, who is still here, tells me she spent two years in a room entirely occupied in watching the fire, and that she kept a diary of what she saw there. Then another year watching the sea, now her diary is about the people she meets on her country wanderings. Those she likes best on the roads are the blacksmiths. She tells me they are always kind. We had her in to a dinner of roast beef, which she enjoyed, having been carried indoors by one of the stable helps, and is now sitting by the fire. She is to go on to-morrow in the direction of St. Winifred's well.

"*7th May.*— Syud Mahmud came down to wish me good-bye before going back to India, a most excellent young man, the very best Moslem in London — what will become of him?

"*9th May.*— Chapel Street. Dillon is back for the second reading of the Home Rule Bill to-night. He expects no difficulty about its becoming law in two years, barring accidents. There are three rocks ahead of the Government — Welsh Disestablishment, the Insurance Act, and I forget the third (War?). Else all is plain sailing. He thinks Grey contemplates a great coup in Egypt, certainly the abolition of the Capitulations.

"*12th May* (*Sunday*).—Newbuildings. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein has arrived as German Ambassador in London.

"*14th May.*— Old May Day. Caffin calls it St. May, a name for it I never heard before.

"*19th May* (*Sunday*).— Dillon has put a whole sheaf of questions about the prohibition of 'Egypt,' and has got from Grey that he accepts the responsibility of it. He has 'personally satisfied himself as to the contents of the paper, and that though it may not contain any direct incitement to disturbance, he is of opinion that it might cause disturbance, that Kitchener has written to him on the subject, in fine, that he will not give us his protection, and declines to lay papers.'

"The Turkish garrison in Rhodes has had to surrender. Two thousand three hundred regulars, through lack apparently of food, for there has been no fighting. There is prospect now of a European Congress which is certain to be hostile to the Ottoman Empire and Mohammedan interests.

"*20th May.*— I have been reading Crispi's Memoirs, dull stuff, most of it, but there is a chapter at the end giving important documents which show that as long ago as 1890 Lord Salisbury made a secret engagement with the Italian Government, allowing its seizure of Tripoli as a counterpoise to French naval power in the Mediterranean, also that at that date the Italians had begun to intrigue with Hassuna Karamanli, and

that he had assured them he could command the hill tribes of Jebel Gharian, who were tired of their connection with Turkey, and would welcome an Italian Occupation. This explains much that has been doubtful, though of course I long ago suspected it.

"*26th May* (*Whit-Sunday*).— Newbuildings. Abdul Ghaffar is here, a very excellent young fellow, serious, and without any nonsense or exaggeration, accurate, and well-informed. He has been three years at St. John's College, Oxford, and talked about Oxford affairs well with Belloc. His father is a large fellah proprietor at Tola, in the Delta, and he is an excellent specimen of his race, quite unspoiled by his English education.

"Kitchener is clamouring for reinforcements at Cairo, and for the stationing of the British man-of-war at Alexandria. He is to meet Asquith and Winston at Malta to discuss Mediterranean matters. It looks very much as if he were meditating a *coup* of some kind in Egypt, and I remember Winston's words to me last year, 'You must not quarrel with me if I annex Egypt.'

"*31st May*.— The newspapers are full of the meeting at Malta to which Winston and Clementine have gone with Nellie Hozier in the Admiralty yacht to meet Kitchener, Asquith too."

[It was on this occasion that our people came to the decision of getting the French Navy to police the Mediterranean, while the English Navy should keep to North Sea and English Channel for the French in the event of a war with Germany, thus enabling them to make a definite promise to the French Government of help by land in a war with Germany. It was on this occasion, too, that Winston, abandoning his long feud with Kitchener, made friends with him to Egypt's detriment.]

"The war in the Mediterranean drags on, the Italian Fleet making a round of the Ægean and seizing the islands. The Arabs of Southern Morocco have at last risen against the French. They are stalwart men, but quite unorganized as soldiers. They have proclaimed a new Sultan in place of Mulai Hafiz, abdicated, and may give the French trouble.

"*2nd June* (*Sunday*).— I hear from Paris that there are several Orientals recently arrived there from India with a plot to assassinate Grey, as also Kitchener, but it is not likely to come to anything. Things in the Mediterranean are more mixed than ever. The Italian Fleet has occupied most of the Turkish islands, the idea being to get Europe to force the Turks to make peace.

"Kitchener's meeting with Asquith and Churchill at Malta is really an important one, as they will have to settle between them what is to be our Mediterranean policy. Some want an alliance offensive and defensive with France, others peace with Germany. It will end in

the Mediterranean being left to the Mediterranean Powers. Then we shall leave Egypt, holding on only to the Soudan, but this will not take place yet for some years.

"McCullagh has written a quite admirable book, 'Italy's War for a Desert.' I am reviewing it in 'Egypt.'

"*23rd June* (*Sunday*).—Dillon is here for the week-end, and we have been talking over past Irish history.' [All very interesting, but I have given most of it in my 'Land War in Ireland.'] I drove him this afternoon to the top of Chanclebury with my Arab team. We came back from the Ring by Dial Post in an hour and thirty-five minutes, having driven there by Broomer's Corner in a little over two hours, good going.

"*24th June.*—The Bellocs came to dinner last night. Belloc and Dillon had much talk, but they proved not very sympathetic, the one being essentially serious, the other as essentially unserious.

"With Dillon I had a talk before he went away, he giving me an account of the Kilmainham treaty, and Parnell's dealings with Gladstone in connection with the Phœnix Park assassinations [matters which I need not repeat here, as they have been fully dealt with elsewhere].

"*4th July.*—Reuter announces the discovery of a plot to assassinate Kitchener, the Khedive, and the Prime Minister, Mohammed Said. Four Nationalists arrested.

"*5th July.*—A young Egyptian, Abdul Halim Alaili (brother to the other Alaili), professed partisan of the Khedive, was here to-day, whose apologist he made himself, defending him from the charge of unpatriotic action in the war of which Egypt had accused him. 'Instead,' he said, 'of joining Kitchener against the Ottoman Government, Abbas has secretly helped to facilitate the passage of Turkish officers through Egypt on their way to the Tripolitan frontier, as well as the introduction of arms into the Cyrenaica, nobody in reality was so patriotic or hated Kitchener more. Abbas would willingly abdicate, but who was there to take his place? In four years his son would be of age, then Abbas would retire. The Khedive was quite ready, he said, to grant a Constitution, but Kitchener would not allow it. Abdul Halim gave us an account of the Khedive's visit to Windsor. According to this the Khedive represented to King George the danger to Egypt involved in the seizure of the Ægean Islands, and that the English Government ought to intervene in favour of Turkey, but the King said that ever since the revolution at Constantinople, the Turks had refused to follow English advice. They could not intervene now without a quarrel with Italy. This is just what Churchill told me, so doubtless it is true. The Khedive, Abdul Hamid says, was received with honour this year in Constantinople, and had had

some sort of mission, when he came to England, to bring about a *rapprochement* between the two Governments. Belloc, who is very anti-Turk, declares that he knows it to be true, that the German, Austrian, and Russian Governments have come to an agreement for partitioning the Ottoman Empire.

"There has always been a danger of this sort, but I doubt its being nearer now than a year ago, anyhow England could not prevent it, and her friendship for Turkey would not amount to much more than preventing Arabia from being meddled with by the European Powers, and making herself protector of the Caliphate.

"I asked the young Egyptians about the reported plot at Cairo. They consider it probable as against Kitchener. Indeed, how could it be otherwise. He has played the despot there and governed by despotic methods, but they knew no details.

"*10th July.*— Two Spanish Americans were here to-day to see the horses, the one Pereira from Buenos Aires, the other from Uraguay. I was interested to find them both very pious Catholics, who had been quite lately at Rome, and had had private audience of the Pope, of whom they gave exactly the same description as I have heard from others, declaring him to be a Saint who works miracles. His Holiness had been seen by one of his suite in a state of ecstasy, floating some feet above the ground, and they told the tale of a North American, a Protestant, who coming with his Catholic wife and daughter to Rome, had been converted. The daughter (she was still a child) had been afflicted with an eruption on her face, which disfigured her to the extent that her eyes were hardly visible, and when she went out of doors she had constantly to wear a veil. She had insisted with her parents upon being taken to Rome, where she said the Pope would cure her. They had obtained an audience, a public one, with many others, the child attending it veiled, and the father had besought the Pope to bless her, and the Pope had put his hand upon her head, promising she should be cured. When the audience was over the father had pulled off the veil, and behold, the child's face was whole. Whereupon the father, as was the way with North Americans, had purchased the largest photographic portrait he could find of the Pope, and had had it framed in silver. When they left Rome he had taken four places in the train, the fourth seat being occupied by the portrait, which he declared he would travel with through the world, proclaiming the miracle.

"*11th July.*— Anniversary of the Bombardment of Alexandria, thirty years ago to-day, and there is no sign of repentance in this country. I am the only person left who remembers that abominable event and still protests. Margot had chosen to-day for her garden party in Downing Street, and a card of invitation had been sent to me, but, of

course, I did not go. Precautions have to be taken against the Suffragettes, who come on these occasions to knock Asquith about.

"*12th July.*— Bad news from Constantinople. Shefket Pasha has resigned the Grand Viziership, and there is talk of Kiamil succeeding him as Grand Vizier and making a disgraceful peace with Italy.

"*19th July.*— There is a general change of Ministry at Constantinople. Kiamil is to be made Minister of Foreign Affairs under Tewfik Pasha as Grand Vizier. If true it will mean a triumph for English intrigue and a disaster for Turkey. Kiamil would betray Egypt to England, and probably agree to base terms of peace with Italy. There has been a new Italian attack on the Dardanelles, this time by torpedo boats, two of which are said to have been sunk.

"*21st July* (*Sunday*).— Drove Belloc to Steyning, where we had tea with Mackarness. We found Gokhale there, who exhorted me to use my influence with Indian Mohammedans to get them to join the Hindoos in working for self-government. I have, of course, been doing this for a long time. I reminded Gokhale of my advice to him four years ago to put a couple of bombs in his pocket when he went to see Morley at the India Office. The reminiscence shocked him, for he is a timid man, and terribly afraid of being thought an extremist, especially in presence of Mackarness and his fellow judge, Lord Coleridge, and his language in answer was very demure. He is in favour of a Trans-Persian railway, he told us, because it would put the Indian Moslems in close touch with their co-religionists in Afghanistan and Persia, and give them more progressive ideas perhaps; but it will be a danger for India some day, and I exhorted him to waste no time in bringing Indian self-government forward in view of the coming collapse of the British Empire. He did not seem to realize this as a thing to be provided against, though it is the real chief factor of the situation. My last word to Gokhale on going away was: 'Above all don't be too moderate.'

"*23rd July.*— Winston has made his expected speech, a regular Imperialist manifesto, which will delight the Tories and accentuate the quarrel with Germany.

"*24th July.*— Newbuildings. An important *communiqué* by Grey has been published in the 'Westminster Gazette,' taking for its text some words of mine. It denies categorically that Grey either consented to or approved of the Italian raid on Tripoli."

[Nevertheless it is quite certain that our Foreign Office did approve of the raid, though probably not in any written form. Its complicity after the fact, at any rate, is proveable in two ways. (1) by the fact that Rennell Rodd, our Ambassador at Rome, though according to official accounts he knew nothing of the raid until it had taken place, an ignorance and neglect of duty which must have brought on him

official blame, so far from being punished was rewarded and confirmed in his post at Rome, where he is still Ambassador; and (2) Kitchener, who at Cairo had helped the Italian Government in Egypt, with the complicity of the Foreign Office, by preventing the passage of Ottoman troops through the Nile Valley, was entertained on his return home through Italy at a complimentary dinner, where he was hailed as Italy's best friend and ally. The truth is that Italy was allowed to invade Tripoli without our disapproval at the Foreign Office as part of Grey's policy of detaching Italy from the German alliance in favour of the Ententes, which were gradually becoming a coalition. In this he succeeded four years later.]

"*27th July.*— George Wyndham writes that in consequence of Winston's Mediterranean speech, which he 'admires and respects,' he is quite willing to meet him at my house (a meeting he has hitherto refused), and proposes October 18th for a shooting visit.

"*28th July* (*Sunday*).—My letter headed 'Grey and Tripoli' is in yesterday's 'Westminster.'

"To Meynell's at Greatham, where I met young Padraic Colum honeymooning with his bride, Molly Maguire, a red-haired Celtic girl, whom he married last week. Colum is an intelligent, eager little man, with much simplicity of character, mixed with practical good sense. I like them both.

"*30th July.*— I have given up my house in Chapel Street.

"*1st Aug.*— Newbuildings. Padraic Colum and his bride spent the day here. They intend to live at Dublin, where he has journalistic work.

"*7th Aug.*— Called on Lady C., who told me curious details about Kitchener's private life. She tells me that the plot against him at Cairo was a very serious one. A great deal, she says, is talked of his popularity in Egypt. He is really disliked, and seems to think that his position there is insecure.

"Cockerell dined with me. He is very busy just now looking after a bequest made to his Fitz-william Museum by an old millionaire, Marlay, who died the other day. This will be our last dinner in Chapel Street." [I had sold my house, or what they call selling it, paying £100 to resign the remainder of the lease, as part of my resolve to retire altogether from the world for my hermitage in Sussex. I have never since been in London, even for the day.]

"*9th Aug.*— Philip Napier came to luncheon, just back from Egypt. He is not enthusiastic about Kitchener. Thinks him more feared than loved. Also Goumah writes pessimistically from Cairo.

"*13th Aug.*—Newbuildings. Old Evershed, my former tenant here, is dying, and I went to see him at his cottage on Dragon's Green. He is eighty-six years old, as fine a type as could be found of the old-

fashioned West Sussex farmer, one more distinguished than one sees in East Sussex. He held this farm of me forty years ago (and moved afterwards to Baker's over the way); an excellent farmer and a hard worker, but hampered with the misfortune of a mad wife, whom he was too kind to send to a hospital, and kept for many years at home, and thus was unable to save money, and now in old age finds himself too poor to carry on his business. He would not borrow money, and for the last half dozen years has retired into a little cottage of mine, his wife being at last dead, and is looked after by a girl. I found him very tidy there in a clean shirt lying in bed, complaining of nothing, but perplexed at small money troubles. A curious episode in his life is that as a young man he was tempted away to Australia to dig gold at the time of the gold fever there, but he made nothing of it, and came back to his Sussex farming quite unchanged by his experience, a good and honourable man, of a finer breed than can easily be found.

"*17th Aug.*— I entered my seventy-third year to-day.

"*23rd Aug.*— Patrick Butler, who is here, tells me that everybody in India among the military men is aghast at the plan of a Trans-Persian railway from the Caspian; also that the transfer of the new capital to Delhi is disapproved. They have no great opinion of Hardinge as Governor-General. Butler has been quite unexpectedly ordered home from India to the depôt in Ireland. They are in want of Catholic officers there in view of the threatened rebellion in Ulster. Most of the officers of the garrison at the Curragh would sympathize too much with the rebel Ulstermen.

"*2nd Sept.*— We have just finished reading Balzac's great series of romances, 'Illusions Perdus,' 'Splendeurs et Misères,' and 'Vautrin.' They are the most wonderful of all his work, and show him the Shakespeare of novelists without any real competitor worthy of even a second place. In it he runs through the whole gamut of civilized human nature from the highest to the lowest note, and his women are equal to his men. That is what distinguishes him from our own novel writers with whom we compare him, from Scott and Thackeray, who was his special imitator, down to Meredith.

"*14th Sept.*— My 'Land War in Ireland' is published. The moment is very opportune as the anti-Home Rule campaign is once more in full swing. The Government has lost the Midlothian seat, and people are beginning to talk after all of the Bill not going through. Belloc declares it will be abandoned, and Churchill has made a speech at Dundee forecasting a multiplicity of Parliaments in the United Kingdom. I have been reading a most amusing book, 'The Red Hand of Ulster,' which has done more than anything yet written to popularize Protestant Ireland. It has made the Orangemen interesting — even to me. I must say it will serve Redmond right if the Bill col-

lapses, seeing the cowardice he and his party have shown, Dillon only excepted, in abandoning the cause of India, Persia, and Egypt, and backing up Grey and the Whigs in all their iniquitous doings abroad in payment for Irish Home Rule. It will serve them right if they are choused out of their thirty pieces of silver after all. As far as the larger world of Asia is concerned it will be no great misfortune, seeing that the Irish Parliamentary Party has gone over soul and body to our execrable Whig Government and richly deserves its discomfiture. It is time I should cease to worry myself with the world's ways and the ways of the British Empire and the ways of Ireland.

"*15th Sept.*— George Wyndham writes a long letter from Clouds, describing a visit he has just paid to Cockermouth Castle. It reminds me of by-gone times when Francis and I stayed there some fifty years ago with Percy and Madeline, George's parents, when they first married. My recollection of it is of an ancient stone fortress, rough and unfurnished, without covering to the stone walls, and with curious mediæval conveniences still in use, amongst others one projecting from the castle wall, which had a clear drop of perhaps a hundred feet down into the Derwent river below. I remember, too, how one day being out shooting in a covert below the castle, a cock pheasant which had been winged and had fallen beyond the river, which is there very wide and swift, deliberately took to the water and swam across the river back to its own side. We went once or twice to shoot grouse on Skiddaw, but there was more walking than sport. George, in his letters, talks of himself as being now a country squire, with the prospect of 'conceivably being Minister of War, when his side comes into power again.'

"*20th Sept.*— The papers announce a visit to be paid to the King at Balmoral by the Russian Minister of Foreign affairs, Sazanoff, Grey, and Kitchener, a black combination. Belloc declares positively that the Home Rule Bill is to be abandoned and it really looks like it. My 'Land War' has so far been very well received, and yesterday there was a laudatory review of it in the 'Nation.' It is probably the last prose work I shall publish, though there may be more than one posthumous volume of my diaries.

"*22nd Sept.* (*Sunday*).— Dr. Renner, a quite black West African from Sierra Leone, is here for the week-end, having been brought by Miss Howsin, an M.D. who is interested in the future of his race, and looks to Islam as the best means to its salvation in Africa, though not himself a Mohammedan. He talks no native language, and his mastery of English is very imperfect, though he is a well-educated man. His name, he tells us, in the Fanti tongue is Aouna. He gets £550 a year a chief of the Native Medical Staff at Sierra Leone, but

complains that Englishmen are now being appointed to supersede the native doctors.

"*25th Sept.*—General Marschall von Bieberstein is dead, a great misfortune for Turkey, whose sincere friend he was. The shadows are darkening over the East.

"*29th Sept. (Sunday).*—The Bellocs to dinner and Somers Cocks, the latter just back from Berlin, where he says the Emperor William directs all his own diplomacy himself.

"*3rd Oct.*—Another very lovely day. In the afternoon we made a round, gathering crab apples and choke pears, of which there is an immense abundance this year such as never before seen. The pears are excellent, stewed with blackberries and clotted cream, better than garden pears, and the crabs do well for the goats. The hips and haws this year are astonishing, and every kind of berry. We filled the American cart with our spoils—a real pleasure.

"*4th Oct.*—It is all over I fear with Turkey and the Mohammedan world. The long intrigue against it seems to have prevailed, and the papers to-day announce that peace is made with Italy on the Italian terms. The way in which the end has been obtained has been through stirring up the Balkan States to the point of war. Until yesterday I still hoped that the Turkish Government would elect to fight against these rather than yield to threats, but the Ottoman citadel has already been betrayed, and the Jew, Kiamil Pasha, has played into the joint hands of the English and Russian Foreign Offices, and the disgraceful terms have been agreed to. Nothing can now save Islam from its doom of subjection to the will of Christendom and its ultimate destruction. Egypt's cause too is lost, with that of the Ottoman Empire. I shall trouble myself with Oriental futures no further, being impotent either to advise or control, I 'roll up the map of Islam.'

"*8th Oct.*—Montenegro has declared war on Turkey. [This was the first act of the Balkan War.]

"*10th Oct.*—The war news is confirmed and fighting has begun in Albania. There seems no doubt now that Bulgaria and Servia will join in the fray, though the Austrian Government is trying to stop it. I am somewhat consoled by it, for though it may be the beginning of the end for Turkey in Europe, it will be better for Islam that the Empire should die sword in hand than that it should be cheated out of existence by our diplomacy. War gives at least a chance. Not that I have much hope of a victorious ending, for the concert of Europe will prevent that; still a chance there is. Abdul Ghaffar agrees with me in this. He also announces an intention by our Government to give a Constitutional Government to Egypt, a sham one, of course, but it is to be called a *Mejliss el Nowab*. Abdul-Ghaffar is an excellent fellow, with a closer understanding of English ideas than I

have found in any Egyptian, yet without loss to his patriotism.

"*13th Oct.* (*Sunday*).—Newbuildings. Terence arrived here from Pekes with his friend Percy Fielding. He tells me it is quite certain that the German Government intended to buy Tobruk, on the Tripolitan coast, from the Sultan, and that that had been the cause of the sudden decision of the Italian Government to seize Tripoli. It has been said often, and often denied, but he tells me it is quite true. As to present affairs in the Cyrenaica, he says that if the Turks conclude a peace with Italy, Enver Bey will proclaim himself Sultan, and will be acknowledged as such by the Senussia, but the Ottoman Sultan Caliphate will lose all prestige in Africa. The Italians are hated in Tunis both by Arabs and French, and the war has made France almost popular. The Italians might have conciliated the Tripolitans but for the massacres. Now they are hated and despised, hated because they are known to have intended to dispossess the Arabs of their lands, despised because they are cowards, and also because they are willing to work for less wages than the Arabs will take. They are of the dregs of Europe.

"*16th Oct.*—Peace has been signed at Ouchy between Italy and Turkey on disgraceful terms to Turkey. What will now happen I imagine is that, the Italian end being gained, England and Russia will put pressure on the Sultan to agree also to the loss of Macedonia. Without some extraordinary manifestation by the Turks of military power, of which so far there is no sign, the Ottoman Empire is ruined. This preys upon my mind. Egypt will now be permanently enslaved to Europe.

"*17th Oct.*—Worth Forest. We drove here in the afternoon to get ready for our *ouverture de la chasse* on Saturday, when George Wyndham, Mark Napier, Winston Churchill, and perhaps Beauclerk are up to celebrate with me the completion of the new Manor House, with a deer drive in the Upper Forest. The bucks are beginning to bell, and we heard them in the night, which was clear with a half moon. When we were here last week young Henry Blunt, who had been here to see me, and was bicycling back, was confronted with a buck in one of the forest paths, which disputed the way with him. This frightened him so that he did not get back till half-past nine. He will have to do better than that with the lions and rhinoceroses of Uganda, whither he is about to emigrate.

"*18th Oct.*—George arrived in the afternoon, and we spent a pleasant evening together talking about Ireland and my book, the 'Land War.' He told me that it was certainly true that if things had gone a little differently at the 1885 elections, Lord Salisbury would have given some form of Home Rule, also that there was no choice

now but either to treat Ireland exactly as so many English counties, or give Home Rule on the model of Canada.

"*19th Oct.*— This has been a great day. Mark arrived at ten in glorious sunshine, and we made a long beat for deer in the upper Forest without result, however, as far as getting a buck was concerned, though we flushed several woodcocks. Clementine joined us at one, and walked with us in the afternoon's shooting, but Winston not till tea-time. Then he at once began a political discussion with George which was both amusing and enlightening, and went on with occasional breaks through dinner and till midnight. It was a fine night, and we dined in the bungalow, dressed in gorgeous Oriental garments, Clementine in a suit of embroidered silk, purchased last year in Smyrna, Winston in one of my Bagdad robes, George in a blue dressing gown, and I in my Bedouin clothes, Mark adorned only with his wit, but that was of the best. It recalled the most glorious night's entertainments of the Crabbet Club, a true feast of reason and flow of bowl. The secrets of the Cabinet were gloriously divulged, and those of the Opposition front benches no less, from Home Rule to a reconstruction of the House of Lords by common accord after George Curzon and Asquith had been got rid of, while George Wyndham declared with great oaths that he would rather go to hell than see the British Constitution made ridiculous by single Chamber Government, at which point I left them for my bed. Winston was very brilliant in all this, as though he kept on at the Madeira he also kept his head, and played with George's wild rushes like a skilled fencer with a greatly superior fence. He is certainly an astonishing young man, and has gained immensely within the last two years in character and intellectual grip; also he is in more vigorous health now that he has left the Home Office for the Admiralty, where he is able to spend most of his time on board the *Enchantress*, the Admiralty 3,000 ton yacht, which he makes his home.

"Among the many things discussed was that of the coming European war and the chances of a German invasion. This, Winston declared, could be easily effected on the east coast where it would certainly be the German game to land 20,000 men so as to make a diversion and prevent our helping the French with an English contingent. He said the idea of the Fleet being a sufficient safeguard was entirely out of date, and without a strong army there was no safety. He also believed in the coming of a war in which we shall be involved in order to prevent France being overpowered by Germany, and forced into an alliance against us. He has a great belief in submarine warfare as the weapon of the future and is pushing that branch of the service on all he can. He is to go on Monday to Sheerness to witness trials of artillery and he described the prodigious effect of the new

explosives. He is enthusiastic about his naval work, but I know too little about military affairs, either by sea or land, to appreciate the whole of his talk, and I was tired with the shooting and so cannot do justice to the wonderful evening it has been.

"*20th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— Another day of excellent talk. Cockerell came for luncheon and to spend the afternoon, and Winston told us admirable stories of his experience as Home Secretary and of how it had become a nightmare to him the having to exercise his power of life and death in the case of condemned criminals, on an average of one case a fortnight. Nearly all of the cases of murder are a combination of love and drink, young fellows who on a sudden impulse kill their sweethearts, sometimes in the most barbarous fashion yet with the excuse of temporary rage amounting to madness. He described the power of the Home Secretary as absolute, either to quash the sentence or to confirm it. The Home Secretary can go into any prison and on his sole authority can order a release, which if once notified to a prisoner cannot be changed afterwards by any power in England. He had several times done this, and just before leaving the Office he had ordered a number of remissions of sentences, notwithstanding the protests of the judges in the cases. He spoke of these cases with emotion, and giving us all particulars.

"About the war in Turkey I told him that it was his fault, or rather Grey's, that it had broken out, that the outbreak could have been stopped a year ago by ordering the British fleet to the Mediterranean and notifying the Italian Government that their raid on Tripoli would not be tolerated. He said, 'Yes, it was so, but we could not afford to make for ourselves yet another enemy in Italy.' Talking of the Italians I remarked that they were contemptible as fighting men, they have been beaten always by every other people by sea and land since Lepanto. He said, 'That is interesting, if true, but how about Garibaldi?' 'Garibaldi,' I said, 'was an Italian fighting against Italians. He and his men never beat a foreign enemy.' Winston, however, will not hear of Grey as being other than a splendid specimen of an Englishman, the best of the type, and they are evidently close friends, indeed Grey is Winston's son's godfather.

"Winston is also a strong eugenist. He told us he had himself drafted the Bill which is to give power of shutting up people of weak intellect and so prevent their breeding. He thought it might be arranged to sterilize them. It was possible by the use of Röntgen rays, both for men and women, though for women some operation might also be necessary. He thought that if shut up with no prospect of release without it many would ask to be sterilized as a condition of having their liberty restored. He went on to say that the mentally deficient were as much more prolific than those normally constituted

as eight to five. Without something of the sort the race must decay. It was rapidly decaying, but would be stopped by some such means.

"After lunch I drove Clementine with my team round by Turner's Hill and Caxtons, and we overtook my grandchildren coming up to tea.

"Another long evening's talk followed.

"*21st Oct.*— The party is over and all are gone their several ways, Winston to Sheerness with Clementine, George to London, and Mark to Puttenden, and I am left in a state almost of collapse alone. We had a last try for a buck to-day, but again without success, though three were seen, and we got a score of pheasants.

"I am the more depressed because of the evil news from Turkey, where the five armies of the Balkan States and Greece have invaded Ottoman territory, and so far successfully. The only chance for the Turks seemed to lie in a vigourous offensive, and it is clear they lack initiative now that Shefket has left their War Office. They are being betrayed by Kiamil and English advice and will end in their dismemberment. I judge of things being at their worst in regard to any hope of help here from Winston's talk. He has become most truculent about international affairs, being engrossed in preparations for war with Germany and ready with Grey for any betrayal of weak nations needed for the game of alliances. Talking of Somaliland, where there has been fighting between the Mullah and the 'friendly' tribes, he said he would like to make a present of it to Germany and of other places as coaling stations which would be so many hostages to fortune. They (meaning our Government) would be obliged to take some action against the Mullah, not an expedition, which was too expensive an affair, but they would send aeroplanes to drop bombs into the Arab camps. He gave us a graphic description of his experiences at Omdurman in the charge of the 21st Lancers, and of how he had seen these spearing the wounded and leaning with their whole weight on their lances after the charge to get the points through the thick clothes the wounded Dervishes wore as they lay on the ground. As the points went in the Derwishes would kick up their feet and hands. One trooper had boasted of his kind-heartedness because he had only put four inches of steel into his man. 'He ought to be thankful,' he had said, 'to find himself in the hands of a good-natured chap like me.' Winston is quite changed on these matters from what he was two years ago when I had hopes of encouraging him to better things. How like his father! He and George had been talking these two days in absolute accord on army and navy affairs and the coming war with Germany. Hearing them talk, one might be excused for thinking what is commonly said by the Tories, that Winston will one day return to the Tory fold. His old connection with the army and now

with the navy has turned his mind back into an ultra Imperialist groove. This, I think, will be a stronger temptation for him than any mere intrigue of ambition. Talking yesterday about his career, he said, 'I have never joined in any intrigue, everything I have got I have worked for and have been more hated than anybody.' He speaks highly of both Lloyd George and Edward Grey, both of whom stand probably in the way of his becoming Liberal Prime Minister, while he would certainly lead the Tory party were he one of them again. He avows a great contempt for Bonar Law. Arthur Balfour, George declares, really means to be out of politics, and George himself, clever though he is, is a mere child in argument compared with Winston.

"*23rd Oct.*— Cockerell has written, thanking me enthusiastically for his share in Sunday's party. It was certainly very brilliant, though it has left me with the remorseful feeling an orgy always leaves, and I think, I will not indulge in another.

"*25th Oct.*— A great battle is going on around Adrianople, and the Turks are evidently getting the worst of it. The papers try to make out that it is part of a strategical plan on the Turkish side, but I do not believe it. The only chance the Sultan had was to overwhelm his enemies at once by marching on Sofia, and here they are being invaded and retreating. I fear there is little hope. Abdul Ghaffar, who is a good young man and a good Moslem, writes quaintly and pathetically from Oxford, 'After all God is there, and we may in the last resort rely on him. . . . Do not give up hope yet, you will live to see Turkey strong. God grant you the fulfilment of your wishes. . . . Keep up heart and rely on God. Those who take refuge in God he helps; anyhow this is all we can do now.' I wish I could have his trust, but I feel ashamed of having had that uproarious time with Winston and George, two outrageous political gamblers just now at this tragic time when we ought to be in sackcloth and ashes.

"*26th Oct.*— The St. Martin's summer is over and heavy rain has set in. I feel like Napoleon at Moscow, and that we have outstayed the season here in the Forest. Clementine has written her 'Collins' from the 'Enchantress,' and Winston keeps on telegraphing about an overcoat left behind, I believe his chauffeur's, and taken by George's man.

"*27th Oct.* (*Sunday*).— The Ottoman cause seems lost in Europe, and with it all I have been fighting for for so many years, and the collapse is a personal collapse for me, which I feel at every turn, day and night. Egypt now will never get out of the grip of Europe — I do not say of England, because the British Empire will not long survive in the Mediterranean, but of whatever other Empire takes its place. I shall not live to see this ultimate change, but others will, and Islam's chance is gone."

From this point onwards, the autumn of 1912, the close of my practical activities in Eastern affairs may be dated. I had given up my house in London, and at the end of the year I took my name off my Clubs, cutting myself off from all temptations to continue these activities, such as I could not have avoided had I continued to frequent my many London friends; nor have I from that date so much as visited Piccadilly, even for the day. All my subsequent life has been spent in Sussex, either at Newbuildings, or from time to time in Worth Forest, leading the life there of a country squire to which I was born, and which is naturally mine. Nevertheless I continued to take an onlooker's interest in the great drama of European politics, which was shaping itself into the supreme tragedy of 1914. A few friends came from time to time to see me in my hermitage, and these for a while gave me news of the diplomatic doings which were leading on to war, and I had at my hand a neighbour and constant ally in Hilaire Belloc, than whom no one was better acquainted with the intrigues and rivalries of our political leaders in Parliament, besides being always an instructive and amusing companion. Thus I did not wholly lose touch for another year with public affairs, and my diary, though less important in its entries, continues to be a record of the chief events which preluded Armageddon. They will show how little truth there is in the current story that in the quarrel our Foreign Office was wholly innocent, more especially in that with the Ottoman Empire.

"31*st Oct.*—The news from Constantinople is rather less hopeless to-day in regard to the battle being fought east of Adrianople, but I feel no revival of confidence in the ultimate result. Even if Nazim Pasha, should manage to beat off the Bulgarian army, and save the Eastern Province, it would not restore the Ottoman prestige as a military power, or safeguard the Empire from dismemberment. It is an ugly feature of the case that Mukhtar Ghazi has resigned the Vizierate and Kiamil Pasha remains on now in supreme authority. That means that a disgraceful peace will be made through European, in other words, Anglo-Russian intervention, and the Sultan will be reduced to the position of England's servant and the Czar's. The dream of a regenerated Caliphate, strong, and reformed, is at an end. Egypt will be England's bakshish for the service rendered, and Russia's will be the opening of the Dardanelles. This is what has all along been aimed at by our Foreign Office.

"I have written to resign my chairmanship of the Egyptian Committee, and to say that I cannot carry on our paper 'Egypt,' beyond the end of the year. In the afternoon I shot with Victor Lytton, who has been here to consult me about the Life of his grandfather, the novelist, which he has been writing, and after dinner we had a long talk on religion and philosophy as well as my remembrances of the grand-

father and of Victor's father. I like Victor much. Though far less brilliant than Neville, he has good solid qualities, and a much wider range of interests. He has a good heart and a logical mind. What he told me of his boyish devotion to his father in the year after his father's death was very interesting as a spiritual experience. He is himself devoted now to his own children.

"*1st Nov.*— A great Turkish defeat is admitted, and it is only a question whether the Bulgarians will march on to Constantinople or forestall European intervention by making a separate peace with the Sultan, which shall include the cession of the whole of European Turkey west of the fortified line between the Black Sea and the sea of Marmora. This is the more likely result of the two.

"Victor has gone back to Knebworth, and his place here is taken by Beauclerk just returned from his gold-mining adventure in Alaska, and bringing with his fresh ideas as well as a huge nugget of copper for me.

"*13th Nov.*— My recent sadness has been deepened by reading Miss Petre's 'Life of Father Tyrrell,' which at last is out. It is a record of failure, though intensely interesting — indeed the autobiographical part is comparable in its ways to Rousseau's, a real self-dissection. His failure at Rome is very like mine with Cairo or Constantinople, attempts both of them to make silk purses out of sow's ears, and reading it has filled me with a double gloom. Up to the present moment it had been possible for me to feel that I had played a useful and successful part in the regeneration of Islam. Now I can no longer feel this. It is too patent to me that Islam will never be regenerated, and that my work of thirty years has been absolutely thrown away. The Mohammedan religion will of course survive the present shock for many years, perhaps for many generations. But Islam, as a political institution and power in the world, has had its death blow, from which it will not recover. The Ottoman Caliphate will drag out a crippled existence in Asia, but it will be under European, probably Russian tutelage, and will be used as an instrument for enslaving what were once the Ottoman provinces, and will have fallen into Christian hands. Islam's sole chance now as an independent social existence will be in the deserts whence it originally sprang, Arabia and North Africa, and the chance is a poor one at best. At any rate it must be on lines other than those I have pursued, or of which I can hope even to see the beginnings.

"*14th Nov.*— I have written to Miss Petre congratulating her upon her book, an admirable piece of work. Tyrrell's case and my own, as I said yesterday, have a certain analogy. Not that in either case the ideals we pursued are false, but rather that the men in whose hands the issues lay were unworthy and unwise. Thus I have read the

book with a fuller sympathy to-day than would have been the case two years ago. Apart from this, Tyrrell's account of the Jesuit system is certainly the most convincing that has been published, and this was the chief theme of my letter to Miss Petre.

"*17th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— I have talked over 'Egypt' with Ryan, and persist in my intention to resign my chairmanship of the Committee and future connection with the paper. Not that the paper has not been a success on its own lines. On the contrary, it has exercised a wide influence in Mohammedan lands, if little here. But it is clear that under the new conditions brought about by the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, Egyptian patriotism must take a new direction, and I am too old to begin with a fresh policy. Others may do so without inconsistency; I cannot.

"Belloc dined with us. The Turkish army is still fighting in defence of the Chatalja lines. But the result of the war will be the same — the loss of all the European provinces.

"*20th Nov.*— My resignation of the Chairmanship has been notified to the Egyptian Committee in London, and Rutherford will, I hope, succeed me. In some ways they will get on better without me, as my anti-Imperialism is so notorious that it frightens moderate English Nationalists, and prevents all help being given us in the House of Commons, even among the Irish. Indeed the Irish parliamentarians have become more Imperialistic than our own. It is the Fenians and Sinn Feiners that are pleased with me now, not the men with whom I worked in 1887; all these have been converted to English Liberalism. Thus I find myself left a solitary figure, pleading an absolutely lost cause among Englishmen, that of Conservative Nationalism. All the rest have gone their ways as Whig Unionists, or Socialistic Internationalists. I console myself as I can by repeating the line, *Causa deis placuit victrix sed victa Catoni*, but it does not help me far.

"*22nd Nov.*— I have been reading George Meredith's letters, just published. They give one the impression of a tender-hearted man and playful companion, rather than the profound thinker his extreme admirers would have him to be. His style, jerky and obscure though it is, is I think the best feature of his prose. His knowledge of human nature as shown by his novels is quite superficial, a theory of what life ought to be, not of what life is. His only one great work is in verse, his 'Modern Love,' and this he drew as a young man from his own personal experience. The fine ladies in his novels, with their odd characters, are entirely fanciful. They do not exist in English, or any other feminine life, yet they have had a considerable influence on our modern ladies — who like to think themselves as he represents them. He has certainly had a great deal to do with their present sex emancipation. Such women, however, as he describes in

his novels are not those who will ever really rule the world, rather the weak ones. They will never attract the men, and in the marriage competition will be edged out, pussies who run about continually, but fail to find corners. To me they are wearisome to read of, because unreal. These letters show well the narrow limits of Meredith's personal experience. His knowledge of life was three parts of it acquired at second hand. I am sorry all the same not to have known him better than I did, for he was clearly one of the best of companions and of friends.

"*23rd Nov.*— Rothstein and Ryan are here winding up the affairs of 'Egypt.' The Bulgarian advance on Constantinople seems at a standstill, and it looks very much as if the war had been arranged beforehand with the Powers. . . . I suspect Kiamil Pasha of having purposely left the army in Macedonia unprepared for fighting, so as to serve English and Russian plans of dismemberment, on a promise of retaining Constantinople. He is just the man to entertain the idea of putting the Sultan in the same position of English dependence that the Khedive had been reduced to at Cairo. It would not suit either English or Russian plans to have so strong a fighting State as Bulgaria in possession of the Dardanelles. What Russia principally wants is to get free passage to the Mediterranean, and what Grey wants is to please Russia. With a Sultan Caliph in leading strings on the Bosphorus, they would both be able to work their will, Cairo would be held on a perpetual lease by us, and our Protectorate of the Persian Gulf be acknowledged."

This, I believe, is exactly what the position was at Constantinople between our diplomacy there and Kiamil. It was certainly due to him that the Ottoman army in Macedonia was left only half mobolized until too late to escape defeat.

"*24th Nov.* (*Sunday*).— Belloc dined in the evening alone with me and Ryan, and was most agreeable. I like him better thus than when he is showing off before a number of people, with noise and fireworks, which is his usual form in a mixed company. He has just brought out a new book called 'A Servile State,' whose principles he expounded to us at the latest counterblast to State Socialism. Rothstein had just given us the socialist side of the democratic case, but I have given up trying to solve the domestic conundrum of the European future. Things as they are will last my time, and beyond that who can tell?

"*3rd Dec.*— Our armistice has been agreed to before Constantinople, and the war with Bulgaria is probably over. It is said that the Sultan is to keep Adrianople, as well as the Marmora coast and the Dardanelles. If so, things will have been put back exactly to where they were placed by the treaty of San Stefano in 1878, and it is just

conceivable that the Ottoman Empire may some day recover strength. The best thing about the terms of peace is that there is a prospect now of a Bulgaro-Turkish Alliance, a solution which long ago seemed to me the right one, and which I have more than once discussed with Irene Noel as 'a general Balkan alliance, which should include Turkey.'" [Miss Noel's interest in Balkan politics rested on her intimacy with the King and Queen of Greece, whose views she was well acquainted with. King George of Greece at that time was anxious to form an alliance of all the Balkan States against Austria and Russia, and it was thought might include Turkey.]

"*18th Dec.*— Our final number of 'Egypt' is out. It appears at an opportune moment, for the Peace Conference met in London two days ago, by a strange irony, under Grey's Presidency, the principal causer of the war.

"*24th Dec.*— There is talk to-day of a renewal of the war, and of Shefket Pasha being the Generalissimo (a word which shows that 'Egypt' has been read at Constantinople), also Poincaré at Paris has talked publicly of asserting French rights of intervention in Syria. The chief news, however, is that Hardinge has been wounded by a bomb, dropped into the howdah of his state elephant while he was riding in Viceregal procession to proclaim the new Indian capital at Delhi. This is an event of supreme significance, and ought to be a warning to our people against their alliance with despotic Russia in Asia, but they will not take it so.

"*31st Dec.*— The last day of 1912, a sad year for me, as it has seen the downfall of my larger hopes in the East without bringing any new absorbing interest, also I am growing older and more infirm.

"*10th Jan*, 1913.— The peace negotiations between the Turks and the Bulgarians are hung up, as they will not agree to a frontier line, and there is some chance of the Roumanians intervening. This of course means indirect pressure put on King Ferdinand from Vienna, counteracting the pressure put on the Turks by Grey and the rogues he is allied with at Petersburg and Paris. It is really an all-important point, because if the Bulgarians are to have access to the Sea of Marmora, the Sultan's position at Constantinople will have been turned. The Bulgarians could build a fleet on it and have it at their mercy, so the Turks are right in standing out. It will probably end in their keeping Adrianople and the whole Marmora Coast, in spite of our Foreign Office's bluster. We hope now that 'Egypt' may be continued, if only for the Indian Moslem's sake. Syud Mahmud has written me a most encouraging letter about the influence the paper is having with them.

"*16th Jan.*— The deadlock continues at Constantinople, the Turks

refusing to abandon Adrianople, and the Bulgarians being backed up by our Foreign Office and the French and Russian. McCullagh has returned from the war, and gives a bad report of the Turkish military position. It is a case for them, he says, of the devil or the deep sea, of being driven finally out of Europe, or of remaining at Constantinople on terms of slavery to Christendom. They may well prefer to fight, even with every chance against them, but I dare not advise.

"*21st Jan.*— There is a violent attack in last night's 'Pall Mall' on the Gaekwar of Baroda, insisting on his 'disloyalty to his Sovereign' at the great Durbar last year — quite true I dare say, as why should it be otherwise? From India I continue to receive messages from Moslems in admiration of 'Egypt' and praise of my services to Islam in telling them the truth. I wish the paper could be continued for their sake.

"*22nd Jan.*— Lord Ashburnham is dead, a good Sussex nobleman, and long my friend. A year ago his little daughter, whom he had brought up a Catholic, and who was all he had to love, went into a Convent, and with that his life ended. He is succeeded by a childless brother, settled somewhere in the colonies, and, though another branch of the Ashburnhams exists in Sussex, the peerage and the connection of the family with the Stuart fortunes is closed. Ashburnham became a Catholic some thirty years ago through political sentiment, as connecting him more closely with the Stuarts. Through this cause, too, he affected an allegiance to Queen Mary, the Stuart representative, and maintained close relations with Don Carlos and other exiled dynasties, also on that account he was an Irish Nationalist.

"*23rd Jan.*— It is announced from Constantinople that the Grand Council of the Empire has agreed to the cession of Adrianople, as the price of peace and being allowed to live. If this includes a cession of the Marmora coast the Ottoman Caliphate is at an end. Europe will hold it in vassalage to do its Christian bidding, that is to say, the bidding of cosmopolitan finance. I have a letter to-day from John Dillon, lamenting this.

"*24th Jan.*— Great news! There has been another revolution at Constantinople. The traitor Kiamil has resigned, and Mahmud Shefket is named Grand Vizier, with the avowed determination to refuse submission about Adrianople, and, if necessary, renew the war. This is better than I could have hoped, and I have telegraphed to Ryan to come, and we will bring out a special number of 'Egypt.' Our London papers are furious, and, no doubt, Grey will be very angry. It is a rude slap in the face to his diplomacy, and there is talk of all sorts of coercive measures to be taken by the Powers. I rejoice, if only that the Turks have once again recovered their dignity. It will be better for them to lose Constantinople, if that should happen, than to

to yield to Grey. Yesterday the posters were, 'Turks yield. Place themselves in the hands of Europe.' To-day it is, 'No surrender, Young Turks in power.' This is the cheerfulest announcement we have had for six months.

"*25th Jan.*—Yet more from Constantinople. Nazim Pasha has been shot while resisting the Revolutionists. He deserved his fate, as he was one of those who brought about the military revolt of last year, which placed Kiamil in power while his conduct of the campaign has been inept. I have telegraphed to Shefket 'Félicitations. Votre heureux retour au pouvoir. Allah Yénsurak!'

"*26th Jan.* (*Sunday*).—It turns out that Enver Bey took the lead in bringing about the fall of Kiamil, going himself to the Porte, where one of his aides-de-camp shot Nazim dead in the scuffle, and afterwards to the Palace where he insisted on Shefket's appointment as Vizier. Enver is just the man for the situation, with his experience of the war in Tripoli, and jointly with Shefket may yet renew the campaign at Chatalja. My belief, however, is that pressure will now be put on Bulgaria to yield the point of Adrianople and that things will be settled without more fighting between Turks and Bulgarians. Grey will be angry, but that does not matter. Just now English attention is engrossed with Woman Suffrage and can spare very little for the male affairs of Islam. I have written to Loulou Harcourt, who has been making fun in the House of Grey and Lloyd George on this question, congratulating him and saying, 'I rejoice to see that the principles of the Crabbet Club still live.' [This probably marks the date of the Agreement between Germany and Turkey and the eventual alliance.]

"*1st Feb.*—George Wyndham, writes from London, envying me my happy life away from politics, but why does he grind on? He wants me to come up and stay with him at Belgrave Square. It is stated in the 'National Zeitung' that an agreement had been come to between England and Turkey that Egypt should be given autonomy under English protection. The fall of Kiamil must have put an end to this plan.

"*7th Feb.*—The war has been renewed by the Balkan States and is being well responded to by Mahmud Shefket and Enver Bey who are giving it a frankly religious character. The Mullahs are preaching in the Mosques at Constantinople.

"*9th Feb.* (*Sunday*).—A violent attack by the Bulgarians is reported at Gallipoli, and a bombardment of Adrianople. If Gallipoli were taken by the Allies it would end the war, for Constantinople would then be at the mercy of any fleet that might choose to threaten a bombardment, but the thing is not done yet.

"*14th Feb.*—A letter from Beauclerk dated 31st January. In it he says 'Bouchier has been this morning with Sir Edward Grey and

Benckendorf and he thinks that war will begin on Monday evening. . . . The Great Powers want the Allies to exhaust themselves before stepping in. Germany is sincere in her desire to avert a war and has her eye on Asia Minor. We will remain on in Egypt and attempt to annex it. . . . The Turks have been getting in guns and money recently from Germany.'

"*18th Feb.*— A letter from George Wyndham, four sheets long, telling of his son Percy's engagement to Ribblesdale's daughter, Diana Lister. He is much excited about it.

"*21st Feb.*— A black melancholy is on me caused by a sense of my failure every where in life. My poetry, my Eastern politics, my Arab horse breeding, were strings to my bow and they have one after another snapped, and to-day looking through my memoirs I perceive how slackly they are written and how unworthy they are of survival. Yet the diaries are full of things too important for me to destroy and they overwhelm me with despair.

"*22nd Feb.*— Syud Mahmud writes from Benares telling me that the whole Moslem community in India has now adopted my views in connection with the Turco-Bulgarian War and the complicity of our Government in the intrigue with Russia against Islam, and I see in the Reuter's telegrams of to-day that the ferment is beginning to alarm the Government of India. Syud Mahmud ends thus, 'Your most kind and pathetic letter has touched me very much and I actually wept. Your sentence "my long advocacy of Islam has been a complete failure," is most touching as coming from one who has spent the best years of his life in fighting for Moslems and then this is the conclusion he arrives at. . . . You say your advocacy has ceased to exercise any influence even on Mohammedans. I say it has just begun. They now realize the true meaning of what you told them years ago, because they are shaking off a bit of their slavishness, developed since the mutiny of 1857. Your articles in 'Egypt' are widely read here. They are translated and reproduced in the vernacular papers. If possible, please write a long article, a sort of appeal to the Mussulmans, telling them what they should do in the future. It will greatly influence them.' This is an unexpected encouragement.

"*23rd Feb.*— Belloc's friend, Cecil Chesterton, is to be prosecuted for criminal libel in the 'Eye Witness' by the Samuel family, and Belloc is a bit uneasy for himself too. He declares that there will be war this year between France and Germany, in consequence of Germany's increasing armaments which force the French to call out one man in three as compared to the German one man in four, and the French will not stand being conscripted to that amount, they prefer fighting.

"*1st March.*— Gertrude, Lady Kenmare, is dead, once a considerable

figure in my life, being one of the coterie of ladies, friends of my sister Alice who were my friends for her sake. I can remember her being married fifty-two years ago, a beautiful girl, daughter of Lord Charles Thynne, in 1858. She must have been exactly my own age and had been at the Roehampton Convent School with Alice. Then, as Lady Castlerosse, she became one of the beauties of the day, the very first Englishwoman to dress herself well, indeed extravagantly, at Paris, and there is much about her in my diaries, then and later, as Lady Kenmare, but it is many years since I last saw her.

"*13th Mar.*— Peace seems likely now to be made between Turkey and her enemies, leaving her Constantinople with a fairly defensible position for the future, a frontier drawn from the Black Sea to the Ægean, the whole Marmora coast remaining to Turkey. This is what I have been contending for. Adrianople itself is of less consequence and will probably be dismantled as a fortress while ceded to Bulgaria. If these comparatively good terms have been obtained it has been due to German intervention, and the restoration of German influence with Shefket Pasha's return to power at Constantinople. Grey is now on his knees to Berlin and there are signs that the triple Entente is breaking up. Our Government has probably made up its mind that it will not, because it cannot, help France in a war with Germany. This will put off, for a while at least, the Anglo-Russian plan of partitioning the Ottoman Empire in Asia and annexing Egypt, which may God forbid!

"*19th March.*— King George of Greece has been assassinated at Saloniki, fortunately not by a Turk but by one of his own subjects.

"*26th March.*— Lady Dorothy Neville is dead, a worthy old dame, at the age of eighty-six, also Lady Cowper and Lord Wolseley. Lady Dorothy I knew pretty well thirty years ago, a sprightly little lady with much pleasant Primrose League talk and knowledge of our local Sussex things; Lady Cowper, less well, though she was one of the early 'Soul' group and a friend of all my friends. Lady Dorothy kept her social flag flying to the last.

"*27th March.*— Adrianople has at last surrendered to the Bulgarians, after a five months' siege. The city could not have been kept, but its resistance has probably saved Constantinople to the Sultan. The Turks have little to boast of in this campaign.

"*2nd April.*— Ryan has come down to make up a final number of 'Egypt' to end the series, after which if we get sufficient support we may continue it as 'The Voice of Islam.' After tea we drove to Belloc's and found him in high spirits over the cross-examination of Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George before the Marconi Committee which has disclosed the irregularities and equivocations of these two members of the Government, laid bare mainly by Belloc and Chesterton. They

had gone in for a Stock Exchange gamble a year ago and denied it flatly last summer in the House of Commons and now it turns out to be true."

"*3rd April.*— The terms of peace are at last come to between Turks and Bulgarians with the Enos Midia line of frontier, this saves the situation for the Sultan as it keeps the enemy out of the Sea of Marmora, an essential condition.

"Poor Ryan was taken ill last night, and we had to send for a Horsham doctor, who pronounced it a case of appendicitis and talks of an operation."

I omit my diary of the next days which were wholly occupied for us in the tragedy of poor Ryan's illness, operation, and death, which took place the morning of 7th April, at 8 o'clock. I was with him to the last and he was buried in the Crawley Monastery churchyard on the 9th. On that day I write:

"*9th April.*— All is over. The funeral left our door at half-past one. . . . One thing is certain, it is useless continuing our paper in any form without Ryan, so I have written to Syud Mahmud begging him to stop all subscriptions for the paper, we cannot attempt it.

"The following is a sonnet acrostic I have written to one of the purest of Irish patriotic souls:

'TO FREDERICK RYAN

'Fabric of clay, poor, impotent child's face,
Ransomed from thought, its load of life laid down!
Earth of all earth, disrobed and passionless,
Dead mask of a man's brow, which once could frown,
Eyes which could smile, lips which could hold their own
Relentless against wrong in eloquent stress
Indignant at our English ill crop sown,
Curse of the World, its tares of bitterness!
— Kind Irish soul, free labourer in a field
Rich with rebellion's mint from age to age,
Young ever in revolt, and child-like still!
Are these thy wages then of sword and shield,
Naked to lie and never take thy fill
Of human pleasure, to the end thus sage?'

"*20th April* (*Sunday*).— Rothstein is here for the week end and a Frenchman, Maurice Bourgeois, who holds a travelling fellowship at the Sorbonne, and is getting up as a subject the Irish literary movement, an intelligent young man of the serious University kind, very academical, somewhat priggish, but a good fellow. He and Rothstein

have got on very well together, talking Socialism and Continental politics. Belloc came to dinner, and we had a most pleasant evening.

"A woodcock's nest, the first for many years at Newbuildings, was found to-day in Marlpost Wood, the young just flown.

"*30th April.*— George Wyndham was here to-day. Talking of Winston's recent outburst on the Marconi business, he thinks he (Winston) will be Prime Minister one of these days. Grey, however, will have a first claim before him, being by birth a traditional Whig, though very inferior to Winston in ability. We had much talk, too, on family affairs.

"*12th May.*— Winston writes from the train while on his way to join the Admiralty yacht, the *Enchantress*, with his wife and Margot and Asquith and Eddy Marsh at Venice. They are all to cruise together in the Mediterranean during the Whitsuntide holidays.

"*18th May* (*Sunday*).— Farid Bey has written from Geneva asking me to join his society, *Le Progrès de l'Islam*, and I have taken advantage of it to write a final letter to be read at the Egyptian Congress about to be held there. I think we, with our paper 'Egypt,' may claim to have converted Grey, or at any rate Asquith's Cabinet, from its active hostility to Islam by encouraging the Islam Moslems to show their teeth on the subject. Certain it is that the Foreign Office policy has undergone a change in the last two months. Grey is now working with the German Government for the re-establishment of the Sultan's Asiatic Empire — the project of annexing or proclaiming a Protectorate over Egypt is abandoned, and every attempt is being made to pacify Mohammedan feeling. As a clear sign of this new policy, Sir Gerald Lowther has been recalled from Constantinople, where he had intrigued for the past three years against the Young Turks. I have embodied this in writing to the Society.

"I have been reading Lady Gregory's new Irish comedies. They are altogether excellent. The dialogue has qualities which remind me of 'The Assemblies of Hariri.'

"*23rd May.*— The news from European Turkey is all of quarrels between Bulgarians and Greeks and Servians over a division of the spoils, but in this I take small interest, or in the fate of Albania, where the Moslems have earned their misfortunes. Theirs is a lost cause. At Constantinople an understanding has been come to between Germany and our Government to keep Russia out of the Bosphorus and the Sultan in authority there under a kind of joint control. Anything is better than Grey's policy of the Entente with Russia. It means another twenty or thirty years' life for the Ottoman Empire. In consideration of this Grey has been allowed a Protectorate of the Persian Gulf, and the last news is that Ibn Saoud has occupied El Katif, and that the Turkish garrison there has been shipped back to Busrah."

This last piece of my Constantinople news, though it unfortunately proved to be less than true, indicates, I believe, ideas then current at the Foreign Office connected with an undoubted attempt being made at that time to smooth down things with the Berlin Government. It seems to have failed through the opposition of the Russian Government to the recognition by England of the full German claim of extending their interest in the Bagdad railway to the Persian Gulf.

"*31st May.*— Both Farid Bey and Abdul Ghaffar write from Cairo in gratitude for my services to Egypt.

"*2nd June.*— A good letter from Syud Mahmud at Benares. I have been drafting a letter of advice according to his request to the Indian Moslems, which will also be a farewell message to my Mohammedan friends everywhere. I am glad to see that Kiamil Pasha has been refused permission to remain at Constantinople. It is a great slap in the face for Grey, whose special *protégé* he was, and for Cromer and Kitchener, and all the Cairo gang.

"*4th June.*— There is news from Constantinople that a treaty has been concluded between England and the Porte guaranteeing the integrity of the Sultan's remaining dominions for forty years. That is still 1953. It sounds improbable, but there is certainly a great effort being made just now at the Foreign Office to regain the friendship of the Moslem world."

All this, alas! proved untrue news, though it doubtless represents a phase in Grey's diplomacy when a better thought for a while prevailed with him, as here suggested, of regaining the friendship of the Moslem world, and at the same time of Germany. But his unfortunate Ententes with France and Russia always prevented an honest understanding. Egypt especially stood in the path of a settlement, and Russia's unwillingness that her partner in Persia should agree to any extension of German influence in Mesopotamia. The peace of the world was practically sacrificed by Grey at this time through his obstinate weakness about Egypt and his bondage at Bagdad to the Czar.

A more terrible tragedy than poor Ryan's death and one which, even more absolutely than that determined me on my retirement from all active work in the great world, was the sudden and entirely unlooked-for death of my dear cousin, George Wyndham, so long the link which bound me closest to it. It was a blow which struck me to the inmost fibres of my heart, bewildering in its unexpectedness, and touching me on every side of my existence.

His last letter, written a few weeks before, had given no hint of any failure of health or of anything but his usual delight in life and his especial joy in his son Percy's marriage. It had been written in acknowledgment of a trifling wedding present I had sent, chosen ex-

pressly because I knew that it would be appreciated by George rather than for any other reason. It was a fine old edition of "Ronsard," a folio of 1609, a thing of all others I knew that George would delight in. It is thus he had written: "Your wedding present to Percy is, in fact, a most priceless gift to me. I know and love that 'Ronsard.' Percy has been soldiering with his General all over the south-west of England, so we only met to-day on the eve of his marriage. He had, as I had not, opened the parcel, and will thank you. He proposes to put the 'Ronsard' in my library. . . . These days have been tense. Rosebery, I don't know why, asked me to dinner yesterday week, the 8th April. He felt then that unless the Emperor of Russia could squash the King of Montenegro there might be a mobilization here before Percy's wedding. But those clouds are dispersed, so we have enjoyed the preliminaries of Percy's nuptials. We had a display of gifts at Ribblesdale's house this afternoon, and a dinner of both families at Grosvenor House this evening. We all feel that politics are a bore, and should be quitted by honest men, and that soldiers are menaced. So, as you won't come to Clouds, *we* (by which I mean Percy, Diana, and myself) hope in the interval of peace to invade you at Newbuildings in the course of the summer. I would like you to see Percy and Diana in the prime of their mating. It is just possible that they have hit off an alliance of heroic love, combined with matrimony. If this should prove to be so they are lucky. In any case they are happy to exorbitance for the moment. For the moment they are lovers, and they ought to visit your shrine and lay a wreath at the feet of Proteus. As a rule, people do not know how to love; as an exception, they love now here, now there; as a rarity, almighty lovers find each other after both are married. It is extravagant to suppose that Percy and Diana are going to be lovers and also husband and wife, but it is pleasant to contemplate the hypothesis. In any case I ought to take them in their youth and delight to see you. Your affectionate, G. W."

It is impossible for me to tell here all that George was to me and what I lost by his death. He was my nearest male relation, and very much my nearest friend. I had looked upon him as the inheritor after me of our family traditions, and in some measure of my family possessions as trustee and knowing all. No thought had ever crossed my mind that I could have the misfortune to survive him. Although on politics we were a whole world apart, on all things else we were in perfect unison of thought and taste and literary sympathy. I find this in my diary:

"10*th June*.—I have thought of nothing else to-day but George. Only yesterday, before I knew of his death, I had taken down from its shelf his little book on Ronsard, and had begun reading it again. The preface is one of the most brilliant pieces of writing I know and the

translations in verse are admirable. His poetry belonged to his hidden life, of which I knew more than the rest of his friends. In nearly his last letter to me, when writing to announce his son Percy's marriage, he says: 'I write at once to you because you and one other are near to me in all that really touches my life. I am determined to be your guest with luck when the birds are in chorus, and in any case when the wild roses bloom. You are fortunate. To select and print poetry seems to me — after influenza in a dark drizzle damned to the hell of politics — an inconceivable extravagance of joy. Now if this world was made for joy (if it was not made our revolt should be for joy), you are accomplishing the design of the great artificer; or else (if he never was) helping to fill the gap of his non-existence; but I, good lack! am a member of Parliament! I mean, however, to escape and to get you to London to see pictures and plays, or to go to you to hear the birds and see the blossoms.' And here is June and he is dead!"

CHAPTER XII

THE WAR WITH GERMANY DECLARED

From this point my diary contains little that is of historical importance till the breaking out, a year later, of the Great War of 1914. With George Wyndham's death my most intimate connection with the parliamentary world ceased, and my mind busied itself more and more with its local surroundings and with that refuge from sadness, verse, which has always been its consolation. I therefore end my transcriptions in their integrity here, and add only to the present volume such few extracts as may suffice to carry my record of public events to the verge of the final catastrophe, reserving a full account of the war itself to yet a third part, still perhaps to come.

To complete my record of the crisis which decided Turkish patriotism to take definite part with Germany rather than with the Entente Powers in the coming struggle I will continue to tell it in as few words as possible.

My latest entries of 1913 show that about the time of George Wyndham's death I had satisfied myself that Grey was beginning to see the danger of his coalition policy against the Central Powers, and was beginning to look round him for a means of conciliating its War Lord, Kaiser Wilhelm, in whom the maintenance of peace chiefly lay. These were the days of Lichnowsky's Embassy in London a mission which undoubtedly was intended at Berlin to smooth the diplomatic wheels with us. Lichnowsky was a quite honourable man and personally friendly to England, but I notice that in all our English appreciations of him as such he is invariably claimed as an exception among *Germans* for this or that good quality, an enemy witness giving testimony in our favour. This is to exaggerate and mistake the case. Prince Lichnowsky, a Polish nobleman of ancient family, though in the German diplomatic service, was no German either by birth or sentiment, and his friendly feeling for England was that common to all the Polish aristocracy, and it was for that reason, as also to conciliate his fellow Poles, that the Kaiser Wilhelm sent him to London on a friendly mission which he undertook *con amore*. I see no reason for doubting that Wilhelm, at that moment, was sincere in wishing to keep on terms with England. In 1913 he had made up his mind to bring matters to an issue with France on the very next opportunity rather than submit

to any new rebuff, such as he had sustained at Agadir, but it was certainly no part of his plan to have England on his hands again as well as France and Russia. It is altogether improbable that he was seeking a quarrel just then with us, whatever he might dream as to an eventual trial of strength with us at sea.

It is, I believe, quite a mistake to suppose Kaiser Wilhelm otherwise than personally well inclined to England. He liked English society, and his summer visits to Cowes more than anything he could find on the Continent, and he enjoyed being adulated by our aristocracy. He had far rather have had England with him than against him; but he resented our Foreign Office having allied itself with his two most dangerous enemies, Russia on his eastern, France on his western, frontier. Nor, in my opinion, was the resentment unjustified. Our policy of helping the Russian Czar financially after his defeat by the Japanese, and so enabling the Czar to renew his military strength, seemed to Wilhelm a gratuitous menace as obliging him to increase his own army on that side, while our Entente about Persia seemed a menace to the development of his commercial plans connected with the Bagdad railway. Nor, doubtless, was it unknown to him that part of our plan was that Russia should be put in possession of Constantinople, and thus permanently block for Germany her trade route eastwards. All this added to our support of France in Morocco, was resented at Berlin, and as I have said, not without reasonable cause.

This, however, is not the same thing as saying that a war between England and Germany was inevitable sooner or later through the Kaiser Wilhelm's designs against us. I am convinced that even so late as June 1913 not only our own peace, but the peace of Europe might have been saved for an undefined period had we then found a statesman at the Foreign Office possessed as Grey was of the ear of the House of Commons, but with better knowledge of Europe and of the true needs of our Eastern Empire, and with the courage of acting on his knowledge. Such a one might have insisted on a withdrawal from the false position we had taken in Egypt and at Constantinople through our ill-omened Ententes with France and Russia, chief enemies, both of them, of Germany, and also of that Mohammedan world with which we were so closely connected in India, and so have averted all that happened to ourselves and others. The gain, if it had only been of a few years longer peace between France and Germany, would have given time for the socialistic forces in either country to gather strength, and if it had been openly known that England would take no part in it, France certainly would not have invited war for Alsace-Lorraine or given that excuse to Germany by making Russia's quarrel with Austria her own over so small a wrong as Servia's.

For, be it understood, the Great War which has destroyed all Europe

and half destroyed ourselves, was essentially in its origin an Eastern, not a Western War, and the inclusion in it of Turkey to its immense prolongation was due to our blundering diplomacy at Constantinople. Had England been reasonably ambassadored there and free in her dealings with the Porte from the evil counsels of her sad confederate the Czar, it is impossible she should have failed to retain the Ottoman goodwill, once so strong for her and even as lately as the days of the revolution of 1908. But Egypt always had forbidden. The obstinacy of remaining on in occupation there in spite of right and law and promises, and now the Russian partnership, which regarded the dispute in the Balkans with Russian eyes and the dismemberment of Turkey as a crusade — these were the true obstacles to peace. That Grey was beginning in the early summer of 1913, as I have said, to suspect the danger of general war to which his policy of Entente was leading in the East there are several indications, and I give here a single entry from my diary, the last of importance of that year:

"*11th June.*— H. arrived, bringing the ill news of Shefket Pasha's assassination at Constantinople. This is, doubtless, the result of the Russian intrigue there, Shefket being head of the Young Turk Party, and the most capable military leader of the Independent Ottoman policy allied with Germany. How far our diplomacy is responsible for the deed I cannot say. Grey seems of late to have withdrawn from his Russian Alliance, but Fitzmaurice's influence is probably still supreme at our Embassy, and one cannot help remembering that the intrigue of a year ago which caused Shefket's resignation of the Ministry of War and replaced Kiamil in power, was an Anglo-Russian intrigue, also that it closely preluded the Balkan war. I connect the present assassination with Kiamil's return the other day to Constantinople. Kiamil arrived there suddenly, and though allowed to land, was kept by Shefket, a prisoner in his own house, till he could be shipped back to Smyrna, whence he had come. This new *coup d'état* would seem to synchronize with the re-opening of the war in the Balkans, Russia's object being, as always, to prevent any settlement of the Turkish question which should keep her fleet permanently out of the Mediterranean. This may be the first move in it. H—, who has just come from Paris, declares that people there all believe in the imminence for them of an European War."

The assassination of Shefket Pasha here recorded proved a great misfortune for the chances of that peaceful period which I was hoping for for the Caliphate, in order to give the Young Turk's régime at Constantinople time to consolidate its administration and effect its reforms on a basis of Liberal pan-Islamism, which I had come to see was the only possible one for an Empire so divided in race and speech as was the Ottoman, and where the bond of nationality had for so many

centuries been replaced by those of religion, the largest section of the population being Mohammedan. Religion was the only strong sentiment, at any rate, which could re-establish Turkey as a virile community able to defend itself against its many enemies, and everything else was secondary to that. It was the true reason why, when it came to a choice between alliance with Kaiser Wilhelm and trust in English goodwill, Young Turkey necessarily chose the first. Grey, with Russia prompting him, had nothing better to propose than disarmament and economy in an emasculated State sterilized of all religious ardour. This the Young Turks saw could only prove slow death to them, while alliance with Germany, a military Power which offered to reconstruct their army for them and restock their arsenals, gave them at least a chance of new national life. All the patriotic Turks whom I came in contact with gave me this account of it. The German Government, they said, does not seek our dismemberment, it wishes us to be strong. What it wants of us is not political but commercial advantage, whereas Russia wants political possession of our provinces, while you at the English Embassy, so far as you wish us good, wish it for the Christian section of our people only. And this was true. Our Embassy at Constantinople in Lowther's day had been, and still was in 1913, under the influence of Fitzmaurice, the Embassy chief dragoman who saw things through the spectacles of the Christian Missionary Societies, as did such of our Radicals in Parliament as took an interest in Turkey. Grey's Eastern policy, the Young Turks perfectly understood, was before all else an anti-Islamic policy, and this struck at their one surviving element of strength. They preferred to trust Kaiser Wilhelm's pagan attitude, and his promise of protecting Islam, made on his Syrian tour, and more than once renewed. What was a special misfortune in Shefket's death was that he, unlike Talaat Pasha, who succeeded him as Vizier, was a sincere Moslem of the Liberal school which understood the necessity of uniting all the Ottoman forces in a common pan-Islamic patriotism. He was their most capable soldier, too, and his loss universally ascribed to the Anglo-Russian party acting under Kiamil, England's *protégé*, though it did not result in Kiamil's recapture of the Vizierate, placed sole power with those who by their racial arrogance had driven Arabia into rebellion against the Sultan. I do not, of course, suppose that our Embassy was cognizant of the design to assassinate Shefket. Crimes of this sort are outside the range of English diplomatic activities. But the plot to restore Kiamil was probably known, while a much larger responsibility may have lain with the Russian Embassy. The curse of Grey's policy of Entente with the Czar in Asiatic affairs is, that it involved us in practices of violence foreign to our English traditions.

Moreover Grey, as recorded in my Diary, was at that time becoming

aware of the danger, and was seeking to relax his solidarity with Russia's action in the East, and to get on less hostile terms with Berlin in the West. These were the days when an attempt was being made to settle the Bagdad railway quarrel with Germany. It failed through this very cause, the objection of Russia to our recognizing any extension of German rights in that direction as likely to prejudice extensions of her own 'sphere of influence' in Persia — this and, in our dealings with the Porte, our insistence on remaining in Egypt.

My Diary contains nothing more of importance during that year. I continued to receive letters from India, telling me of Moslem gratitude for my work in placing the true nature of Grey's anti-Islamic policy before them, and assuring me of its success in counteracting the officially inspired utterances of the Agha-Khan on the subject, and asking me for advice as to the attitude they should assume, and this led me to write a long letter to one of them, the concluding paragraphs of which, as it had a wide circulation in the Mussulman community, I may print here. My concluding words were as follows, dated 28th July, 1913:

"The duty of the Mohammedan community of India, therefore, under the circumstances, seems to me to be pretty clearly marked out. As regards Persia, Afghanistan, and the still independent provinces of the Ottoman Caliphate menaced by Christendom, a courageous public attitude should be adopted, which should let our Government clearly understand that Indian sympathy with these is so strong that it will not permit any further participation by England in attacks made on them, and that none such can be indulged in without the certainty of incurring the dangerous resentment of every Moslem subject of the King. Let there, when complicity in these attacks is suspected, be no hesitation in denouncing it. Let there be no such milk-and-water appeals to the Government's better feeling as allowed Sir Edward Grey two years ago to treat the All India Moslem League with contempt when he made himself the accomplice of France and Italy in their invasions of Morocco and Tripoli, but plain language of the most indignant kind, worthy of the force of 80,000,000 Moslems behind it, and which it represents. In this way only can their duty to their co-religionists outside India be performed effectively.

"Besides this, they have another duty to themselves within the borders of the Indian Empire, taking an active part in that of preparing for the great changes which are most surely coming there, as throughout all Asia. You know that from the very beginning of the Congress movement in 1884, I urged on the Indian Moslems that they should take part in it with the Hindoos, and I am therefore rejoiced to-day to learn that it has at last been decided that the policy of abstention recommended in opposition to my advice by the late Seyd Ahmed of Aligarh, and so long followed, should cease. Much ground has been

lost, I fear, by this long period of inaction, but it is ground that can be recovered, and I trust now to see the Mohammedan body taking its full share in the movement for self-government. What it is necessary to insist on is the danger of delay. Time needs to be taken by the forelock, lest while you are waiting the British Empire should collapse prematurely, and find the machinery of a native administration which is to replace it not yet ready for its work. This would be a great misfortune. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that in Mohammedan interests the imperial connection between England and India should be prolonged rather than shortened, and in this sense the Moslem subjects of King George may well continue to display their loyalty. It is another thing, however, to be what is called loyal to the existing régime of the Anglo-Indian Civil Service. The servile attitude of helping this alien body to maintain itself in place and power against all native effort at self-government is neither dignified nor profitable, and will not in reality serve the interests even of the Empire, for nothing is more certain than that the only way in which the English connection with India can be placed on a basis of any permanence is, by obtaining the consent of the Indian peoples, and their active zeal in administering their country under its imperial shield. As self-governing Colonies the provinces of British India might survive many a shock under which the Indian Empire, as now administered, must certainly succumb.

"My present motto, therefore, for Indian patriotism, Mohammedan and Hindoo alike, would be 'Loyalty to the Imperial Crown but insistence on self-government under it.' And these are, in all probability, the last words of advice on Eastern matters I shall presume to utter in any public form. If you should think them worthy of a wider consideration than that of just yourself or your personal friends, you are at liberty to publish them, but that point I leave to yourselves to judge. And so may God prosper you and hasten the day of Islamic and Asiatic independence."

This letter, part of which was published in India, was instrumental, to a large measure, in causing the resignation which took place in November, of the Agha Khan, my principal opponent, of his position in the All Moslem League of India, an event which synchronized with an apology made at home by Grey on the shortcomings of his Eastern diplomacy. A short entry of that date, says: "The truth is, no foreign policy ever more completely failed. My work has been to put all the dots upon the i's in a way that has convinced Mohammedan India that the Agha Khan and Ameer Ali, who have been preaching loyalty to the British Empire, are blind guides leading to an impotent result."

Again, two months later, I find myself writing to the "Westminster Gazette," warning our English peace lovers of the futility of their trust

in the so-called "Concert of Europe," armed to the teeth, under Grey's un-armed leadership, in preventing the coming European war. It was my last appearance in print, and I have remained silent since, notwithstanding solicitations to speak not a few times during these astonishing five years of fighting folly, and white man's suicide, knowing I should be powerless while the war fever lasted, to obtain a hearing for a word of truth in a world of illusion befooled, but happy in its patriotic blindness.

The year 1913 closes with this personal lament: "I am alone just now here and in this dark world I am overwhelmed with woe. I see myself as one sees the dead, a thing finished which has lost all its importance, whatever it once had in the world. I realize how little I have accomplished, how little I have affected the thought of my generation in spite, as I am still convinced, of the soundness of my view of things, and of some skill and courage in expounding it. I have made almost no converts in Europe, and am without a single disciple at home to continue my teaching after I am dead. Even in the East, though my ideas are bearing fruit and will one day be justified in act, I have founded no personal school where my name has authority. The consciousness that it is so wounds me with a sense of failure and I despise myself the more for feeling it as strongly as I do. Why should I mind? I ask myself, and I find no answer. Perhaps the immediate cause of my gloom has been a life of Gobineau which has been sent me by a Dr. Schemann. Gobineau was in some ways like myself, a man of ideas opposed to those of his own people and his own generation, and who, though his talent was recognized as a writer, failed to find disciples in France. He was an aristocrat in a democratic age, an orientalist, out of harmony with received orientalist ideas, a poet who was never popular, and an artist who was never more than an amateur. It has been reserved for this little group of Germans to discover his value twenty and more years after his death, a discovery due mainly to the devotion of a single disciple, this good Schemann who has sent his book to me. Gobineau, like me, had his romantic side. There are many pieces of poetry inserted in their original French in it, of one of which I made a translation this morning. It is called "Don Juan's Good Night," a pleasant piece of cynical French wit which deserves to live, perhaps, when the rest is forgotten.

The Spring of the year 1914 found me, like the rest of our English world, thinking more of Ireland than of the coming Armageddon. Some of the vicissitudes of the Irish case are noted in my diary:

"*28th March*, 1914.— There has been an astonishing crisis in Parliament over the Ulster business. What has happened is this. Winston and Seely, at the Admiralty and War Office respectively, seem to have

made up their minds to deal drastically with the Ulster Volunteers, and arranged a combined movement of sea and land forces to put them down. Of course, it ought to have been done a year ago, but Redmond persuaded Birrell that the Ulster movement was all bounce and it was allowed to go on. Now it has got beyond them and has been taken up on a large scale by English Unionists, and worked up by the London press and in the army by old Lord Roberts, and at last they got King George to approve, so it came to pass that the garrison at the Curragh refused to move when ordered to Belfast without a guarantee that they should not be used against the Orange volunteers. This frightened the two Ministers. Seely patched up things by giving the assurance wanted, and Winston counter-ordered the warships he was sending to Belfast, whereupon a hullabaloo in the House of Commons and a Cabinet crisis with the usual lying and denying, which ended in Seely's offering to resign as scape-goat for the rest, and Asquith refusing to accept his resignation, a little comedy played on much the same lines as that used in the Marconi crisis, Seely admitting an error of judgment and Winston using swear words to cover their retreat.

"*31st March.*— Asquith appoints himself War Minister in Seely's place.

"*5th April.*— Belloc was here to dinner. Baker, one of Asquith's private secretaries, has just explained to him the recent Ulster crisis. The resolution to send troops in force to Belfast was agreed to by the whole Cabinet, who also agreed to the letter which was to be written to General Gough, and they had just dispersed, leaving Seely behind them with Morley, when Gough's letter arrived. Seely saw at once that it meant that something more than the draft agreed to would be needed to get Gough's assent, and he added some words, pledging the Government not to employ the troops actively against Ulster, and Morley only half understanding what it was all about, agreed to the addition. All then would have gone well but for Gough's boasting of having coerced the Government. Belloc's view is that Asquith allowed the arming in Ulster to go on as a way of putting pressure on Redmond to give in politically and allow a separate Ulster while for the same reason he won't allow Catholic Ireland to be armed.

"*7th April.*— The Irish Home Rule Bill has passed its second and final reading by a majority of eighty. This is due to Redmond's insistence, for Asquith, Grey, Haldane and the rest of the Whigs in the Cabinet have been quite ready to throw the Bill over in favour of some scheme of all-round Devolution, any time since they came into office.

"*26th April* (*Sunday*).— I am writing a letter in answer to one sent me from Dublin by Mrs. Colum, asking me to say a word in favour of a plan of arming Catholic Ireland as a counter demonstration against

the arming of Protestant Ulster, and as a precaution against a possible betrayal of Home Rule by Asquith.

"It is announced that the United States Fleet has landed troops at Vera Cruz in Mexico, President Wilson at the same time declaring, in imitation of Gladstone when he sent troops to Egypt, that he is not making war with the Mexican Republic, but with a person named Huerta, who calls himself President of Mexico. Rothstein, whom I saw yesterday, attributes this to Wilson's *naïveté*, which believes it possible to reconcile moral principles of Government with the rascalities of financial politics.

"*30th April.*— My answer to Mrs. Colum is this:

"'Thank you for the Volunteer Manifesto. You know I have always been a Fenian in my sympathies, and, though it is twenty-five years since I was in Ireland and I am living now quite away from politics, I confess it rouses me to hear talk again of physical force. I never believed much in the Union of Hearts without a reserve of the other, and a long experience of British Imperial ways has taught me (if I may be allowed the bull) that in dealing with British Governments, the best sort of moral force is always material force. Our people cannot be trusted to go straight without two strong incentives, money in front of them (like the carrot in front of an ass) and a big stick behind. The Irish National Volunteers must be the big stick.

"'I am not sure whether it will not prove a useful reminder to your own parliamentary people. Some of them have been talking a deal of Imperial nonsense lately, and it is time they should remember that until the Irish Parliament is actually open in College Green, the British Empire is still *the enemy*. I send you £10 for your Defence of Ireland Fund, as a small token of my sympathy and a proof that I remain true to the old motto, "Ireland a nation and as much and well armed a nation as you can make it.'"

"*14th May.*— Sir Roger Casement came to lunch and to talk over the Volunteer movement in Ireland, of which he is one of the chief organizers. He had seen my letter to Mrs. Colum, which it appears was published in a Dublin newspaper, and wished to consult me. He is an interesting man of the same Irish type as was Michael Davitt, only much bigger and better looking, still very like him; an Ulsterman, he tells me, and a Protestant, but his mother was a Catholic, and he now is of no religious complexion, only a strong Nationalist. He is not in favour with Redmond, who considers him a dangerous revolutionist, being anti-imperialist, and opposed to the Parliamentary alliance with the English Radicals. He holds Dillon greatly responsible for this, and and that it is demoralizing Irish patriotism. Hence his zeal for the Volunteer movement. He considers that unless the rest of Ireland arms itself as the north-west of Ulster is arming it will be cheated out

of Home Rule. There are two difficulties in their way, the first is a lack of money; they have no rich men to help, and secondly, a lack of officers. Of men there are plenty, ex-soldiers of the British Army, but they are unarmed, and the question is how to get the arms. He believes if they could obtain only 5,000 rifles they would be in a position to coerce the Government. He is working in conjunction with Professor McNeill and has to be back in Dublin on Saturday. He told us also a good deal about his Congo experiences and in South America, and described a talk he had had with King Leopold of Belgium, who had tried to get hold of him when he was first appointed Consul on the Congo, and of how old Leopold had managed even to shock Rhodes by the crudity of his ideas of native exploitation. In describing his interview with Leopold he told how the old king in tempting him had watched him the the whole time through his fingers, shading his face with his hand. On the whole, Casement's statement of the Irish case does not sound to me very encouraging. The want of funds will prevent any great effect being given to the Volunteer movement in the South, where they have nobody like Lord Londonderry in the north to subscribe the thousands needed, nor will the American-Irish help. These take their view of Irish affairs entirely from Redmond and the Parliamentary party, and until these last declare themselves in favour of it, money will not be subscribed. Also, and this seems to me the most serious side of it, the movement is more one of the towns than of the country. All the same I wish it well, and if anyone can manage it, Casement seems to be the man. He is well bred, well educated, altogether vigorous, and a good talker."

It is worth noting that in this entry of my conversation with Casement there is no mention of anything connected with Berlin or European politics, nor I am sure, was there anything suggesting that his mind was in that direction. During the following few weeks I received three letters from him (see Appendix VI) which treat entirely of Irish affairs. The only thing omitted in the diary that I can recollect was that we discussed Mrs. O'Shea's revelations just then being printed in one of the London papers. Casement's remark about it was that if the revelations had been made two years ago there would have been no statue of Parnell to-day in the streets of Dublin.

"*16th May.*— Patrick Butler came for the day, being on leave from Clonmel. We talked about the National Volunteer movement, with which he is entirely in sympathy. Butler, however, is alone in his opinion at the Curragh among the officers there, and says that the army will not act against the Ulstermen, while it will certainly act against the National Volunteers. He also says that the three Protestant counties of Ulster would accept the Emperor William as their king rather than obey the Dublin Parliament. He is for giving them a separate status,

with a Parliament and an executive of their own, 'like the Isle of Man,' I suggested. That perhaps would be best. In the meanwhile he was emphatic on the evil being done to the Catholic Irish by the English garrison. He says that it is no longer the case that the women refuse to have to do with the English soldiers. On the contrary, it is becoming as bad in Ireland and worse than in English garrison towns, *corruptio optimi pessima*, the whole country is being demoralized, especially by the cheap English papers, with their indecent illustrations. These the country girls get hold of, for they are sold at every railway station, and read in secret, sitting under hedges, in spite of the prohibition of the priests, and so go the way of prostitution. He says it is worse in Dublin far than in London, girls beginning there at fifteen and sixteen in the streets. Drink and gambling are destroying the country side. We talked about the O'Shea revelations. Everybody is reading them all over Ireland.

"*17th May* (*Sunday*).— Belloc to dinner. He tells me it is now certain that Asquith connived all through at the arming of the Ulster Protestants in order to get out of his agreement with Redmond for National Home Rule. Asquith has always been in favour of Federal Devolution for Scotland and Wales as well as Ireland. Now he will deprive the Home Rule Bill of what little autonomy it gives by an amending Bill voted in conjunction with the Tories.

"*22nd May.*— Dillon writes asking my opinion of Mrs. O'Shea's book. He says about the situation in Ireland: 'I am strongly in favour of the Volunteer movement, but it is playing with fire, and unless it is kept under reliable control it might at any moment utterly ruin the national movement and repeat the disasters of 1798. We are getting a very exciting, strenuous time here (the House of Commons), but I think we shall pull through successfully. The forces against us are terrible, and a Radical Government is always weak and timorous.'

"*26th May.*— The Irish Home Rule Bill has passed its final reading in the House of Commons by a majority of seventy-seven, but without enthusiasm, as it is threatened with an amending Bill depriving it of its entire efficacy by giving a full status to the Protestant counties of Ulster, and so nobody is pleased.

"*28th May.*— Mrs. Padriac Colum writes me a long letter about the Volunteer movement in Ireland and upon the great effect my letter has had on it. Casement also writes at great length, and the movement, according to both, is assuming large dimensions.

"*11th June.*— About the Volunteer business, which has taken a prodigious start since I first heard of it a month ago, Dillon says: 'The Volunteer business is a VERY serious one. Sir Roger Casement is, I have no doubt, an excellent and able man, but he knows no more

of Irish politics than I do of the Congo, and Irish politics are no more safe for amateur idealists to play about in than a powder magazine for children.'

"*20th June.*— Dillon arrived for the week end, and we sat up till past midnight talking. He told me many interesting things. He and Redmond were in great alarm at the Curragh fiasco, which he says was grossly mismanaged through the fault principally of General Paget. Dillon believes that if the men at the Curragh had been simply ordered to Belfast to preserve order without any explanation or inquiry whether they were willing they would have obeyed, but the thing was terribly bungled. He was surprised at what I told him of Butler being the only officer at the Curragh who was not disaffected to the Government. It was the Curragh incident that convinced him that the National Volunteers should be openly supported, for it was beginning to be thought that nobody in Ireland cared any longer for Home Rule. Indeed, the vehemence of the feeling in connection with the volunteering had surprised him. Now the Parliamentary party have regained all their authority both in Ireland and America. All the same it was a dangerous game they were playing — arming the whole country.

"*21st June* (*Sunday*).— Drove with Dillon to Judge Mackarness's at Steyning, where we found Sir Henry Cotton, Lajpat Rai and Gupta, all these being friendly to Home Rule. Dillon gave us his views at length. I had a long talk with him later about Ireland. He does not think the Volunteer movement will lead to civil war, though there is always danger of local riots. On the contrary, he thinks that both sides being armed will inspire mutual respect. We talked, too, about religion, *à propos* of his son's education. His eldest boy, who is eighteen, has just left Downside, and he is sending him to the new Catholic University at Dublin. The boy had learned nothing at Downside except to write good English, and he was unhappy there, being an ardent Home Ruler with all the other boys opposed to him. Politics was all he cared about. Dillon has always been against clerical interference with politics, especially Vatican interference, and succeeded in getting the new University put under lay management. This has made the Jesuits very hostile to him, and they spare no occasion of doing him an ill-turn. He is convinced they are the ruin of every political cause they favour, and have always been blunderers in public affairs.

"*25th June.*— A new expedition is projected in Somaliland. A force is to be raised at Nairobi to start at the end of the summer. It is to pass from Nairobi through Abyssinia, or Italian territory, and another expedition at the same time from Berbera, a punitive affair to avenge the death of one Corfield, killed last winter by a band of Somalis in Abyssinia."

At last we come to the first premonitory thunderclap of the European storm.

"*30th June.*— There has been another assassination, this time of the heir of the Austrian Emperor. I do not quite know how it affects the political situation.

"*20th July.*— The 'Times' to-day announces that the King has invited eight leading politicians to a conference on Ireland — Asquith, Lloyd George, Lansdowne, Bonar Law, Redmond, Dillon, Carson, and Craig. This is a quite new departure, a move probably of the King in conjunction with the Whig section of the Cabinet — Grey, Haldane, and Winston — and agreed to by Asquith. I do not expect any great result from it one way or other, as neither the Nationalists nor the Ulster people are prepared to give in.

"*22nd July.*— Margaret Sackville came down unexpectedly, bringing with her Ramsay Macdonald, leader of the Labour Party in Parliament, who had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. I found him intelligent and reasonable, with many ideas in common with mine, especially on India, which he has just been perambulating as member of the Commission of Inquiry into the Civil Service, and sufficiently anti-Imperialist. He is a man of forty-five or fifty, and talks with a slight Scotch accent. He told us some amusing stories of his Indian tour. I had a thorough talk with him about the situation in Ireland, and gave him as my advice to have nothing to do with the attempt to compromise on the Ulster question — 'Let the Ulstermen do their damnedest and get the Government to arm the National Volunteers.' He said he believed that if the Conference at the Palace broke down, which it probably will, the Government would enrol the Volunteers as a Government force, and arm them and use them to keep order if the Ulstermen broke it. He told me he had been approached about having an invitation as Leader of the Labour Party to the Conference, but had not encouraged the idea. He does not think the King will refuse his consent to the Home Rule Bill if the Amendment Bill is thrown out. If there is a dissolution in October the Liberals will fail to get a majority. He has no high opinion of Grey's intelligence, but considers him sure of Asquith's succession, as he has a great hold over Liberals in the House of Commons. If Grey were to leave the Government on the Ulster question, the Liberal party would be split in two, while it would not matter if Winston resigned; Grey was indispensable. Of Lloyd George he has a mean opinion, a very high one of Dillon. I asked him whether if the democracy really got into power in England the Labour party and the Socialists would continue to be anti-Imperialist. He said: 'I think they would, but I understand your doubt.'

"*24th July.*— The Conference at Buckingham Palace has failed.

A much more important matter is an ultimatum addressed by the Austrian Government to Servia, which may very likely lead to real war between Austria and Russia.

"*26th July* (*Sunday*).— The quarrel between Austria and Servia seems certain now to result in war, and war with Russia. Belloc dined with us. He says Germany is afraid of war, but I am inclined to think it is pushing it on, the occasion being a convenient one, especially in view of our Irish difficulties.

"*27th July.*— To-day's papers are sensational. War seems to have begun on the Danube, and there has been rioting in Dublin, with firing on the mob and a bayonet charge, with two or three people killed and many wounded. This will bring things to a head and oblige Asquith to allow the arming of the National Volunteers if he does not throw up his cards and resign. This is an astonishing show of weakness and mismanagement. I see the Labour members are threatening a revolt from Asquith and a hundred Liberals as well if he does not withdraw the Amendment Bill and keep the Army in order.

"*28th July.*— The riot in Dublin has, I think, improved Home Rule prospects, showing that there is at least as much danger of trouble in disappointing the National hopes as in displeasing the Ulstermen.

"As to the larger matter of war abroad Grey has come forward amid a flourish of trumpets in the press to offer his little remedy of a conference of Ambassadors in London. But it is not likely to be more effective than his interventions of a year and two years ago. It will only make our diplomacy still more ridiculous. Belloc, however, thinks Germany is afraid of fighting, being unprepared for war. My view is that it is Russia that is unprepared, and that the fatal year 1913 having passed by, Kaiser Wilhelm thinks he may try his luck at last, and means to stand his ground with Austria against the Franco-Russian Entente, England being practically negligible just now."

[This allusion to the fatal year 1913 refers to the prediction made in 1871 to Kaiser Wilhelm's grandfather, Wilhelm, the first Emperor, that in 1913 would see the downfall of the Hohenzollerns. It was made to him by a gipsy, but, unlike such gipsy predictions, was based upon the mathematical calculation in which the letters of the Emperor's name were represented by figures which worked out very exactly at 1913. I remember hearing several years before the war that Kaiser Wilhelm was so deeply impressed by it that he would not dare fight with France till the date was over.]

"*29th July.*— It is announced that Austria has declared formal war on Servia; the question is now whether Russia will join in. There is every probability she will, as it is a question of predominance in the Balkans between the two Empires and the two religions, Catholic and Orthodox, and this will bring in Germany, and Germany will bring

in France. There is wild excitement in London, and people are beginning to talk of England's fulfilling her promises to France, but I do not believe in this, or in there being any definite promises. It would be too stupid even for Grey.

"*30th July.*— The crisis is worse than ever, with panic on all the Stock Exchanges of Europe and our own. Advantage is being taken of it to defer any settlement of the Irish question on the ground that all parties are of one patriotic mind, Irish as well as English, towards events abroad. This is of course absurd, but so long as the King puts his signature to the Home Rule Bill, the rest will not matter. The first shots have been fired in Servia.

"*31st July.*— The 'Times' to-day has a special article in largest print recommending England to go to war in aid of France against Germany, but I do not believe in any such folly. Belgrade has been bombarded, and it is all but certain now there will be general European war, but not for us. Belloc and I differ in this. He is convinced that France is stronger than Germany. I am not. He talks of Germany as calling out to our Foreign Office to mediate. I believe Germany means war, and is rejecting Grey's foolish intervention.

"*1st Aug.*— There is a general panic, the London Stock Exchange closed, and the Bank rate raised to 8 per cent. Germany has sent ultimatums both to Russia and to France; general war is certain, but the 'Times' has a letter from Norman Angell in large print to-day contradictory of its yesterday's article. The 'Nation' and all the Liberal papers denounce the idea of war, and I cannot believe we shall be such fools as to take part in it if we are not attacked. Italy is proclaiming neutrality; we shall do the same.

"*2nd Aug.* (*Sunday*).—Belloc dined with us again to-night, and we had another great argument, whether to join in the war or not. Belloc is for it, I against. He looks upon Prussia as a 'nation of atheists,' who, if they beat the French, will destroy Christianity, whereas if the French beat them, 'Prussia would be hamstrung.' Russia, he thinks, will never be a danger to Western Europe. If we do not side with France now we shall be left without a friend. England will cease to be a great Power. My view is a very simple one. It seems to me that having no army of any value it would be ridiculous to fight, and would only hasten our discomfiture. Between France and Germany one seems to me as atheistical as the other, and Russia worse than either. England is in no condition to fight any but a naval war, and France does not need us at sea. Grey might have stopped all the trouble three years ago by forbidding Italy its raid on Tripoli. It would have been a cheap display of strength. He will hardly be fool enough now to send a twopenny-halfpenny Army Corps to the Continent where he can effect nothing. No. Asquith will announce neu-

trality to-morrow, not perhaps a very *beau rôle*, but less absurd than the other.

"*3rd Aug.*— Things are marching fast. The Germans have begun their campaign against France by seizing Luxembourg, and seem to be already in Belgium. The news of this they say reached the Cabinet while it was sitting last evening (the second in the day, and that Sunday), and united all the Ministers to resolve, it is not said what. The naval reserves are being called out.

"*4th Aug.*— Grey's declaration turns out to be not quite what the evening papers said. It is evidently a compromise between the two opinions in the Cabinet. It denies the obligation to assist France against Germany, except to the extent of preventing bombardment by sea of the French seaboard in the Channel, but it affirms the duty of defending Belgian neutrality, and will lead us farther than the peace division think, for it must be remembered that all the action will be left in Grey's hands at the Foreign Office, and in Winston's at the Admiralty, and it will be easy for them to manipulate accidents into a case of necessity for despatching a land force to Antwerp. So we are not out of the wood yet. On the contrary, the British Army has been formally mobilised, and the reservists called to the colours. Our local policeman called to-day to inquire how many horses I could put up in my barns. Both Burrell and Leconfield have had a number of horses ear-marked for service, Leconfield as many as forty. I said I could put up twenty under cover, but everything connected with soldiering is hateful to me. There is talk of a British ultimatum to Germany, demanding an answer about the neutrality of Belgium being respected.

"*5th Aug.*— The thing has been decided faster than we imagined. Yesterday Asquith announced in the Commons that Grey had sent his ultimatum to Berlin about Belgian neutrality, and had received an unsatisfactory answer, and to-day the morning papers publish 'British Declaration of War against Germany."

With this last entry I close the present volume, reserving my Diary of the War itself for a posthumous occasion, if it should seem worth transcribing to those I may name literary executors of my last Will and Testament, for I am entering on my eightieth year this month, August, 1919, and shall make no further venturings in my lifetime with publicity. Suffice it here to say that my attitude during the four years the war lasted was from the first day one of severest abstention. I called it "unarmed neutrality." I knew enough of our Foreign Office ways and past doings to be quite certain that the reasons put forward by Grey and Asquith for their declaration of war were not and could not be the real reasons, and I refused to follow the pacific herd in its shameless *volte-face* from Opposition to support

of the war, or find excuses for its weaknesses in the absurd false doctrine of "My country, right or wrong." I knew, especially, that the plea put forward by Asquith of "a necessity of honour" obliging us to fight for Belgium, was a false plea, good at most as a forensic argument, but quite untrue in fact, for there was not a word in any of the Neutrality treaties affecting Belgium which entailed an obligation on England, or any other Power, collectively or individually, to go to war for a breach of it.

The neutrality of Belgium was indeed already a by-word in the European Chancelleries for obsolete ineffectiveness as long ago as when I was myself in diplomacy (and I left it in 1870) — nor would any one then have been much shocked at the treaties concerning it being spoken of as "scraps of paper," which in fact they were as far as entailing any *obligation* of war on any of the signatories to maintain it went. To suppose the contrary would be to have entailed the impossible condition of a single Power being called upon in honour to fight the other four Powers had these combined to partition Belgium between them, an extremity of logic amounting on the principle of *qui nimium probat nihil probat* to initial disproof. The plea might be good enough for the occasion as a lawyer's argument addressed to an ignorant Parliament, but could not be the real one. The real cause of the quarrel with Germany, I well knew was no more honourable a one than that of our dread of a too powerful commercial rival and the fear of Kaiser Wilhelm's forcing France, if we stood aside, into commercial alliance with him against us in the markets of the world — that and a gambler's venture almost desperate, seeing that we were without an army fit to take the field abroad, and were dependent on the thousand and one chances of the sea for our daily bread at home. In this madness I would take no part. That these were the true causes of the war, and not the pretended altruistic ones I have since acquired a certain knowledge from one of its chief promoters.

The obligation of fighting in alliance with France in case of a war with Germany concerned the honour of three members only of Asquith's Cabinet, who alone were aware of the exact promises that had been made. These, though given verbally and with reservations as to the consent of Parliament, bound the three as a matter of personal honour and were understood at the Quai d'Orsay as binding the British Nation. Neither Asquith nor his two companions in this inner Cabinet could have retained office had they gone back from their word in spirit or in letter. It would also doubtless have entailed a serious quarrel with the French Government had they failed to make it good. So clearly was the promise understood at Paris to be binding that President Poincaré, when the crisis came, had written to King George reminding him of it as an engagement made between the two Nations

which he counted on His Majesty to keep. Thus faced, the case was laid before the Cabinet, but was found to fail as a convincing argument for war. It was then that Asquith, with his lawyer's instinct, at a second Cabinet brought forward the neutrality of Belgium as a better plea than the other to lay before a British jury, and by representing the neutrality treaties of 1831 and 1839 as entailing an obligation on England to fight (of which the text of the treaties contained no word) obtained the Cabinet's consent and war was declared. This, I have full reason to know, was the true history of this astonishing venture entered on by Asquith through a miscalculation of the military value of Russia, and saved only from supreme disaster by the fighting tenacity of our ignorant boy soldiers, who believed what they were told, and throughout the war pretended, that it was one for liberty waged in the defence of weak nations, and to set the whole world free.

I write out here, as my last word to-day, George Wyndham's pathetic verses, repeated to me more than once by him, and which have rung ever since in my ears. I read them as prophetic of the world's doom, a doom, alas, which he, by a strange contradiction of his better nature, was nevertheless among the most active to bring about:

The waves climb to the cliff and the cliff repels them,
So the waves sing their long desire of the land.
The winds ask their way of the night, but she never tells them,
Complaining still of a sorrow she cannot understand.

The conquered Nations of Earth have lost their birthright,
They sing of the long ago when their rulers were kings,
All their value that rose once proud to set the Earth right
Sinks in a sob of sorrow and sobbing sings.

Woe for the kings who conquer, their pride, their glory!
The wage of victory see, new battles to be fought —
Those who adventuring lose, sing their souls in story
In the voice of wind and waves whose endeavour is nought.

The music heard afar in the void's unanswering blindness
Is only of love poured out and lost in space.
All songs are children of love and the loved's unkindness
Sad with rain that implores the beloved's face.

These are the voices of God to the lost souls' anguish,
Wounded souls that complain when they cannot climb,
Souls that aspire to heaven yet only languish,
Captives of life in pain and the bonds of Time.

APPENDICES

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APPENDIX I

THE GRAND MUFTI OF EGYPT TO COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

AIN SHEMS, NEAR CAIRO, *April 8th*, 1904.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS LEO TOLSTOY,

Although I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, I am not without knowledge of your spirit; the light of your thoughts has shone upon us, and in our skies the suns of your ideas have risen, making a bond of friendship between the minds of the intelligent here and your mind.

God has guided you to the knowledge of the mystery of that inborn essential nature according to which He formed men, and He has shown you the end towards which He has directed the human race. And you have grasped this, that man has been planted in this present existence that he may be watered by knowledge and that he may bear fruit by labour, which may be a weariness of body bringing repose to his mind, and a lasting effort through which his race may be elevated.

You have perceived the misery which has befallen men when they have turned away from the law of their nature and have employed those powers given to them to obtain happiness in a way which has disturbed their repose and has destroyed their peace.

You have cast a glance on religion which has dispelled the illusions of distorted traditions, and by this glance you have arrived at the fundamental truth of Divine Unity.

You have raised your voice calling men to that whereto God has guided you, and have gone before them in practice. And as by your words you have guided their intellects, so by your deeds you have stirred up in them firm resolves and great aims. As your ideas were a light to bring back those who had gone astray, so was your example in action a model to be imitated by searchers for truth.

And as your existence has been a reprimand from God to the rich, so has it been a succour held out by Him to the poor.

Verily the highest glory you have reached, the most sublime reward you have received for your labours in advice and teaching is what they have called excommunication and interdict. It was nothing — what you incurred from the heads of religion — nothing but a confession declaring to the world that you were not among those men who had gone astray.

Give praise to God that they have cut themselves off from you as you also had abandoned them in their creeds and in their deeds.

This, and verily our hearts are in expectant desire of what shall come

anew from your pen in the future days of your life — may God prolong its extent and preserve your strength and may He open the doors of men's hearts to understand what you say, and may He urge men's souls to imitate you in what you do. And salutations.

MOHAMMED ABDU.

APPENDIX II

THE AKABAH QUARREL

MR. BLUNT TO SIR EDWARD GREY, 9TH MAY, 1906

SIR,

"The demand made on the Ottoman Government within the limit of ten days to evacuate Tabah and other points in the neighbourhood of Akabah is so serious a matter that, as one acquainted with the district in dispute and interested for thirty years in Egyptian affairs, I feel it my duty to lay before you my reasons for thinking that the demand is an excessive one and due to a serious mistake as to facts.

"I am, of course, ignorant of the secret reasons which may possibly be impelling His Majesty's Government at the present moment to force on a quarrel with the Sultan, and if there are such what I have to say will necessarily pass unheeded. I notice that the chief organs of the Liberal press seem to regard the quarrel somewhat in the light of a crusade. But I am unwilling to believe that any such thought inspires the attitude taken by the Government, and am inclined rather to the view that they would be glad to avoid a violent issue. I therefore venture to make the following observations:

"(1) His Majesty's Government, believing their case to be a just one, probably calculate that, inasmuch as the Sultan has on several occasions yielded to pressure vigorously applied by European Powers, the same result will now be obtained. It is possible that it may be so, but the chances, I think, are otherwise. In the cases of Dulcigno, Smyrna, and Crete, to take typical examples, it was the rights and interests of Christians that were in question, and the Ottoman Government has always acknowledged a certain moral, if not legal, right in Christendom to intervene for their protection. In the present instance, however, there is no question of Christians being oppressed. It is a matter purely domestic and purely Mohammedan, and one in which the Sultan doubtless feels that the whole moral right no less than the legal right is his. The positions occupied in the neighbourhood of Akabah are closely connected with the pilgrim road and the facilities of pilgrimage to Mecca, and in Mohammedan eyes it is the Sultan's right and duty to guard them. If, therefore, the dispute with England should lead to hostilities the Sultan knows that he will be enthusiastically backed by the all but universal approbation of his co-religionists. It is almost impossible, indeed, without abandoning his whole religious claim to leadership, that he should yield to Christian menace without fighting.

"(2) I believe from an examination of printed documents and from

matters within my personal knowledge that the case of His Majesty's Government is technically less strong than they perhaps understand it. The delay in publishing recent correspondence prevents me, of course, from knowing what has passed lately between the Foreign Office and the Ottoman Government, but, taking the older documents as they stand with the statement made by you yesterday in the House of Commons, I think it not difficult to show that the position taken up by Lord Cromer in 1892 was founded on a double error both as to these and as to the local facts.

"Lord Cromer's contention originally was that the Sinai Peninsula, in which he seems to have included not only the geographical triangle known as Tor Sina, but the desert lands north of the pilgrim road between the Suez Canal and the Syrian frontier, was part of the old Pashalik of Egypt, and he made appeal to its "ancient boundaries." But a closer examination of historical documents has shown that this was an error, and I observe that the reference to ancient boundaries has been abandoned by His Majesty's Government in favour of another hardly better founded.

"The contention now is that the district in question has been administered by the successive Viceroys since Mohammed Ali's time in such a way as to constitute a territorial right. This I believe to be a wholly untenable view, in accordance neither with the facts of the case nor with a right interpretation of the political situation. With regard to the facts, my recollection of the district as it was in the time of Ismail Pasha and later in that of Tewfik is clear. My first visit to it was made in the spring of 1876, and I have continued ever since in touch with the Arab tribes who are its almost sole inhabitants. At that date there certainly existed nothing in the way of civil administration, and military authority was only represented by a score of soldiers holding the small isolated fort of Nakhl, seventy miles eastward from Suez on the pilgrim road, whose sole duty it was to prevent Bedouin interference with the highway for the protection of travellers. Civil authority there was none. No taxes were collected, no justice was dispensed, no conscription was enforced. I believe I am right in saying that no part of the Peninsula was included in any Egyptian mudirieh. With the exception of the monks in the Mount Sinai convent and a few persons, principally Greeks, at the port of Tor, connected with it, there was absolutely no settled population. The few Bedouin tribes, grouped principally in the south, governed themselves precisely as in Arabia, according to tribal custom — and so long as they did not interfere with the pilgrim road or molest travellers they were free to all Government interference. There was not a soldier or policeman except at Nakhl.

"As to the Gulf of Akabah, I travelled up its western shore from Mount Sinai to the fort of Akabah, a distance of some seventy miles, and found not a living soul on my way, except one naked Arab, who had his home under a tussock of rough grass and was living on shellfish. I can testify, if necessary on oath, that neither the island of Faraoun nor the well of Tabah possessed a single inhabitant. It was only at the head of the Gulf, in the Wady Akabah, that I found any Bedouins. The eastern half of the Peninsula is without camel pasturage, and the Sinai Bedouins do not

frequent it. The talk, therefore, of this shore as having been at any time administered has really no meaning. The commandant of the fort of Akabah would no doubt have dealt with any disturbance at the head of the Gulf threatening the pilgrim road either at Tabah or elsewhere, but the disturbance would not have come from the Peninsula, but from the Bedouin tribes north and east. There was no military force westwards nearer than Nakhl, eighty miles away. The contention, therefore, of the Ottoman Government that Tabah, within seven miles of the fort, is included in the military radius of Akabah is perfectly correct.

"The same year, 1876, I went on from Akabah north-westwards to the neighbourhood of El Arish, Rafeh, and Gaza. The few tribes I met on the road, Azazimeh, Teaha, and Terrabin, belonged to Syria, if to any settled Government. In the year 1881 I again visited this Northern district, which was then almost unknown, travelling eastward from Ismailia across the sand-dunes to the hills of Magara, Hellal, Yellak, and the rest. I found Jebel Magara, which lies west of Wady Arish, occupied by the Aiaide tribe, a section of which is to be found in Egypt, and so having a certain connection with the Nile valley, but beyond the Wady, which, it may be mentioned, is held to be identical with the river of Egypt mentioned in the Bible as the boundary of ancient Egypt, the tribes owned no such connection. Jebel Hellal, almost due south of El Arish, was certainly considered by the Bedouins as within the district of Palestine. They lived, it is true, under their tribal law, and were at chronic war with each other, but taxes had at times been levied on their casual crops by the Turkish Caimakam of Gaza, and the Sheikhs of two of the tribes had been recently imprisoned by him at Jerusalem. Jebel Hellal, it may be noted, was a long way west of a line drawn from Akabah to El Arish, and still more of one to Rafeh. Certainly no part of the district had ever been administered from Egypt.

"It seems to me, therefore, that when the Sultan withdrew Akabah in 1892 from the military garrisoning by the Khedive he logically withdrew also the military control, and with it all territorial right to its uninhabited neighbourhood. The truth is that the garrisoning of Forts Akabah and Nakhl had no administrative character in a territorial sense, and had been merely entrusted to the Viceroys of Egypt in connection with the pilgrimage, and that the land pilgrimage having now been abandoned, the *raison d'être* of the garrison at either place had ceased. I am quite sure that if you will make further inquiries you will find this to be the case.

"I am convinced also that it is a mistake to suppose ill-faith in the present instance on the Sultan's part. The Sultan is doubtless a master of diplomatic craft, and I have never been his apologist or admirer; my sympathies having always been, on the contrary, with liberal as opposed to reactionary Islam. But I am sincerely of opinion that he has been guilty here of no trick. He is deeply interested in all matters connected with the pilgrimage, and I do not for an instant believe that his recent occupation of Tabah had any other motive than to secure the anchorage of Akabah from the possible occupation of a hostile Christian Power. He considers, doubtless, and rightly so, that the present Government of Egypt is no

longer a Mohammedan but a European Government, and one therefore unfit to discharge any duty connected with the pilgrimage conflicting with the freedom of the pilgrim highway. At the same time it is wholly improbable that he should have any design of menacing either Egypt or the Suez Canal from so remote a point as Akabah, seeing that a much nearer road of invasion is already in his hands by way of the comparatively well-watered road passing through Arish, the traditional road of all invaders of Egypt. I think His Majesty's Government is quite needlessly alarmed on this head and unduly suspicious of the Sultan's honesty. If there has been sharp practice in these negotiations as far as they have as yet been published, it seems to me, if I may say it without offence, to be rather on the other side. The Grand Vizier's telegram declaring that 'in the Peninsula of Tor Sina the *status quo* is maintained, and that it will be administered by the Khedivate in the same manner in which it has been administered in the time of Ismail Pasha and Tewfik Pasha' cannot under the true circumstances of the case have been meant as a cession of territorial rights, at least in these uninhabited districts of Akabah. Still less can it have meant a cession of such rights in the districts north of the pilgrim road, which have never been geographically or administratively part of the Peninsula. Yet Lord Cromer twisted the phrase into an admission of such cession, and His Majesty's Government seems now determined to hold the Sultan to his fanciful interpretation. It has, I fear, been decided that the Sultan should be coerced into an acceptance of a line of boundary never heard of in history and arbitrarily drawn 'from a point a short distance to the east of El Arish to the head of the Gulf of Akabah.' I need hardly point out that the fact of the English Consul-General at Cairo having communicated his interpretation of the telegram to a Minister of the Khedive at Cairo has no legal value whatever as between England and the Sultan, nor has it been asserted in any official way that the Sultan endorsed the interpretation. Lord Cromer's logic is of a kind which no doubt is often used in dealing diplomatically with Asiatic States. But a civilized Government loses much, by resorting to it, of its moral standing when the logic leads to a quarrel. It is inconceivable that it would be supported or the case given in our favour were it submitted to arbitration.

"Under the circumstances, then, is it not unwise to press this extreme claim of the Arish-Akabah boundary and the evacuation of Tabah on the Sultan as a preliminary to all negotiations? A fair settlement would probably be to leave to the Sultan the almost uninhabited region east of Wady el Arish, the ancient Biblical boundary between Egypt and Palestine. The Sultan would doubtless be satisfied with this, as would, I am sure, be all Egyptians, who have no practical interest in the far-away region except that of the Mecca pilgrimage. To press the matter to a violent issue, when the ground of right is so very doubtful, by a formal ultimatum, which will probably be disregarded, is to run the certain risk of a religious quarrel of indefinite magnitude with the whole body of Mohammedan believers.

I am, etc.,

"WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT."

APPENDIX III

DHINGRA'S DYING SPEECH AND EXECUTION

As Reported by the "Daily News," 18th August, 1909

Dhingra, the Hindoo murderer of Sir Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca, was executed yesterday morning at Pentonville.

A copy has been placed in our hands of the statement which he drew up before the murder, intending it to be read as if it had been subsequently drawn up. To this document the prisoner referred in the course of the trial, but it was not given to the public. We may add that a copy has been for some time in the possession of certain of Dhingra's compatriots. The statement is as follows:

"I admit the other day I attempted to shed English blood as an humble revenge for the inhuman hangings and deportations of patriotic Indian youths. In this attempt I have consulted none but my own conscience. I have conspired with none but my own duty.

"I believe that a nation held down by foreign bayonet is in a perpetual state of war, since open battle is rendered impossible to a disarmed race. I attacked by surprise; since guns were denied me I drew forth my pistol and fired.

"As an Hindoo I felt that wrong to my country is an insult to God. Her cause is the cause of Shri Ram, her service is the service of Shri Krishna. Poor in wealth and intellect, a son like myself has nothing else to offer to the Mother but his own blood, and so I have sacrificed the same on her altar.

"The only lesson required in India at present is to learn how to die, and the only way to teach it is by dying ourselves. Therefore I die, and glory in my martyrdom.

"This war will continue so long as the Hindoo and English races last (if this present unnatural relation does not cease).

"My only prayer to God is may I be reborn of the same Mother, and may I re-die in the same sacred cause till the cause is successful, and she stands free for the good of humanity and to the glory of God.—Bande Mataram."

At the police court, it will be remembered, Dhingra claimed his right to commit the deed as a patriot, and at the Old Bailey he denied the Lord Chief Justice's power to pass sentence upon him. After one of the shortest trials of a capital charge on record, lasting hardly an hour, he was found

guilty by the jury, and listened to the passing of the dread sentence without a tremor of his features.

Some little time before the execution took place a large crowd gathered outside the approach to the prison, but it was noticeable that there were very few Indian students among those present. Shortly after nine o'clock the Under-Sheriff left the prison, and in reply to a question as to how the execution passed off, said that everything had been in order, and that death had been instantaneous. Pierpont was the executioner. An application for leave to have the body cremated was refused, and it will be buried, in accordance with the usual custom, within the walls of the prison.

At the inquest at the prison, Mr. J. S. Master, representing the "Parsee," Bombay, was the only Indian admitted to the inquest. The jury found that the sentence of the law was duly executed.

Mr. Master applied to the Deputy Under-Sheriff for admission to the prison, but was refused. He was referred to the Home Office, where, after waiting an hour and a half, he received an intimation to the following effect:

"The Under-Secretary of State is directed by the Secretary of State to say that he regrets that Mr. Master's request to be allowed to visit the prisoner Dhingra cannot be complied with."

APPENDIX IV

MR. BLUNT'S MEMORANDUM ON PRISON REFORM, ESPECIALLY AS TO THE TREATMENT OF POLITICAL PRISONERS

Forwarded to the Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., 25th Feb. 1910

As the question of prison reform has become one of urgency in connection with the suffragette movement and the many women who have recently undergone detention for offences, more or less political, I offer these remarks founded on an experience of some years ago, which I think may be of use.

In the early months of 1888 I served a sentence under the Crimes Act in Ireland, of two months in Galway and Kilmainham gaols. My treatment was that of an ordinary prisoner with hard labour, though hard labour was not named in the sentence — that is to say, I was made to wear prison dress, sleep on a plank bed, pick oakum and perform the other duties assigned to hard labour prisoners. I was forbidden to receive visits or write letters, or to have any books to read but a Bible and a Prayer Book, except during the last week of my confinement, which was strictly silent and separate during the whole two months. With the exception of the plank bed, which prevented sleep for more than a very short portion of the long winter nights passed in darkness, I found little to complain of in the way of physical hardship. The cells were clean and fairly well aired, the food sufficient, and the exercise, a dull round in the prison yard, more than I needed. The oakum picking was so little a trouble to me that I came to be glad to secrete a piece of the tarred rope on Saturday nights so as to have it to pick on Sundays. It gave an occupation to the hands and slightly to the brain of the kind that knitting gives. It was pleasant to the sense of smell and to the eye. The life under these physical heads was hardly worse than one has to put up with on a sea voyage and may pass without special comment. The suffering inflicted on prisoners under the present system I found to be of a different kind, moral, not physical. But this was severe.

The silent and separate system in the treatment of prisoners was, I believe, introduced as a humanitarian reform with the idea of preventing the less depraved among these from contamination with companions wholly vicious. Some reform of this sort no doubt was needed. But I doubt if those who devised it either understood its full effects or intended that it should be pushed as far as has been the case. Carried out as we see it under the present regulations it is a punishment in addition to the

loss of liberty which I do not think society has any right to inflict for less than the most serious crimes, while its effect on the sufferers is wholly evil. Judges who pass long sentences on comparatively innocent breakers of the law, and visiting justices who go the rounds of cells periodically and find all neat and clean, do not understand the severity of the suffering inflicted by leaving the minds of prisoners for long periods of months and years deprived of any spiritual sustenance whatever. It is starvation of a kind quite as real as the cutting off of meat and drink and more enduringly pernicious.

Perhaps I am the better qualified to speak on this head because my experience in the two gaols, Galway and Kilmainham, is diverse in regard to it. Galways gaol was an old-fashioned, rambling place, with cells of various sizes, and the one I was given was well-lighted, showing a good patch of sky and the windows of a building opposite, so that there was some pleasure to be got from watching the sea-gulls as they hovered overhead, and the jackdaws and sparrows, to which it was even possible to throw bread crumbs. The discipline was lax and the warders, most of them Nationalists, were entirely friendly. I was allowed to do many small things contrary to strict regulation, such as to sit on my blanket on the floor, instead of perched on a stool, to have a Bible with good print instead of the hardly readable regulation Bible, and even to scribble verses on its fly leaves. These small infractions of the prison code were connived at, if not permitted, and they mitigated the rigour of the cast-iron laws which rule gaol life, and so made it tolerable. The warders always stopped on their rounds for a few minutes to chat with me; they were polite and kind; the Governor of the gaol paid me a daily visit of a quarter of an hour; the chaplain brought me little packets of snuff besides his spiritual consolation. I was not unhappy. In the first fortnight I read the whole of the historical books of the Old Testament, which for a political prisoner and for one who, as in my case, was acquainted with the East are most consolatory reading from their description of free life in the desert and the trust they inspire in a final justice for the oppressed and the promises they hold out of vengeance on the wicked. "Thou shalt bring my soul out of trouble, and in Thy mercy Thou shalt destroy my enemies." Thus Galway gaol was for me a house of penance rather than of punishment, and my time in it, for the first fortnight, a kind of spiritual retreat. I still look back on it with affection as a softening influence in my life.

A change, however, came with the visit of the Official Inspector of Prisons from Dublin. He happened to be a connection of my own, Charlie Bourke, a brother of the late Lord Mayo, and being a violent Unionist, he made it his business to put a stop to the irregularities he detected in the treatment accorded me. My quarto Bible was taken from me and a regulation one with small print, which hurt my eyes, was substituted. The friendly warders were reprimanded and eventually dismissed, not nominally on my account but later on, as occasion offered, on charges of drunkenness (all prison warders in Ireland at that time were addicted to drink, and so easily dismissable) and the small amenities of my life were stopped. Nevertheless, as long as I remained at Galway, things went fairly well.

It was only on my removal to Kilmainham that I was subjected to the full rigours of prison discipline and came to understand the extent of its demoralizing influence and the hatred it excites against society and what is called the "law and order" which maintains it.

Kilmainham was a gaol of the scientific modern type, with cells all of one pattern set in a circle round an enclosed central hall in such a way as to enable the chief warder to have his eye on each one of them and so to prevent any irregularity on the part of his subordinates. The discipline was thus perfectly preserved and to the prisoners a cause of constant irritation as to spying. Here, no kind of familiarity was permitted nor the least show of kindness between warder and the men under his charge. All was gloom and severity. At Galway there had been a pleasant feeling, or what was near it, between them, at least when the Governor and Chief Warder were out of sight, the warders and prisoners being much of the same class, peasants born, with the same natural ideas, virtues, vices, and weaknesses. The Galway prisoners were none of them in gaol for serious crime, the most criminal among them being a man who had got drunk and stabbed a sheep at a fair. The most of them were very pious Catholics, as their demeanour in the prison chapel testified, and I suspect that their moral lives were at least as good as the warders' and better than my own.

At Kilmainham, on the contrary, our inmates were thieves and pickpockets, the rif-raf of the Dublin streets, and a stricter rule was doubtless excusable. But, excusable or not, the effect was of the most deadening kind, deadening and at the same time exasperating. It is not good for any man to be treated for weeks and months only with contempt, and prisoners shut off in separate cells from their fellow creatures and subjected to ignominious treatment from callous masters (for such their warders were) lose all their self-respect as men, and acquire the ways of slaves. Silence and solitude when prolonged beyond a certain point of time have a physical effect upon the nerves and brain allied to mental disease and play havoc with the imagination. The sense of proportion in things is destroyed and the mind revolves upon the axis of its own imaginings to its spiritual hurt. I myself, though I had nothing really to reproach myself with, for all my crime had been to call a meeting in a proclaimed district at which I had not been given time to finish so much as a single sentence, felt myself drawn into sympathy with the Dublin criminals, my fellow sufferers, and into a revolt with them against the barbarities of civilization. How much more must it have been with these poor wretches condemned to long terms of an iron system of repression for deeds of which they were really in their hearts ashamed. Everything was done in Kilmainham to shut us out of the poor natural pleasures of light, air and sunshine, which the least beast, bird or insect can enjoy. The windows of our cells, high up and out of reach, were glazed with ground glass to prevent us from seeing the smallest patch of sky. All our actions were regulated as by machinery, and no word was spoken to us but of command. The prison chaplain was a man with a smug, false face, chosen for his subservience to the Castle, a weigher of his words and an economizer of his sympathies. The doctor

was much such another, and the Governor, a worthy man I believe, at heart, was officially reserved in his brief visits to our cells. The silence of the place was a systematized oppression worse to my mind than the noisy discomfort of the rude prisons I had seen in the East, where men, perhaps in chains, are at least permitted to sit together in the sun and talk, if it is only of their sufferings. How willingly would I not have exchanged the cleanliness of my Kilmainham cell for the dirty prison yard at Aleppo where I had seen murderers and honest men placed cheek by jowl on a common footing of humanity. Here there was no humanity; it was forbidden by the rules and regulations of the Prison Board.

I left Kilmainham at the end of my two months in a spirit of revolt against all Society — a feeling which I am certain is the predominant one in every released prisoner at its gates — I left it without a smile with the eightpence halfpenny in my hand which I had earned by my good conduct — without a smile, though the worthy governor of the gaol had been good enough to tell me mine had been exemplary, and had added (good man) that instead of the customary advice given to prisoners on their discharge he would inform me of a pleasant piece of news — his wife had been brought to bed two days before, and it had been decided by him and her to name their child after me.

Such is an imperfect record of my experience of twenty-two years ago in a gaol managed on the silent and separate system. Certain alleviations in the treatment have, I understand, been since introduced, but the silence and the separation still continue without practical change in all English prisons. It is this part of prison discipline that I would see modified — I do not say abolished, for seclusion has its uses — but humanized and made less absolute.

Apart from crimes of violence which need to be treated penally — and for my part I should be quite prepared to see corporal punishment of the severest kind inflicted in cases of rape, wife-beating, cruelty to children, and the like, with capital punishment still for murder — I do not see any advantage in severity of treatment for crime unattended by violence, more than is necessary to keep loafers out of our gaols. The loss of liberty is in itself sufficient penalty to deter all but the most hardened, and for these hard labour is probably the only cure. Yet, even with the habitual thief, though he should be made to dig till he sweats and be put to labour of the least lenient kind, I see no reason that his taskmaster, the prison warder, should deny him a cheerful word, or look upon him sourly. Nor do I understand that the prison dress which he is forced to wear should be made the obvious garb of infamy it is. The Spanish Inquisition in its day clothed the heretics it burned in fantastic robes with the object of robbing its victims of all human sympathy. Our twentieth century prisons should make an end of this barbarity. It is an infamy to clothe a grown man, used to decent dress, in a boy's jacket and knickerbockers and deny him skirt enough to cover his loins. I felt the indignity of this so strongly at the outset of my prison life that I rebelled (it was my only rebellion) and made appeal to the visiting justices, and with the result that a skirted coat was ordered me, as may be seen in the annexed photograph. Why

should not all the convicts be thus provided? It should be no part of the prison system to degrade, even while it punishes the most severely.

Beyond and above this class of the hardened criminal, there need, I think, be two classes only — the one which should be in the nature of a reformatory rather than of what are now the second and third divisions, and the other identical with what is now the first division.

My second class, which is by far the most important, should be treated in some sort as a school, of which the warders should be the teachers, as well as guardians. This would, of course, require a quite different class of guardian from that from which our present warders are drawn and one much more highly paid. The kind of men for the work should be that which is found in Soctland Yard, and the result, I am convinced, would be well worth the cost. These should control the working shops by day and preside over the common midday meal, and the common recreation hour in the evening. The men would still be locked up in their separate cells at night, and also for one whole day in the week so as to give the warders their Sunday holiday, but it should be with books, writing materials, and some solitary game to play, a cup and ball, a box of wooden bricks or one of moveable letters.

With regard to the hour of recreation I have just mentioned, nothing struck me more strongly in prison than the immense waste of opportunity displayed — an opportunity of good, whether religious or of instruction, which nobody made use of. It has been said that "a prison is a convent without God" — and such is the fact. Gaol life has the austerity without the sanctifying motive. Yet it might easily be made, at least in Ireland, into a nursery of saints. In England, where we do not ask for saints, it might be turned to intellectual profit by any zealous humanitarian who would give his evening hours to the work of penny reading and lecturing. At present the English prison is a school without a teacher. I throw out this idea believing that devoted men would not be wanting for the work of instruction were it officially encouraged.

My first and highest class of all would be what is now the first division of misdemeanants. This should include, with others already enjoying it, all who for their opinion's sake have disobeyed the law. The prisoners under this head should be treated more or less as prisoners of war are treated, honourably, that is, and as opponents whom the law has captured. England, I believe, is the only country of Europe where no distinction is made between political and ordinary offenders. It is time the two classes should be recognized as separate and the distinction legally drawn. The absence of it brings the law into contempt through the impossibility of persuading the public that a conscientious breaker of the law is a real criminal. And this leads me to what is the most important part of what I set myself to write, the position of the Government where it finds itself, as now, determinedly opposed by a small party of religious or political reformers who persist in infractions of the law to further their opinions.

As the law at present stands, it is probably impossible to deal satisfactorily with cases where assaults are committed or damage done to property so as to draw public attention to a public grievance; and until the magis-

trates who judge such cases are empowered to decide upon the motive of the act, whether it is public or private, there will always be confusion. A man resists the police in the execution of their duty, he breaks a plate glass window or he strikes a Prime Minister with a cane. He is arrested. His motive may be anything. It may be political, or it may be a personal grievance, or that he is hungry and wants to be lodged in prison, or merely that he is a drunken rowdy. The magistrate already possesses a certain option in these cases, but I think it should be obligatory on him, where the evidence is that the motive is honestly a public one, that he should send the prisoner to the first division. The argument put forward in recent cases by the Government, that political propaganda should not be allowed to be carried on in prison, and therefore that the second division should be enforced seems to me an unwise one, and one which has defeated its own end. The Government cannot stop the advertisement, and would do better in its own interests to give it full scope by allowing all the privileges accorded to first division prisoners. The public would not for more than a very short time interest itself in letters or interviews written in prison, unless indeed the political grievance was a just one, in which case it ought to be attended to and remedied. The Government has no right to order the seclusion of the second division merely to save itself from inconvenience.

As to more serious political cases which amount to crime, assassination, armed assault and the rest, they need not be considered here. The magistrate would refer the accused to the Assizes as untried prisoners. I am of opinion all the same that the nature of the sentences imposed requires special legislation. The Government has every right to inflict death on political assassins, or to detain them for life or for shorter periods in prison so as to prevent a recurrence of their acts, but not, I think, to confound them with ordinary criminals under penal servitude. They should be confined as State prisoners, or prisoners of war, under special conditions not personally degrading.

There remains the question of how to treat those prisoners who for political or other reasons refuse to conform to prison rules, with the mass of prisoners. Under the reformatory system I have proposed it would, I think, be found that refusals would seldom occur, and, if they did, that they could be dealt with by deprivation of privileges and relegation to a separate class for punishment. I do not believe in the continuation of the hunger strike to the point of death, or permanent injury to health, by any but political or religious fanatics. I would, however, risk that rather than continue the practice of forcible feeding, which is a form of torture no civilized Government has a right to inflict. As applied to political prisoners, it seems to realize the ideal of the mediæval torturers, that of inflicting the maximum of pain without touching any vital organ, and with the least risk to life or health. For the case of the suffragette ladies, I consider that the proper treatment would be to give them the fullest privileges of the first division, with leave to see their friends daily, and to provide their own food and their own medical attendance. If, under

those circumstances, they continued to refuse food, the Government would be free of responsibility.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

NEWBUILDINGS, SUSSEX,
24th Feb., 1910.

P.S. I cannot send in this memorandum without adding a word of protest (though it is rather apart from my general subject) against the modern practice of executing prisoners condemned to death within the precincts of our gaols. My experience of a prisoner's feelings after he has been kept for even a short period in the solitary confinement of his cell, leads me to be sure that it is a great aggravation to the penalty of death that he should be denied the right, always extended to sentenced men in former times, of dying in the open air and in the presence of his fellow-men. Like many other so-called humanitarian reforms, the abolition of public execution was brought about very much less in the interests of the condemned man than to spare the feelings of those who condemned him, the soft-hearted public which, while it consented to his death, was shocked at being forced to see him die. To the man himself, shut in for weeks by the four walls of his prison, with nerves unstrung by solitude and that pereptual longing for a sight of trees and fields, and contact once more with the busy life he formerly enjoyed, it must surely have lessened by a great deal the pang of death to be set for one last half hour in the light of day outside those walls, and thus get a breath of the open air of Heaven, and with it the courage to endure his pain, even were it in the presence of an angry mob rejoicing to see him hanged. The thought of this was constantly with me in prison, and the horror which must come on a poor soul led out one morning from his cell to the gloomy prison yard, and there, without that small indulgence, strangled secretly by those in charge of him. It is not through inhumanity that these hideous new incidents of prison life and prison death have been devised, but through lack of imagination, and I have sometimes thought that before power should be given to any man to condemn his fellow-man to long punishment in gaol, he should have served his own personal month to teach him what it means.

APPENDIX V

THE ITALIAN MASSACRE OF ARAB PEASANTRY IN TRIPOLI

Mr. Blunt's Letter to Mr. William Stead

Dear Mr. Stead,

I am, of course, in complete — indeed, in violent — sympathy with all you say in denunciation of the Italian raid, and I entirely agree with you that a strait waistcoat must be applied, and applied at once. I go even farther than you do, knowing how absolutely destructive of their domestic and moral life such a government as modern Italy would impose on the Arabs of Tripoli would be. The modern Italian has divested himself of all restraint, moral or religious. He has cast off his mediæval beliefs and, apart from his still remaining superstitions, acknowledges no principle we in England connect with the name of Christianity. The Italian of the South especially, to establish whom as colonist the raid has been devised, is an utterly depraved being. His establishment in North Africa would mean the establishment of the drink shop, the brothel, and the gambling hell. It is against these, and in defence of their domestic life far more than against dogmatic Christianity that the Mahommedans of Tripoli are fighting. There need be no doubt as to which side in the present quarrel represents the cause of God and which of the Devil.

In all this I am sure that your view and mine are pretty much the same. What I have, however, a doubt about in your programme is the efficacy of the means you propose for putting an end to the war and defeating the proposed iniquity. I cannot think that there is the smallest chance at the present stage of the affair of an appeal to arbitration being listened to, and something much stronger than argument is needed to apply what you call the strait waistcoat on the wrong-doer. The Italian fleet is cruising loose in the Mediterranean and is threatening new murders everywhere among the sea-coast towns and villages of the Ottoman Empire. What is wanted now, and at once, is not a court of law to settle where the right and the wrong is, but a policeman to arrest the disturber of the peace. The Hague Tribunal, though excellent as a Court of Appeal, has no executive authority. Some Power stronger at sea than the Italian must be persuaded or forced by agitation to intervene and insist upon an evacuation of the invaded territory. Then, if you will, we can go to The Hague for a final settlement.

If you agree with me in this, as the right order of procedure, I would suggest that the first point to determine at your meeting on Tuesday will be which of the Great Powers of Europe is in the best position to apply the needed force, and which can best be acted upon and constrained to

undertake the executive duty. It is clear that none of them are willing, and, that being so, it is all but hopeless to expect them to act in concert. In my own opinion, I have no hesitation in saying that the duty of intervention is rightly England's own. England is, in the first place, by far the strongest power at sea, and this is essentially a naval affair. Secondly, England is far more free than the rest to act. Were the German Powers to intervene, there would always be the risk of a combination against them of Italy with France and England. Were France to act, there would always be danger of such a combination with the German Powers. England's island position and her entente with France leaves her free. Lastly, England is in reality the Power more than any other responsible for the partition of North Africa, the cause of the present trouble and Italy's excuse for aggression. I need not argue this point — our position in Egypt, our agreement with France seven years ago about Morocco, are sufficient proof, even without the all but certainty we have that Sir Edward Grey was secretly cognizant this summer of the intended raid on Tripoli, and consented to and approved it. It is, therefore, England's duty, one of reparation, more than the duty of any other Power, seeing what inhuman results have followed from Sir Edward Grey's connivance, to intervene now and bid Italy go no further.

I will not do Sir Edward Grey the injustice of supposing that he foresaw, when he consented to the raid on Tripoli, that it would be carried out by the Italians as a war of extermination against the Arab population. Sir Edward Grey is a worthy English country gentleman of old-fashioned Whig opinions, and he cannot have foreseen the massacres that have resulted, the lust of slaughter, the murder by hundreds of women and children. Sir Edward is neither brutal by nature nor callous, but he is singularly ignorant of any country but his own, and he is entirely without imagination, and woefully ill-advised by his subordinates. He probably had been told that the Arabs, because they do not love the Turks, would greet the Italians with joy as deliverers. And he gave consent on this understanding in England's name. The raid was, of course, immoral in itself, but not more immoral than many an English raid which he and statesmen of his Whig type of Imperialism have schooled themselves into regarding as necessities of civilisation. He foresaw nothing except, perhaps, a little bloodshed of the ordinary military type. All the same, he has made one of the most ghastly mistakes ever an English Foreign Secretary committed this country to. If you want to do any good with your agitation, you should therefore begin with Sir Edward Grey and our own Foreign Office. You should insist on his making a clean breast of the whole affair. If he says he knew nothing of it, tell him he ought as Foreign Secretary to have known. The result has been criminal, his ignorance in itself was criminal. If he admits his knowledge and consent, then insist on his resignation, as the admission involves a double criminality. Above all, insist on reparation at once being done and the murderous work being put an end to; insist on a cessation of hostilities.

Sir Edward, when closely pressed, will probably plead that England cannot withdraw from her plighted word to Italy; that England has

declared neutrality; that she cannot now resort to force or to anything more than expostulation. These are idle words. It is a maxim in law that an immoral agreement canont be enforced; it is not binding either in law or equity. It is null and void. Neither is a dishonourable agreement binding in honour. Insist, with Mr. Asquith's Government, that the language his Foreign Secretary shall use to Italy shall be this: "When we agreed that you should take possession of Tripoli, we thought that the Sultan, its legal owner, would be willing to part with a province, useless to him, for money; we thought that the Sultan's subjects there would be glad to transfer their allegiance from him to you; we thought that things would go easily, that it would be a walk over for you; above all, we thought that you would behave like a civilized people, not like wild beasts, in your conduct of the war. We see we were mistaken, that you are without honour, without civilization, without Christian decency. We will have no farther part in this affair. We will not continue to be your accomplice; we summon you to recall your fleet and evacuate the ports you have seized. We insist that this war shall cease." This, translated into the polite phraseology of diplomacy, would suffice; Italy would give in. If she does not give in, insist that England shall make common cause with Turkey and mobilize the British Fleet. We have no right to remain neutral. There is a saying of the late Lord Salisbury which I was reading only yesterday in Mr. Holland's "Life of the Duke of Devonshire," and which applies well to the case: "Those," said Lord Salisbury, "who have the absolute power of preventing lamentable events, and, knowing what is taking place, refuse to exercise that power, are responsible for what happens."

As you were good enough to ask my opinion, this is what I send you, believing it to be the right and reasonable way, and I shall esteem it a favour if you will read my letter in its entirety to the meeting and invite a decision on it. Also I shall be glad to help you in any way I can to carry on an agitation on the lines suggested, including a subscription towards expenses. I believe I could raise a very handsome sum from among my Mohammedan friends.

Believe me, very truly yours,

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

APPENDIX VI

SIR ROGER CASEMENT'S LETTERS TO MR. BLUNT

50 EBURY STREET, S.W., 12 *May* 1914.

DEAR MR. BLUNT,

My name may be known to you — either as a friend of Mrs. Dryhurst and the late "Egypt"— or perhaps in connection with Congo and later Amazon rubber crimes. Now I am only out to end the Irish crime — and I write you on that account.

Your letter to the Women's meeting in Dublin was very welcome to us all — particularly the reference to the "Stick behind." I came over from Dublin with Professor Mac Neill of the N. University on a Volunteer mission (we are both among its chief organizers). He had to go back to Dublin on Saturday night much regretting he could not see you. I thought you were still in Chapel Street where Mrs. Dryhurst told me you used to be — only to-day I got your address in the country. Professor Mac Neill said the last time he saw you was in convict's clothes at the Four Courts (I think) where he used to work. He would very much have liked to see you — so too should I. Your "Land War in Ireland" I have often rejoiced over.

If you would care to see a wild Irishman (something of the type possibly of your old Irish Bishop who wanted the dynamite!) I would come down for an hour. There are things I would like to say to you, and hear from you before I go back to Ireland very soon. If, then, you feel disposed to have a wholly Irish talk for an hour or two with one somewhat in need of advice I should be very glad to come and see you. I go back probably Saturday to Ireland.

Yours very truly,

ROGER CASEMENT.

II

50 EBURY STREET, S.W., 14 *May* 1914.

DEAR MR. BLUNT,

I want to thank you very warmly for the delightful day and kind welcome you gave me. The copy of your book I shall treasure. Were it for nothing else but that noble preface I should treasure it.

Please God we *shall* have the Harp without the Crown some day. I may have some writings of my own — on Ireland — out before long and if so I shall so gladly send you a copy. They do not omit the "Empire" and the other "lost causes," India, Egypt, &c.— I feel always they are links with ours and we must help them. Meantime I send you a "leaflet" on

the Irish language — for I see in your book that you realized how the language, too, had been marked out for destruction. So very few Englishmen, even friends of Ireland politically, ever knew or dreamed there was such a thing as an Irish language! This leaflet I wrote some years ago (1905) for propagandist purposes in the North of Ireland — and it went broadcast over National Ulster and is still going. When the momentary collusion of English Whig and Tory has passed away, and a resurgent and free Ireland emerges, with a Volunteer Army to guard and keep its liberty, rest assured that army of a recovered Ireland will *not* be used "as a new weapon of offence in English hands against the freedom of the world elsewhere." Wherever I go to-day in Ireland (and I go widely) I say that we stand in the forefront of human freedom — fighting a battle that is world-wide — and that altho' we fight it to-day with unarmed hands we shall see the day when we'll fight it with armed manhood.

I came over to London only about the Irish Volunteers, and now I return to Ireland, glad to have seen you and talked with you. When I get back to Malahide I will send you a letter I recently wrote to the Irish press on that very point — in which I cite Egypt and India. Meantime I hope the *flamboyant* appeal in this leaflet for the old tongue of Ireland will not shock you. It was written for popular gatherings — in a style they like — and it is always something to get them, in Ireland, to read at all.

Yours sincerely,

ROGER CASEMENT.

III

City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.'s
R.M.S. Ulster,
May 16, 1914.

DEAR MR. BLUNT,

The inclosed article from to-day's "New Statesman" may interest you. I have not any idea of the identity of the writer — but he, or she, is fairly right in the line of criticism. Whoever it is has read the Dublin papers because they only, I think, had your letter; and they only, I know, had the quotation I have marked with double lines which is from a speech of mine at Tullamore on the 19th April, to a great Volunteer gathering. I am now returning to Ireland and shall go to Ulster very soon, and try to get the Ulster Nationalists — Protestant and Catholic — pledged to fight against Exclusion and any "clean cut."

I am taking over an air gun — to shoot pellets — in the sure and certain hope it will be seized by the Customs at Kingston on arrival. The people who cannot prevent 20,000 (or 50,000) rifles with 3,500,000 cartridges from being imported by special vessel into Ulster are powerful elsewhere! The grave and unprecedented outrage in Ulster goes unchecked, unchallenged, and unpunished — and I'd wager 5 to 1 my boy's air gun, this evening, will be triumphantly confiscated and the packet of pellets too.

I am more and more convinced that Asquith and Co. mean to betray Home Rule after they have got their Parliamentary Act put to the test, by successfully passing a bare and empty formula. The "Amending

Bill" will kill Home Rule. If we had 10,000 rifles in the rest of Ireland we'd kill the British Empire. The young men in the Volunteers are out for one thing only — to revive the Fenian spirit, and please God will do it.

I had often thought of you and wanted to meet you — years ago when I read of your championing the cause of Egypt — and wondered how any Englishman could be brave enough and unselfish enough to attack the British Holy of Holies — their right to exploit weaker peoples.

Now that I have met you I am glad — and if I never see you again I shall carry with me always the memory. I wish you were young and able to come and help us in Ireland as you did in the Land War, now thirty years ago. We have so few to lead in the brave direction — and there are none of those old Bishops left. We must get some rifles in for the Volunteers. If only we could arm Irishmen again the question of Irish freedom would be settled then and there, I believe — for the British Empire can grow fat and rich but it dare not fight. A free Ireland will mean a free India — and a free Egypt in the end. I send you a most treasonable pamphlet called the "Elsewhere Empire." Read it if you are not shocked, for it is not polite literature but a crude appeal to nationality versus Imperialism. It is an instance, a poor one perhaps, of the new Ireland — an Ireland reverting to '48 and '98 — when Irishmen preached not freedom for themselves alone but freedom for all others.

Forgive a hurried line on the boat going over and believe in the very sincere regard and esteem of an Irishman who puts national life and realization wherever it may struggle in the forefront of human causes.

Yours sincerely,
ROGER CASEMENT.

I cannot find the pamphlet on board, I'll get it at Malahide and send it to you. R.C.

IV

MALAHIDE, CO. DUBLIN, IRELAND,
22 May 1914.

DEAR MR. BLUNT,

I came across the review of your "Land War" from a small Irish paper ("Sinn Fein") to-day in looking thro' Home papers and thought it might interest you. The writer is the Editor — Mr. Arthur Griffiths.

The Irish Volunteers are swelling daily! The whole countryside is pouring in — and if we had rifles we could get 100,000 men inside a month — and in six months they'd be one of the best forces in Europe — for the young men take to drill like a duck to water.

Yours sincerely,
ROGER CASEMENT.

APPENDIX VII

Miss Frances Jennings to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence

Your long letter did put some spirit into me. So few say to me "*go on*" to St. Winefreds Well; — they all say "stay," "stop," "you can't." I am feeling my way in that direction, but just now I am not moving fast. I've discovered a splendid way of getting through the mid-winter, I am travelling from farm to farm, making my houses of great barns. Outside I hear the storms raving, but my great beams don't even creak. They are such beautiful houses, great oak beams, with the scales of the bark in their hollows, and with beautiful curves in their bodies, and I see the barn-cats run and sit along the beams; and spots of sun, and often in the same house with me are milky calves and wooden chests of meal and gold straw and cider casks that bubble like a spring, or as if a mouse jumped under the water. And heaps of red apple must, which they use to bank up their fires with, the same as with peat. Then in the same house are many little mice, and big rats; and in the Spring they say they are full of singing wild birds making their nests above. I am in the cider country now (Herefordshire). As soon as I crossed the border I heard the talk of cider, and beautiful apple dumplings and apple cake. They say the farm hands here know of nothing but cider; it is their whole world. They rise to drink it, and they would not work without the cider. They think of cider alone! What a simplicity of thought! They are cider, body and soul, so they are a queer people. I drank mulled cider (warmed in a copper cup like a dunce's cap, to push deep inside the fire) with spoons of honey in it and a lump of butter out of a lustre basin.

The man here tells me: "Apples for sleeplessness — apples clear the brain, apples for the brain — juice of apple dabbed in the eye makes you see beautiful — apples give you appetite. Cider makes you eat — cider makes you hearty," etc.

My small cart is put inside the barns, they usually have three bays, and I have a cask (an "apple-pot" they call it here) turned up for a table, and a bundle of straw for a seat — most often I am on the stone threshing floor of the barns or on an earthern floor.

I am not feeling the cold at all and now have friends by the hundreds in the country I have passed across; but few as yet in front.

I have stayed with shepherds, cowmen, blacksmiths, bakers, a poet, a barber, a cobbler, at the village shop, applemen, nurses, basket makers, waggoners.

I am going to move now from Hereford to Aberystwith, then around the coast to Holywell, and to see a certain mountain they tell me is shaped like a pyramid; and is not a mountain but is a God!

I want to reach the sea and hear talk of the sea. The man here (above Stoke Edith) tells me that the hawkers and gypsies many of them used to make turf huts on the common above. They dug a hollow in the ground and piled a wall around of turf, and gradually made it round, and had a little hole in the top for their smoke to escape, and the grass grew all over the top and cast off the rain, and they had a little fire in a corner inside. Now they are driven away. I want to try and sleep a night in a manger and put up in a kiln some days and nights. I find it is a long way I have set out into.

My journey so far has been alongside the wall of the Sussex Hills. The northern border of the New Forest, across Salisbury Plain, into the Cotswold and now into what might be called Apple-land; of what is coming I am in ignorance. Lately I've slept some nights on people's hearths and nursed the fire asleep (*i. e.*, into darkness). In one village they called me, "Princess," but usually I am "The Tramp-woman," "The poor woman."

I hear some queer tales of men whose loud singing can be heard miles, of a shepherd called Basil, more than six feet tall, who, going down a steep hill, fell, standing on his head — of people so fat that they are mountains — and so old that they never die, and so strong. And at each farm I am told their milk is the richest and sweetest, and that their clay makes the best apples, and each woman tells me how she is beautiful more than all the rest; and it's all truth.

The woman I am staying with at present wears a strange sea-green glass snake at her neck, it is black and white, and sea-green, and seems Egyptian in a way. Another one I stayed with, dressed in black, wore at her neck a great silver Bee, with wings as beaten petals and scales.

This farm is called "Hazel," and many springs of water burst out about it, and the master of it has the blackest brows above his eyes, and a grand lot of words. I feel you are my friends and remember the smallest details of your kindness to me. I hope I shall see you again and hear of you.

FRANCES JENNINGS.

Received *February* 13, 1913.

APPENDIX VIII

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

LEADING TO THE GREAT WAR OF 1914 AND ESPECIALLY TO ENGLAND'S QUARREL AND WAR WITH TURKEY

1875 Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, having involved his country in a heavy foreign debt, Disraeli (English Prime Minister) purchases his Suez Canal shares, Rothschild advancing the necessary four millions.

1876 Servia and the other Christian Provinces of European Turkey, aided by volunteers from Russia, revolt against the Sultan. They are repressed with great severity by the Turkish irregular forces. Agitation in England is roused by Gladstone's "Bulgarian Atrocities" campaign.

1877 Czar Alexander threatens war on Turkey as a crusade in their support.

A revolution breaks out at Constantinople under Midhat Pasha, leader of the Liberal party. Sultan Abdul Aziz is dethroned. A Constitution is proclaimed under the Sultan's next heir, Murad, who, being found insane, gives place to Abdul Hamid, and a Parliament assembles amid a general rejoicing of all religious sects of the Empire. War is declared by Russia.

1878 A Russian Army, having forced the Balkans at Plevna, imposes on the Sultan the Peace of San Stefano under the walls of Constantinople.

Disraeli, objecting to the Treaty as a violation of the International Peace of Paris of 1856, orders a British fleet into the Sea of Marmora and Indian troops to Malta. Derby resigns the Foreign Office and is succeeded by Salisbury.

A Congress is summoned by Bismarck to meet at Berlin to deal with the Ottoman case.

While the Congress is assembling Salisbury concludes two secret Agreements regarding Ottoman affairs, the one with Russia about Turkey in Asia, the other with the Sultan, known as the Cyprus Convention, whereby Cyprus is leased to England, with rights of supervision in Asia Minor, in return for an English guarantee of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions and promised reforms.

Salisbury denies in Parliament the existence of any convention. He accompanies Beaconsfield to Berlin, and at the first sitting of the Congress, *13th June*, declares in common with the rest of the Ambassadors that he enters the Congress free of all secret Agreements regarding Turkey. The next day, *14th June*, the full text of the

1878 Agreement with Russia is betrayed to the London press, and the Cyprus Convention also becomes known at Berlin.

Waddington, the French Ambassador, threatens to leave the Congress, but is pacified by Bismarck, Salisbury promising Waddington that in return for Cyprus the French Government shall be allowed (1) to take possession at its convenience of Tunis, (2) to be given an equal share with England in the financial control of Egypt, and (3) that the French claim to protect Latin Christians in Syria shall be acknowledged by England.

A new treaty, in place of that of San Stefano, is signed at Berlin regulating European Turkey, the Peace of Berlin.

Beaconsfield and Salisbury return to London announcing "Peace with Honour," and are banqueted at the Mansion House. England takes military possession of Cyprus, and appoints perambulating Consuls in Asia Minor, as arranged by the Convention.

The Anglo-French control established in Egypt. Rivers Wilson appointed Finance Minister, Baring Controller and Blignières French Minister of Public Works, Nubar Pasha (an Armenian) Prime Minister. Rothschild finances the new régime with a loan, raising the total debt to £68,000,000.

1879 Financial Reforms are introduced by the new Control in the interest of the Bondholders rather than of the people. These increase the misery of the fellahin and bring the foreign Control into discredit.

Wilson and Nubar, with the Khedive Ismaïl's complicity, are mobbed in the streets. The Khedive dismisses both, and decrees a Constitutional Government in native hands.

Rise of the first National Egyptian Movement.

Bismarck makes alliance with Austria against Russia.

Wilson, returning to Europe, appeals to Rothschild for help. The English and French Governments being unwilling, Bismarck intervenes.

The Sultan is invited to depose Ismaïl. His son Tewfik is named by the Sultan in his place with limited rights of borrowing.

The Dual Financial Control restored under Tewfik with a new Law of Liquidation, moderating the excessive claims of the bondholders.

An Egyptian Ministry is appointed by England and France conjointly.

1880 Gladstone succeeds Beaconsfield. Granville at the Foreign Office.

Granville threatens to bombard Dulcigno in company with the French fleet in order to enforce on Turkey a rectification of the Greek frontier.

Sultan Abdul Hamid suppresses the Ottoman Constitution at Constantinople. Much religious unrest in the Mohammedan world.

1881 The French, under St. Hilaire, on the pretext of punishing a tribe on the Tunisian frontier of Algeria, send a French army, which crosses the frontier, marches unopposed to Tunis, and forces the Bey to sign the Treaty of Bardo accepting a French Protectorate.

1881 The Sultan, as suzerain of Tunis, protests, but the *fait accompli* is accepted by Granville, Salisbury in opposition maintaining silence.

General rising in the Tunisian Regency against the French.

Sfax is bombarded by the French fleet and given up to pillage.

The Mohammedan rising spreads through North Africa and affects Algeria. The Mahdi first heard of in Kardofan.

In Egypt it strengthens the hands of the National Movement, and is joined by the army. Arabi, being in command of the Cairo garrison, is recognized as National Leader.

An attempt having been made to arrest Arabi, he heads a popular demonstration before Abdin Palace, and demands the summoning of a Chamber of Notables. This, contrary to the English Financial Controller's advice, is promised by the Khedive Tewfik, and the Notables are summoned. Great popular rejoicings.

Gambetta, alarmed at the violence of feeling in North Africa, persuades Granville to issue a Joint Note with the purpose of detaching Tewfik from the Egyptian Nationalists and promising him support against them. The Joint Note is published, causing extreme popular anger at Cairo.

1882 *1st Jan.*—The first Nationalist Programme is published in the "Times."

The Notables having met, insist on Constitutional Government with power, vested in a Legislative Chamber, of voting the annual budget, except that half of it affecting the interest of the National Debt.

The Controllers refuse to allow Financial Control of any kind to the Chamber.

The Notables insisting, the Ministers resign, and are succeeded by a Nationalist Cabinet, with Arabi as War Minister.

7th Feb.—A Constitution is decreed by Tewfik.

Preparations are made by Gambetta at Toulon for sending French troops to Egypt to put down the Constitution, England to send ships to Alexandria, but this is prevented by Gambetta's defeat on a question of home policy, and his retirement from office.

He is replaced by Freycinet, who adopts a friendly attitude towards the Constitution, Granville remaining hostile. Blignières, the French Controller, is withdrawn by Freycinet.

The Egyptian Parliament meets at Cairo and announces a programme of reforms. Order is maintained throughout the country. Nevertheless, under financial pressure in England, and through false reports of disorder in Egypt, Granville insists with Gladstone on intervention by force.

British and French men-of-war sent to Alexandria under Beauchamp Seymour.

The Sultan is once more invited by Granville to exert his authority as Suzerain in Egypt.

He sends a Turkish Commissioner, Dervish Pasha, with instructions

1882 to arrest Arabi and place himself in command of the Egyptian Army and restore order.

Dervish fails to intimidate the Nationalists, and confines himself to making peace betweeen the Khedive and Arabi, on whom he confers a high decoration from the Sultan, with the title of *Ferik* (Field Marshal).

The British fleet continuing at Alexandria, great popular excitement ensues.

11th June.— Riots occur with loss of life, and the English Consul at Alexandria is mobbed.

11th July.— The Europeans having been withdrawn from Cairo on board ship, Admiral Seymour bombards Alexandria, the French Admiral having refused to join in it.

The city being on fire, Arabi withdraws his forces to a defencible position inland, and Alexandria is burnt and given up to pillage.

Dervish Pasha escapes in his yacht to Constantinople, and Tewfik places himself under the protection of the British fleet.

A Grand Council assembles at Cairo, and declaring the Khedive to have deserted to the enemy, assumes supreme authority, order being well maintained. It entrusts Arabi with the defence of the country.

A conference meanwhile of Ambassadors assembles at Constantinople, the lead being taken by Dufferin to decide on a course of action.

The Ambassadors sign a protocol of disinterestedness in any new Egyptian settlement on behalf of their Governments.

The Sultan is once more invited to restore order, but while he hesitates to send troops, Gladstone despatches an army of 34,000 men to Egypt, the French Government refusing as before to take part in it, so also does the Italian Government, invited by Granville.

The British Army under Wolseley occupies the Suez Canal in spite of French protests, proclaiming that it has come, not to take possession, but to re-establish the authority of the Khedive and maintain the Sultan's suzerain rights. A similar declaration had been previously made by Seymour at Alexandria.

13th Sept.— Wolsey, marching on Cairo defeats Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir with the slaughter of 20,000 Egyptians, most of them unarmed peasants. Arabi surrenders to General Drury Lowe.

Cairo is occupied and the Khedive replaced in authority. An intention is announced of hanging Arabi, but is prevented by feeling in England. Many thousands of the Nationalists are arrested and imprisoned, and a reign of political terror prevails.

Liberal opinion in England, shocked at these extremities of repression, expostulates with Gladstone, and Dufferin is sent as High Commissioner to Cairo to make a settlement on Liberal and Constitutional lines.

Arabi, induced by a private agreement with Dufferin to plead

1882 guilty to rebellion, all other charges being withdrawn, he is condemned to death, but his sentence is at once commuted to one of honourable exile. A general amnesty is proclaimed.

Riaz Pasha resigns office, and Sherif Pasha is appointed to succeed him.

1883 The Joint Financial Control is abolished in favour of a single English Adviser, with full financial power.

Dufferin, in an eloquent despatch, while ignoring the existing Constitution of 1882, sketches a future of freedom, happiness and self-government for the Egyptians under free institutions. It is hailed as a charter of Egypt's liberty. The English Army of Occupation is to be withdrawn as soon as order can be made secure.

Dufferin's new institutions for Egypt are to consist of a Consultative Chamber without power of naming Ministers, and a General Assembly vested with the sole right of vetoing new taxation.

The French Government, resenting its exclusion from the Financial Control of Egypt, and prompted by Bismarck, turns its attention to Colonial matters. It takes possession of Madagascar.

Baring returns to Cairo as Consul-General, with special mission to set the finances on a sound footing and carry out Dufferin's recommendations as to self-government.

He announces that the British garrison shall be withdrawn from Cairo by the end of the year, leaving only "a Corporal's Guard" at Alexandria.

Bismarck's "Three Emperor" League.

A large Egyptian Army, under an English General, Hicks, is defeated by the Mahdi, who advances on Khartoum. A military police force, under General Valentine Baker, is sent to Suakim to act against the Mahdists. Baker is defeated, and Suakim is beleaguered by Osman Digna.

The Egyptian Government, being left without an army, Baring insists on the Khedive abandoning the Soudan.

1884 This being refused by the Khedive, Cromer dismisses Sherif, and takes the Government into his own hands. He reappoints Nubar Pasha Prime Minister. The withdrawal of the British garrison is postponed *sine die*.

King Leopold of Belgium is entrusted by the Powers with the founding of the "Congo Free State" in the "interests of humanity," and as a bar to Mahdist progress in Central Africa.

Gordon is sent to Khartoum to withdraw the Egyptian troops from the Soudan. He is defeated by the Mahdi and is besieged in Khartoum.

1885 Granville, to create a diversion, encourages the Italians to take possession of Massowah on the Red Sea and the French of Zeila, both being possessions of the Khedivate. The Sultan protests, but is disregarded.

An English army is sent up the Nile under Wolseley to relieve

1885 Gordon. It arrives too late, Khartoum having fallen to the Mahdi and Gordon having been slain.

Wolseley's army is ordered home. The Soudan is abandoned south of Wady Halfa.

Gladstone resigns office, and is succeeded by Salisbury.

Salisbury sends Drummond Wolff to Constantinople to arrange terms with the Sultan for evacuating Egypt.

News of the Mahdi's death.

1886 *Feb.*— Gladstone returns to power. He continues the occupation of Egypt. The Drummond Wolff Mission makes no progress.

1887 Salisbury, once more in office, renews negotiations for evacuating Egypt.

22nd May.— The Drummond Wolff Convention is signed. It provides that the British troops are to be withdrawn from Egypt at the end of three years, unless prevented by external or internal danger: on ratification the Powers to be invited to recognize and guarantee Egypt's territorial inviolability; the Ottoman Government reserves a right to occupy Egypt in above said cases of danger, but failing to restore order, England may reoccupy.

A Turkish Commissioner is appointed to reside permanently at Cairo, representing the Sultan's authority.

France, supported by Russia, threatens the Sultan with hostility if he should ratify the Convention, and at the last moment he refuses his signature, although Queen Victoria had already signed.

Salisbury, regarding the Sultan's refusal as an insult to her Majesty, resolves to remain in Egypt, with or without legal warrant.

Cromer's policy of the Veiled Protectorate.

The Franco-Russian Alliance dates from this incident.

Stanley's Expedition up the Congo.

1888 Italy joins Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance.

Kaiser Wilhelm II succeeds his father as Emperor.

1890 Treaty of Madrid assigning joint powers of Protection to the Great Powers, including Germany, over Morocco.

Bismarck is dismissed by Kaiser Wilhelm II.

France fortifies Bizerta contrary to agreement, and talks of annexing Tunis.

Crispi complains of this in London as menacing the balance of power in the Mediterranean. His agent, Catalani, is assured by Salisbury that England would be willing, but advises "Not yet." "Sportsmen," he says to Catalani, "do not fire until the stag is within range."

Crispi thereupon commences an intrigue against the Sultan in Tripoli with Hassouna Caramanli, representative of the former Deys of Tripoli, but Italy having sustained a defeat in Abyssinia, Crispi is driven from office and the project of Tripoli is for the time abandoned.

1891 The French, defeated in Tonkin, moderate their Colonial policy.

1891 The fortifications at Bizerta are stopped and the policy of a war of revenge for Alsace Lorraine is practically abandoned.

Comparative quiet in Egypt, the Government is continued on lines of strict despotism and financial economy. No attempt made to carry out Dufferin's "Institutions." Egypt's material prosperity is pushed forward as an excuse for continuing the Occupation.

1892 *7th Jan.*— Death of the Khedive Tewfik. Accession of his son, Abbas II.

Cromer treats the young Khedive with scant consideration.

Resurrection of the Egyptian National Party, headed by Abbas, who acquires great popularity.

Cromer, fearing lest after the General Election Gladstone should return to power, has Milner appointed to a place in the Egyptian Finance Office, his duty being to organize the press and popularize the policy of retaining Egypt.

Milner's book, "England in Egypt," is published. It effects its purpose with the English Radicals.

Gladstone returns to power in July. He appoints Rosebery to the Foreign Office, who makes condition that Egypt should not be evacuated. Grey appointed his Under-Secretary.

1893 The young Khedive attempts to assert his authority in the matter of appointing Ministers, but is opposed by Cromer, who is supported by Rosebery.

More than one serious crisis at Cairo.

The new Nationalists demand their promised Constitution. A strong feeling prevails aaginst the Occupation.

French diplomacy alternately encourages and disappoints the Khedive, a "policy of pin pricks."

Kitchener appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. Though in the Khedive's pay he takes his orders from Cromer, and a quarrel ensues.

Cromer threatens the Khedive with violent measures, and, supported by Rosebery, reduces him to obedience.

1894 Rosebery succeeds Gladstone as Prime Minister in March. Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office.

Riaz Pasha resigns office, and Cromer appoints Mustafa Fehmy as dummy Prime Minister in his place. English officials multiplied in Egypt.

In Turkey the Armenians, encouraged by English sympathy, form a National Committee, with the design of an independent Armenia. They ally themselves with Katkoff and the Russian Nihilists. They refuse taxes at Samsun, and are massacred by the Turkish Governor.

Japan makes war on China and obtains rights in Corea.

Death of Czar Alexander of Russia.

The French under Joffre occupy Timbuctoo.

1895 Rosebery proposes to France and Russia that they should join in intervention for the Armenians. These, believing Rosebery to be willing to dismember the Ottoman Empire, agree.

Rosebery out of office. Salisbury Prime Minister.

In Russia Giers dies and is succeeded by Lobanov. Lobanov, see-

1895 ing Salisbury unwilling to dismember Turkey, and being opposed to the creation of a buffer Armenia as likely to prevent further designs in Asia Minor, backs out of joint action with England.

The Sultan is privately counselled by Lobanov to initiate against the Armenians the severities used in Russia against the Jews and Catholic Poles.

Salisbury reverses Rosebery's policy, but having inserted a phrase in the King's Speech favourable to Armenia, makes a show of going on with it alone.

The Armenian agitation is continued in England by Gladstone, who makes his Armenian speech at Chester.

The British fleet is ordered to the Dardanelles. Armenian risings ensue at Constantinople and are suppressed by methods of massacre. But Salisbury goes no further. Salisbury commences with Chamberlain a forward Colonial policy.

Dispute with America about Venezuela.

Ashanti expedition.

Chartered company formed by Rhodes in East Africa.

Matabele War.

Rage of African speculation in England.

1896 The Jameson Raid.

Kaiser Wilhelm congratulates Kruger on the defeat and capture of Jameson.

Jameson, released by Kruger, is treated as a hero in London.

Zanzibar is bombarded by a British man-of-war.

Heligoland is given by Salisbury to Germany in exchange for the Zanzibar Hinterland.

Matabele War ended.

The Italians, renewing their attempts on Abyssinia, are totally defeated by Menelik, and find themselves in peril at Kassala.

The King of Italy appeals privately for help to Kaiser Wilhelm, who induces Salisbury to order an Egyptian advance up the Nile on Dongola. The advance is made contrary to Cromer's advice and without consulting the Khedive.

1897 Trouble between Moslems and Christians having occurred in Crete, Greece declares war on Turkey and invades Thessaly, but is totally defeated by Shefket Pasha. The Powers intervene to stop the Turkish march on Athens. The Sultan assumes the title of Ghazi (conqueror), and his prestige is increased throughout the Mohammedan world.

Kitchener, with an Egyptian army, occupies Dongola, and constructs a railway from Wady Halfa to Korosko.

Marchand starts on a secret expedition to the Upper Nile.

The Dreyfus Case occupies all attention in France, to the exclusion of foreign politics.

1898 The road having been prepared by the Egyptian army, British troops are sent to reinforce Kitchener, who advances against the Khalifa.

1898 Battle of Omdurman, with immense slaughter of Dervishes.

The Mahdi's tomb is violated by Kitchener's order, his body dug up and thrown into the Nile, he himself retaining the head as a trophy.

A solemn service is held at Khartoum of thanksgiving for "Gordon avenged." The English flag is hoisted with the Egyptian flag, and the Soudan is declared to be under the Joint Sovereignty of the Queen of England and the Khedive.

Marchand is discovered in possession of Fashoda. War nearly ensues between France and England. Marchand is recalled.

War with France having been narrowly avoided, a treaty is signed at Cairo between Cromer and the Coptic Minister, Boutros, on the terms of Joint Sovereignty of the Soudan already proclaimed, the Sultan's rights being ignored.

Russia occupies Port Arthur.

Kaiser Wilhelm visits Syria and declares himself the friend of Islam.

Paul Cambon arrives as Ambassador in London on a mission of reconciliation.

Milner is sent to Cape Town to carry out a policy of reannexing the Transvaal.

America makes war with Spain. She annexes Cuba and Philippine Islands.

Much imperialist talk in England of a coming war for the overlordship of the world.

1899 Curzon appointed Viceroy of India.

He enters into negotiations through Colonel Mead with the Sheykhs of the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf against the Ottoman Sultan, and promises British Protection to the Sheykh of Koweït.

Milner picks a quarrel with Kruger on the pretext of a refusal of the franchise to Outlanders in the Transvaal. This pretext obtains the approval of Morley and other Liberals.

Milner delivers an ultimatum to Kruger.

The Queen of Holland writes to Queen Victoria, praying her intervention in the cause of peace. War is nevertheless declared.

Buller is sent with a large army in October. It expects no resistance, but is defeated repeatedly by the Boers.

1900 The Boers having invaded Cape Colony, Roberts is sent with Kitchener to relieve Buller in South Africa.

Kruger meets with general sympathy in Europe.

The Boers are defeated at Paardeberg, and Roberts occupies Pretoria.

The War being considered over, Roberts returns to England, leaving Kitchener to finish with the Boers' resistance. He adopts severities (recommended by Kaiser Wilhelm) of burning farms and constructing concentration camps for the Boer women, but the Boers still hold the field.

Belgian atrocities on the Congo denounced by Casement.

Stock Exchange scare of a "Yellow Peril."

1900 The foreign Ambassadors falsely reported to have been murdered at Pekin, a Joint English, French, German, and Italian force is sent to Pekin. Kaiser William announces it as a divine mission entrusted to him by God.

Pekin is stormed, and great atrocities are committed, especially by the German troops.

The King of Italy assassinated.

Death of the Emir Mohammed Ibn Rashid, chief ruler of Nejd.

Central Arabia revolts against his successor, who is defeated by Ibn Saoud.

The Hedjaz railway is built by the Sultan, connecting Damascus with Medina, subscribed for throughout Islam.

The Americans having made peace with Spain, continue to make war with the Philippine natives.

The Boer War continues under Botha, to the general scandal of Europe.

1901 Death of Queen Victoria.

The Emperor William attends Queen Victoria's funeral.

Arabi is pardoned by King Edward's intervention and returns to Egypt.

Intrigues in the Arabian Peninsula; guns secretly supplied to Koweit and Nejd from India.

1902 Methuen is defeated and taken prisoner by Delarey.

Peace of Pretoria.

July.— Lord Salisbury resigns. He is succeeded by Balfour.

A defensive alliance signed between England and Japan.

1903 The King assumes personal influence in foreign affairs. Hardinge his chief adviser.

Joan of Arc canonized.

War in Somaliland.

The Khedive visits the King at Newmarket, and is entertained by Cassel in London.

Pope Leo dies. Is succeeded by Pope Pius X.

1904 War between Russia and Japan.

Great financial speculations in Egypt.

Gorst's quarrel with Cromer. He leaves Egypt.

Anglo-French Convention assigning Morocco as her sphere of interest to France, Egypt to England. It is signed by Balfour and Lansdowne with Cambon, it being understood that nothing is to be changed in Egypt's political status.

Somaliland and Thibet evacuated.

Oct.— The Dogger Bank incident.

Cromer, confident of his popularity in Egypt, offers to withdraw the Army of Occupation to Alexandria, but this is refused at the War Office.

1905 Germany protests against the Anglo-French Agreement about Morocco, and demands a European Conference.

Kaiser Wilhelm lands at Tangier. He promises his protection to

1905 the Sultan of Morocco. Anger in France. Delcassé forced to resign.

The Conference meets at Algeciras (England, France, Germany, and Spain represented), to settle the Moroccan quarrel.

The Act of Algeciras, signed by all four Powers, proclaims the integrity and independence of Morocco, assigning spheres of commercial influence to each Power. The help of Austria is acknowledged by Kaiser Wilhelm in a telegram promising to help in return. It leads later to the combination against Germany and Austria.

Fall of Port Arthur. Peace of Portsmouth, U.S.A., between Russia and Japan.

Attempted revolution in Russia.

Financial help given to the Czar in England, which enables him to suppress the revolution.

Balfour resigns. He is succeeded by Campbell Bannerman. Grey at the Foreign Office.

1906 General Election in England with large Radical majority. Campbell Bannerman confirmed as Prime Minister, with Grey at the Foreign Office. Morley at the India Office.

Cromer's quarrel with the Sultan about Akabah. He is supported by Grey, who mobilizes the Mediterranean Fleet, and delivers an ultimatum to Turkey.

Cromer invites the Khedive to join him in pressing his claim about Akabah against the Sultan, but the Khedive refuses, the claim being ill-founded.

Cromer upon this, and finding native Egypt on the Sultan's side and the Egyptian army not to be relied on, calls for additional English troops, which are sent him.

Grey mobilizes the Mediterranean Fleet, and delivers an ultimatum which the Sultan, on failing of support from the Kaiser, yields to.

Much excitement in Egypt.

An English regiment promenading in the Delta, a conflict occurs with villagers (the affair of Denshawai).

Cromer orders severe punishment to be inflicted on the villagers and leaves Egypt for London.

The villagers, tried before a packed tribunal, are sentenced, four to death, four to penal servitude for life, others to fifty lashes.

The sentences are executed under circumstances of extreme barbarity.

Cromer receives the Order of Merit.

The whole world shocked at the occurrence.

Mustapha Kamel takes the lead of the National Party in Egypt demanding Cromer's recall.

Cromer returns to Egypt in the autumn.

He expresses an intention of administrative reforms, and appoints Saad Zaghloul, a leading Nationalist, Minister of Public Instruction.

Meeting of the first Duma in Russia.

The Shah of Persia, Muzaffar ud Din, grants a Constitution. The Mejliss meets at Teheran.

1906 France begins her pacific penetration of Morocco, French troops being sent to occupy Ujda.

1907 The Shah of Persia, Muzaffar ud Din, dies. He is succeeded by his son, Mohammed Ali, who swears fidelity to the Constitution.

A new quarrel having taken place between Cromer and the Khedive, Cromer threatens to resign unless Abbas is deposed. This being refused by the King, Cromer resigns.

Repeated lynchings of negroes in America, with growth there of radical intolerance.

Cromer receives a grant of £50,000 for his public services.

Gorst succeeds him at Cairo with a programme of friendly relations with Abbas.

The General Assembly is convened at Cairo.

Grey signs a Convention with Russia, partitioning Persia into two spheres, a Russian in the North and English in the South. This is resented by the Persian Mejliss.

Bombardment of Casa Blanca in Morocco by the French.

The Hague Convention laying down the rules of warfare, including the rights and duties of neutrals.

Riots at Lahore. Morley adopts "firm measures." Arrests without trial. Severe Press Laws.

A new era of naval activity begins in Germany. England proposes a limitation of armaments. Kaiser Wilhelm's letter to Tweedmouth.

1908 The King of Portugal, having assumed extra Constitutional powers is assassinated.

He is succeeded by King Manuel.

Mustapha Kamel dying, his funeral is attended by 50,000 persons at Cairo.

Farid Bey succeeds him, but the Nationalists are much disorganized.

Nicholas O'Conor dies. He is succeeded by Lowther as Ambassador at Constantinople. As he is ignorant of Eastern affairs the Embassy dragoman, Fitzmaurice, directs the policy in an anti-Islamic sense.

A rising in Southern Morocco. Sultan Mulai Hafiz deposed in favour of Sultan Abdul Aziz.

April.— Campbell Bannerman retires.

Asquith Prime Minister. Grey allowed full liberty at the Foreign Office. Morley at the India Office.

The Italian Government, on a trifling pretext connected with the Post Office, quarrels with the Sultan and prepares to invade Tripoli. The Italian Fleet mobilized. This is prevented by the Emperor William, who persuades the Sultan to yield the point, and the sailing of the Italian Fleet is countermanded.

Farid Bey visits London. Grey refuses to see him.

June.— King Edward accompanied by Hardinge, meets the Czar at Reval. The dismemberment of European Turkey agreed to.

Coup d'Etat at Teheran. The Shah, supported by Liakhoff and his Cossacks, dissolves the Mejliss.

1908 The Foreign Office policy in full reaction against Liberal institutions in the East.

Revolution at Constantinople.

The Sultan is forced to summon a Parliament under the Constitution of 1877.

Liberal sympathy in England expressed for the Young Turks, believing them to be anti-Islamic.

For the same reason the King telegraphs to the Sultan to congratulate him, especially on his appointing Kiamil Pasha his Grand Vizier.

England's influence for the moment becomes supreme at Constantinople, Germany's credit falling to a low point.

The Egyptians ask, as a province of the Empire, to be represented in the Ottoman Parliament.

Grey declares that this cannot be granted as Egypt has a Constitution of her own.

The Bulgarian Government seizes the Orient railroad.

Austria, with the approval of Germany, annexes Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Albania declares its independence and Crete annexes itself to Greece.

1909 *April.*— Counter-revolution at Constantinople.

Abdul Hamid once more gets the upper hand.

The Ottoman Parliament dismissed.

Many arrests of Young Turks made.

The British Embassy sides with the Sultan, the German Embassy with the Constitution.

The Young Turks, under Enver Bey, march from Salonika on Constantinople, the German Embassy providing funds.

They force the Sultan to abdicate and restore the Constitution.

Abdul Hamid's next heir, Reshad, is proclaimed Sultan Mohammed *V.*

Riots at Cairo against new Press Laws. From this point England loses all popularity at Constantinople.

July.— Teheran being threatened with a Russian occupation, the Bakhtiaris march there and depose Mohammed Ali and restore the Constitution. His son Ahmed, a boy of twelve, is recognized as Shah.

Grey approves the Russian policy in Persia.

Tabriz is occupied by Russia.

Great atrocities committed.

Deportation Law decreed in Egypt.

Great popular resentment.

The young Indian Dingra assassinates Sir Curzon Wyllie in London.

The extreme Turkish Party at Constantinople raise up trouble in the Arabic speaking provinces of the Empire by insisting on centralizing their power.

King Leopold of Belgium dies, leaving enormous wealth.

1910 Boutros Pasha is assassinated at Cairo.

1910 Roosevelt, passing through Cairo, rouses Nationalist anger by his violent speeches.

May 7.—King Edward's death. George V proclaimed King.

Roosevelt, going on to London, counsels Grey to violent action in Egypt.

In complicity with Grey he makes a speech in that sense at the Mansion House, responding to which, in the House of Commons, Grey recants his policy of conciliation in Egypt, and announces an era of coercion there and in Persia. This is accepted by his Radical following in Parliament.

The Egyptian National Congress, announced to be held at Paris, is forbidden there in deference to English representations, but meets at Brussels.

Discussion in the General Assembly at Cairo about the Suez Canal, in which Abaza Pasha opposes the Suez Canal extension arranged by Gorst and Boutros. The Convention has to be withdrawn, to English official displeasure.

Revolution in Portugal. A Republic declared.

At a banquet given to Von der Golst at Constantinople Bieberstein declares the Kaiser Wilhelm's warm interest in Young Turkey, and in the strengthening of the Ottoman Empire as a military Power.

The native press in Persia declares for an alliance with Turkey and Germany.

Kaiser Wilhelm entertains the Czar at Potsdam, with great slaughter of deer.

An understanding come to by the two Emperors about Persia.

The project of a railway is announced through Persia to the Indian frontier.

Kaiser Wilhelm's warlike speech to his officers at Koenigsberg asserting his "Divine Right."

1911 Farid Bey is sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having published a few words of introduction to a volume of poems, and Saad Zaghloul having refused to act with Gorst in this matter resigns office.

The question of the Bagdad railway causes much friction with Germany.

Debate in the Lords about it and the Persian Gulf, brought on by Curzon.

The French on the pretext, proved to be false, of danger to Europeans, send an army to occupy Fez.

The German Ambassador at Paris protesting that the Algeciras Convention would have to be respected, he is told by Delcassé that the French march on Fez would be continued whether Germany like it or not.

The French propose to withdraw their opposition to Germany on the question of the Bagdad railway.

The Emperor William visits London and is received with much official empressement.

1911 The Catholic Mirdites in Albania join the Albanian rebellion. Goltz publicly expresses confidence in the Ottoman army.

The Ottoman Parliament sends a deputation to the Emperor William.

The Russo-German Agreement about the Bagdad railway.

Sir Eldon Gorst dying, Kitchener is appointed to Cairo.

A German man-of-war is sent to Agadir on the Atlantic coast south of Morocco. Great official anger at this in England, objection being raised to Germany's acquiring a naval station on the northern Atlantic.

Asquith's Cabinet with one dissentient voice, Loreburn's, decides to defy Germany about Agadir.

Lloyd George makes a warlike speech against Germany at the Bankers' dinner.

France is invited to join England on the question and a land force of 160,000 men is secretly promised in case of a war with Germany; Antwerp to be occupied.

The French Government, however, not being ready for war, does not agree to this, and Grey compromises the matter with Germany by offering Germany compensation in West Africa.

England insisting, the German man-of-war *Panther* is recalled from Agadir. Great indignation in Germany against England, the Crown Prince taking the lead. Kaiser Wilhelm abandons his policy of peace in Europe, and prepares for war rather than submit to another rebuff.

Stolypin is assassinated at Kief in presence of the Czar.

The Italian raid on Tripoli, consented to by France and connived at by Grey, but disapproved at Berlin.

The Italians commit atrocities on landing at Tripoli, massacring several thousand Arab peasants with women and children.

The Turkish Ambassador appeals to Grey on the strength of international treaties to intervene, which Grey refuses, informing him that England's attitude is one of neutrality.

He denies in Parliament that he has "official information."

The Sultan, having appealed in vain to England and to The Hague, declares war on Italy.

An Italian fleet parades the Eastern Mediterranean bombarding Ottoman coast towns.

Churchill appointed to the Admiralty works up the navy in preparation for war.

Kitchener is instructed, contrary to the terms of the Sultan's firman appointing the Khedive, to declare Egypt's neutrality and to refuse the passage of Ottoman troops by land to Tripoli. This causes great dissatisfaction in Egypt where large subscriptions are raised to help the Sultan in the war.

Revolution in China against the Manchu dynasty.

The Russians insist by an ultimatum to Persia on the dismissal of the American, Schuster, charged with restoring the Persian finances. To this, notwithstanding Schuster's ability and honesty, Grey consents.

The Russians invade northern Persia.

1911 They occupy Tabriz and advance on Teheran, where they deliver an ultimatum to the Mejliss, which refuses to comply.

Grey publicly approves the Russian action.

Great massacre at Tabriz by the Russians, with public executions under revolting circumstances.

It is announced that the seat of Government in India is to be moved to Delhi.

China declares itself a Republic.

1912 Haldane is sent on a secret mission to Berlin with a view to allaying Liberal apprehension of a coming war and appeasing Mohammedan anger in India.

Grey receives the Garter.

Kitchener deals autocratically with Egypt, favouring the Italians in the war.

The Italians occupy Rhodes and the Ægean Islands. They blockade the Dardanelles, causing great inconvenience to neutral shipping.

Kitchener demands English reinforcements at Cairo.

Asquith, Churchill, and Kitchener meet at Malta where they concert measures in case of a war with Germany.

An agreement is come to with France that in case of war with Germany the French fleet shall police the Mediterranean, the English fleet guarding the North Seas.

Southern Morocco rises against the French, Mulai Hafiz abdicates.

A reported plot to assassinate Grey and Kitchener.

Sazonoff, the Russian Ambassador, Grey, and Kitchener meet King George at Balmoral.

8th Oct.— Montenegro declares war on Turkey and is followed by the other Balkan states.

Turkey makes peace with Italy at Ouchy, ceding the province of Tripoli.

Servia and Bulgaria join with Greece in an attack on Turkey.

The Turkish army relying on asurances given to Kiamil, the Vizier, by Lowther, that the prosecution of war will be prevented by the Powers delays mobilization, and, taken unprepared, is defeated by the Bulgarians outside Adrianople, its able commander, Shevket Pasha, having been replaced by Nazim Pasha.

The Bulgarians threaten the Chatalja lines in front of Constantinople.

Grey invites a Peace Conference of Ambassadors.

Poincaré speaks publicly at Paris of asserting French rights of intervention in Syria.

A bomb is dropped on the Viceregal procession at Delhi injuring Hardinge, the new Viceroy.

The Palace of Peace opened at the Hague.

1913 *1st Jan.*— Acting under advice given by the English and Russian Embassies, Kiamil summons a Grand Council of the Empire, which agrees to cede Adrianople to Bulgaria, but the Turkish army refuses

1913 to evacuate the place and Enver Pasha carrying their refusal to the Porte, Nazim Pasha is shot by Enver's aide-de-camp. Enver then proceeds to the palace and forces the Sultan to dismiss Kiamil as a traitor and to name Shevket Vizier in his place.

War is then renewed with Bulgaria.

Much popular resentment in France against the increased conscription and talk of war with Germany rather than submit to it.

The Bulgarians threaten Gallipoli.

King George of Greece is assassinated.

Adrianople surrenders to Bulgaria in March.

Germany intervenes to bring about peace between Bulgaria and Turkey.

A quarrel breaks out in May between the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians over a division of the Ottoman spoils in Europe.

The Bulgarians, beaten by the Servians, come to terms with Turkey.

Adrianople is restored to Turkey, and peace is made.

Grey disturbed at the failure of his joint policy with Russia at Constantinople and the growing influence of the Central Powers, recalls Lowther from Constantinople and attempts a policy of conciliation with the Turkish Government.

He attempts to arrange the question of the Bagdad railway with Germany, but fails through the unwillingness of his ally Russia, jealous of German expansion in the direction of Persia.

His obstinacy, too, about Egypt prevents a real accommodation with Turkey.

Kiamil, encouraged by Russia, attempts to regain power at Constantinople.

Shevket Pasha, the Vizier, is assassinated.

The death of Shevket a severe blow to the Young Turks, he being their ablest commander, a man of high character and an enlightened Moslem, is attributed to the Anglo-Russian intrigue with Kiamil and is a final blow to English influence at Constantinople. From that point his successors, seeing nothing to hope from the conjunction of England, France, and Russia, decide to throw in their lot with Germany as the least of the two perils threatening Islam and the Ottoman Empire.

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I have been asked by Mrs. Steele, sister of the late Mrs. Parnell, to correct a statement I had made on Mr. Gill's authority, that "the house at Eltham" was really Parnell's. Mrs. Steele writes: "The house alluded to was given by my late aunt, Mrs. Wood of Eltham, to my sister, then Mrs. O'Shea, some little time before the O'Sheas made Mr. Parnell's acquaintance, and was settled on Mrs. O'Shea and her children. Mrs. O'Shea's income was derived from the same source. . . .

"With reference to the personal estimation recorded by Mr. Gill, it would scarcely be maintained by those who knew Mrs. O'Shea best. She was very able, very beautiful, very sympathetic, and swift in intelligence. She had yet a calm self-possessed gentleness which made her one of the best sick nurses I have ever known."

ERRATA

p. viii, line 18	*for* "*Crabbet Park*"	*read*	"Petworth House."
xiv, ,, 1	"1914"		"1916."
97, line omitted at foot:	"favour of Constitutional measures. I think I made him understand"		
112, line 1	*for* "*Grove*"	*read*	"Road."
171, ,, 18 from bottom	"*Roxborough*"		"Roxburghe."
238, ,, 16 from bottom	"*Mrs.*"		"Miss."
306, ,, 10	"*Geoffroi*"		"Geoffroy."
pp. 315, 319, 352	"*Cockerel*"		"Cockerell."
p. 323, line 18 from bottom	"*Rennel*"		"Rennell."
326, ,, 4	"*Myers*"		"Myres."
330, ,, 11	"*Natley*"		"Netley."
367, ,, 3	"*Kimberly*"		"Kimberley."
367, ,, 17 from bottom	"*Keegan*"		"Kegan."
367, ,, 14 from bottom	"*Tyrrel*"		"Tyrrell."
513, ,, 7 from bottom, and headline	"*Yorke*"		"York."
614, ,, 17	"*can hardly have*"		"can hardly not have."
650, ,, 20	"*Tyrell*"		"Tyrrell."
652, line omitted at foot:	"all for him with wonderful devotion, coming each morning at a very"		
676, line 2 from bottom,	*for* "*would be difficulty*,"	*read*	"would be no difficulty"
761, ,, 16.	"*Fusiliers*"		"Regiment."
788, ,, 5 from bottom	"*her*"		"his sister."