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THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST  
LATER ENTRIES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

Some Passages by the Way

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

More Passages by the Way

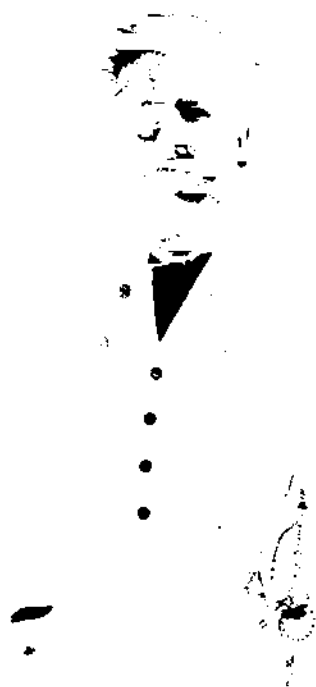
NEARING JORDAN

Being the Third and Last Volume of  
"Sixty Years in the Wilderness"

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST—I

*Second Impression*





Henry Lucy  
"Ibr m. S." / Punch







# THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST

LATER ENTRIES

BY SIR HENRY LUCY

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1922

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THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED TO  
VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G  
A STATESMAN WHO COMMANDS THE  
CONFIDENCE OF THE WORLD

[Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London at the outbreak of war, whilst carefully concealing the ex-Kaiser's purpose, was in daily conference with Sir Edward Grey. After his return to Berlin he wrote: "The simplicity and honesty of Grey's ways secured him the esteem even of his opponents. Lies and intrigue were equally repugnant to him."]

## APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION

I TRUST the Public will not resent the appearance of a second volume of this Diary, regarding it as a poor return for the generous welcome they bestowed upon the first. Extension is the result of the vastness of the stage before which I was privileged to occupy a seat in the pit, and of the multiplicity of star actors who trod it. For myself, I was merely a looker-on. The record is not a compilation of rejected items. It is simply a continuation of entries from the original manuscript following in order of date.

Of the nearly two hundred generous Press notices of the first volume the only adverse criticism was comment on the absence of an Index. By the goodwill of the Publishers that reproach does not attach to the present issue.

H. L.

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# THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST

## LATER ENTRIES

### CHAPTER I

*March 17, 1890.*

LAST night Mr. Gladstone had a little dinner party in St. James's Square. Just now in excellent health and spirits, he delighted his guests with his marvellous lore of recollection, which loses nothing by his dramatic style of narrative. Much pleased by the news received yesterday by cable from the United States announcing the success of an interesting little episode. A week or two ago he received a pressing invitation from an important industrial community in the States styled the Mutual Building Association. It was their annual meeting last Friday, and they besought Gladstone to send them a little message. Colonel Gouraud undertook to manage it through the phonograph, into which Gladstone spoke the following admirable little essay :

" The purpose of the meeting on the 14th may, I conceive, be summed up in two words, self-help and thrift, and I cannot, although much occupied, refuse to send to it a few words of congratulation and good-will. It is self-help that makes the man, and man-making is the aim which the Almighty has everywhere impressed upon creation. It is thrift by which the self-help for the masses dependent on labour is principally made effective. For them thrift is the symbol and instrument of independence and of liberty, indispensable conditions of all permanent human good. But thrift is also the mother of wealth ; and here comes a danger into view. Wealth is the mother of

temptation, and leads many of its possessors into a new form of slavery more subtle and not less debasing than the old. From this slavery may all lands, and especially all lands of the English tongue, hold themselves for ever free."

The phonogram, of which the Colonel gives me a copy, was transmitted by post, and on Friday night thousands of people crowding the building in New York heard the voice of the great English statesman speaking in their ears.

*March 19, 1890.*

An M.P. director of a steam pump company shows me the following delightful letter received from a foreign customer. Its pith will be found in the postscript.

GENTLEMEN,

I get the pump witch i by from you, but why for gods sake you doan send me no handle. wats the use a pump when she doan have no handle. I loose to me my customer. Shure thing you doan treat me rite. I wate 10 days and my customer he holler for water like hell for the pump. You no he is hot sommer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so wat the hell i goan to do with it. Doan send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan a order some pump from other companie.

Goodby,

Yours truly,

ANTONIO DUTRA.

Since i rite i fine the goddam handle in the box, excuse to me.

*March 29, 1890.*

I hear a charming story about Mrs. Gladstone, whose kindness of heart and occasional absent-mindedness are fully revealed only in the home circle.

Some months ago a gentleman holding a high position in the Civil Service was overlooked for promotion under circumstances which he felt compelled him to resign. He had nothing else to do, and found himself in a con-

dition approaching destitution. His case exciting much sympathy, a subscription was got up to enable him to proceed to Australia, where he had prospects of bettering himself. The sum forthcoming was, however, so limited that he was obliged to contemplate leaving his wife and children behind, hoping to send the money for their passage out in the course of the year. One day the wife was travelling eastward in a second-class carriage on the Underground Railway. She shared the compartment with an elderly lady, who, observing her distressed condition, entered into conversation with her. Drawn by her sympathy, the poor woman told her story, which the stranger attentively listened to. The Mansion House station was the destination of the disconsolate wife, and there too the stranger got out. On finding where she was landed, she was strangely perturbed, protested that she had meant to get out at St. James's Park, and that she had not a penny with which to pay her extra fare.

"I should like to help you," she said to the wife, "but I must first consult my husband. If you call on me in the morning at eleven o'clock at 10 St. James's Square, I will see what can be done for you. In the meanwhile I have come out without my purse. I have not a penny to pay my return fare, so lend me sixpence."

The poor woman had not sixpence to spare, and it seemed a curious circumstance that her benefactress should be in this quandary; but after what had passed she could not for very shame yield to the feeling of natural suspicion, and handed over the sixpence. When she went home and told her husband the strange story, he mocked her credulity and laughed at her proposal to accept the invitation to St. James's Square.

"A woman without twopence in her pocket to pay a second-class fare to St. James's Park does not live in St. James's Square," he said.

However, the wife determined to see the matter out, and kept her appointment. On giving her name to the servant

who opened the door, she was at once admitted and shown into the drawing-room. Presently entered the mysterious lady of the second-class carriage.

"I have spoken to my husband about your case," she said. "It is our rule never to help people who do not help themselves; but he has given me £50 to pay your passage with your husband, and I have added £10, so that you may take the little child. My husband is not in office now; but you must let us hear how your husband gets on, and perhaps by and by Mr. Gladstone may do some good for him."

And handing her the £60, she bade her a kindly farewell.

That Mrs. Gladstone should be discovered in a second-class carriage without a penny in her pocket may seem to some people the strangest part of the story. Those who know her personally recognise it as a curiously characteristic trait.

*April 10, 1890.*

More than a hundred years ago the Paston Letters disappeared from the library at Windsor Castle. This bundle of manuscript purported to be a collection of letters written during the reign of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III, by various persons of rank, chiefly belonging to the Pastons, a family of mark in Norfolk. They came into possession of a gentleman named Fenn, who, in 1787, presented them to George III. The King placed them in the library at Windsor, whence they presently disappeared. From time to time search has been diligently made for them. Lord Macaulay was profoundly interested in the manuscripts, and at his suggestion the Prince Consort had the library at Windsor Castle turned inside-out, without result. Now the letters have turned up in the library at Orwell Park, the late Colonel Tomline's place in Suffolk.

When they were first brought to light they excited much controversy. Their authenticity was doubted in

some quarters, it being suspected that Mr. Fenn had occupied his spare moments in fabricating them. An authority much interested in the controversy was Dr. Pretzman, Pitt's private secretary. The doctor, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, championed the authenticity of the letters, in whose quaint records he revelled. Now, Dr. Pretzman was grandfather of the late Colonel Tomline, and Labouchere, who has a prejudice against bishops, shrewdly observes that it is curious the letters should have turned up in this particular library.

*April 14, 1890.*

The question is sometimes discussed whether a popular member of the royal family is a gourmet or only a gourmand. Is he really a judge of good things as Brillat-Savarin was, or is he only a good feeder? I heard an interesting story told at a table where this question was discussed. Some years ago H.R.H. accepted an invitation to dine with an eminent statesman who may be called Mr. A, as that is not his initial. Mr. A, transcendent in most things, is not particularly happy in his cuisine, and is wholly unconscious of the shortcoming. This was well known to an intimate friend, Lord B, who had been invited, and who, knowing H.R.H.'s liking for a good dinner, looked forward in despair to his probable experiences. Then a happy thought occurred to him.

"My dear A," he said, "I want you to do me a great favour. My cook, François is a devoted admirer of your guest. It would please him beyond everything to be allowed to cook a dinner for royalty. You have it in your power to make the poor man happy for life. Let him take charge of the whole thing."

Mr. A readily consented. François had *carte blanche* and produced one of those dinners for which his master's house is famed. Everything went off excellently, and Lord B was delighted with the success of his little plot.

As they withdrew from the dining-room, H.R.H. pressed his arm and whispered in his ear, "My dear B, what garbage we've been eating!"

*May 5, 1890.*

R. L. Stevenson has finally resolved to take up his residence in the Southern Seas, where he has lately been cruising. Writing to me from Samoa, he says: "I have arranged for the purchase of 400 acres of land within a mile or two of Apia, and I hope to have a house there and make it a home for myself and wife. It's a delightful place on a piece of rising ground, with a splendid view of the country and the sea beyond. Sydney and Auckland are not far off. As a speculation, from business point of view, the affair would be madness, but it will serve my purpose."

There is one English home with which, whilst he still dwelt with us, Louis Stevenson was familiar and where he will be greatly missed. It is situated at Box Hill, and is the abode of George Meredith. Meredith sometimes is inclined to boast that he discovered Stevenson. When he was just out of his teens, and before he had gained the entrée into the book world, Meredith, knowing him intimately, used to predict for him those great things he has since achieved. R. L. S. often ran down to the little cottage at Box Hill, enjoying its fresh bracing air and the fine view spread out before the lowly porch. It is a small, unpretending place, just big enough for Meredith and the little household over which his daughter presides.

Like Charles Dickens, Meredith works outside the house. Dickens used to write in a chalet a friend gave him, set down in the meadow-land on the other side of the road, connected with Gad's Hill by a tunnelled way under the high-road. George Meredith has built a sort of little hut at the back of his house. It contains simply a sleeping-room and a study, and is sacred from all intrusion from the outer world. Here the novelist sits and works and, if he pleases, sleeps, as remote from the throb of daily life as is

his friend Louis Stevenson in his island at the gateways of the day.

*June 14, 1890.*

After long delay the Lords of the Treasury have completed a scheme for dealing with certain perpetual pensions. It was in 1887 that the Select Committee was appointed to consider the matter, its investigations, one of the Committee tells me, bringing to light some remarkable facts. The Committee recommended that as far as possible this scandal should be finally buried by commuting the pensions. After much wrangling, the Lords of the Treasury have succeeded in arranging terms with the descendants of persons who for more than two hundred years have been living on the national purse. James II granted to the then Duke of St. Albans the office of Master, Surveyor, and Keeper of the Hawks, with emoluments amounting to close upon £1,000. In the two hundred years that have elapsed the hawks have disappeared, but the heirs male of the Duke of St. Albans have regularly drawn their income. It is now proposed to commute this claim on the generous terms of nineteen years' purchase.

Another Duke, whose family was planted on the nation by the Stuarts, is His Grace of Hamilton. Amongst the gifts granted to James, Duke of Hamilton, by Charles I was the office of Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood. There was attached to the office the modest salary of £45 10s. with allowance to deputy-keeper and porter of nearly double that amount. The Duke of Hamilton is to be bought out at twenty-two years' purchase. The deputy-keeper and porter, being common people having no hereditary rights, will be allowed to hold their office during life, but may not pass it on.

Two hundred and thirty years ago Charles II gave to Arthur Hill, his heirs and assigns for ever, the office of Constable of the Fort of Hillsborough, in County Down, with



a suitable salary. The Fort of Hillsborough is a ruin. The descendants of Arthur Hill have blossomed into Marquises of Downshire ; but the payment of the salary has gone on, and is now to be commuted for not less than twenty-five years' purchase. Lord Exmouth, who with his forbears has been drawing £2,000 a year since 1814, and Lord Rodney, who with his predecessors has enjoyed a similar pension since 1783, are ready to commute them at the rate of twenty-seven years' purchase. This is a little too monstrous, and Bradlaugh means to oppose confirmation of the job.

June 26, 1890.

The fashionable, more particularly the sporting, world is much interested in the Two Pins Club. References to it have from time to time been found in the leading columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, where, in the record "Day by Day," its first meeting was chronicled and its honorary secretary announced in the person of the candidate for one of the University boroughs. *Punch* keeps up the mystery in the announcement that the Two Pins Club has arranged for a race "which," it adds, "will of course be from point to point." What is the Two Pins Club ? is a question put with increasing interest.

The club is an exceedingly limited institution, being chiefly composed of Mr. Punch's young men. Amongst the few outsiders are Sir Charles Russell, Frank Lockwood, a popular actor and manager, and the Lord Lieutenant of one of the Home Counties. Once a week the club foregather and ride out into the country—a long ride, with luncheon at the end of it, and a canter back to town in the evening. The last meeting was held at Tadworth Court, Charles Russell's place at Epsom, Lord Rosebery coming over from the Durdans to join the cheerful dinner.

The origin of the title is not lacking in interest. The Two Pins are taken from the names of those famous

horsemen Dick Turpin and John Gilpin, the recommendation of the combination being that they combine reckless boldness with unimpeachable respectability.

*July 3, 1890.*

Announcement made to-day of the death of Sir Aubrey Dean Paul recalls a famous episode in the commercial world. It is nearly thirty-five years since the banking firm of Strahan, Paul & Bates became bankrupt, an event promptly followed by the arrest of the three partners on a charge of fraudulently appropriating to their own use certain moneys entrusted to them by a customer. The banking firm had been in existence for nearly two hundred years, and its principals were men who stood even higher in the public esteem than did the directors of the Glasgow Bank. When sentencing them to a term of fourteen years' transportation, Baron Alderson, who presided, mentioned the fact that he had personally known Sir John Dean Paul, and remembered him sitting at his side in high office. Sir John Dean Paul did not long survive the crushing disgrace that had befallen him, and the baronetcy went to his only son, who has now died.

Among the many moving incidents in the case is the one little known, or at least forgotten, that Sir John might, had he pleased, have had a run for his liberty. When the warrant for his arrest was issued, two policemen went down to his place at Nutfield, near Reigate, where they found him at dinner. It was too late to return that evening, and accordingly the baronet spent this last night in his home in custody of the police. On the next morning they went off to the railway-station, and found the train just starting. Sir John, opening the carriage door, stepped nimbly in. The police tried to follow, but the porters, not knowing them or their business, they being in plain clothes, fell upon them and dragged them back, declaring that the train had started.

Thus the fraudulent banker went off peacefully to London. The telegraph was put in operation, but on arriving in London Sir John slipped out of the station unobserved and disappeared. There was a hue and cry all over the country. All the ports were watched and diligent search made in his customary haunts. The arrest happened on Tuesday, and on the following Thursday Sir John, who had been staying with a friend, quietly walked into the Bow Street police office and surrendered himself.

July 11, 1890.

*Arthur Balfour and Bismarck*

4, CARLTON GARDENS, S.W.,

July 10, 1890.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I am very grateful to you for *Prince Bismarck's Letters*. His passion for making public the most intimate details of his life is a very curious one—I daresay deliberately adopted for political purposes. The only time I ever saw him, which was at Berlin in 1879, I thought him very attractive.

With many thanks,

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

July 16, 1890.

The Prince of Wales gave a garden party at Marlborough House to-day. It was a great occasion, one of the rare opportunities London Society has "to have the honour of meeting Her Majesty the Queen." The gathering included the cream of London Society, with some arbitrarily selected additions from the ranks of Literature, Science, Art, and the Drama. Within the high brick walls that girdle the lawn there were gathered more pretty faces and dainty gowns than I ever saw on a short afternoon. The only badly dressed people were, oddly enough, the Queen and Henry Irving. She looked dowdy, and he looked shabby, in a hat a size too big for

him, somebody else's coat, and a tired, sallow face, lacking the kindly illumination of the footlights.

When the Queen moved about on the arm of the Prince of Wales, all the lords and ladies, the beautiful girls, the brave soldiers, and the men of peaceful arts and world-wide renown fell back, forming a lane through which she hobbled. As she slowly passed along, it was odd to see the brilliant crowd bending low to the little woman in black, whom no one looking upon would, without guidance, have guessed was Queen of England and Empress of India.

*Randolph Churchill's Diffidence*

August 6, 1890.

The editor of an American monthly magazine of wide and influential circulation asked me to invite Lord Randolph Churchill to contribute an article. Following is his reply. The "at present" with which he qualifies his refusal is significant.

KING'S HOTEL, BRIGHTON,

August 5, 1890.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I am much too lazy to write articles, and the flattering inducements of your correspondent leave me unmoved. Moreover, I could not write an article on "Conservative Democracy, its Hopes, Possibilities, and Future," without directly or indirectly criticising the acts and policy of the present leaders of the Tories, and this will do no good at present.

Weather here is heavenly, and I sympathise with you profoundly in your being compelled to listen to the drivel and twaddle of Sir George Campbell, Storey, Coneybeare & Co.

Yours sincerely,

RANDOLPH S. C.

My wife says that Mr. Ward's sketch is the best thing ever done of me. I am afraid I have been a poor sitter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a reference to a portrait for which he sat, an addition to my small collection of portraits of contemporaries now in the Reform Club.

*August 15, 1890.*

"Old Morality," like a wise man, has forestalled his colleagues, and did not put in an appearance to-day. He has left town for the session. There was some curiosity as to whom his cloak would fall upon. Through the question hour Arthur Balfour sat in the seat of the Leader of the House, Goschen taking the one lower down. That was merely a matter of convenience, since the Chief Secretary had a large number of questions to answer. When the First Lord of the Treasury was personally appealed to, Goschen presented himself and delivered the necessary answers. Balfour has been throughout the night evidently impressed with the seriousness of his position and the necessity of resisting those little temptations to angry speech which too often beset him. His manner has indeed been marked by an almost supernatural suavity. He was even deferential to Sir George Campbell and spoke gently to Patrick O'Brien.

Incentive to good humour on the Treasury Bench, more particularly with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a little incident that happened early in the sitting. A note was passed across the House to Goschen, which was found to contain a cleverly drawn design for the reverse of the new silver coinage. It represented George Campbell in the traditional position of St. George, but instead of fighting with a dragon he was impaling a gorilla. The sketch bore the title "Sir George and the Gorilla," and was offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a suggestion for the new coinage.

*August 30, 1890.*

By an odd coincidence Lord Salisbury and Mr. Smith have foregathered at La Bourboule, a French watering-place that has come into some prominence of late years. Last year it was Royat the Premier visited, without finding substantial amelioration. On the whole he was better towards the end of the session than he had been

earlier. Two speeches he delivered in the House on the eve of the Prorogation—one explaining the Anglo-French Agreement, the other reasoning with the Lords, who, led by Lord Wemyss, were on the verge of running down a steep 'place into the sea in the matter of the Removal of Gates Bill—were in his very best style.

It is a happy thing that, Premier in official rank, Lord Salisbury has no superior in debating power in the Lords. His style, alike in matter and manner, is nearly perfect. He never orates as Lord Beaconsfield did. He just talks to the House in natural manner, everyone listening recognising his superlative intellectual force. I noticed that when making his statement on the Anglo-French Agreement he had not a single note in his hand—a quite unusual thing with the most practised Parliamentary speaker when dealing with delicate questions of foreign policy. Rising from his seat in a casual way and lounging towards the table, he began to talk in conversational but clear tone, setting forth a perfectly pellucid statement, pleasingly tinged with cynicism.

November 7.

*Sir George Trevelyan's Uncle.*

WALLINGTON, CAMBO, NORTHUMBERLAND.

November 6, 1890.

DEAR LUCY,

I have had a very quiet time in the country between not very frequent rhetorical expeditions and am enjoying life, as always. I shall like very much to see what you say about Macaulay in the Commons. That was a happy life, and a happier death, for who else, except Shakespeare, died at the exact moment when he had written his quota, and before he had done a line too much. His are the only "collected works" which can all be read by those who can read him at all.

Ever yours truly,

GEO. TREVELYAN.

## CHAPTER II

*March 3, 1891.*

ELLEN TERRY tells me a moving story illustrating the pitfalls which await the kindly-hearted whose purses are reputed to be full. Both she and Irving, their names being prominently before the public, are every day the recipients of innumerable begging letters. One day Miss Terry received one the simplicity and straightforwardness of whose tone attracted her. It related how the writer, a poor woman, the wife of an honest, hard-working but ill-requited clerk, was about to be confined. The wretched room she shared with her husband was bereft of furniture, and she did not know how to face the coming trouble, being practically without the necessities of life. Miss Terry sent a postal order for a sovereign to the address given, and, other claims pressing upon her attention, forgot all about it. A week or two later she received another letter, in the same handwriting, announcing that the confinement was over, and "it was twins." "I hesitate to encroach on your time," the writer said, "but as you were so kind as to show a personal interest in me, an utter stranger, I think perhaps I should tell you this."

Miss Terry was smitten with poignant remorse to think that she had sent only a paltry sovereign to this suffering mother. And now, "it was twins!" She hastily summoned her friend and secretary, made up a hamper of various comforts suitable to the necessity of the case. With a purse full of money and instructions to dispense whatever was necessary, the lady drove off to the address, a dingy little street off Drury Lane. She found the room,

the nest of the newly born twins, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a dirty, disreputable, red-nosed old gentleman, who was already in a fuddled state. Enquiry made it clear that he, sole occupant of the room, was the suffering mother, the successive birth of twins going forward through the revolving seasons with regularity and despatch. The hamper was taken back and the purse unopened.

"Now," said Miss Terry, "whenever I receive one of those letters and feel inclined to do something, I send the money to the Charity Organisation Society."

*March 18, 1891.*

[The House of Commons has now been in session six weeks, and has had time to form an opinion upon the question of Arthur Balfour's aptitude for the leadership. For fully five years this still young gentleman has been an object of special interest. He has all the qualities that go to make a popular favourite. Young, well-born, rich, handsome, with a courtly manner and a cultured mind, he is an exceedingly attractive personality. His policy and administration of the Irish Office have through five years been hotly challenged and have created a feeling of profound resentment in circles favourable to the Irish National party. On the other hand, his firm attitude, his stern way of taking disorder by the throat and holding it in relentless grip till it drops powerless in its lair, endeared him to the party of law and order, and made him the idol of the Conservatives. As was shown, whenever he appeared in public, whether at Guildhall or elsewhere, his popularity exceeded that of all his other colleagues, not excluding his uncle, the Premier. It was the same at the House of Commons, where his appearance at the table was ever the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic cheers from the country gentlemen who saw in this slim figure, with its languorous air and face of almost womanish fairness, the stoutest bulwark of the Constitution.



His succession to the post vacated by the death of W. H. Smith was hailed with acclamation by the Conservatives. If Lord Salisbury had been deterred by dread of charge of nepotism from promoting his nephew, his hand would certainly have been forced. The Conservatives would have Arthur Balfour or no one.

It must be admitted that the brilliant Irish Secretary turns out to be something of a failure as Leader of the House of Commons. Last night Labouchere bluntly descanted on this fact, the young leader being among his audience.

"This is not," said Balfour, promptly following him, "the first office of responsibility under the Crown that I have filled. I have been abused into a reputation far above my humble merits with regard to one office. It appears that honourable gentlemen opposite are in a fair way to abuse me into a reputation far beyond my merits in the office I now hold."

The secret of this phenomenon—the development of which is curiously watched in the House, and everywhere talked and written of through the country—is not hidden. Balfour fails as Leader of the House of Commons because he brings to the discharge of the delicate duties of the post the mental attitude and outward manner he grew into whilst Chief Secretary for Ireland. One of the keenest lookers-on at the Parliamentary game through the last few weeks has been Lord Randolph Churchill. In the corner seat, in convenient contiguity to his old colleagues on the Treasury Bench, he sits through the question hour saying nothing, but thinking things that if occasion presented itself he would by no means find unutterable. It must be a great triumph for him to see his one-time subaltern, now nominally his leader, stumbling on from blunder to blunder, jeered at by the Opposition, and, infinitely harder to bear, uncheered by the once enthusiastic crowd behind him.

Lord Randolph's own tenure of the office forms in many

ways a mathematically precise ground of comparison with Balfour's career up to the present date. In point of time it was just about as long. In respect of precedent conditions it was almost identical. Like Balfour at the Irish Office, Lord Randolph, seated below the gangway, leader of the Fourth Party, was always on the warpath. Whilst Balfour flouted the Irish members, he, with winning impartiality, attacked everybody all round, from Gladstone to his esteemed leader, Stafford Northcote. It was expected—hoped or feared, according to personal regard for the new leader—that Lord Randolph would carry on to the Treasury Bench the manners of the roaring camp below the gangway. With the passage across the gangway he underwent a complete, almost startling transformation. He buried his tomahawk, and hid away the many scalps he had gathered during his turbulent, predatory career. He became decorous in behaviour, deferential in attitude, the mildest-mannered man on the right of the Speaker. He listened with patient courtesy to representations coming from whatever inconsiderable quarter, and won Gladstone's heart by the court he paid him as the highest authority in the House.

Balfour, on the contrary, is very much what he was when he was answerable for order in Ireland. He treats the House of Commons as if they were all Irish members, whom he might, an he pleased, clap into prison. The House, long accustomed to the apparently timid but really subtle management of "Old Morality," resents this inroad of impetuous, impatient imperialism, and, unless portents are misleading, will some day, at no distant date, trip up its new leader.

*April 1, 1891.*

The designs for the new coinage have been completed, and will presently be submitted to the House of Commons, though not necessarily for their approval. This is a matter that is settled between the Queen and the

Treasury, Her Majesty naturally having the principal voice in a matter personal to herself. The Queen was happy in the first medallion which served as a model for the coinage of the reign begun in 1837. Thousands of specimens are still in circulation, showing the young Queen with shapely head, neatly coiled hair, and girlish face. When this had been in use for some forty years the incongruity between the young face on the coinage and the matron on the Throne became somewhat ludicrously marked, and an effort was made to bridge the difference. In a coinage struck a dozen years ago the Queen's bust much resembles the earliest design, the simple arrangement of the hair being identical, though the face has grown a little in age, being that of a woman of about thirty. With the introduction of the florins another advance was made, the Queen being presented at the age of forty-six or even forty-eight, a crown worn well over the back of the head displacing the simple coiffure.

A couple of years ago the lowest depth of absurdity in this matter was reached. At that time Sir Edgar Boehm was still alive and high in court favour. He got most of the good things going in the art world that were at the disposal of the Queen. He was commissioned to make a medallion to serve as model for the new coinage, and the hapless Chancellor of the Exchequer was obliged to accept it. When it appeared on the coins and got into distribution it was greeted with an irresistible ripple of laughter. There was presented to view the profile of an austere lady of more than middle age, bedecked and bejewelled, awkwardly balancing on the top of her head a very small Imperial crown, conveying an uncomfortable impression that it was slipping off. Mintage of this remarkable work of art was kept to the lowest possible proportions, but enough was put into circulation to last a couple of years.

Warned by this egregious failure, Goschen succeeded in inducing the Queen to submit the latest designs to

competition. Eight gentlemen, Members of the Royal Academy, or Associates, were invited to compete. Six consented. A carefully selected committee of practical men was appointed to consider the designs, and they have now made their choice. The prize design is withheld from public inspection till the Queen's pleasure has been taken. But it has already leaked out, to universal satisfaction, that the rakish-looking crown Boehm set on the head of the Sovereign has finally toppled off.

*April 4, 1891.*

One of Charles Dickens's quaintest creations is Silas Wegg, who, for a consideration of five shillings a week, undertook to spend two hours every evening entertaining Mr. Boffin by reading aloud. Something very like this has just occurred in real life. A tradesman in the Strand, finding time hang heavily on his hands in the evening, has made arrangements with seven gentlemen, each to fill up an evening by lending his company, and, as he puts it in the contract, "amusing" him. Each one will take a night, and so the week will be provided for. In consideration of the services rendered, the modern Mr. Boffin undertakes, in addition to a modest fee, to leave in his will a thousand pounds to each of his young friends. I understand the precise kind of amusement to be had for the money is left to the individual members of the troupe. Some will, as Mr. Wegg was wont, read to their patient, occasionally dropping into poetry. Others, whose talents run in that direction, will sing, whilst in each case conversation is expected to form part of the intellectual menu.

It would be cruel to throw a shade over this charming picture. But one cannot help reflecting on what might be the merriest meeting of all when, on the death of Mr. Boffin of the Strand, the seven gentlemen meet to hear the will read, and find either that the old gentleman never

had £7,000 to bequeath, or, worse still, that he has bestowed it in other directions.

*June 21, 1891.*

As the period for the visit of the German Emperor approaches, the trouble it occasions in high places increases. He is a truly imperial personage, in the sense of indifference to other people's convenience. When any wish occurs to him, he forthwith takes steps to have it gratified without troubling himself with concern of how it may affect others. His Royal grandmother, herself not lacking in this attribute, may possibly gain a useful lesson from observing its operation from another point of view. She is said to be daily on the verge of revolt from the whole business. It all began with the young Emperor who proffered himself as a guest. When the offer was somewhat deliberately accepted and the date fixed, he coolly altered it. Next he mentioned that the Empress would accompany him, an announcement which involved an entire readjustment of the reception in extent and degree incredible to the multitude.

There will be profound rejoicing in a distinguished family circle when the happy event is concluded and the wayward guest turns his face homeward.

*June 28, 1891.*

In the glorious summer of last year the terrace of the House of Commons suddenly assumed a prominent place in the attractions of the London season. It runs along the full length of Westminster Palace with a low wall overlooking the river; Westminster Bridge to the left, opposite the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace, and far to the right the stretch of river flowing past Chelsea from distant Oxford and the Cotswold Hills. Old Members revisiting the glimpses of the light on the clock tower would scarcely know the terrace as it looks on any summer afternoon. This year it has become even more

fashionable than it was last season, when the flood began to rise.

Some members, either surly by constitution or apprehensive of possible allurements, protested against this female incursion of the precincts of Parliament. The result was a compromise whereby a section of the terrace is railed off with the announcement that it is reserved "for Members only." The ladies observed with glee not free from a tinge of spitefulness that this legend happens to be painted on a board fashioned precisely after those familiar in thoroughfares in the hands of the pavours which bear the inscription "Beware of the Steam-roller." This jealous seclusion of hen-pecked husbands or timid bachelors happily works no disadvantage to the merry groups who gather lower down. The terrace is quite long enough to accommodate both Benedick and Beatrice.

July 1, 1891.

A short time ago England was shaken to its centre by the announcement that Whistler had decided to quit London and take up his residence, with letters of naturalisation, in Paris. Offended at some fresh evidence of inadequate appreciation in this country, and Paris having simultaneously paid him the honour of purchasing one of his paintings for the Luxembourg, he resolved to make this acknowledgment. Now Oscar Wilde has decided upon a similar step. The determination is consequent upon the action of the Lord Chamberlain in the matter of his latest play. It is a one-act piece called *Salome*, and deals with a well-known chapter in New Testament history. Necessarily the head of John the Baptist was to have been brought in on a charger. At this incident the Lord Chamberlain revolted and refused permission for the piece to be presented on the boards of a London theatre.

What makes Oscar's grief and disappointment more poignant is the fact that Sarah Bernhardt, naturally

attracted by the gory associations of the piece, had undertaken to play the title-rôle. The work had so far progressed that dresses were ordered, scenery painted, and rehearsals in full course, when down comes the fiat of the Lord Chamberlain, and Oscar, so to speak, has head and charger left on his hands. This is more than he can stand. Hence the resolution by which he somewhat unjustly threatens to punish a nation for the indiscretion of an individual.

The only compensation to be found in the circumstance is that it may prevent the carrying-out of Whistler's scheme of self-exile. It is said at the Garrick and other places where profane people resort, that if Wilde goes to live in Paris, Whistler won't. Whistler's loving-kindness is not a strongly-marked feature in his character. But he simply "can't abear" Oscar, who is more objectionable to him even than Ruskin, against whom he once fulminated a famous brown-paper-backed pamphlet.

I do not know whether the relations between the two wits are at the present time such as make it convenient for them to meet in the same social circle. They did at one time, seldom without a little passage of arms charming to the onlooker. At one dinner where they foregathered, Whistler flashed forth some happy quip that set the table in a roar.

"I wish I could have said that," Oscar murmured in softest tones.

"Oh, you will," retorted Whistler.

Considering the malicious libel that attributes to Oscar the habit self-confessed by Molière of taking his good things wherever he found them, this was as cruel as it was neat.

*July 8, 1891.*

A mere list of the names of notable men present at the Prince of Wales's garden party this afternoon would be tedious. I will mention only two, as they happened to

be standing close together, bareheaded, as the Queen went by. One was a tall, still straight figure—an old man with white hair, bushy eyebrows, beneath which blinked in the sunlight a pair of curiously pink eyes. His chance companion was a little man with bushy white whiskers and a slightly hooked nose, who might have been anything from a grocer to a bank clerk. This was Ralph Disraeli, brother of the statesman who made the lady in black just going by Empress of India. One can detect in his face some resemblance to his illustrious brother. There visible sign of consanguinity ceases. No one ever accused Ralph Disraeli of being a genius. By his brother's patronage he was made a clerk in the House of Peers, and for many years drew a comfortable salary without suffering from exhaustive demands upon his mental powers. He has now resigned his office, and lives upon a pension and the glamour that surrounds his name.

The other with the bushy eyebrows and the white hair used to be known to a former generation as Robert Lowe. Now he is Viscount Sherbrooke, a poor, broken-down old gentleman, pitiful to look upon by those who remember him in the House of Commons fighting his way against terrible odds into the first rank of statesmanship. His once brilliant mind is blurred. He was always shortsighted. Now all lights are dim to him, and he is led about like a child by the faithful friend and sometime secretary, on whose head he in his old age placed a peeress's coronet.

*July 14, 1891.*

The German Emperor this evening completed his visit by taking leave of the Queen at Windsor, but he does not leave the country, setting forth on a yachting cruise in the neighbourhood of Scotland. He has thoroughly enjoyed himself, and I hear from one of his fellow-guests at Hatfield up to the last moment he showed no sign of weariness, whilst in London he regularly joined the



"liver brigade" who ride before breakfast in Hyde Park. As he simply went for exercise he kept himself to himself. On Saturday morning people were surprised to see him riding in company with a gentleman whose identity was known only to a few. It was Panmure Gordon of the Stock Exchange. Everyone wondered how he came to be on such intimate terms with the Emperor.

The explanation is that on the previous night some members of the Emperor's suite had been dining with Gordon, when the conversation turned on dogs, of which he is a great fancier. Some time ago he presented two splendid collies to the Queen. He asked the Emperor's aide-de-camp whether he thought His Majesty would accept a similar present. The aide-de-camp said the Emperor would be riding in the park next morning, and he would take his pleasure on the subject. Having Panmure Gordon pointed out to him, the Emperor commanded that he should be presented. He cordially accepted the proposed present, and invited Gordon to ride with him, talking dogs all the way.

July 24, 1891.

It is, I think, not generally known that Thackeray first designed *Lovel the Widower* not as a novel, but as a play. He tells the story in the following interesting letter addressed to the then manager of a London theatre, now in possession of a friend who collects autograph letters and showed me this one. It is dated from 36, Onslow Square, January 20, 1862: "Is *Lovel the Widower* the story you propose to dramatise for Miss Sedgwick and Mr. Robson? I wrote it originally as a drama myself, having Mr. Robson in my eye for the principal character. Mr. Wigan, however, did not think the piece suitable for his theatre, and declined it, as also did Mr. Buckstone, unless I would make alterations which I did not choose to do. We are going to have a private representation of this piece by some of my friends and family, and I

had it printed to save the trouble of copying. The conversations at the commencement seem to me to be needlessly long, and probably are unsuitable for the stage, but these could surely be curtailed, and the last act is so lively and amusing that I cannot but think that Mr. Wigan and Mr. Buckstone were wrong regarding it. Will Mr. Robson have the kindness to read it over? It seems to me that he and Miss Sedgwick would be excellent representatives of the two principal characters."

August 1, 1891.

Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons to-day in the nearest approach to his historic summer costume he has yet displayed. He had put on a white waistcoat, and, with a white rose in his buttonhole, looked gay and blooming amid the throng of wearied faces and drooping figures. This is the first session I remember in which he has not on one or more days presented himself in his light grey suit with a white hat and, for choice, a blue necktie. Probably the familiar suit, which seemed able to defy the ravages of time, has succumbed at last. Anyhow, it has not been seen at Westminster this session, nor has there been visible that amazing pair of terra-cotta-hued trousers with which the Chairman of Committees one memorable session dazzled the House. Courtney still goes out to dinner parties in a pragmatical blue coat with brass buttons. The trousers of terra-cotta hue have faded from the public view.

August 8, 1891.

Some surprise, and even controversy, has arisen upon the inclusion of Lord Tennyson's name in the list of contributors to *Punch* set forth in Mr. Punch's Reminiscences published in the Jubilee number. Tennyson certainly contributed at least one poem which is not preserved in his collected works. "The Professor," doyen of the staff, who knows *Punch* even better than he knows the Bible,

sends me a copy of it dug out of an old volume. It was provoked by an attack upon him by Bulwer Lytton, who, in a scathing poem called "The New Timon," ran amok at his contemporaries. Of Tennyson's "Poems" he wrote on the occasion of his appointment as Poet Laureate :

Let School-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight  
On darling little rooms so warm and light ;  
Chant " I'm-a-weary " in infectious strain,  
And catch the blue fly singing on the pane ;  
Though praised by critics and adored by Blues,  
Though Peel with pudding plump the puling muse,  
Though Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,  
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles

Tennyson retorted in a vigorous poem of many stanzas which appeared in *Punch*. Here are the three concluding verses of the screed :

What profits now to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt,  
A dapper boot—a little hand—  
If half the little soul is dirt ?

You talk of tinsel ! why, we see  
The mark of rouge upon your cheeks ;  
You prate of nature ' you are he  
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you ! Nay, nay, for shame !  
It looks too arrogant a jest—  
The fierce old man—to take his name,  
You bandbox ! Off, and let him rest,

August 25, 1891.

Mr. Spurgeon still lingers at the gate of death. His illness has excited widespread sympathy which does honour not only to him but to religion in its various denominations. Catholic, Jew, Churchman, Nonconformist of every style, have united in expression of sympathy with those who watch by the bedside of the great preacher, and of hope for his recovery. Notable among the communications that have reached the sick-chamber is a letter from Gladstone written to Mrs. Spurgeon whilst

his own home was darkened by the shadow of death. It is touching in its simple phrases and drew a worthy response from Spurgeon. There is something pathetic in the picture of the sick man, almost worn out, rising in his bed to pen a message to the other great orator with whom he has so much in common.

"My heart's love," he wrote, "to one who has been into the King's country and has seen His face."

*August 28, 1891.*

Lord Rowton persists in holding to the position he has taken up that the time has not yet come for writing the Life of Lord Beaconsfield. He has, I believe, gone through the papers committed to his charge and has seen enough to convince him that the work must be deferred. It seems probable therefore that the generation that knew Dizzy in the flesh will not be privileged to learn all that may be told in an authorised biography.

At dinner the other night at Sir Charles Foster's, the subject of the Life of Dizzy and the best person to do it coming up, Gladstone made what, on the face of it, seemed a curious proposition. He said the best person to do it was the present Lord Derby. This is not a new idea with him. One of his intimate colleagues, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, tells me that some years ago he heard him make the same suggestion in the presence of Lord Derby, who jestingly replied that a much more interesting work would be forthcoming if it were undertaken by Gladstone himself.

Lord Derby is not known in the literary world, but, as his speeches testify, he is not lacking in literary ability. All his speeches are carefully written out, and are rather essays than orations.

*August 29, 1891.*

The circumstance of the House of Commons having met for several centuries in St. Stephen's Chapel is, a high

authority assures me, the origin of the practice of obeisance to the Chair made by each member as he enters or leaves the Chamber. It is generally regarded as a mark of courtesy and deference to the Speaker, mouthpiece of the House and depository of its authority. It, I am told, is only the relic of the bow made in pre-Reformation times to the cross on the altar of St. Stephen's Chapel, in front of which the Speaker's Chair was placed.

*September 5, 1891.*

At a time when Mr. Gladstone is supposed to be only partially recovered from his recent illness, he flashes forth upon the world, through one of the monthly magazines, a painstaking and convincing review of the prospects of the General Election. Oddly enough, it comes in swift support of the observation dropped by Lord Randolph Churchill at Johannesburg the other day, in which he confidently asserted that the General Election would as a matter of course see Gladstone returned to power with an overwhelming majority. That was a vexatious and disheartening blow for the Conservatives, who, though they dislike and distrust Lord Randolph, are bound to admit his habitual accuracy in forecasting political events.

His contribution to the controversy was, however, merely an observation; Gladstone's article is a demonstration. A past-master of figures, he takes up the mass of evidence accumulating during the last five years, dissects it, assorts it, marshals it, and shows that, unless figures mean something less than ordinary denomination implies, and unless logic has gone hopelessly astray, the Liberals will be returned at the forthcoming General Election by a majority which, at moderate computation, will touch three figures.<sup>1</sup>

*October 24, 1891.*

*Punch* has within twelve months lost two members

<sup>1</sup> To Gladstone's profound disappointment, it did not exceed 42.

of its extremely limited literary staff. Last year it was Percival Leigh, known at the *Punch* Table for more than forty years as "The Professor." Now it is gentle Gil. A'Beckett who has gone west. Although a confirmed invalid, fighting day and night against a troublesome disease, he worked on cheerfully to the last, joking and smiling even with death at the door. For several weeks he has contributed to *Punch* an account of his residence at a quiet seaside place, whither he went in search of health, and where the ruthless, deadly organ-grinder found him out. In this week's number there is another contribution, his last, describing how to exorcise some London terrors, including his lifelong enemy the piano-organ, German band, and general street-music fiends.

A'Beckett had not for the last year or two been in constant attendance at the weekly dinner. But he was present at the Almanack dinner, on the 3rd of this month, with a bright, kindly smile lighting up his wasted face, and a lambent humour flashing through his talk. The end came suddenly. I am told that in the final delirium his thoughts turned fondly to the comradeship of which, in days when Thackeray also sat at the table, his father was an honoured and loved member. In his last moments he babbled about the cartoon for the coming week, in whose devising he should have no part.

## CHAPTER III

*January 13, 1893.*

*From Clark Russell*

9, SYDNEY PLACE, BATH,  
*January 13, 1893.*

MY DEAR LUCY,

Your letter and enclosures reached me last night. A sell and a disappointment! I had hoped—but all the same warmest thanks to you for your kindness and that *trouble* which means real friendship in so busy a man as you. I am reading your “Behind the Speaker’s Chair” with immoderate enjoyment. You use politics as I use the ocean. Your kaleidoscope is a cunning, wonderful instrument. Our cordial regards to Mrs. Lucy.

Yours sincerely,  
W. CLARK RUSSELL.

*January 20.*

*George Bentley and Fanny Kemble*

UPTON, SLOUGH, BUCKS.  
*January 19, 1893.*

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I have great pleasure in sending you at any time any book you care to have. We have lost Fanny Kemble, the best talker I ever met, passing from grave to gay, from a pathos to which her rich voice lent itself to a vein of mirth in which the pathos still lingered. She was a glorious woman, true to the core, holding no middle course, none of your facing-both-ways sort of woman. Her temper was quick, and she was easily moved to wrath. Of which afterwards she was so sorry that a witty fellow once said—when a lady was speaking of these occasional tempests, and added, “but she made up for it by her repentance”—he would “rather have her in her tantrums

than in her reconciliations." They were too tremendous.  
May I congratulate you on being a J.P.?

Yours very truly,

GEORGE BENTLEY.

January 24.

*From Henry M. Stanley*

2, RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, S.W.

January 23, 1893.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am well enough—considering! and I think the Empire is doing fairly well, though it seems perilously near a convulsion at odd times. However, we will both wish it well after all—you from your side, I from mine. May the New Year bring more content to you.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

June 17.

*From Andrew Carnegie*

HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON.

June 16, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. LUCY,

I find your note upon my return from the West-end calls. Thought I had your address in my book, but when the time came it was the old book—not a chance of reaching you as I had forgot the address entirely. Too bad! I had some hope of seeing you last night in the Commons and waited until Arbitration was passed. As Toby would say, "Business done"—another link forged binding together Old England and New. Come with Mrs. Lucy—to whom kind messages—to Cluny and know Mrs. C. and me well. I dined with Mr. Gladstone Thursday eve and find him actually stronger than he was last year. He made a splendid speech last night.

Yours ever,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

P.S.—Off coaching to Cluny Monday a.m.

July 10.

Harcourt and Lockwood were among the house party at Sandringham this week. Harcourt mentioned the



interesting fact that he remembered being nursed on the knee of Gladstone. That was quite enough for Frank Lockwood. He took pen and paper, and in a very few moments had drawn an irresistibly funny sketch of baby Harcourt on Gladstone's knee. The sketch is now the prized possession of the Princess of Wales.

*July 20.*

Gladstone's personal appearance on the approach of his eighty-fourth birthday is watched with closest interest from both political camps. His vitality is phenomenal, his vivacity unquenchable. It is true that, in the closing days of the long session, he looked much more than six months older as compared with his appearance through the summer. That was due less to increasing age than to altered circumstances. It was a matter of common remark that he specially thrived on the Home Rule Bill. Exhaustive labour that would have maimed or killed a younger man seemed to possess for him recuperative qualities. As long as it was necessary for him to be on the watch-tower guarding the Home Rule Bill, he was positively buoyant in manner. Now that the Bill is out of hand for the present, and it has been his lot to sit hour after hour and day after day listening to talk around the Parish Councils Bill, the springs of life have appreciably run down.

When he goes forth to a division, and when he returns from the lobby, he has a habit of drawing himself together, throwing back his shoulders, uplifting his head, and resolutely striding forward, which presents him at his best to an always observant House. Sometimes in these last weeks of the session he has forgotten himself, and walks to and from the Treasury Bench, a weary old man borne down with disappointment and fresh aggression. Soon he remembers, and pulling himself together before he has half crossed the floor of the House, falls into his familiar stride.

The worst thing about him just now is inability to sleep. Up to the beginning of this year he had that gift of sleep which, as in the case of Napoleon, frequently accompanies the development of perfect genius. He could go home after an angry debate and critical division, drop off to sleep as soon as he laid his head on the pillow, and not wake till morning.

"I usually sleep seven hours," he once said to me ; adding with that movement about the eyebrows that almost amounts to a wink, "I could very well do with ten."

The only precaution he takes on retiring to his chamber after an exciting night is to read for half an hour in some book dealing with a question far remote from that which had occupied him through the day. As Tyndall once said, unconscious of the personal application of the remark to himself, insomnia covers some sad tragedies. If Gladstone cannot sleep, neither can he work, and if he does not work he must die.

At Hawarden Gladstone always went to the music-room after dinner, where Mrs. Henry Gladstone sometimes played the violin. One night listening to "Auld Robin Gray" brought over the wonderfully green fields of memory the vision of a little boy baffled by his first problem in political economy.

"I remember," he said, "when I was a child hearing that song, and being struck by the lines :

To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea ;  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

How, I asked, could they baith be for the girl when the crown was an integral part of the pound, not two distinct acquisitions, the larger including the less ? "

*August 30.*

It is the fashion in the House of Commons to say of Gladstone's last speech that, if not his greatest, it will take its place in the front rank of the brilliant collection

of public orations ranging over half a century. This habit is in itself, even admitting it to be exaggerated, a marvellous testimony to the Premier's vitality of mind and body. It was not wont to be said of Disraeli in his last years, nor of Palmerston, of Earl Russell, Lord Brougham, nor of any other statesman who had passed the limit of threescore years and ten. Probably critics are affected by the glamour of the personal fascination of the orator fresh upon them whilst he speaks. The effect of the latest effort is sharp, whilst the impression of speeches of yesteryear is dulled by lapse of time.

Making this allowance in fullest measure, it must be said that only Gladstone's self can parallel the qualities of the speech delivered on moving the third reading of the Home Rule Bill. It had the immense advantage—one he is little disposed to secure for himself—of compression. He was on his legs only five minutes over the hour, yet he seemed to have left nothing unsaid.

On the following evening I met him at dinner at Bryce's, and was more than ever amazed at his tremendous personality. It was a small party of less than a dozen, a circle easily brought within the range of his voice in conversation. It was reasonable to suppose that after a day such as he had passed through a man of half his age would have been grateful for opportunity to dine quietly at home, or, if an engagement of long standing had taken him out to dinner, he might have been expected to have literally observed the Scriptural instruction and let his conversation be "Yea. yea, and nay, nay."

The speech in the House of Commons, an effort which, standing alone, would suffice to make a Parliamentary reputation, was but an item in a long day's work. Since he left his bed in the morning the cares of the Empire have rested upon him. There is a rumour of trouble abroad, whilst at home he finds himself on the eve of a conflict with the House of Lords that may have momentous consequences. If there were nothing the matter in

Siam, and Parliament were in recess, there is the ordinary hourly task imposed upon the head of the Government, to which Gladstone adds a private correspondence for the range of which no subject is too large nor any topic too small. Yet to see and hear him last night one would imagine he had spent an idle day, and was glad to meet intelligent persons in conversation, with whom he might break its arduous inanity. He talked on all subjects, from the history of the Poor Law Bill to the limits of caricature; from Dante to omnibuses, on which latter subject he displayed an intimate knowledge that would have shamed a veteran driver or a consummate conductor. Whatever subject he touched it was, for the moment, the most interesting in the world, not only to his audience, but to himself—a theme to be discussed *au fond*, enriched with picturesque illustration, and lightened by those touches of humour the capacity for which some critics, whilst admitting all else, inscrutably deny him.

September 10.

Kenneth Maclaine is a member of the Scottish clan whose headquarters are on Loch Buie, where the Chief resides and whence he takes his territorial designation. The present head of the family was an intimate friend and frequent companion of Frank Lockwood. One autumn Lockwood and his wife were travelling in northern Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Maclaine. Lockwood observed that when at various hotels they entered their names in the visitors' book, his companion wrote "Loch Buie and Mrs. Maclaine." There was no objection to that. It was the Scottish custom. But Lockwood also had a postal address in London, and on arriving at the next hotel, his friend having made the usual inscription, he wrote underneath, "26 Lennox Gardens and Mrs. Lockwood."

September 20.

Talking at dinner the other night about telegraphic

errors, I heard two capital stories. As they were told in succession by benefited clergy they must be true. One reverend gentleman was arranging to have his pulpit taken on a certain Sunday by a parson named Noyes. Being away from home, he had a telegram sent to him. It was delivered in the following form: "No Yes Accept with pleasure."

The story suggested to the other clergyman, some time resident in Devonshire, his experience. Writing to make a similar request to a neighbour, he received the following telegraphic reply: "Mr. — has gone to hell and won't be back till Monday."

The destination of the reverend gentleman was nothing worse than Helland, a neighbouring village.

*September 25.*

Walking up the High Street of Colchester yesterday I observed with delight a name boldly set forth over a shop window. It was Bultitude. No trifling with initials or prefixes: simply "Bultitude, greengrocer." Bultitude, as most people know, and those who do not are happy in the opportunity of yet having to learn, is the name of the immortal father in *Vice Versa*, whom a strange fate compelled in the plenitude of his middle-age to take the place of his son at school.

Charles Dickens bestowed infinite pains upon the selection of names for his characters, and, till he descended to "the Veneerings," was usually most happy in getting the very name for a particular character. Even Dickens never hit on such a stroke of luck as befell Anstey Guthrie when he thought of the name Bultitude for his heavy and forlornly transformed father.

I always thought he had invented it. He tells me it was the name of a scout in service when he was at Cambridge. When he made his acquaintance he had not even thought of *Vice Versa*, but was so fascinated by the name

that he wrote it down and saved it up till he found a use for it in the book that gave him fame.

"With a name like that," he modestly says, "the character makes itself."

I think not; but at least it was a great acquisition.

*C.-B. on Harcourt*

*November 17.*

BELMONT CASTLE, MIEGLE, SCOTLAND.

*November 16.*

MY DEAR LUCY,

Only to-day I have seen in the local papers that you are going to lecture in Dundee on Friday.

You will therefore be within  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour of us; and what you are to do is to come here on Saturday morning and stay. Why should you not stay over the Harcourt festival next week? That polite letter-writer is coming here on Monday night, and reposes here until the anvil is ready on which his hammer will fall on Thursday, to the confusion of all timid people and the delight of all who love a row. You are not wanted anywhere else at this time of year; judging by the contents of the papers they might as well be written anywhere as in London; why not do your Pall Mall gossip from here? You may become even a "mere outsider," and, copying his fashions, predict on Monday what you will announce on Friday as having happened on Thursday.

If you are wise and bring Mrs. Lucy with you, underline all I have said, for everything would be doubled, from our pleasure downwards. And she might come here on Friday in anticipation of you; for I am sure she can forgo the pleasure of listening to your thunder on Friday. Do come.

Yours always,

H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

*April 10, 1894.*

The death of Lord Bowen removes from the stage of London life one of the sweetest-natured and most singularly gifted men who trod it. The news comes with a shock to all but the inner circle of his friends. Lord

Bowen knew for some time that his days were numbered. His complaint was incurable, and his case hopeless. But he shrank from giving pain in any direction, and would not have his parlous condition made known lest it should distress his friends. Up to within a recent period it was easy to escape detection. No one looking at Lord Bowen's placid face, with his bright eyes and ready smile, would guess he was marked for speedy death. As the almanac counts, he was fifty-nine. To meet him, as up to the close of last season he was frequently to be met, at the dinner-table or in the drawing-room, he looked at least ten years younger. At the Bar he was held to be the ablest Judge on the Bench. In social life he was the most charming companion, the sincerest friend. His wit played with brilliant flame round every topic he touched. But it was never a scorching light. In addition to being a lawyer who commanded the respect and admiration of the Bar, he was a scholar after Gladstone's own heart.

Married to a near relative of the gentleman who is now Lord Rendel, Lord Bowen came into intimate connection with Gladstone, who, of recent years, by the marriage of his son Henry, became one of the Stuart-Rendel family circle. No experience was more delightful than to meet these two charming conversationalists at dinner. As far as Lord Bowen was concerned he shone in fuller light elsewhere, not because he could not give and take even with Gladstone, but by reason of his instinctive modesty, which disposed him to be silent when the venerable statesman, being present, might talk.

I have heard him at his best at the table of Sir Charles Russell. I remember in particular one night when Mr. Justice Butt, now, alas! also dead, sat near him. For a delightful hour the two Judges capped each other's stories. Lord Bowen was not only an admirable raconteur, but was the cause of much story-telling in others.

One of the best stories about him dates back to the opening of the new Law Courts, and has perhaps the dis-

advantage of being only too well known. The Queen was to open the new buildings in person, and the Judges and leaders of the Bar met in consultation to draw up a loyal address. The draft copy submitted opened with the phrase "Conscious as we are of our own infirmities." Objection was taken to this as pitching the note a little too low. After the controversy had proceeded some length, the voice of Lord Chief Justice Bowen, as he then was, was heard cooing the suggestion, "Suppose you put it, conscious as we are of each other's infirmities."



## CHAPTER IV

*June 4, 1897.*

IF a story just now told about the eldest son of a member of the Royal Family be true, there is every hope of his making his way in the world. H.R.H. having had a sovereign bestowed on him, got rid of the tip with truly royal alacrity. When it was all gone, he wrote to his mother asking for more. She replied with grave remonstrance upon his extravagance. The young Prince, flying at higher game, wrote to the Queen soliciting what we have grown accustomed of late in the House of Commons to speak of as a supplementary vote. Her Majesty, doubtless following a cue given her by his mother, replied in the same strain, warning the youth against the consequences of forming extravagant habits in early youth. The small boy replied :

DEAREST GRANDMA,

I received your letter and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me the good advice, and I sold your letter for £4 10s.

*June 11.*

Dr. Temple has not long been a tenant of Lambeth Palace, but already his active habits have wrought a change in the ancient building. On taking up his residence he discovered that the sanitary arrangements were more in accord with the fashion of the Apostolic days than conforming to modern notions. He had an examination made, and finding things were even worse than expected, he straightway entered into a contract for work which will cost his private purse a sum of £5,000.

Possibly this has led his Grace's thoughts to economy

in another direction. The Primacy is endowed with a country seat at Addington, not far from Croydon. It is customary for the Archbishop to spend at least six months of the year in this convenient contiguity to town. Addington Palace, as it is called, has nothing palatial in its structure or appearance. It was built towards the close of the eighteenth century by a London alderman, who intended it for his country seat. Bishop Horsley was fond of it, adding several rooms and building a chapel and library. He also extended the park, a really beautiful place, with dells from whose undergrowth of rhododendrons rise trees of immemorial age, part of the aboriginal wood. There are heights in the park from which the lights of London can be clearly seen.

Dr. Temple does not share his predecessors' taste for the rural. He holds that his work is amid the haunts of men. He intends, therefore, subject to the approval of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to dispose of Addington. He prefers to spend abroad such holiday as he can secure, but will be resident in London for more months in the year than has hitherto been the custom of the Primate.

*July 2.*

The Bank of England occasionally has windfalls which do not appear in its public accounts. One such has just come to hand in the form of a note for 25 issued 140 years ago. Calculated at compound interest at 5 per cent., this represents an accumulated sum of £25,000. Its history is not traceable, but, having cashed the note, the directors permitted themselves the luxury of having it framed and added to their store of curiosities. Among these is a banknote for £2,000. On the back is an endorsement, written and signed by Thomas Cochrane, afterwards Lord Dundonald. In 1814, the gallant sailor who was prevented by the jealousy of his superior officers from destroying the French Fleet in the Aix Roads, was accused and convicted of a stock-jobbing fraud. He was ordered,

as part of his sentence, to pay a fine of £1,000. This he did, but on the back of the note tendered in payment was an emphatic declaration that he had been unjustly condemned.

Eighteen years later his sentence was annulled, and Cochrane, who by the death of his father had just become Earl of Dundonald, was restored to his rank in the British Navy. A memento of this in some respects precursor of the Dreyfus case is jealously guarded in the private parlour of the Bank of England, where the note, with its angry endorsement, is framed.

July 10.

Mrs. Ritchie tells a delightful story about her father Thackeray. Dining one night at the Mansion House at a time when *Vanity Fair* was beginning to boom, the modest author was taken aback by observing the Lord Mayor nodding at him in friendliest fashion.

"I know you," said his Lordship, playfully wagging his head—"Horace Twiss."

There was at that time in much vogue a gentleman of that name, a lawyer and politician, who had recently published a *Life of Lord Eldon*. Evidently the Lord Mayor had mistaken his man. Thackeray shook his head, disclaiming the identity. But the Lord Mayor was not to be done.

"Oh, I know you," he repeated—"Horace Twiss."

Finally it turned out, what with dinner and only partial information, the Lord Mayor, having heard that his guest was a great novelist, mixed him up with Charles Dickens, whose *Oliver Twist* was then the rage. Having got so far in the muddled process, his Lordship further mixed up Twist and Twiss. Hence his sly look at Thackeray, his wagging of a knowing head, and his catchword "Horace Twiss."

Long ago William Black told me a story on the same lines. He was dining at a city dinner (not at the Mansion House), where the chairman, in the course of proposing

"the Visitors," referred in eulogistic terms to the novelist. That was very nice to begin with, but imagine Black's embarrassment when the genial gentleman went on to speak with enthusiasm about *Lorna Doone*.

"Some people like it best," he said. "For my part, a plain man, I do not mind saying that *Cripps the Carrier* is the book for me."

Whether he thought the short gentleman with ruddy countenance and thick moustache was Mr. Blackmore, or whether, mixing matters up in another channel, he thought Mr. Black had written *Lorna Doone* and *Cripps the Carrier* remains unknown. Anyhow, it was a comforting speech for an already famous novelist to listen to.

July 13

In a busy thoroughfare in the city there is an office whose plain front hides a curious romance. The door-plate bears the name of a lady embarked upon the business of typewriting. It is merely a business style, her real name being one widely known throughout the world as that of a more than millionaire manufacturer. There is no reason in the world why the still young lady should not enjoy the luxuries of her father's palatial home in the North Country. There has been no domestic tragedy, no incompatibility of temper, no necessity *pour chercher l'homme*. The girl simply thought it was a wrong thing for her, well educated and strong in health, to idle at home living upon her father. She resolved to earn her own living, and found typewriting a clean and convenient business. So she came to London, formed a connection, works hard all day, and goes home to her modest lodging at night with the sweet assurance that she has earned her bed and board.

September 1.

It is curious to note how heredity comes out in handwriting. Herbert Gladstone's is so like his father's that it requires close inspection to discover the difference. The eldest son, William Henry Gladstone, had the same

peculiarity. A member of the House of Commons was the proud possessor of an historical document which he believed to be in the handwriting of Gladstone. It was a copy of the letter written to Disraeli during the height of the Jingo fever, calling upon him to verify a charge based upon an alleged quotation from his speeches. Writing for *Harper's Magazine* an article personal to Gladstone, this precious sheet of paper was borrowed for the purpose of facsimile reproduction. When it appeared, W. H. Gladstone owned up to having penned it. He was a member of the House of Commons at the time, and had made a clean copy for his father's use.

Another example of similarity in handwriting is found in the case of the Colonial Secretary (Joseph Chamberlain) and his son at the Admiralty. Here, however, unconscious imitation extends only to the signature. The handwriting of the Chamberlains, *père et fils*, has little resemblance, but there is an almost dangerous identity of their signatures. They are as like each other as are the eye-glasses they severally wear.

September 2.

Rooted convictions of the rural Frenchman are that when it does not snow in London, the metropolis is in a dense fog; and that when an Englishman wearies of his wife he just puts a halter round her neck, leads her to the nearest market, and there sells her. This last domestic arrangement has fallen into desuetude. But there is no doubt the Frenchman's fancy has basis in established fact. Readers of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* will remember how the plot of the novel largely turns upon the sale of a wife to another man. Talking with Mr. Hardy on the subject, he told me there were abundant records of such transactions in the country he has made familiar as Wessex. He mentioned the name of the little country town he had in his mind when writing the episode, a place where to this day there is an annual hiring fair, in olden times the favourite market-day for wives.

Among a rather rare collection of old newspapers, I have a tattered copy of *Pugh's Hereford Journal*, dated November 28, 1776. In it I find the following paragraph : " Tuesday sennight one John Knot, a labourer at Pontefract, sold his wife for half a guinea to Robert Rider, a staymaker of the same place. They have been married 13 years and have three children. She was led from her husband's house to the market-place, which is near a quarter of a mile off, in a halter, her three children following her weeping, and was there delivered to her purchaser amid the shouts and acclamations of the surrounding multitude."

September 4.

No authentic news is yet to hand of the fate of Herr Andrée, who with two gallant companions three weeks ago next Sunday vanished into space from Spitzbergen, hoping to make their way to the North Pole in a balloon. The myth about the carrier pigeons was speedily disposed of. There is more probability in the story of the Dutch captain who saw in the White Sea what he believes was the wrecked balloon. I have not met anyone who from the first entertained expectation that the project would prove successful. But there were few who looked for the safe return of Nansen. That intrepid Arctic explorer is naturally taking a keen interest in the adventure. In one respect there is a close parallel with his own case. One of Herr Andrée's companions was married only a short time ago before he set out skywards in search of the North Pole. Nansen had been married little more than a year when he embarked on a voyage only less perilous.

When he came back, Nansen told me a pathetic little story. His child was born a few weeks before he set out. He was passionately attached to it and sorely hungered for some close memento to carry with him. The happy thought struck him that if he could get the little one to crow into a phonograph he might carry the

precious cylinder with him, and nightly, before seeking his rest amid Arctic seas, might turn on the sweet "Good-night." Obstacles presented themselves which prevented his carrying out the plan, and the cry of the child never broke the silence of the Arctic night. After long interval Nansen spoke with tender regret of the disappointment that befell him.

*October 8.*

Frank Lockwood's latest story is about a Yorkshire mayor. In proposing his health at the first mayoral banquet, a citizen expressed the belief that his worship's term of office would be marked by unfailing and unvaried fairness and justice. Liberal or Conservative, whichever he might be, no trace of party prejudice would be found in his public conduct.

"I thank my friend for his kind remarks," said the mayor in response. "I believe you will find that I shall not disappoint his expectations. I feel and know that a mayor should be, like Cæsar's wife, all things to all men."

*December 16.*

Chancing to be in Birmingham on the day Chamberlain was delivering his rectorial address at Glasgow University, I came upon evidence of his work which will last long after political acrimonies have been smoothed out in eternal silence. There is probably no living man who has left upon his native town such broad and beneficent mark as the citizen who was thrice Mayor of Birmingham. He found it a busy, prosperous town, blundering along under the auspices of the average alderman and the usual sort of common councillor. He left it the most vigorous, best-ordered community in the kingdom. In the first year of his office, 1874, he turned his attention to the gas question, bought up the works on behalf of the Corporation, vastly increased the efficiency of public and private supply, and transferred the growing profits to the pockets of the ratepayers.

Next year he turned his attention in similar fashion to the water supply, dealing with it on the same lines. It is indicative of his broad statesmanlike view of questions large and small (when not overshadowed by personal or political prejudice) that whereas in the matter of gas he appropriated in relief of rates all increment of revenue, where water was concerned he ordained that only a minimum of profit should be taken, anything over and above being distributed among the community in the direction of fuller supply at lower rates. In his third year he devoted his energy to corporate improvements. In bold, far-seeing fashion, that would have delighted M. Haussmann, he ran a broad boulevard through a congerie of slums, and endowed Birmingham with the noble avenue of shops to-day known as Corporation Street.

From the first this enterprise benefited the citizens in whose name and on whose behalf it was carried out. The ground-rents forthwith paid handsome dividends on the expenditure. That is nothing to what will accrue in the full development of his well-conceived scheme. The frontage acquired by the clearing-out of the slums was allotted and eagerly taken up for the building of handsome shops and business premises. Leases were granted for only seventy years. Before the new century has half-way run its course these leases will fall in, and the Birmingham ratepayer will find relief to the extent of £100,000 a year.

Chamberlain's earliest club was one of his own founding, in fact of his sole proprietorship. Early in the seventies, whilst yet actively engaged in the business of making screws, he dwelt with his father-in-law, Timothy Kenrick, at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham. Mr. Kenrick had a rooted objection to the use of tobacco, to which at that time, as now, his son-in-law was devoted. Chamberlain dealt with the difficulty in his customarily thorough fashion. At the gate of the garden of Maple Bank was a small cottage, at the time tenantless. He rented it, fitted



up a bedroom and sitting-room, and in the latter gathered round him a circle of active young men, most of whom have since set their mark upon municipal affairs in Birmingham and even a wider area. Here amid clouds of smoke, giving offence to no prejudice in the matter of the weed, these young men discussed local affairs and high politics. This was the nucleus of a party which subsequently carried Chamberlain into the mayor's chair, "a jumping-off ground," as Dr. Jameson would call it, into the arena of Imperial politics.

## CHAPTER V

*February 4, 1898.*

LAST night's *Punch* dinner, the last to be held in the old rooms, was of the customary businesslike order. No speeches, nor special guests, fireworks, or photographing by the electric light. This year the room reaches its majority as the banqueting-hall of the staff. Up to 1867 the dinner was served at No. 11, Bouverie Street. It was there Thackeray dined when he was a member of the staff. He never sat at meat with it at No. 10. The historic table will, of course, be removed to the new dining-room when it shall be finished. On it are deeply carven the initials of Mark Lemon, Thackeray, Keene, Leech, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Du Maurier, Gil. A'Beckett, and others who have answered "Adsum" when the roll was called. Few of these monographs are dated, which in some cases is a pity. A notable exception was made by Leech, by whose plain J. L. figures the date 1854, and set between them the bottled leech that served as his crest. The most painstaking and elaborate monogram is that of Thackeray.

*February 13.*

The spacious rooms at Speaker's House on Wednesday night were crowded by members of the House of Commons, their wives and daughters, flocking to the first reception of the session. The Speaker had entertained her Majesty's Ministers at dinner, and the prevailing political colour of the guests bidden later was Unionist. A fortnight hence it will be the turn of the Opposition leaders, when the rank and file on that side of the House will be invited. There are a favoured few distinguished by receiving cards for both functions. Of these are Sir

William and Lady Harcourt, who were present on Wednesday—Sir William, I am sorry to say, looking ill and fagged. Many of the Ministers stayed on after.

*March 19.*

The death of Dr. Quain removes a familiar and popular figure from London Society. He was of the rare class of men who belong to both the Athenæum and the Garrick Club. At the head of his branch of the profession, wearing most of its honours, he had his Bohemian side, and liked to sit at the common supper-table at the Garrick listening to, and adding to, the stream of cheerful conversation. Up to last season he was an habitual diner-out, a constant attendant at evening parties. For years he seemed to defy the advances of time. On his eightieth birthday he might have passed for a man of sixty. But he never recovered from the blow dealt by the death of his wife a few years ago. He was not seen in any of his usual haunts last year, and for some months before his death was confined to bed. He shared with Lord Morris the reputation of preserving the richest brogue heard in London drawing-rooms. It will be interesting to learn whether he has left behind him anything in the way of memoirs. For the last forty years he has known most people worth knowing. If he wrote as brilliantly as he talked, his book would present a rare picture of life in modern London.

*March 20.*

Some of the old masters whose portraits of past Speakers adorn the walls of the dining-room at Speaker's House would turn in their graves if they heard that the latest addition to the collection has brought the artist a fee of eight hundred guineas. Eighty pounds was nearer the mark for similar work at the time most of the pictures were done. Opinion differs as to the success of Orchardson's treatment of Speaker Peel. The public will have an opportunity of judging at the forthcoming Royal

Academy Exhibition. At present the picture is hanging in the place destined for its permanent occupation in the dining-room at Speaker's House. I venture to predict that it will come to be regarded as one of the artist's greatest works of portraiture.

*March 21.*

Just now the air is full of farewells to the living and mourning for the dead. A bedside—other than those of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—the public solicitously watch is that of James Payn. The latest news gives no hope of recovery. Here, as in the case of Gladstone, the sorrow of friends is mitigated by the knowledge that death, when it comes, will lay a soothing hand on long-suffered pain. For some years the novelist has been a prisoner in his room, a martyr to rheumatism. It finally got such a grip of him that his world became limited to the walls of his bedroom and sitting-room, happily with a tree-shaded lawn before the window. I have a bundle of letters received from him since he, perforce, withdrew to the confinement of his two rooms. They, by outward and visible sign, tell the story of his trouble. The earlier ones are written in his plain, neat handwriting, with pen and ink. Gradually comes a time when he finds it easier to write with pencil. Still the same pretty, precise handwriting, marvellous in a man who has turned out so much copy. Of late his letters were dictated, only the signature being in his handwriting.

The final sacrifice seemed made when he had to abandon whist, since he could no longer hold the cards in his maimed hands. He was profoundly touched, when obliged to give up attendance at the Reform Club, by the proof of friendship forthcoming. Passionately fond of whist, it was Payn's daily habit to cross the road from Waterloo Place to his favourite club for luncheon, followed by a rubber. When Mahomet could no longer go to the mountain, as Payn put it, the mountain went to Mahomet. Nine of his old whist friends formed themselves into a

little club, and taking turns about, three at a time, drove over to Warrington Crescent to play a rubber or two. Thus thrice a week the stranded sick man had his game of whist. He spoke of this, with tears in his eyes, as a marvellous sacrifice of friendship. It was well repaid by the time spent in his company. He was even more charming as a talker than as a writer.

*March 26.*

It is pleasant to think that Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have never been personally separated by those outbursts of political acrimony not uncommon in the storm and stress of party government. Gladstone was always ready to pay a generous tribute to the intellectual gifts of his great adversary, but, of course, regarded him as politically a mistaken man. His honesty of purpose, his courage, and his scrupulous honour he was ever ready to acknowledge. At one time he was a frequent guest at Hatfield. In later life circumstances drew the two socially apart. But the feeling of mutual respect and friendship never chilled.

It has been a touching episode in the concurrent illness at Hatfield and Hawarden that kindest messages are almost daily exchanged between the two households. Though the illness of Lord Salisbury naturally looms larger in the public eye, it is, of the twain, Lady Salisbury who is in peril. Her condition, hopeless, I am afraid, superadded to the weight of anxiety arising out of foreign affairs, has much to do with Lord Salisbury's breakdown. He is now out of danger, and reasonably hopes to come back from his pending flight to the South strong and well. With Lady Salisbury the case, unhappily, stands on a different footing.

The newspapers circulate cheery reports of Gladstone's condition. I am sorry to say that, in the intimacy of the circle closely surrounding him, no hope is entertained. There is whispered apprehension of a grave cause for the persistent pain in the face, originally attri-

buted to neuralgia. However that be, it is only the final effort of a magnificent constitution that enables the veteran statesman still to resist the decay of extreme old age. No one has a clearer perception of the truth than has the patient himself. There is something pathetic in his remark the other day to his old secretary and faithful friend, Sir Algernon West. "You must pray for me," he whispered on parting. That seems about all left for his friends to do.

March 29.

Among the group of mourners gathered yesterday by the grave of James Payn there were at least two whose names are to-day familiar in English literature who owed their first step on the ladder of fame to his kindly offices. It was his quick eye and sure judgment that discovered the merits of Anstey Guthrie's *Vice Versa* when the manuscript, worn with the weary round of other publishing offices, reached his hands at Messrs. Smith Elder's. He also gave Conan Doyle a lift at a time when appreciation is most valuable to an author.

In some of the obituary notices mention is made of Payn's ineradicable fondness for London. It was, he used to say, good enough and big enough for him, and he didn't want to go anywhere else. Once, in a moment of always regretted rashness, he accepted an invitation from Inderwick to visit Rye, where the Q.C., who ought long ago to have been a judge, has a house. Payn inveigled his friend Robinson, manager of the *Daily News*, who shared his abhorrence of country trips, to accompany him on this expedition.

"Goodbye, Columbus," were the parting words of the son of this second adventurer, who went down to the railway-station to see his father off.

Following Inderwick's instructions, the travellers got out at Winchelsea, desperately resolved to see that ancient town before going on to Rye. According to Payn's forlorn account, they, for nearly an hour, walked

up and down the sleepy streets without meeting a single person. Going on to the ruined pier, they found the tide out, only a waste of mud in view.

"A dreadful place," murmured Payn's companion in the day's misery. "Even the sea has deserted it."

Returning to the station, they wandered into the yard of an inn where a bus was standing. Peeping in at the window, they discovered a stableman asleep at his ease in the vehicle.

"Ah," said Payn, "here's the population."

They never got to Rye. Arriving at the station, they found a train ready to go back to London. Recognising in this the finger of Providence, they took their seats, and reached the Reform Club in time for dinner.

Payn used to repeat with glee one of Burnand's flashes of wit. Among the fancy portraits published in *Punch* some years ago appeared one of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. Payn was represented as half-hidden in the trunk of a tree. Some one said he hardly recognised the likeness. "Ah," said Burnand, "but you never saw James Payn up a tree!"

April 8.

The occasion for the return to the stage of the lady once known as Kate Terry adds pathos to the interest the event has excited in the dramatic world. Many years ago, at a time when, little more than a girl, she had established a brilliant reputation, she "went and married a linen-draper," to adapt a remark of Dick Swiveller's. From a worldly point of view the match was excellent, and Miss Terry did not hesitate to conform to the condition that she should quit the much-loved stage. For something like a quarter of a century she (now Mrs. Lewis) has lived the centre of a happy and affluent home. Her husband's house has, during that period, been the hospitable rendezvous of some of the best-known men. At one time private theatricals were in vogue, and Kate Terry was seen on the stage again charming a select

circle of friends. By the outer world she was welcomed on first nights at the theatre, generally accompanied by her two pretty daughters. She has been a steady first-nighter, renewing her own triumphs in watching her sister Ellen on the Lyceum stage.

A couple of months ago the literary and dramatic world was astonished to hear that the collection of pictures and nicknacks familiar in the home of Kate Terry's husband was about to be sold. Then came sale of the furniture, the quitting of the old home, and the news that a long-established business, gradually fading, could be kept going only by the personal sacrifice of its principal partner. At this crisis Kate Terry's heart, untravelled, fondly turned to the stage. She resolved to go back and earn her own living again. She will make her *rentrée* in about a fortnight's time at the Globe Theatre, playing with her old friend John Hare in a new piece called *The Master*.

Early in the fifties the Queen and the Prince Consort had a series of theatrical performances at Windsor Castle. The manager was Charles Kean. Playing in the title-rôle of *King John*, he engaged Kate Terry for the part of Arthur. Mrs. Lewis tells me she has vivid recollection of that memorable appearance before royalty. It was not only the stage and the audience that terrified a child of seven years old: there was the agony of going through her part with an utter stranger. She was told she must expect Kean to play *King John* quite differently from any one she had been used to. She must be careful to take her cue from him and get along as well as she could. In this respect she found herself equal to the situation, and all went well on the stage. Her chief terror was the Queen, whom she was astonished to see sitting in a chair and not wearing a crown.

"I felt convinced," Mrs. Lewis says, "that if I did anything wrong, forgot a word, or didn't promptly take a cue, the Queen would order me off for instant execution."



How idle were her fears, how great her triumph, is testified from an unexpected quarter. Macaulay, not yet a peer, was among the guests commanded to the play. Writing about it afterwards, he said: "The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders. It is almost worth while to be past middle life to see Miss Kate Terry play this."

These are cheering words to sound in the ears of the plucky lady taking up again, after the lapse of many years, the thread of her girlhood's task.

*April 16.*

Travellers along the Embankment between six and seven o'clock in the evening may observe a detachment of the Guards moving eastward at quick march. These are the men told off for the protection of the Bank of England. They number sixty, and are in command of one of the regimental officers. The service is decidedly popular, involving a change from barrack-life. The Bank directors provide a guardroom where, sentries duly placed, those awaiting their own turn can sleep. Each man has a shilling given to him, which he may, if he pleases, spend in the canteen, also provided by the thoughtful directors. Non-commissioned officers accompanying the detachment have half a crown. On ordinary occasions the men march from whatever barrack is on the rota to supply the force. On snowy or foggy nights they may be seen going by the underground railway, a luxury of locomotion for which the officer in charge pays out of his private purse.

As for that gilded warrior, he dines in solemn state in a room at the Bank reserved for his use. He may, if he hankers after company, entertain two guests. I have had the pleasure of joining this unique dinner-table, and can testify to the excellence of the fare. The statutes of the Bank of England provide two bottles of wine for the officer on duty. The ancient fashion of the institution was illustrated by the fact that the officer might make his choice of port, sherry, or claret, and thought it good enough. The port certainly is.

If the officer has company, he may claim an odd bottle of whichever of these wines he pleases. Some newcomers have rashly asked for whisky and soda for later refreshment—a demand sternly rebuked. That compound is another new-fangled notion, and the will of the old directors is still law in the commissariat department at Threadneedle Street. In addition to the military garrison, the directors now, as was the custom more than a century ago, keep a nightly patrol of twenty-five clerks. One of the head clerks takes his turn at sitting up all night in the Bank buildings, where the silence is broken only by the footfall of the patrol.

*April 20*

The natural conclusion of the public when, at the forthcoming Academy show, they see the picture of Lord Peel in his robes, seated in the Speaker's chair, will be that he literally so "sat" to the artist. This is a mistake, since the portrait was painted in Orchardson's own studio. The Speaker's chair gave its own sittings on days quite apart. The construction of this picture was singular, lending fresh interest to its artistic merit. The subject was painted seated in an ordinary chair lightly sketched on the canvas. When the portrait was finished, Orchardson took the canvas down to Westminster, had his easel wheeled into the House of Commons, and, seated before the veritable chair, rubbed out the lines representing his own piece of furniture, and literally "moved the Speaker into the chair."

Accidentally and quite innocently I fell upon the secret of this artistic manœuvre. One morning early in the session I happened to look in at the Press Gallery at the House of Commons to pick up some forgotten memoranda. Looking down, I was shocked to see a newspaper projecting from the Speaker's chair, plainly visible from behind. There seemed little doubt that one of the messengers, possibly the charwoman, making luxurious a quarter of an hour's leisure, had planted himself (or herself) in the

Speaker's chair, and was there enjoying the morning paper. Passing round the gallery, so as to get a front view of the chair, I discovered that its occupant was Lord Peel, in wig and gown, reading the newspaper, whilst at a slight distance Orchardson, working away at his easel, was giving the last touches to his picture. This, I afterwards learned, was the only sitting in the historic chair given by the ex-Speaker.

*April 28.*

Sir Charles Tennant was one of three guests (the other two were Sir William Agnew and myself) not being R.A.s or Associates present at Henry Tate's dinner, given annually a day or two before the more famous but not more pleasant one spread at Burlington House on the eve of the opening of a new exhibition. In the course of the evening conversation arose about portraits of Gladstone. It was agreed that Tennant is the possessor of the prize. It is the well-known one by Millais, representing Gladstone with his hands folded before him and a somewhat saintly look on his face. Lord Rosebery has the second best, in which Gladstone is picturesquely represented in the scarlet hood of a D.C.L.

To Lord Rosebery some of his pictures are so precious that he moves them about with him. This portrait of Gladstone, familiar in the dining-room at Dalmeny, is now at Berkeley Square for the term of Lord Rosebery's residence in town. There also are his portraits of Pitt and Washington. When he tenanted No. 10 Downing Street, Pitt hung over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, never failing at the Premier's parliamentary dinners to elicit remarks on the curious resemblance to the great English statesman of the Napoleonic era presented by the profile of Mr. Chamberlain.

At Tate's dinner it was jestingly said that Tennant could not do less than bequeath to the nation his portrait of Gladstone. The idea was joyously taken up, and pressed upon Sir Charles, who stubbornly shook his head.

But the seed fell on fruitful ground. Tate's dinner took place on Wednesday in last week. On Saturday, at the Academy banquet, Sir Edward Poynter was able to announce that Sir Charles would hand over his treasure to the nation.

How it came into his possession is a well-known story. The Duke of Westminster, at whose request Gladstone specially sat to Millais, disgusted with his old friend and leader's Home Rule policy, felt his presence, even on canvas, unbearable in his house. It is generally understood that he forthwith sold the picture to Tennant. That is not exactly the case. What happened was that, having made up his mind on the subject, the Duke sent for William Agnew, and told him the picture was in the market. The picture-dealer straightway bought it at the Duke's own price. He next called on Tennant, told him what had happened, and Sir Charles, with equal promptitude, accepted the transfer of the bargain, paying Sir William his customary commission. It proved a good stroke of business all round—for everyone except the Duke. Tennant could at any time since have got his money back, with a fair profit, and now the marvellous picture becomes the nation's heritage.

Millais used to tell a pretty story about this historic portrait. A short time before his death Disraeli sat to the great artist. In the studio hung a proof engraving of Gladstone's portrait. Millais observed that Disraeli's eyes were frequently bent upon it. At length he asked if his sitter would accept a copy.

"I was rather shy of offering it to you," he apologetically added.

"I should be delighted to have it," said Disraeli, with what for him was almost an eager manner. "People think that more or less through our political lives I have disliked Mr. Gladstone. To tell the truth, my only difficulty in respect to him has been that, studying him from day to day and year to year, I could never understand him."

*April 30.*

Chauncey Depew, who is paying one of his autumnal visits to London, gives me an interesting account of a long conversation he held with Gladstone. In the course of it Gladstone observed that since De Tocqueville wrote, no good history of the United States has been forthcoming, whilst the intervening sixty years furnish material for a most important record. The work, he said, ought to be done by a man not only possessing full and accurate information, but with the philosophical faculty strongly developed. He added that an Englishman would, on the whole, better understand the task than an American, since he would be freer from bias. Depew replied that all De Tocqueville had written upon the conditions of the United States applied without change and with equal force down to the time of the Civil War, whereas the whole development of the United States, as distinguished from the De Tocqueville period—social, political, and material—had arisen since. This, he urged, was due to the Civil War, which not only liberated the slaves, but freed the country from the prejudices of sectionalism and partisanship based on geographical lines.

"Ah," said Gladstone quickly, "that is exactly what will happen in Ireland after Home Rule has been conceded."

He was eloquent in his admiration of America, her institutions, her growth, and all that she represents. There was one thing, he added, which he hoped would never be adopted in England. It is the system whereby with every incoming administration there should be a complete change of office-holders in every department of the Government. It involved the necessity, certainly the custom, that the time and attention of the executive officers are turned aside from public business for the first year to attend to the demands of the political magnates who assisted in securing the election of the administration.

Another striking remark was, that if he had to select the best fifty years from the beginning of the world up to the present time, Gladstone would choose the half-century in which he has lived.

"It has," he said, "been fifty years of emancipation, the only half-century of which that can be said."

Of Gladstone personally Depew said, "At seventy-nine he is one of the most alert and active men, physically and intellectually, I ever met. There seems to be no impairment of any faculty, nor does he suffer from weakness of any kind. He talks with fire and vigour, and presents his views with a lucidity that is simply marvellous."

May 1.

I had undertaken to write for *Harper's Magazine* an article on "Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden," and in furtherance of my task had been invited to visit the castle, when I noticed lying on a table in the dining-room the miniature painted on ivory referred to in the subjoined letter from the Premier's eldest son. It represents a chubby little boy, sitting at the knee of a little girl in nymph-like costume, fondly supposed to be learning his letters. He has, in truth, one chubby finger pointed towards the book, which rests on his sister's knees. But his face is raised, and two great brown eyes look enquiringly into those of the beholder.

It is a portrait of W. E. Gladstone, taken when his father lived in Rodney Street, Liverpool, and he was aged two. It pre-dates the time when Canning stood for the Lancashire town, and, carried through the streets by his enthusiastic supporters, halted before John Gladstone's house. From the balcony adjoining Canning addressed the throng, whilst from an upper window, held in the nurse's arms, the chubby little boy with the big brown eyes looked out with pleased wonder at the throng—the first political gathering he had been prominently present at.

HAWARDEN RECTORY, CHESTER.

DEAR SIR,

Mrs. Gladstone returns from London to-morrow, but I have no manner of doubt she will agree to the request made regarding the miniature, and you may assume this to be so. [I had asked permission to publish a photogravure.]

I do not know if you would like to mention that through my mother's mother, who was a Neville (Mary, daughter of second Lord Braybrooke), my father becomes connected with Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Grenville, former Prime Ministers, and Mr. Windham, former Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I think three hundred acres would be nearer the mark for the Park than two hundred, if you have an opportunity of substituting it.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. GLADSTONE.

H. W. LUCY, Esq.

*May 28.*

To-day Gladstone lies at rest in Westminster Hall, death-throned on a bier in the centre of the stately fane, an ever-changing stream of life passing on either side. From first to last all the arrangements connected with the funeral have been delicately devised and admirably carried out. Perhaps nothing is better than this idea of his lying-in-state in Westminster Hall, resting for a while on his way to the grave by the scene of his great triumphs and most crushing defeats. Since the Fenian scare of long ago Westminster Hall has been closed to the people to whom it belongs. Through the session it is reserved for the use of members crossing it to enter the House. It was not so used by Gladstone, who was accustomed to approach by the Speaker's Court, and so quietly obtain entrance from behind the Speaker's chair.

During the short Parliament of 1892 a familiar scene towards half-past three in the afternoon was the Premier, always accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, driving across Palace Yard in a somewhat seedy one-horse shay. Men

whom he had made Privy Councillors, Secretaries of State, or Peers might drive down to the House with high-stepping horses drawing smart chariots with liveried coachman and groom on the box. Gladstone was content with his old victoria. When business of the House was moderately slack, he and Mrs. Gladstone used to enter the carriage by the garden gate at the back of No. 10 Downing Street and take just one turn in the Park before going down to Westminster. Such opportunities were rare, and certainly did not present themselves in the session when the Home Rule Bill was on.

There was something pathetic about Mrs. Gladstone's infinite, tireless, solicitude for her husband's health and comfort. She watched over him as a mother hovers over a wilful child. Only in her hands Gladstone was never wilful. I remember during one of the Midlothian campaigns he received at Dalmeny a deputation concerned in some particular question of the contest. After briefly addressing them, he accompanied Lord Rosebery, who proposed to show his guests through one of the galleries. As soon as they entered the room, a little colder than the one left, Mrs. Gladstone wrapped a white woollen shawl around her husband's neck and shoulders. He, all unconscious of the somewhat comic effect, passively accepted the attention and walked along, his stately head uplifted from the homely environment.

Rarely was Mrs. Gladstone absent from his side on platforms whence he addressed mass meetings. He literally warmed to his task, being drenched with perspiration after an hour's struggling with facts and arguments. The danger of afterwards sitting in a draught or emerging into the open air was obvious. Mrs. Gladstone was always at hand with the well-worn Inverness wrap and neck comforter.

The last time I saw this sublime Darby and Joan together was on the morning of the 24th of June, 1895, when the *Tantallon Castle*, home from her voyage to Kiel,



for the opening of the canal, was slowly steaming up to her moorings at Tilbury. The guests on board had devised a little surprise for their host, Sir Donald Currie. It took the form of a resolution to present him with an album filled with portraits in groups of the guests, and some drawings by Mr. Oules, R.A., and Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., who were of their number. Gladstone undertook to draft a letter in which the thanks of the guests were conveyed to their princely host. This he wrote with his own hand, and it remains, I do not doubt, a precious possession with Donald Currie. Quite unexpectedly at the close of breakfast, the last meal taken together on board, Gladstone rose, and, in a graceful speech, read the letter in which, as he put it, "it is endeavoured feebly to express what we owe to Sir Donald Currie for his kindness and all that he has added to kindness during this delightful trip."

Before he had got through many sentences of his speech there appeared in the doorway of the breakfast-saloon behind his seat a strangely clad figure. It was Mrs. Gladstone, with her dressing-gown hastily thrown round her (apparently upside-down), her grey hair yet unbrushed falling about her face. Someone had told her that, as they used to, but never more will, say in the House of Commons, "Gladstone's up!" Anxious not to lose an opportunity of hearing him, and perhaps apprehensive that in her temporary absence he would in some way be neglecting his comfort and safety, she, interrupting her morning toilet, throwing on any garment that was handy, hurried on to the scene. There she stood in the doorway, unnoticed by the breakfast company, hanging on the lips of her husband, "a lonely and pathetic figure," as Lord Rosebery spoke of her in his matchless speech in the House of Lords when, the other night, lament was raised in the Gilded Chamber for the great man gone.

What strikes one standing on the top of the flight of steps looking down on Westminster Hall to-day is the smallness of the object which the multitude have come

out for to see. Gladstone's figure was so admirably proportioned one never thought of him as a tall man. Yet he was something above the average height, and his coffin must be at least fully proportioned. Its size is, of course, dwarfed by the immensity of the space in which it is set. Rarely do the mighty dead lie alone under such a vault as that which spans Westminster Hall. Considering the long wait in the street outside and the hurried passage gently but firmly enforced by the police, there is really very little for the public to see. It was different at Hawarden, where the old hero laid with placid face uncovered.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, worth a long pilgrimage to see. In Westminster Hall there is only the shape of a coffin covered with black cloth, with four candles set in silver candlesticks shining upon the ivory silken pall, first used for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who died at Hawarden.

But the people—the workmen on their way to their day's labour, the bonnetless women who dragged little children by the hand, the clerk stealing some moments from his dinner hour, the tradesman leaving his shop, the multitude representing the varied life of London—all know that shut up under the coffin lid is all that is left of Gladstone. That is the loadstone that draws the people's heart to Westminster. All day long, from six in the morning to sunset, the stream, four deep on either side, incessantly flows. I fancy if Gladstone knew, nothing would give him greater pleasure than contemplation of this scene, its silence broken only by the shuffle of feet along the black cloth gangway and the hushed whisper of the people as they pass the coffin.

## CHAPTER VI

*June 16, 1898.*

ONE unique and memorable incident connected with last night's party at Devonshire House was that many of the guests arrived per omnibus. The idea of a penny bus setting down at Devonshire House is attractive. Monday happened to be the night when the cab drivers gathered in their thousands at Exeter Hall, leaving the metropolis practically cabless. Later in the season this would not have affected the majority of the Duchess of Devonshire's guests. But members of both Houses of Parliament, though they may have come up to town for the opening of the session, do not straightway bring their own carriage establishment or immediately complete hiring arrangements. On Monday all available carriages at the livery stables were quickly snapped up, and for late comers having evening engagements there was nothing left but to walk or go in buses. The awkwardness of the situation was added to by the heavy rain that fell.

My wife and I succeeded in getting a cab, which deposited us in the courtyard. Apprehensive of trouble on returning, I brought with me a pair of walking-shoes wrapped up in portentous brown paper. Making my way towards the cloak-room with two umbrellas under one arm and the brown-paper parcel in the other, I came upon a brilliant circle of friends and acquaintances standing round the hall fire.

"Hallo!" cried the cheery voice of Colonel Mark Lockwood, concentrating embarrassing attention on the new-comer, "here's Lucy, come to stay from Saturday to Monday."

*June 30.*

On a fine summer day there is no prettier sight in England than is viewed from Harrow Hill on Speech-day. By chance, the rarity of which made the pleasure greater, Wednesday, being Speech-day, was born in and lived through perfect summer time. That was all that was needed to make the festival a success. After luncheon it was pretty to see the little groups, the proud father, the fond mother, the pretty sisters, and the Harrow boy (with his trousers turned up) showing them round with generously attempted, not always successful, concealment of sense of personal superiority.

Why on a bright summer day strolling over grass a Harrow boy should insist on having his trousers well turned up over the ankle is an unfathomable mystery. I made several attempts to plumb its depths, but did not succeed. The probability is that in some far-off day a Harrow boy—then cock of the school, now a judge, a Field-Marshal, or a Cabinet Minister—entering the school after a long walk, forgot to turn down his trousers at the heel. Small boys, observing him with admiration, thought how manly it was to strut about with your trousers turned up! So they furtively practised the art till now no Harrow boy who respects himself or reverences his parents walks about with his trousers over the heels of his boots. One other local prejudice frowns upon a boy who carries an umbrella (Harrowian "brolley") rolled up. It may be more convenient in dry weather, and in Pall Mall may even look smarter. At Harrow it may not be.

Harrow School is full of old customs. One of the most touching is observed during the concert which follows upon luncheon. In the hall are gathered old boys and new, little fellows striving for school prizes, others who have won them in the larger arena outside. Among the lilting verse to which the school is indebted to its Poet

Laureate, brother of the late Lord Justice Bowen, is one entitled "Forty Years On." The first verse runs thus :

Forty years on, when afar and asunder,  
Parted are those who are singing to-day,  
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder  
What you were like in your work and your play ;  
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you  
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—  
Visions of boyhood shall float then before you,  
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

As the first notes of this song sound from the platform where the singing boys and instrumentalists are grouped, old Harrow boys rise to their feet and join in. On Wednesday among those who stood up to sing were two venerable bishops, who left Harrow more than half a century ago, and now, as they joined in the verse, doubtless caught visions of boyhood, heard echoes of dreamland.

*August 6.*

The death of Bismarck, happening at short interval after that of his greatest contemporary, brings into sharp contrast the diverse reception by the world of the two events. Bismarck's death created a profound sensation, the sharper by reason of the unexpectedness of the event. At a time when, according to the doctor's report, he had taken a turn for the better, the end suddenly came. There is mourning in Germany at the loss of the man who built the Empire. The hysterical person who sits upon the throne, a lofty position utilised to kick out the throne-maker, publicly tears his hair in uncontrolled grief. But as far as the other nations of the earth are concerned, there is nothing akin to that solemn, quiet, heartfelt mourning that murmured in many languages round the death-bed of Gladstone. Both were supremely great men. Only one was lovable. One slaughtered men on the battlefield. The other, during a long life, worked diligently to bring freedom and material prosperity to countless homes.

It is strange that, walking on the same high level, working with or against each other at recurring crises, Gladstone and Bismarck never met. There was a time when such a meeting seemed imminent. It occurred three years ago, during the famous voyage of the *Tantallon Castle* to the opening of the Kiel Canal. Friedrichsruh, the home of Prince Bismarck, is within measurable distance of Hamburg. The *Tantallon Castle* being moored at that port, it occurred to Sir Donald Currie that here was an opportunity for the grand old men to meet. Sir Donald, who never let the grass grow under his feet, posted off to Friedrichsruh, accompanied by Lord Rendel and one or two other guests. He doubtless expected that he would be received as a morning caller by the Prince, and would have the opportunity of sounding him upon the project he had at heart. But Bismarck was not nearly so accessible to chance callers as was Gladstone's wont at Hawarden. He was "not at home" to the English visitors, and the opportunity flitted by, never to return.

Gladstone never heard of the project till it was talked of in some of the papers, when he was very angry. There was nothing in common between him and Bismarck save their greatness. On the contrary, there was mutual dislike. Bismarck had a constitutional objection for men who made speeches. Apart from the wars for which he was responsible, Gladstone had an abhorrence for the kind of diplomacy of which Bismarck boasted when he told how he had doctored the Ems message with a view to luring France into the war trap. A meeting between the two veteran statesmen retired from business would have been one of the most interesting incidents of the epoch. The endeavour to bring it about was hopeless from the beginning.

August 9.

When, a few years ago, Lord Dufferin published a charming volume of his mother's letters, he, in the

preface, hinted at intention of some day more fully dealing with the life of Sheridan's gifted daughter. The other day I had the opportunity of asking him how the work was progressing, and learned that it is not yet taken in hand. When he left the Embassy at Paris and settled down in his Irish home at Clandeboyne, he thought that in the abundance of his leisure he could turn out sheaves of literary work. He finds that being now nominally a man of leisure he has really less time for literary work than he had when he was her Majesty's Minister at Paris or had the Empire of India in his charge.

He has just set to work in a new field. Speaking most modern languages, he has long deplored his ignorance of Persian. Accordingly, in his seventy-second year, he has set himself to learn the language—a case that finds its nearest parallel in Queen Victoria on the eve of her Jubilee adding a Munshi to her personal staff and setting herself to learn Hindustani.

*August 12.*

The list of allotments just completed in the capital of Pease & Partners will be scanned with much curiosity. Revelations made in connection with the Lipton stock were as startling as in certain quarters they must have been embarrassing. An inconveniently enterprising newspaper publishing the list, it was found to contain the names of many of our foremost public men. One learned Judge not only secured 5,000 shares for himself, but obtained allotment of an additional 5,000 for his wife. As the shares stood at 150 premium, this meant the pocketing of £15,000 without running any risk. Another Judge of the loftiest rank was content with allotment of 1,000 shares, meaning a profit of a paltry £1,500.

These are considerable sums, but it is possible that had the certainty of disclosure been foreseen, the transactions would have been avoided. There is, of course, no reason in the world why a Judge should not apply for an allotment of stocks offered in the open market. In the

case of Lipton's the circumstances were peculiar, an allotment meaning the absolute donation of so many golden sovereigns. Sir Joseph Pease tells me that within twenty-four hours of the publication of the prospectus seven millions sterling was offered. Amongst the applicants, he adds, were peers, parsons, and Cabinet Ministers. Here, again, as the shares were immediately quoted at a substantial premium, solicitation of an allotment was, not to put too fine a point upon it, begging for a money gift.

*August 13*

The triumph of the six-shilling novel over its old-fashioned three-decker predecessor is absolute and complete. No one now publishes a three-volume at a nominal price of a guinea and a half. I had the opportunity the other day of asking a leading London publisher how the revolution has affected his business. He says, on the whole, badly. When novels were produced at the nominal price of 3*1s. 6d.*, the publisher at least got his profit of 15*s.* per copy. The number sold might not be great, but the normal demand of the libraries was sufficient to guard against serious loss. A sale of 300 copies turned the scale, and ensured a profit on the transaction. Of course, every score or a hundred in excess added much to the gains. A novel published at 6*s.*, if it takes on with the public, runs into a sale of thousands, with profit accordingly. But a poor book will not sell more at 6*s.* than would be disposed of through the ordinary channels in the old guinea-and-a-half days, whilst the publisher's guerdon is only 3*s. 6d.* a copy. According to my informant, it is Mudie's and the other libraries who profit by the change. Novels cost them much less, whilst the subscription remains the same as it was.

*August 14*

The distinguished officer to whose lot it fell to recover the body of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, waylaid and shot in Afghanistan, is in London on leave. He tells me an



interesting incident in connection with the tragedy which did not appear in the published accounts. At the time of his killing, Sir Henry wore his father's watch, a precious heirloom from which he never parted day or night. When the body was recovered, it was found that the watch was gone. Efforts to recover it have hitherto been unsuccessful. Offer of a reward would have defeated the object in view. Such a proclamation would have been construed by the Afridis as putting a price on the head of the thief, who would probably have sought immunity by destroying the watch.

Sir Henry Havelock-Allan's appearance on the scene gave an infinitude of trouble and anxiety to the military authorities. They felt responsible for his safety, and, with full knowledge of his constitutional recklessness, knew they had their hands full. The strange part of the story is that at the time he met his fate it was reckoned that danger was past. He and his escort had safely traversed the Khyber Pass and emerged upon comparatively open country.

Sir Henry left behind him in England his most faithful and cherished companion, his Arab horse. Relations between the two were curiously intimate. The horse seemed to understand every word or sign addressed to it by its master. If Sir Henry dismounted, told his horse to remain where he left it, neither force, coaxing, nor strategy would induce it to move a step till its master returned.

*August 16.*

Lord Salisbury's lack of popularity with his party is added to by his singular aloofness. At home with his family circle there is, a member of it tells me, no more delightful, genial, in humour almost jubilant, person than the Prime Minister. He strikes a pretty fair average by his conduct towards the outer world. What he requires from it chiefly is that it should leave him alone, see as little of him as possible, and speak to him never. This mental attitude is typified by his bearing in the House of

Lords. I, for one, in pretty constant attendance, never saw him address a word to a neighbouring colleague. He sits there with his head bowed down, his legs incessantly shaking from the knee in a manner calculated to drive mad any person sitting near him disposed to nervous irritation.

A story current indicates that this standoffishness is carried into Foreign Office relations. The other day her Majesty's Minister at an important court came over from the Continent to see Lord Salisbury on a matter in which the Sovereign at whose court the Ambassador was resident was personally interested. On arriving in London and reporting himself at the Foreign Office, he received a message from Lord Salisbury to the effect that he had nothing to say to him and therefore would not trouble him to wait. The Minister accordingly returned to his post, and, when asked by the King what Lord Salisbury said, was obliged to say that he had not seen him. This seems incredible, but I tell the story as it was told to me by a colleague of the Minister.

Advancing years and failing health doubtless account for these eccentricities. Lord Salisbury has of late had special cause for anxiety in the illness of his wife. These, say his implacable followers, are reasons why he should relieve himself of the overburden of work. He would be well enough as Premier, but the sooner he hands the seals of the Foreign Office to a younger man the better it will be for the interests of the Empire. Thus good Ministerialists talk in the confidence of the dinner-table and the sympathy of the smoking-room.

*August 17.*

Children's sayings recorded by adoring aunts and fond mothers are frequently a bore. Like some little girls,

When they are good, they are very, very good,  
And when they are bad, they are horrid.

I heard one the other day that comes within the first category. The speaker is a little boy between three and four years of age. He is a great-grandson of Dr.

Guthrie, of Edinburgh, who would have delighted in the mystic saying.

"Do you think," he asked, emerging from a mood of profound meditation, "that when I go to Heaven God will let me go with Him when He goes out at night to light the stars? Because, you know," he added, after a moment's further consideration, "I could carry the oil-can."

What a picture is here conjured up beyond the imagination of the practised poet or the art of the weirdest painter—the Almighty walking through space in the dead of night, lighting up the stars as He passes through long alleys, and beside Him toddles a little child carrying an oil-can!

*August 18.*

The unbroken applause with which the appointment of George Curzon as successor in the Viceroyalty of India to Lord Elgin was received in the House of Commons is a marked tribute to sheer ability. For a long time there was disposition shown to undervalue the capacity of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a disposition born of the conviction that Mr. Curzon might be depended upon himself to make up the average. The House, though occasionally prejudiced, is invariably just. The turn taken by foreign affairs has had the effect of making the representative of the Foreign Office in the Commons, albeit an Under-Secretary, of importance second only to that of the Leader of the House. In this position Curzon has acquitted himself admirably. Always master of his subject, he has by constant practice so far improved his style of speech and address as to free them from little mannerisms that once amused and irritated his audiences.

There is a peculiar fitness in his appointment to the Viceroyalty. He is personally acquainted with and in marked measure enjoys the esteem and confidence of the Ameer. Nowhere will news of the appointment of the new Viceroy be received with fuller satisfaction than

at Cabul. The Ameer and he are in constant correspondence. A day or two before there was whisper of his appointment Curzon showed me another of the Ameer's letters to hand by the morning's post—a large quarto sheet of parchment covered with strange hieroglyphs, traced in the Ameer's own hand and testified to by his seal. It may be safely anticipated that the relations between Cabul and Calcutta will be drawn closer than ever by the latest appointment of George Curzon.

*August 19.*

A telegram from the Atbara camp announces the arrival of Major Stuart-Wortley, who has been appointed to the command of the Iaalin Irregulars. This is an accidental arrangement which brings into strong light all that has happened in Egypt during the last dozen years. Stuart-Wortley helped to form the famous square at Abu Klea. From his side Fred Burnaby rode out to help a beleaguered private soldier, and met his death. The largest contingent of the Mahdi's warriors who beat themselves in vain against this square were these very Iaalins whom, through much hard fighting, Stuart-Wortley lives to command.

I happened to meet the Major three days before he set out again on the warpath. Of the company present was a colonel commanding one of the regiments of the Guards. Talking about the coming campaign, the Guardsman was confident that the Sirdar would have an easy walk into Khartoum. Stuart-Wortley, who has seen more service in Egypt than most men still alive, took a different view. In his quiet voice and manner, more suggestive of the London drawing-room than the camp, he expressed the opinion that before the English flag flies over Khartoum there will be some fighting equal in fierceness to the hottest times of the expedition of 1884-5.

He told me something I was proud to hear of the ever-lamented friend whose acquaintance, prelude to a

long and affectionate intimacy, I, oddly enough, made up in a balloon. The Major says that but for Fred Burnaby, the column attacked at Abu Klea would have been overwhelmed and destroyed even as was the ill-fated army of Hicks Pasha. Burnaby rode with the column without being in any position of command. He was on his way to join headquarters. Soon after the start his military instinct and keen eye discerned fatal weakness in the formation of the troops. By his advice this was altered, with the consequence that when the attack of the Mahdi's horde became imminent, the British and Egyptians troops readily fell into formation of the square, and were able, after prolonged and desperate struggle, to beat off the assailants. It was out of an opening in the corner of the square that Burnaby rode to the help of the wounded private. "Sitting his horse as quietly," Major Stuart-Wortley says, "as if he were riding on to parade."

August 26.

Since Barrie wrote leaders for a provincial paper he has had wide experience of varied scale of remuneration for literary work. He made a pretty good thing out of his novels. But the publishers' fees are trumpery concerns compared with his income from the stage. I am told on authority that carries weight even for so startling an announcement, that up to June 30 in the present year he had netted a sum of £50,000, being royalties on account of his stage rights in *The Little Minister*. Mention of the sum would take Shakespeare's breath away, if it had not centuries ago flickered out.

After all, the figure is not so fabulous as it looks. The successful playwright of to-day has at least two worlds paying tribute. Whilst *The Little Minister* was having a phenomenal run in London and the provinces, it was simultaneously playing in several of the largest towns of the United States. Thus, whilst Barrie sat quietly after dinner in his pretty home at Gloucester Road,

gazing through clouds of tobacco smoke upon the model of the windowed house at Thrums made and sent to him by an American admirer, costly equipped theatrical companies were working for him in at least half a dozen centres of population. The only parallel to his case in modern times was that of Du Maurier. He did pretty well with Harpers by the sale of *Trilby*. But the sum paid him, even with liberal additions voluntarily made by the publishers, was a mere trifle compared with the fortune yielded by his stage rights.

August 27.

It seems a pity that some people will not take the trouble of writing their signatures so that at least he who walks may read. An immense amount of trouble, and some inconvenience, is occasioned by this carelessness. Literary men are, naturally, the most flagrant offenders. Yet there are exceptions—Sala, to wit, and Archibald Forbes, happily still with us. Conan Doyle's writing is like unto that of a schoolboy. Anthony Hope's is quite commonplace in its legibility. The most hopelessly illegible signature among my correspondence is that of Mudford, editor of the *Standard*. To do him justice, he does not make the slightest pretence to the use of a single letter of the alphabet. To begin with, there is a rude representation of an earthquake. Those are his initials. Then there is a straight line inclining a little downwards towards the end. Another shorter straight line at an obtuse angle, and there you are. Up to the last Gladstone preserved a marvellous legibility in his handwriting, the peculiarities of which are to this day insensibly copied with startling effect by his son Herbert.

September 9.

No one familiar with the appearance and manner of Mr. Bayard, American Minister at this Court, was prepared for the news of his rapid decline so soon after his leaving this country. A tall, stalwart man of ruddy

countenance, bright eyes, with abundant hair, he did not look anything like his seventy years. It is only nine years since he married again, Mrs. Bayard being his constant companion during his sojourn at the United States Embassy in London. His great drawback, owing to advancing years, was extreme deafness. This made it difficult to carry on conversation, the difficulty being minimised by Mr. Bayard's unfailing flow of talk. His fluency, to tell the truth, somewhat handicapped the success of his after-dinner oratory. If he had been accustomed to halve the length of his speeches he would have doubled their attractiveness.

There is a well-known occasion when this verbosity led to embarrassing conclusion. It was at a Mansion House dinner given to the representatives of Literature and Art. Mr. Bayard had just landed on these shores, and it was his first public appearance in his capacity of American Minister. There was natural curiosity to see what he was like and how he would acquit himself. Both enquiries were fully satisfied. His handsome presence instantly created a favourable impression, whilst for the first ten minutes his speech flowed along with grace and ease. When it came to forty minutes a change was wrought in the scene.

The Mansion House is one of the worst places of public resort in which to deliver a speech. Only a circle in close contiguity with the speaker can follow his sentences. After a creditable exhibition of patience the guests in the outer-circle, tired of the rumble of a voice dinning in their ears for more than half an hour, began to clatter glasses and stamp on the floor. Mr. Bayard, mistaking this for applause extorted by his eloquence, was encouraged to go on. The stamping set in with renewed vigour, and the pleased orator, grateful for this appreciation, was not the man to baulk desire. So he continued till the room almost literally emptied.

He was never quite so bad again. But there was in all his speeches ever a tendency to undue length.

## CHAPTER VII

October 8, 1898.

It was only last December that Frank Lockwood left a world he had done so much to delight, and here is Mr. Birrell with what he modestly calls "a biographical sketch." This is a promptitude that would have pleased Gladstone, who once, talking about the ever-remote prospect of the Life of Disraeli appearing, emphatically expressed the opinion that if biography were to be done at all it should be done quickly. There are no marks of undue haste about Birrell's book. He came to the work equipped with long and intimate personal knowledge of its subject.

The little volume is made more interesting by reproduction of some admirable sketches from Lockwood's facile pen. The exhibition recently opened in London showed how quick was his observation, how keen his sense of humour, and how industrious his hand. Just as Thackeray (whose sketches, by the way, Lockwood's much resembled) greatly preferred himself as an artist rather than a writer, so the sometime Solicitor-General cherished an insatiable ambition to make his mark as an artist. If in early youth he had gone in for the severe training that alone makes a great draughtsman, he would certainly have made a hit.

At one time his heart's desire was to draw for *Punch*. He did this assiduously, but his ideas were better than their execution. When, as sometimes happened, his sketches were accepted, they were always re-drawn, though care was taken to honour his initiative by bracketing his initials with those of the staff artist. He drew with remarkable



rapidity. Often through a session he came to me in the Lobby with suggestion for a cut to illustrate "The Diary of Toby, M.P." "Wait there a moment," he would say, "and I'll show it you." Rushing off to one of the tables in the division lobby, he was back again in a few moments with a sketch scrawled on a sheet of notepaper with the first pen that came handy. It was roughly drawn, but full of "go." Years ago he showed me some interesting volumes which, though Birrell does not allude to them, are doubtless in possession of Lady Lockwood. They were notes of evidence taken at the hearing of an election petition in Chester. He then used, what in later practice he abandoned, blue and red pencils, which added grotesqueness to an illimitable procession of witnesses in the box, barristers in wig and gown, and faces in the crowd.

His collections of portraits of Judges on the Bench, if indeed he made a collection (his ordinary habit was to give his last sketch to the first-comer), would be unique. The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had a singular fascination for him. He drew him in all positions, with every variation of his ineffable smile. One evening the Chief was dining with Lockwood at Lennox Gardens, and was much interested and amused at the abundance of sketches of Bench and Bar which he found in a portfolio.

"How is it you never draw me?" he said.

"Ah! my lord," replied Lockwood, shaking his head with intimation that that liberty would too nearly approach sacrilege.

The fact is, as Lockwood explained when telling the story, remembering as he sat in Court that the Chief was to dine with him that very night, he hurried off home, and carefully picked out from the portfolio every sketch he had made of the too attractive figure and features.

*October 22.*

In interesting reminiscences of her father, Mrs. Ritchie states that Thackeray took Albert Smith's place at

the *Punch* table. That is a mistake, since Albert Smith was never privileged to sit within that exceedingly limited circle. He was, for some time between 1839 and 1843, an outside contributor. But his name is not to be found cut on the table, as are those of all who have sat there. The fact is, as one hears from those who, if not his contemporaries, were in close touch with them, Albert Smith was not a favourite. He had one valuable friend on the *Punch* staff in those early days in Leech. But this influence was counteracted by the persistent, almost vitriolic animosity of Douglas Jerrold. One of Jerrold's remembered sayings about the object of his scorn declared that "Albert Smith, in writing his initials as usual, tells only two-thirds of the truth." Another tradition at the table is that Albert Smith's final severance from *Punch* arose upon discovery by Mark Lemon, then editor, that he had been "conveying" copy, passing off other people's writing as his own original contribution. However that be, Thackeray could not have taken his place round "the Old Mahogany Tree," since the author of *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury* never occupied one.

October 23.

During the later years of his Deputy Clerkship of Parliaments, Ralph Disraeli was a familiar figure in the Lobby of the House of Commons. He was accustomed to come on after the Lords were up, and remain there watching with interest the moving scene. Except the officials and some of the members, no one knew what an illustrious name the quietly dressed, prim-looking old gentleman bore. He was at the time I write of past fourscore, but bore the burden of his years lightly. A little shorter in height than his illustrious brother, he did not carry any facial resemblance. It is no harm to say that he had not a scintilla of the genius that blazed in the other's career. But such work as came to his hand he did respectably, and much endeared himself to co-workers and others who

came in contact with him by his gentle manners and his retiring disposition. When his son Coningsby, heir of the house and lord of Hughenden, took his seat in the House of Commons, the ex-Deputy Clerk of Parliaments came down to see him sworn in. So far as I have observed, he has never since returned to his old Lobby haunts. Socially he lived a quiet life, declining to avail himself of the many open doors ready to welcome the brother of Benjamin Disraeli.

*October 29.*

The case of the present Marquis of Normanby is as interesting as it is honourable to him. When, eight years ago, he succeeded his father in the Marquisate, it was found that there were not available funds necessary to keep up the ancestral home, Mulgrave Castle. The new peer was informed by his father's executors of the stern necessity of letting the mansion. Lord Normanby declined to submit to such indignity. If the estate did not yield sufficient to keep Mulgrave Castle free from the intrusion of the stranger, the new owner would, by personal labour, earn such increment as was necessary. Lord Normanby is a ripe scholar, having taken his degree with honours at Durham University. Taking Orders, he, for eighteen years, served as Vicar of St. Mark's, Worsley, a not too richly endowed parish near Manchester. When he succeeded to the Marquisate he resolved to open a school, and this he did forthwith. His schoolhouse is the stately castle near Whitby; the headmaster is the Marquis; he has an adequate staff of tutors, and as many pupils as he cares to take. At a time when disclosures in the City have done something to damage the reputation of our old nobility, this plucky and honourable procedure of an impoverished peer is worth remembering.

Poor Johnny Toole is even in worse plight than his old friend and companion dear. He turned up at the Garrick the other night, a pathetic figure, blind and bandaged. The general failing of his powers now affects his speech.

His mumbling is almost inarticulate, and its meaning hard to catch. It is a melancholy ending to so long a spell of mirth, harder to bear because the old man is childless. Happily he is far from friendless.

*November 5.*

Macdona, the Member for Rotherhithe, dining at Ashley Gardens last night, across the walnuts and the wine confirmed a story of his early life long whispered in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. Having recently taken Holy Orders, he, called upon to officiate at a wedding, married the bride not to the bridegroom but to the best man. He has no objection to relating his misadventure at the altar. But he insists that the accident happened on the threshold of his ministry, when he was an inexperienced and perturbed curate.

The reason for his final withdrawal from the pulpit is not less striking. For twenty years he was Rector of Cheadle, a Lancashire parish yielding the handsome living of £960 a year. He has an only son with whom from boyhood he has been accustomed to associate on terms of closest friendship. He looked forward to the lad's taking Orders, and eventually coming into the heritage of the Rectory. The boy's mind was bent in other directions. He resolved to go to the Bar. When he communicated this intention to his father, Macdona, foreseeing a severance of their paths and a breaking-up of their close intimacy, instantly resolved on the quixotic procedure of resigning his living and entering himself at the Middle Temple, a student with his son. This plan he carried out. He was duly called to the Bar, and thence drifted into the House of Commons.

*November 26.*

The rumour is revived that Chamberlain will mark his final merging in the ranks of the gentlemen of England by seeking admission to membership of the Carlton Club.

A substantial reason for doubting the story suggests itself. There is no doubt that the candidature of the Colonial Secretary would be an exceedingly risky thing. If he were to indicate desire to be admitted within the sanctuary of the Conservatives, his colleagues and other principal members of the Club would do their best to secure his election. But the voting is by ballot. A very small number of black-balls exclude, and those aware of the secret feeling of the older Conservatives towards their ancient enemy have little doubt as to what would be the result of the ballot.

There is one way of getting over the difficulty. The Committee of the Carlton, like their neighbours of the Reform, have the privilege of once a year electing without ballot three outsiders distinguished for service rendered to the cause the Club was established to further. Chamberlain, if he really hankers after the privilege (which I much doubt), might have it conferred in this, in ordinary cases, exceptionally honourable fashion. Apart from the comedy of the Tory Party hailing the author of the unauthorised programme of 1885 as one of its heroes, there would be about the proceeding a suspicion of entry by a back door that would be intolerable to a man of Chamberlain's imperious disposition.

*November 28.*

The £30,000 at which Frank Lockwood's personalty is estimated for probate was, I believe, accumulated within the last ten years. When in 1882 he took silk, his business at the Bar was well established. He began to come to the front rank only after taking his seat in the House of Commons. Of course, it is not the Common-Law Bar who pile up the largest heap of money. It is their learned brethren engaged in much more obscure paths who draw in the shekels. The name of Fletcher Moulton, for example, is not nearly so familiar on the public tongue as

was that of Frank Lockwood. His professional income is probably double that earned by a popular practitioner in the Criminal Courts.

According to belief at the Bar, its highest paid and richest member is the present Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster. At the start of his career, when fortune began to smile upon him, he took a step which earned for him much of the good fortune that has since attended him. His father having died before he was able to meet all his monetary engagements, the son devoted the first surplusage of his professional earnings to paying off his debts.

Frank Lockwood ran some risk when he accepted the Solicitor-Generalship in Lord Rosebery's short-lived Government. It of course meant the returning of all briefs and the breaking-off of his carefully built-up private practice. When the Government resigned, he had to go back and begin the work over again. But he started from a loftier level. Talking over the matter towards the close of the last session, I was glad to hear from him that he had at that time quite made up the lost way. He was not in so many cases, but the briefs of the ex-Solicitor-General being marked at a higher figure made up the difference.

His unique experience, retaining for a time his Law Officership of the Crown in a Government formed in the opposite camp, was marked by an episode he related with great glee. When his own colleagues retired from office, Sir Frank, feeling himself relieved of the engagement not to accept private practice, took several briefs left with him. Hearing nothing from the Treasury, he thought all was well, and daily appeared in court. When Lord Salisbury found a successor to him and the Treasury came to settle up his salary, he was politely served with a notice to account for his earnings in court during the final stage of his official career. The amount was docked from his salary.

*December 30.*

Having petulantly resigned the leadership of the Opposition, Harcourt, in company with John Morley, has settled down at the end of the Front Bench.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the position will be more important than that he held during the last two years when nominally Leader of the Opposition. The office controlled and limited his action, compelling him to proceed along a well-beaten track. Henceforward he will be, as Gladstone ecstatically declared himself on leaving Oxford, unmuzzled. It would be idle to deny that of late Sir William failed to maintain that complete command of attention from the House his gifts and his authority justified. Embarrassed by his official position, he formed the habit of writing out his speeches. Members grew weary of watching him turning over the folios, and were not to be stirred to laughter by the trotting-out of impromptus evidently brought from Malwood. That such aids are not necessary to the old Parliamentarian was occasionally shown when he intervened in current debate without having an opportunity of preparing his speech. Instantly he caught the ear of the House, and held its delighted attention till he resumed his seat.

Perhaps the most brilliant episode of his Parliamentary career was that which found him seated below the gangway in company with the gentleman who was then Mr. Henry James. During the closing months of the great Parliament of 1868, the two Q.C.s, then in the prime of life and fullness of energy, sat together, making things uncomfortable for people in general and their esteemed Leader, Mr. Gladstone, in particular. The result was they won their knightly spurs, one being made Attorney-General and the other Solicitor-General, the first steps on the Ministerial ladder. In the coming session Harcourt will recur to the position held by him in 1873, a free lance, untrammelled by official responsibility, and, though not

quite so young as he was, may be counted upon to make the most of the opportunity.

*December 31.*

Baron Ferdy Rothschild's yacht, which three weeks ago set out for the Mediterranean in holiday trim, has come back in funeral garb. Putting in at Gibraltar last Monday week—homeward bound from Tunis, where we spent a month with Sir Harry and Lady Johnston—we saw a handsome yacht at anchor, with her flag flying at half-mast. An officer who came on board our steamer brought the news, vaguely floating through Gibraltar, that this was Lord Rothschild's yacht, the flag at half-mast betokening the death of one of the family. Which one was not known. It was not till we reached Plymouth that we learned particulars. Somehow or other Baron Ferdy seemed the least likely among prominent members of his race to be cut off. He was not a strong-looking man, but of wiry build, active, and of temperate habits.

Naturally enough the Rothschilds are exceptionally anxious to prolong existence in a world where things are made unusually pleasant for them. Infinite care is taken to ward off illness. For many years one member of the firm engaged an eminent doctor on his domestic establishment, much as in earlier ages the wealthy Englishman kept his domestic chaplain. Every night a cover was laid at the dinner-table for the doctor, who accompanied his patient whenever he made holiday abroad. It is this same member of the family who, going about his business in the city, walks for the sake of his health, but ever in close attendance is his brougham, ready to receive him should sudden indisposition overtake him.

In the spring of last year Baron Ferdy, accompanied by a few friends, made a trip in the Mediterranean, which proved so successful that he resolved to repeat it. He had made tryst with his guests at Marseilles, where his



yacht, the *Rona*, fitted up with every luxury life could supply, was to pick them up. Then

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life.

The newspapers have been full of stories about Baron Ferdy's generosity and kind-heartedness. One within my personal knowledge relates to a small incident, but it is characteristic. For some years the Baron was accustomed to order a costly Strasbourg pie to be sent as a Christmas present to my wife. On reading the sad news of his death, she thought her accustomed list of Christmas presents would suffer notable diminution. The first thing she saw on entering her house in London was a parcel directed in Baron Ferdy's handwriting, and he dead more than a week. With the shadow of death closing around him, he had not forgotten his Christmas gifts, and had in good time sent off the order and the addressed label. The prosaic *pâté de foie gras* became, in the circumstances, endowed with the pathos that attaches to a gift from beyond the grave.

## CHAPTER VIII

*January 1, 1899.*

A LADY who, a short time before Gladstone died, paid a visit to Hawarden, sends me a lively account of her impression. "We found the Grand Old People most flourishing," she writes. "I never saw him looking better. He came hurrying in after we had well begun luncheon, as he always does, to save time, I fancy. After a cup of strong soup he assailed a dish of hashed turkey with a vigour that suggested his mind was not entirely free from reflection on the Armenian atrocities. He talked on all topics, from the Disestablishment of the Scottish Kirk to the storm that had raged round the coast the night before. I have, as you know, been acquainted with him many years. But I declare I saw no falling-off either in his mental or bodily vigour, whilst those wonderful beacon-like eyes flashed with almost terrible brightness. In the drawing-room he seated himself by me, not in an armchair as a man whose eighty-fifth birthday is at hand might have done, but boy fashion, on the arm of a chair, with his legs crossed, and talked on of all things, new and old. He is wild at — M.P., for the way he has used and abused his little brief authority.

"'I could horsewhip the fellow,' said he, with fist uplifted, his figure drawn to fullest height and eyes almost flaming.

"It's fine indeed to see the old eagle roused. That is, of course, assuming you are not the object of his indignant scorn.

"Even now, when, after a spell of work which exceeds all human accomplishment, Gladstone has retired from

active public life, he leaves no five minutes of the day unoccupied. He reads incessantly, save for an hour or two occupied in writing. The last work he had in hand before he left for the Continent was the preface to an illustrated copy of the Bible an American firm will shortly bring out, with this new and attractive addition to the early epistles. He is daily beset with offers from publishers and magazine editors, asking for literary contributions. Another tax on his time is the steady stream of new books and pamphlets directed upon Hawarden Castle every morning through the parcel post."

To the lady from whose letter I quote, he spoke about a Scottish Doctor of Divinity who was apparently in a state of flux of theological pamphlets. Whenever he produced a new one he fired it post-haste at the unresisting head of Gladstone. That he at least looked at them appeared from the remark dropped with that amused smile that sometimes illuminated his face: "He is perhaps not very original, or his work very remarkable, but he has a good grip of his subject."

From this Scottish divine in a northern university town Gladstone passed on to speak of another clergyman, resident in Venice, who had sent him a copy of his life of a famous Venetian monk and historian. This he had evidently read, discussing the old monk and his times with animation.

It is pleasant to hear on this latest personal testimony how tranquilly happy were these later days of the veteran. Gladstone's remarkable faculty of keenly interesting himself in almost any subject that might present itself to his notice, or any topic that might be started in conversation, had much to do with his imperviousness to fatigue. The talisman did not fail him, even on the threshold of his ninetieth year.

*January 3.*

George Curzon has set out for India to assume the

offices of Viceroy and Governor-General. When, ten years ago, the young member for Southport used to spend the Parliamentary recess in travel through Central Asia, Persia, Siam, and Afghanistan, I do not think his colleagues in the House of Commons fancied he would finally return to India as representative of his Sovereign. I am not so certain that he himself thought it impossible.

January 4.

*From Lady Curzon*

OFF CRETE, S S. "ARABIA,"

December 19, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. LUCY,

How nice of you to write me a good-bye line. It reached me at Marseilles, and friendly messages were most welcome after an awful tossing and a cruel sea in the Golfe du Lion! I hope it had had time to calm before you and Mrs. Lucy retraced the *Arabia's* steps in the *Egypt*.

We have had more than our share of bad weather. Lord C. and I are both good sailors, but even bluejackets don't care for high seas and head winds. We hope now to sail on summer seas until we reach Bombay.

Again with my sincere thanks for your letter, and many remembrances from us both to you and Mrs. Lucy,

Yours very sincerely,

MARY CURZON.

January 10.

There is a pleasing fiction that at certain hours of stated days Windsor Castle is open to the inspection of the public. It is, however, a Barmecide feast that is provided, eager sightseers being hurried through a few outside galleries, leaving the Castle with melancholy conviction that they are no nearer knowing how the Queen lives than they were before they made the excursion. Occasionally, as a special favour, in practice chiefly reserved for distinguished foreigners personally commended by the

ambassadors of their country, the private apartments of the Castle are opened to the vulgar eye. Staying in the neighbourhood of Windsor in the early part of this week, I had the good fortune to be included in a house-party for whom the political influence of our host had secured the privilege of really seeing the Queen's home.

I confess that my impression of the rare show was unduly blunted by the interest excited by the functionary who conducted us over the apartments. He was a man whom Thackeray would have been delighted to know. He would certainly have lived in deathless pages had the novelist chanced to spend two hours in his company. What Thackeray would have found incommunicable was the cadence of his voice, attuned to the various phases of his thrilling narrative. When he showed the exact place at the dinner-table where the Queen sat, when elsewhere he reverentially pointed out the spot where her Majesty was seated or stood during the various functions of royal and social ceremony, he spoke in hushed tones as if we were in church.

It was quite a relief to strained attention when he came incidentally to revert to the habits and customs of what he called "the 'ousehold." Not only inflection of tone, but expression of face altered. He was not himself of 'ousehold rank, but he had lived near "the 'ousehold," and had perhaps suffered from the arrogance of particular members. Certainly he did not think much of it, dwelling with possibly undesigned effect upon the immensity of the distance between these satellites and the imperial orb round which they revolve. Possibly by way of showing how easy was the accomplishment which the Lord Chamberlain and other court dignitaries laboriously acquire, he, whilst conducting the party through the rooms and along the far-reaching corridors, walked backward. It would have made Black Rod quite mad to observe how easily this can be done by one endowed with natural gifts.

*January 11.**From John Oliver Hobbes*

CREWE HALL, CREWE.

*January 8, 1899.*

DEAR MR. LUCY,

Very many thanks for the highly interesting note about my book and Mr. Disraeli. When he was dying, prayers were offered for his recovery at Farm Street. He always wrote of the Catholic faith with great feeling and knowledge.

I have a sense of not having seen you and Mrs. Lucy for ages. I have been so tied to my book for the last two years that I wonder my friends have not forgotten my existence. I have been here about a week and return to London to-morrow.

With my love to dear Mrs. Lucy, and all good wishes for the New Year, I am, with renewed gratitude,

Ever yours sincerely,

PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.

*January 27.*

Madame Patti, who, it must be admitted, has had some experience in the business, made a decided hit in the matter of her latest marriage. Everyone is talking of the wedding party in the special train speeding from the Principality to Paddington, breakfasting by the way, and getting through the usual routine of toasts. It is expensive, but has novelty to recommend it, and also involves some saving of time. Most of the guests had to get back to London, and accomplished the journey much earlier than if, in the ordinary way, they had sat down to breakfast in the bride's home before setting forth.

So far as novelty is concerned, Patti has been outdone by Colonel (now Sir Henry) Colville, to whom the Empire owes the annexation of Uganda. At the time of his first marriage he was a Captain in the Grenadier Guards. He has just been married a second time, and as soon as the ceremony was over, the bride and bridegroom stepped into the car of a balloon and went off skyward to com-

mence their honeymoon. Mrs. Colville's "going-away" dress, she used to say, was waterproof.

*February 3.*

When George Curzon was appointed to govern India, it was thought Lord Salisbury had pretty boldly paid homage to youth. But the Viceroy with his forty years is a grizzled veteran compared with Lord Beauchamp, the Governor-designate for New South Wales. Not yet 27, he looks more like 22. He has already given abundant evidence of appetite for work and aptitude for public affairs. His grandfather was Earl Stanhope, a blood connection which seems to predestine him to take an active part in public affairs. He is unmarried, a drawback for a Colonial Governor, in whose establishment a wife may, and often does, play a leading part. Lord Beauchamp's sister, Lady Mary Lygon, will accompany him, and will remain for some months in Sydney. They do not start till April. When poor Sir Robert Duff set out for Sydney, full of hope and anticipation of the prolongation of a useful life, he told me he had been at considerable pains to select a stock of champagne wherewith to start his gubernatorial household. Lord Beauchamp writes to me from Madresfield Court, Malvern Link: "I mean to take out a good many pictures, miniatures, and other objets d'art from here to Sydney, where they will be a greater pleasure to a larger number than if they stayed here."

*February 11.*

The event in home politics of the week is Campbell-Bannerman's speech on assuming the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. Its immediate and marked success spreads unusual range of pleasure, because Sir Henry happens to be one of the most popular men in English public life. Beyond that is recognised the importance of the event as bearing upon political parties. Arthur Balfour, with his keen, sure instinct, laments the absence of a strong Opposition in the present Parliament.

One can have too much of a good thing, even of a majority. The restraining influence of a well-led, resolute Opposition becomes of increased value in the case of the swollen majority of to-day.

The construction and prevailing note of the new leader's maiden speech shows that he means business. The effect of its swift success will be greatly to strengthen his hands. At the outset of his career he has been lifted into a position of personal authority in which he may be counted upon to seat himself firmly. The transformation wrought in the House of Commons is already apparent. The Opposition has pulled itself together in marvellous fashion, and is eager to be led into action. There is not any particular issue at present in view, but there is no doubt about the brisking-up of the situation.

*February 12.*

In the lofty dining-room at Speaker's House the counterfeited presentment of half a dozen Speakers dead and gone look down from the walls upon the gathering, session after session, of Members of the House of Commons bidden to the State dinners of the Speaker of to-day. The earliest is Sir John Mitford, who sat in the chair in the first year of the century. He held the position for only a single session, but it served to obtain for him a peerage. His son and successor, the second Lord Redesdale, just half a century later became Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, a position he held up to his death a few years ago. "A harbitary gent," as the cabman said about John Forster, ruling the Peers with a rod of iron, and holding in a state of constant terror outsiders presuming to have anything to do with Private Bill legislation.

Others pervading the room with stately presence are Charles Abbot, Speaker in 1802, on his retirement created Lord Colchester; the better-known Manners Sutton, who took the chair in 1817, and eighteen years after left it as Viscount Canterbury; James Abercromby,



created Lord Dunfermline; Charles Shaw-Lefevre, Speaker from 1839 to 1857. It seems only the other day he died. Evelyn Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington, was Speaker from 1857 to 1872, when Mr. Brand (Viscount Hampden) came into the woeful heritage marked by the birth of the Home Rule Party, with its concomitants of all-night sittings and wholesale suspension of members.

The Gallery will shortly have an addition in the portrait of Mr. ex-Speaker Peel, happily still with us under his title Viscount Peel. The proposal to subscribe a sum sufficient to have his portrait painted has been taken up with something like enthusiasm. The circle addressed is properly limited to members and ex-members who sat in the House under his Speakership. It is only these who can fully appreciate the dignity with which he clothed the office, and the immense service he did the State at a critical time.

*February 13.*

Being in Yorkshire the other day, I drove through the district which supplies one of the great manufacturing towns with water. It is a lovely bit of country, the vast storage of water serving the purpose of a lake nestling in the bosom of a far-stretching range of hills. Near the crest of one is an old little church, with the parsonage set on a sort of niche at a level some feet below that of the graveyard. I congratulated the rector on the beauty of the situation of his house, and on the blessing of having close at hand, for household purposes, abundance of water above reproach.

"On the contrary," he said, "I drink my late parishioners."

A hard saying, explained when he showed how the waterpipe supplying the rectory ran right through the ancient churchyard.

*February 25.*

Sir Henry Irving came to town last night for a quiet

little dinner with some old friends. He has had a bad turn, but is now rapidly recovering strength. He has been greatly cheered by the success of the enterprise of turning the Lyceum Theatre into a limited liability company. The project is not yet publicly launched, but its success is assured as the whole of the capital was promptly underwritten. It means a great deal to Irving. From his shoulders is removed all the anxiety of financial responsibility. On the other hand, he comes into immediate possession of a large sum of money, and the assurance of a splendid yearly income for a moderate measure of work.

A hundred nights in the year is the maximum of his engagement to the newly constructed company. This leaves him, according to his own computation, a hundred days in the year for rest, and a hundred for provincial touring or a trip to the United States. This last will doubtless have the preference, its pecuniary results being beyond the dreams of avarice. Bram Stoker, who is in New York just now preparing for the autumn campaign, sends home particulars of engagements booked which promise to make the forthcoming visit memorable, even in Irving's records.

*March 4.*

It is a long time since the death of a public man came with such a shock as followed the announcement of the sudden cutting-off of Lord Herschell. The news happened to reach London at a time when the season and the session were in full swing. In both circles the dapper, alert figure of the ex-Lord Chancellor was familiar. Of late years he went out a good deal into society, not only to dinners, but to the routs that sometimes follow them at big houses. He was the last man one would associate with the approach of death. He did not look anything like his more than threescore years. All his life he had been a careful liver, moderate in all things save hard work, and that

of itself rarely kills. He was voracious of work. He once told a gathering of House of Commons men that in the current year, whilst working on the average between ten and twelve hours a day, he had taken only three days' holiday. He liked work, and thrived upon it. When relieved of the cares and duties of the Lord Chancellorship, he might, if he pleased, have made long holiday. But he sat habitually with the Law Lords, and cheerfully accepted the double compliment paid him by his political adversaries of representing the country at two International Commissions.

It does not deteriorate from natural capacity and acquired gifts to note that his career was marked by one or two strokes of good fortune. His earliest was attraction of the attention of Gladstone by his maiden speech when, twenty-five years ago, he sat for the city of Durham. The old Parliamentary hand spotted him at once, and at the earliest opportunity found a place for him in the Ministry. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, and Sir Farrer Herschell, as his style was in those days, became perhaps the most highly favoured of Gladstone's young men.

His great stroke of good fortune came with the split of the Liberal Party on the Home Rule question. Amongst many marks of distinction, he is notable as one of the exceedingly few Liberals who, from personal or political reasons, have occasion to regard Gladstone's advocacy of Home Rule with satisfaction. It made Sir Henry James impossible for the Woolsack and straightway conducted Farrer Herschell to the coveted seat. He bore himself there with dignity and power. An admirable speaker, his style was perhaps better suited to the Lords than the Commons. Certainly he was, after Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, the most effective debater in the assembly. The House of Lords is notoriously a difficult place to speak in. From the first Lord Herschell mastered its drawbacks, his sonorous voice filling the Chamber without apparent

effort. His unexpected removal from the stage causes a flutter in legal dovecotes. Had he lived, he would, of course, have returned to the Woolsack when the Liberals came into their own again. Now there will be room for another. It will be hard to find one carrying equal weight in council and debate.

Obviously, the prospects of Sir Robert Reid have improved. He had but a short run as Attorney-General, but did the work excellently. His chief failings in a political career are ungovernable modesty and a total absence of self-seeking. He is, moreover, troubled with a conscience of capacity equal to the cubic measurement of the largest Nonconformist meeting-house. He has no ambition for office, nor is he endowed with full measure of patience to suffer its trammels. But the Woolsack is a great prize, and its nearness might brace him up to an effort to possess it.

*From Lord James of Hereford*

*April 12.*

FERNE, SALISBURY.

*April 11, 1899.*

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I have been much interested in the account you give in the *Strand Magazine* of the Home Rule Bill negotiations in 1886.

I have made record of a good many events of that period, but I have no mention—for I never heard—of the suggested arrangement you speak of. The enquiries I have made also cause me to think that you must—certainly to some extent—have been misinformed.

Can you, without infringing upon any confidence that may exist, tell me the general nature of the information you have received?

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES OF HEREFORD.

*April 15.*

The funeral services in connection with the death of the Liberal Whip testified alike at Bala and at West-

minster to the sterling worth of poor Tom Ellis. His career was one that did honour to himself and credit to the system of public life that made it possible. In an ordinary way the post of Parliamentary Whip is one of the appanages of the peerage. On both sides it has been the custom to promote to vacancies either the younger sons and brothers of peers or scions of great territorial houses still ranking with the commonalty. Tom Ellis was the son of a tenant farmer, and when invited to contest the county of Merioneth he frankly said that he had invested his patrimony in his education, that he was willing to give his services if they were called for, but someone else must find the money. On those terms he was elected, and in surprisingly short time he made his way to a position in which he became the confidant of Cabinet Ministers, the trusted agent of a great party. His death at the age of forty is a calamity to his friends, an irreparable loss to his party. Not so for him. After all, there is some recompense in dying before you have had time to make a mistake or be met by adversity.

As one of his friends and compatriots finely said by the graveside among the Welsh hills, "Tom Ellis died in France last week. He will never die in Wales."

*April 28.*

An obscure paragraph in the newspaper announces how "Mr. Alexander Chaffers died yesterday in the infirmary of St. Pancras Workhouse." This is the last chapter in one of the most painful tragedies in London life ever written in the public journals. I saw Chaffers only once. It was twenty-seven years ago, but I recall the scene as if it were yesterday. He was standing in the dock of the Southwark Police Court on a charge of libel with intent to extort money. The prosecutor was Sir Travers Twiss, at the time her Majesty's Advocate-General. It was Lady Twiss, a beautiful young woman, well known in the inner circles of London society,

against whom the libels were directed. Lady Twiss, having been presented at the Drawing-room, the Lord Chamberlain received a letter signed "Alexander Chaffers," in which charges of gross immorality were brought against her. This was Chaffers' retort upon poor Sir Travers Twiss's refusal to continue to pay him blackmail. For ten years, dating from Travers Twiss's marriage, this man, called to the honourable profession of a solicitor, had lived by a process of blood-sucking, drawing money from the hunted man under threat of public denunciation of his wife.

At last Sir Travers was driven to fight it out. Chaffers, carrying on his persecution with diabolical relentlessness, publicly entered at Bow Street Police Court a statutory declaration purporting to reveal the private history of Lady Twiss before her marriage with the sedate elderly lawyer, a pillar of the Church and State. Arraigned at the bar of the police court, Chaffers subjected Lady Twiss to a merciless cross-examination. One wondered, listening to his skilful management of the case, how a man, whose ability properly directed would have secured him affluence, should have come to stand in the dock in his shabby clothes and shuffling manner. For two days Lady Twiss gallantly stood the ordeal. On the third morning, when her name was called, she did not appear. She had fled into obscurity and forgetfulness, and Chaffers lived to die in the workhouse.

*April 17.*

FERNE, SALISBURY.

*April 16, 1899.*

DEAR MR. LUCY,

Many thanks for your letter. I have obtained now a good deal of information upon the events referred to in your article. The result is that I have only one observation to make upon it, and that more or less of a general character.

In the early part of 1886 the Liberal Unionist Party had not settled down into the form it afterwards assumed.

Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan—as you will recollect—accepted office under Mr. Gladstone. It was not until after their resignation that the Radical section of the Liberal Unionists developed their full strength. Thus it came to pass that during a portion of the spring and early summer of 1886 Lord Hartington was not acting in that close alliance with Mr. Chamberlain which afterwards existed. It is difficult to fix the exact date when full joint action came into existence, but it was after the date of the scene you have described.

It occurs to me that a recollection of these facts may assist you in framing your article for the July number of the *Strand Magazine*. I shall read it with much interest.

Yours truly,

JAMES OF HEREFORD.

*April 25.*

Mr. Lecky continues to be a godsend to the Parliamentary caricaturist. Before he unexpectedly appeared upon the scene it had grown flat and unprofitable. Some of the old familiar models had been removed. Those still left had lost the last vestige of novelty. People were tired of Harcourt's three chins, Chamberlain's one eye-glass, and Arthur Balfour's languorous grace. Lecky is supremely delightful. His figure, his walk, his gestures, his head too long and his trousers too short, all combine to make him picturesque. If his personality were reproduced by that latest triumph of photographic science, the kinetoscope, the range of human delight would be infinitely wider.

No artist in black and white, however skilled, could draw the philosopher and historian as I chanced to see him in the lobby of the House of Commons last night, giving a note in charge of the doorkeeper. The sinuous grace with which he approached the humble official, the engaging way in which he dropped his head on one side, the wreathed smile, the almost imperceptible yet unmistakable gesture of a curtsy as he handed over the

note, might by good luck be reproduced in the kinetoscope. Otherwise not with full effect.

There is probably no man who more strikingly illustrates the difference between being well or ill dressed than does the author of *Democracy and Liberty*. His ordinary attire, with squarely cut, loosely hung coat, shapeless trousers just covering the ankle, the clumsy boots, and the hat of shape familiar ten years ago, is more or less faithfully reproduced in the caricatures of the day. Once this season—it was on a night he had been dining with the Speaker—I happened to meet him in *levée* dress. Among the brilliant throng there was none more distinguished than he. The semi-military dress excellently became his tall figure, whilst his dome-shaped head, very like one of the busts of Shakespeare, was set off with singular beauty. On the morrow he, doubtless gratefully, donned the old suit, everyone turning round to gaze at the strange figure as it lounged through the crowded streets with head in the clouds and feet in quite unnecessary degree in the mire.

Lecky has not taken part in debate since he astonished the Conservative Party, with which he has ranged himself, by joining in the demand for release of the Fenian prisoners. But he is a constant attendant, and listens to third- or fourth-rate speakers with a patience that recalls the habit of Gladstone whilst he was yet with us in the Commons.

### May 3.

Sargent's portrait of Chamberlain was a leading attraction at the Royal Academy private view to-day. Even in respect of his portrait he will be the cause of keen controversy. Most people, I should say, will recognise in the work a distinct success. It is an admirable likeness, and to my mind conveys a subtle idea of his manner and leading characteristics. But painters complain that it lacks grip, has missed the harder, sterner aspects of the Colonial Secretary. Briton Riviere, talking to me about



it, made a curious and interesting criticism. He, from personal observation, has discovered in Chamberlain unmistakable sign of the fighting man. It is the formation of the back of the neck. There is nothing else of the athlete in his build. But in the shape and make of the neck this keen and trained observer recognises a formation common to all fighting men. Holl, in his portrait of Chamberlain, taken many years ago, now in possession of Charles Dilke, has, Briton Riviere says, noted this peculiarity, and reproduced it in his portrait. From Sargent's it is absent.

This remark indicates the infinite pains and patient observation bestowed by great painters upon the subject of their portraits. *Nous autres* have the vague idea that when we sit for our portrait the man at the easel pegs away, painting us from the outside with such success as his skill ensures. Orchardson, whose portraits are masterpieces, tells me he sometimes studies through several days' sittings before he makes up his mind what he is going to do with a man or woman. Before he can paint them to his own satisfaction he must know them thoroughly. So whilst they sit and he makes a preliminary sketch, he talks on all kinds of subjects, changing from one to another till he "gets at" the human soul before him. The process is something akin to that of the difference between the Röntgen rays and photography. By ordinary procedure of the latter we get a shape of the hand, the arm, the foot. The X-rays pierce below the surface and show upon what structure it is built. So Orchardson and other great portrait painters turn the X-rays upon their sitters, and thereafter paint, as it were, from inside instead of from without.

## CHAPTER IX

*July 10, 1899*

EDWARD COCKER, who lived in the reign of Charles II, is chiefly known to the present generation by a saying in common use. "according to Cocker" means in accordance with arithmetical rules. I saw the other day, amid the treasures of a private collector, a copy of the first edition of Cocker's immortal work on arithmetic, published by J. Passenger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. Only two, or at most three, perfect copies are known to the book collector. One is in the British Museum. This ancient volume, its brown morocco pitifully faded, bears on its title-page the inscription "Cocker's Arithmetick, perused and published by John Hawkins by the Author's correct copy." It contains what purports to be a portrait of the "ingenious Cocker."

Experts, however, shake their heads over the authenticity of this work of art. There are many engraved portraits of the epoch, but there was only one Cocker. The British Museum copy has no portrait, and there is too much reason to fear that this embellishment was added by some ingenuous owner of an earlier century. Cocker died in 1675. This rare relic of the past bears date 1678.

*July 20.*

Sir William Harcourt is very angry with an anonymous correspondent of the *Times* who to-day attempts to associate Goschen with the creation of death duties, the boldest stroke in democratic finance since the days of Gladstone in his primal vigour. He writes to me ·

HOUSE OF COMMONS,  
July 19, 1899.

DEAR LUCY,

Of misrepresentation and mendacity there is no end. I wonder who E. F. D. C. may be who "believes that Mr. Goschen did not oppose the scheme of the death duties when brought in by his successor." If he had ever read the debates or consulted Hansard he would know that Goschen was the bitterest and most violent of all the opponents both of the principles and details of the Bill.

As to ———, he never heard of death duties till I laid before him the heads of the measure, though he was the most important and efficient aid in its promotion.

Yours truly, W. V. HARCOURT.

July 24.

Many stories are told about Garter King-of-Arms, in whose absence his lieutenant, Norroy King-of-Arms, to-day assisted at the ceremony of the introduction to the House of Lords of Baron Kitchener of Khartoum. Sir Albert Woods is of gentle birth, his father having, before him, filled the post he to-day adorns. Nothing was lacking in his education. Yet he is absolutely "h"-less.

It is part of his business, when new peers are introduced, to marshal them to the bench on which they sit, whether as earls, viscounts, or barons. Garter King keeps his eye on the Lord Chancellor, and when he sees him raise his hat, saluting the new peer and his escort, he whispers instructions to make response :

"Take off your 'ats, my lords," he says.

When they have returned the salute, he whispers :

"Put on your 'ats, my lords."

Perhaps the most comical story dates back to the time of Disraeli's premiership. The day had been fixed for the introduction to the House of Lords of a newly created peer. Some difficulty presented itself, threatening a hitch in the proceedings. It was overcome the day before that fixed for the ceremony. Garter King-of-Arms posted

<sup>1</sup> Cited by the correspondent of the *Times* as joint author of death duties.

off to Downing Street conveying the glad tidings to the Premier. Disraeli was not in, and Garter King insisted upon seeing his private secretary.

"It's all right, Mr. Corry," he said, when the gentleman who is now Lord Rowton appeared. "There's no 'itch about Lord X."

This story is capped by another told by a K.C.M.G. When he went down to Windsor to receive his investiture at the hands of Queen Victoria, he found himself in the company of Sir Albert Woods, who had just received a similar mark of royal favour. There were several other newly made knights delighted to find opportunity to be coached in the approaching ceremony by so high an authority as Garter King.

"I'll tell you what," said Sir Albert, most amiable of men, "I'll be called into the presence first. You can stand in the doorway, and if you watch me you'll see exactly 'ow the thing is done."

Matters fell out exactly as Sir Albert had foreseen. He was called first, and, arrayed in the glory of the Royal tabard, with shorts, silk stockings, and gleaming buckles on his shoes, he advanced with stately tread towards the chair on which the Queen was seated. The other knights anxiously peered in at the open doorway. It happened that the floor of the reception-chamber had, in anticipation of the ceremony, received an extra coat of polish. Garter King, reverently fixing his eyes on his Sovereign, advanced with measured steps. Just as he approached the footstool his feet slipped, and he assumed a sitting attitude, his little legs twinkling in the air in full view of the Queen.

"I wouldn't 'ave 'ad it 'appen for a thousand pounds," said Garter King in rueful response to his brother knights commiserating with him on the accident.

*July 26.*

A fresh draft of reinforcements left London to-day for South Africa. We hope the war is nearing its end,

but the Government are not going to leave anything to chance. The Queen (Victoria), seated in her carriage within the courtyard rails of Buckingham Palace, watched the troops march past. It has been a hot day, and the men, equipped in full kit, felt the heat.

"Do you notice a strange odour about?" said the Queen, turning to the General who stood by her carriage.

"Yes, your Majesty. I fancy it's l'esprit de corps."

*August 20.*

One of the sorrows of the Parliamentary recess, handicapping the prized fullness of its rest and leisure, is intermission of the pleasure of seeing the Prime Minister (Salisbury) and the Lord High Chancellor (Halsbury) both asleep in the House of Lords. Lovely in their lives, they were in sleep divided only by the length of the Bishops' Bench. Sometimes delight was heightened by the Duke of Devonshire dropping in and dropping off, making a trio of what had been a duet. That naturally was a rare concatenation of circumstances. The duet was a familiar episode in a night's sitting, the Duke of Devonshire sometimes taking the Lord Chancellor's part. Of the three the lawyer was the most skilful, not to say artful, practitioner. On the judicial bench, as is well known, the afternoon habit is raised to the position of one of the fine arts. Lord Halsbury never sat on the bench, but, during long practice, had many opportunities of studying the phenomenon.

In recent times the late Lord Coleridge was frankly acknowledged as master of the art. Some Judges, when they drop off on hot afternoons devoted to elucidation of prosy cases, wake with a start at particular turns and fussily arrange their papers by way of showing they are particularly wide awake. Coleridge had a way that for many years deceived even that astute body the Bar of England. At a certain moment after luncheon he dropped off to sleep with regularity and despatch. When his nap

was over he did not suddenly open his eyes and ostentatiously resume his part in the proceedings. He sat for a few moments with drooped eyelids, immovable, keenly following the speech of the counsel who, a quarter of an hour earlier, had soothed him to sleep. Soon a point presented itself, and, not altering his position, merely opening his eyes, he, in silvery voice, made an apposite remark. Young Briefless at the back of the Court, who had begun to have his suspicions, was dumbfounded, and, if a man of lofty character, was apologetic in his mental attitude towards the great jurist whom he had wronged. In the course of time the little fraud was discovered, and its development and climax were a source of unfailing amusement to the Bar.

The Duke of Devonshire, who is above all pretence, goes to sleep on the Ministerial Bench in the House of Lords whenever he feels disposed, regardless of onlookers. Salisbury, more wary, conscious of higher responsibilities, digs his closed fists into the cushions on either side, lets his chin sink on his chest, assumes an air of profound thought, and so peacefully passes off into a few precious minutes of restful oblivion. It would never do for the Lord Chancellor, seated all by himself on the Woolsack, facing noble lords and the prying eyes of vulgar persons in the Strangers' Gallery, openly to go to sleep while debate is going forward. Accordingly, following the Premier's example, Halsbury begins by digging sure foundation. If he folded his arms or let his hands lie listless on his gowned knee, his head might fall on one side as he slept. Or, worse still, the proceedings might be interrupted by discovery that the Lord Chancellor had tumbled off the armless Woolsack. He accordingly buttresses himself on either side with his fists resting on the cushions, and, slightly bending his head over his right shoulder, gazes intently on the empty red benches which the Opposition are not strong enough to fill. With one flap of his full-bottomed wig thrown back, he looks uncommonly like a

great seal, appropriate enough in the case of the Lord Chancellor.

*August 24.*

Lord Russell of Killowen once told me he never sat down to a dinner table in London without looking round it to see whether he had accidentally been brought within touch of a man or woman he had prosecuted or defended, or had subjected to severe cross-examination in the witness-box. With the extensive and peculiar practice the great advocate, largely briefed by Sir George Lewis, possessed, such a contretemps was by no means improbable. Society in these days is sadly mixed, even in the higher grades. There is at this moment in penal servitude a man well known in London society, scion of a family related to half the peerage, who, before disgrace fell upon him, frequently mixed in society with the Queen's Counsel who prosecuted him and the Judge who condemned him.

A painful case of this character occurred at the last assizes. A man who inherited from his father a high position in county administration and had by his capacity and personal popularity extended it till practically he possessed every salaried office of trust worth having, was committed for trial on a charge of wholesale embezzlement. It happened in arranging the duties of the circuits that this particular case fell to a Judge who, through family connections with the county, had for many years been on terms of closest intimacy with the prisoner. The last time he saw him before he stood in the dock he was a guest at the Judge's country house. The anguish on both sides consequent on such an incident may be easily imagined. It turned out that the Judge was spared what he had looked forward to with profoundest aversion, the possibility of having to sentence his old friend to a long term of imprisonment. The jury acquitted the prisoner, and, except to order his discharge, the judge had no direct communication with him.

August 25.

Spending a week-end at Beaulieu with John Scott-Montagu,<sup>1</sup> I came upon a historic site little known to the tourist. It is one of the oldest naval shipbuilding yards in England. All that remains to-day is a couple of rows of low-built cottages, flanking a broad way leading down to Beaulieu river, which runs into the Solent. You can still see the slips down which, like a duck taking to the water, ran Nelson's ship the *Agamemnon*. On April 10, 1771, this 64-gun ship was launched at Buckler's Hard. In February 1773 Horatio Nelson was appointed Captain, and was soon at work with the French, engaging at the same time four frigates and a brig corvette.

It was whilst in command of the *Agamemnon* at the siege of Calvi that Nelson lost his right eye. The old ship had her share of fighting at Trafalgar and St. Domingo, being wrecked in the River Plate after twenty-eight years' distinguished service.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the last ship was built on the now deserted Hard. The first record was the *Devonshire*, 100 guns, launched in 1692.

September 2.

Mark Napier, who lost his seat in the great debacle of 1886, has since disappeared from the political arena and gone into farming, which is the worse for politics and particularly for the House of Commons. I have a letter from him this morning.

"I took this farm," he writes, "for twenty-one years, and am now installed in bucolic simplicity. It is called heathy ground, mainly, it appears, because there is no heath, and very little ground. Forty acres is small after all. The farm belongs to my wife and boy. I am here only as a guest (paying). In short, I don't know whether the farm will pay, but I feel a sort of certainty that I shall have to. I am going to get a motor mowing machine, and shall take my exercise on that.

<sup>1</sup> To-day Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.



"Do not go to the country for your health. There are things called nightjars and nightingales, which keep things lively up till 4 a.m., when the barndoor cock-rooster comes on. You then have to get up and make ghostly chocolate for yourself. You never can find the butter. The cook has hidden the key of the milk-house, and you have to carry all the water for the house from the kitchen sink. When you do get at the milk, you find it has been used all night as a skating-rink for moths and other winged game. Their little footprints press the tender cream (an unpublished line from Gray's *Elegy*).

"There is plenty to do on the farm, and carpentering is useful. I carpentered for four days, when I sawed my thumb half off, and sent for the doctor to finish the job. He insisted on sewing it on ; so there it throbs."

September 9.

Colonel John Hay, the American Ambassador, is returning home. He writes :

5, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W.

September 7, 1899.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I am so worried and chivied these days that I really do not remember whether I answered your kind note from Ford Castle. If I did, you may consider this not sent ; if I did not, please pardon my negligence.

I am more sorry to leave England than you can imagine. There were so many interesting things to do ; so many charming people I wanted to see more of. I would like to leave an astral body here, cavorting about in agreeable irresponsibility, while the earthly frame went dispiritedly home to work.

I have not seen enough of you ; but for what I have seen I am thankful, and should be sorry to think we should not meet again.

With cordial messages to Mrs. Lucy,

I am always, faithfully yours,

JOHN HAY.

September 26.

*"The Diary of a Nobody"*

32, MANOR ROAD, FOLKESTONE.

September 26, 1899.

DEAR HARRY LUCY,

The new edition of *The Diary of a Nobody* has arrived, and I am sending you a copy.

It is not a cheap edition, but the best one the publishers have done yet. I have put among my "Noah's Archives" the letter from Lord Rosebery with your inscription. He was the first one who, after a few short articles, begged Burnand to let the *Diary* go on.

Our mutual friend Frank Lockwood told Frank Burnand it was the best thing he had written since his immortal *Happy Thoughts*.

Oddly enough, nobody on *Punch* staff, with perhaps the exception of yourself, knew who wrote the articles in *Punch*. I was a frequent contributor, and all the articles entitled "Very Trying," to say nothing of innumerable verses, came from the inspired "J" pen of your most humble and subservient friend,

GEO. GROSSMITH.

Love to Mrs. L.

*From Lord Roberts*

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

September 30, 1899.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I am concerned to see from a cartoon in *Punch* that he questions the wisdom of what is called the "Forward Policy" in regard to the North-west Frontier of India.

Believe me, the present troubles are not caused by any "forward policy," but by our having no fixed policy in our dealings with the Border tribes, and of our being weak and timid in our action towards the Amir of Afghanistan.

The question is a very difficult one, no doubt, but I believe if the causes which have influenced those who, like myself, are accused of encouraging a "forward policy" were clearly explained to the public, we should have the majority with us, and any Government that decided to adopt a fixed and firm policy would be supported.

In no other way can future tribal troubles be avoided,

or any satisfactory scheme for the defence of the North-west Frontier be carried out.

I hope that ere long I may have an opportunity of putting my views before the public; meanwhile I should much like to talk them over with you, if you would kindly allow me to do so.

I shall probably be in London towards the end of next month.

Believe me, yours very truly,  
ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts came to luncheon at Ashley Gardens, and, in an interesting conversation, set forth his views on the policy to be adopted in regard to the North-west Frontier of India.

*"The Romance of a Midshipman"*

9, SYDNEY PLACE, BATH.  
October 21, 1899.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am always glad to receive a line from you. You never write but that you find something kind to say, and though I heartily wish Mrs. Lucy well, I dare to hope that a minute attack of gout in her little finger may oblige you both to pay Bath another visit.

I told Fisher Unwin to send you a copy of *The Romance of a Midshipman*. Much of the book contains passages of my own life. The boy I ran away with was Frank Dickens, one of three sons of the great novelist who were at school with me—Frank, Alfred Tennyson, and Sydney, the last drowned when a midshipman in the Navy, called by his father the "Ocean Spectre."

I fell into the pond and saw the face in the water, but not the figure on the pedestal, but there the matter ended.

The *Glendower* was my first ship, the *Duncan Dunbar*, wrecked on the Rocas in 1864 under command of Captain Swanson. All the school part is true. The fiction is the love and the island.

Yours ever,  
W. CLARK RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER X

*August 11, 1900.*

IN yesterday's paper there appeared under the heading "Law Notices" the announcement that "Their Lordships have risen for the long vacation." At daybreak that same morning Charles Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, stretched himself out in attitude of repose for the longest of all vacations.

Strangely enough to those who knew him, whether in private life or in the Law Courts, Russell was not a conspicuous success in the House of Commons. The only time he approached the level of his reputation was in a speech delivered on the second reading of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Yet there was no ambition more dearly cherished, no reward worked for more strenuously, than the gain of commanding Parliamentary position. It is the old story over again of the incompatibility of a man trained in the Law Courts with the peculiar, indefinable atmosphere of the House of Commons. What in this particular case makes the mystery darker is the many-sidedness of Russell. A great lawyer, a supreme advocate, he was also a consummate man of the world, in touch with most of its sympathies. He had in full measure his countrymen's sense of humour. Nothing was more contagious than the twinkle in his eye, the smile that illumined his fine face when he flashed forth some glint of humour or recognised the sparkle in another.

When he was seated in the highest place on the Judicial Bench, there was some doubt as to his adaptability to the new circumstances. It was thought his long-trained habits, his natural instincts as an advocate, might

crop out in spite of his judicial capacity. Even more surely it was feared that an impetuous temper might find further incentive in an absolutely uncontrolled position.

He certainly was what the cabman described the late John Forster—"a harbitary gent." But when he put on the robes of the Lord Chief Justice, he also clothed himself with perfect command of his temper. He even, in appearance at least, suffered fools gladly. His fame as an advocate was, in his own day, unsurpassed. It had a rival in his capacity as a judge.

It is a happy accident that, only some eight months before his sudden taking off, Sargent completed a portrait which will faithfully show to coming generations what manner of man was Lord Russell of Killowen. Sargent, in fact, painted two portraits, both shown in the Academy Exhibition just closed. The first, a fine picture if it stood alone, presented the Lord Chief Justice in wig and gown. Dining at Cromwell Road before last Christmas, I saw this picture just home from the artist's studio. It was a good portrait of a stately presence, but the introduction of the wig deprived the painter of the opportunity of reproducing the most beautifully shaped head ever seen in a man. Having completed the portrait of the Lord Chief Justice in wig and gown, Sargent proposed to paint Lord Russell of Killowen bare-headed in civilian dress. It is the latter portrait that will live.

*October 6.*

A lady gives me a graphic account of an interview with a maid who was good enough to call in reply to an advertisement offering a comfortable place at high wages—I beg her pardon!—I mean salary.

"I may as well say," observed the morning caller, "that I am used to having a cup of tea brought to me before I get out of bed. Also I do not think it necessary that I should always wear a black dress. In the after-

noon, more especially in spring and summer time, I like to wear a coloured blouse."

"And do you," asked the lady, in sweetest tones, when she found a chance of interposing, "pack your own things when we go visiting?"

"Oh, yes, I don't mind doing that," replied the visitor, unconscious of satire.

"Then I am afraid you will never do for me," said the lady, ringing the bell to have the hall door reopened.

Telling this simple story to a friend, she capped it with her own experience. Advertising for a plain cook, she received an encouraging reply, intimating that as the family was small the writer was inclined favourably to consider the opening. The letter being written from a distant town, the lady considerably proposed to meet the girl at a station half-way, paying the girl's fare thither and back. She received the following reply: "Madame,—In answer to yours of yesterday, I shall not be able to meet you at — Station on Tuesday. I ask for particulars of your situation. If I met you before knowing the particulars of the place, after seeing you I might not take it. I have always had the particulars of the place first, and then seen the lady. I always like to meet ladies at their houses, not in public."

Here the correspondence ends. That last rebuke was too severe.

*November 5.*

When in January 1886 Gladstone formed a Ministry charged with the fatal mission of giving Home Rule to Ireland, he offered Chamberlain the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. Chamberlain, in a letter which doubtless will some day see the light, declined what he acknowledged to be a tempting offer, on the ground that it was not congenial with the feeling of a Radical or consistent with his professions, to be the head of a department whose vast expenditure was lavished upon the means of making war.

It is still a proud reflection with Chamberlain that in deference to these principles he accepted the minor post of Presidency of the Local Government Board.

The sacrifice certainly was great. Apart from the fact that the First Lord of the Admiralty ranks higher in the Ministerial scale than the President of the Local Government Board, the salary is more than double. Whilst the latter draws £2,000 a year, the First Lord of the Admiralty's pay amounts to £4,500. In addition, he has a stately town residence, worth at least another £500 a year.

This last is a consideration that will specially recommend the post to the new incumbent. The late Earl Selborne left his son and heir a fine place in Hampshire. But he did not leave enough money to keep it up. Lord and Lady Selborne occupy a modest town house in Mount Street. Their hospitable habit will find further scope with official salary trebled and one of the best houses in the neighbourhood of Westminster in which to dwell.

Lord Selborne is one of the examples, regarded with mixed feelings on the Liberal side, of the swift advancement attendant on the career of Liberals who in 1886 broke away from the old flag and the old leader. Lord Wolmer, as he then was, had just entered the House of Commons and certainly did not look as if within fourteen years he would be in the Cabinet, ranking as First Lord of the Admiralty. He had the good luck, or the good sense, to attach himself to Chamberlain, who, when he took office, made him Under-Secretary, and has had something to do with his last promotion.

*November 10.*

The appointment of Lord Cranborne as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs excites sharp comment not confined to the Opposition. The Cecil family, which, in more or less predominant degree, has been ruling us since the spacious times of Elizabeth, is already pretty well represented in Lord Salisbury's fourth administration. The head of the

family is Prime Minister and leads the House of Lords. One of his nephews (Arthur Balfour) is First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons. Another nephew, after long service at the Irish Office, is President of the Board of Trade. Lord Salisbury's son-in-law is First Lord of the Admiralty. A kinsman (Mr. Lowther) is seated in position next to the Speaker, as Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means. Last of all—if, indeed, it be the last—Lord Cranborne comes also, having charge in the House of Commons of Foreign Affairs, ranking as Under-Secretary and Deputy of Lord Lansdowne.

Of course, these appointments, each and several, may be the best that in the interest of the State could be devised. Only some folk think it odd that a single family should, at a particular crisis, be found sufficient for manifold occasion.

The selection of Lord Cranborne for important office illustrates another principle that underlies, not infrequently governs, the British constitution. No one who knows the two men, whether in public or private life, would aver that Lord Cranborne is a cleverer or more capable man than his younger brother, Lord Hugh Cecil. The fact is, indeed, the reverse. Lord Cranborne is known in the House of Commons and on the platform as an honest but narrow-minded person, fanatically devoted to the Church as by law established. He has, moreover, the courage of his opinions. More than once (when defection did not threaten the stability of the Government) he has from below the gangway raised the standard of revolt when he thought either the Church or the land interest was in danger. In the House of Commons he is personally liked and his prejudices are respected. His influence on debate is small.

Lord Hugh Cecil, on the contrary, whilst sharing some of the prejudices and all the courage of his brother, is a powerful and original debater, his style recalling traditions of his father whilst he was yet Lord Robert Cecil, reversion



to the marquise afar off. If office had been found for him, promotion would have been regarded as a meed of merit. But Lord Hugh is a younger son. Lord Cranborne will be the next Marquis of Salisbury. The sacred principle of primogeniture must prevail in State affairs, as in the disposition of private property. So Lord Cranborne goes to the Foreign Office, and his brother Hugh remains below the gangway.

*November 12.*

Shortly after the death of Lord Russell of Killowen, the Speaker was approached by a firm of publishers and invited to write a memoir of his life. For more than thirty years Mr. Gully had been on terms of intimate personal acquaintance with the late Lord Chief Justice. It dates back to a period when he, Charles Russell, and Farrer Herschell were comrades, not yet successful, on the Northern Circuit. There is a story told at the Bar how the three briefless barristers on a certain evening, reviewing their positions and their prospects, resolved to take the earliest opportunity of making their mark in some other field. Opportunity not presenting itself, they held on, and in due time one became Lord Chancellor, the second Lord Chief Justice, whilst the third has added fresh dignity and authority to the Speaker's chair.

Attracted by the subject, Mr. Gully looked into the materials at his disposal for writing the Life, but found they were not adequate to a volume of ordinary proportions. He has, however, written a personal sketch, which will presently appear in one of the magazines.

## CHAPTER XI

*October 1, 1900.*

I SAW the other day in a private collection an interesting piece of Thackeray's handiwork. It is a pen-and-ink drawing showing her Majesty and the Prince Consort walking arm in arm, followed by a procession of members of the Royal Family. In the background looms Windsor Castle. There are twelve figures in all, and their design is ingenious. Thackeray has taken a dozen stamps—the red penny ones of our early days—cut out the heads, slightly altered them to suit the person sketched, and drawn underneath a figure. Each figure is numbered, and a note in Thackeray's handwriting contains a humorous description.

By the drawing hangs a pretty tale. Thackeray was staying down at Folkestone in company with some friends, including Lady Knighton. At luncheon he offered the lady some champagne. She declined it, saying she never drank wine. Thackeray offered her the bribe of a shilling if she would break through her usage. She accordingly drank a glassful. A day or two afterwards Thackeray's shilling was paid in the delightful form of this drawing.

*October 3.*

The Duke of Norfolk has just realised a bit of family property whose origin dates back to Flodden Field. That battle was won for England by his ancestor the Earl of Surrey. Amongst the rewards of a grateful King was the bestowal of a pension of £40 a year to be paid to him and his heirs for ever. Through the centuries that have elapsed since the Scots were beaten back at Flodden, this £40 a year has replenished the ducal coffers. The Duke,

availing himself of a Treasury minute passed in 1888, has commuted his pension for the round sum of £800. The Treasury have, in this case, made an excellent bargain. The capital sum represents only twenty years' purchase, whereas the Treasury have been buying up similar annuities at twenty-seven years' purchase.

One of the latest of these acquisitions is the salary of the Heritable Usher for Scotland, an office dating back to the year 1393. There has been no Heritable Usher for Scotland for more than a century. In 1805 the office and the salary attached were bought for £7,600. It finally came into the hands of the trustees of the Dean and Chapter of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Mary's, Edinburgh. They have now commuted the annual payment for a lump sum. There are scattered up and down the country many of these mementoes of olden times, which a matter-of-fact Treasury are quietly picking up and wiping out of the National ledger.

*October 28.*

John Morley, though only on the threshold of his gigantic task, has found occasion to be thankful to Gladstone for orderly habits that prove of inestimable value to his biographer. Disraeli had a short way with his private papers. He kept them all, thrusting them without order or annotation into a box. When it was filled, he locked it up and commenced another. It was the spectacle of this undigested mass that frightened Lord Rowton away from the work of biography. Gladstone arranged, endorsed, and, with his own hand, tied up in small bundles all his papers. He even preserved notes of his more important speeches. There are many such bundles marked on the back "Notes of speeches, 18—to 18—." These treasures are kept at Hawarden in a fire-proof closet communicating with the library by an iron door. So early born was the habit of preserving papers, that Morley has come upon a packet containing

Greek verses composed by the future Premier when he was a lad at Eton.

*October 29.*

According to present appearances, Randolph Churchill's Life will remain unwritten. From a remark he once made I gathered that he hoped the work would be taken up by his sometime familiar friend, Louis Jennings, Member for Stockport. This impression is confirmed by the fact that by a codicil to his will, bearing date September 22, 1888, he bequeathed all his private papers, letters, and documents to his brother-in-law, Lord Curzon, and Jennings in trust, to publish, retain, or destroy all or any of them, as they in their absolute discretion might think proper. In the spring of the following year befell the sudden quarrel between the two old friends, leading to an estrangement never bridged. Jennings died first, but the codicil, naming him as joint literary executor, was found intact when the will was opened.

It is probable that Lord Randolph's son Winston may at no distant date undertake the task. His correspondence, recently published in the columns of the *Morning Post*, descriptive of the Soudan campaign shows him to be endowed with considerable literary aptitude. It would be a great pity if the story of the life of one of the most brilliant individualities of the latter half of this century were not recorded.<sup>1</sup>

*November 20.*

It is stated from Berlin, on what purports to be authority, that before the flight from Pretoria, Kruger managed to save not only the archives of both Republics, but the Treasury, valued at some million sterling. This, consisting of gold bars, coin, diamonds, and marketable securities, is said to be safely lodged in Italy.

From a private letter to hand by the last mail from Pre-

<sup>1</sup> Winston Churchill's Life of his father was published in 1906.

toria, I gather that whilst Oom Paul spread his net thus widely, he did not neglect smaller fish. In the height of his prosperity he built a church opposite his house in Pretoria, and in the exuberance of wealth he had the hands of its clock cast in solid gold. When the British troops arrived, it was observed that the face of the clock was without hands. On enquiry it was made known that the President, before his flight, not forgetful of these little treasures, had the hands removed and packed up in his personal baggage.

*November 24.*

Whilst a section of the Liberal Party is crying aloud to Lord Rosebery to come back and lead it, and whilst another section is warning him off, he goes about the country delivering speeches on miscellaneous topics, strictly exclusive of the one personal to himself in most men's mouths. He is not a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve for passers-by to peck at. With a manner occasionally almost boyish in frankness, he is actually unapproachably reticent. I suppose he has his own views as to the probable issue of the leadership question. None among his most intimate friends shares his secret. When certain things are talked of, he has a natural gift of lapsing into silence and putting on a far-away look which chills conversation. That his time will come is inevitable, for the imperative reason that there is no one else in sight comparable with his capacity.

It cannot be pleasant for Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman to overhear incessant discussion as to whether Lord Rosebery is coming back and when. I have the best reason to know that to none would be more welcome such conclusion of the interregnum than to the present Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. This is no newly born feeling. Shortly after Sir Henry assumed the leadership, a private dinner party was given at the Reform Club at which Lord Rosebery was the principal guest. Others

were leading members of the Liberal Party in and out of the House. After dinner, Sir Henry, proposing a toast to Lord Rosebery, unconditionally avowed his readiness to serve under him if and when he resumed his old position. That happened in the early spring of last year. Experience during two sessions of leading the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is not likely to have modified C.-B.'s desire to take a back seat.

Meanwhile, Lord Rosebery, designedly or not, is keeping himself prominently in the public eye. Eschewing political topic, he makes frequent appearance on public platforms, verbatim reports of his speeches forming the most attractive feature in the morning papers. His address to the students at Glasgow University, a lofty, statesmanlike review of the responsibilities of Empire, for a whole day centred national attention on him, to the exclusion of South Africa, China, and a reconstructed Ministry.

I wonder if, when he stood up in the hall, having been sworn-in Rector of the University, he remembered another Friday just twenty-one years ago, when he faced a similar scene?

It was during the Midlothian campaign that immediately preceded the great Liberal triumph at the poll in 1880. Gladstone was Lord Rector of the year, and on the day before turning his face homeward he delivered his address. The Dalmeny party proceeded by special train to Glasgow, Gladstone's arrival and journey through the streets being made the occasion of the wildest enthusiasm. Only second to him was the reception of Lord Rosebery, who, on entering the room where the address was delivered, was greeted with a prolonged burst of cheering. This was renewed when, in company with Gladstone, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws.

I remember as if it were yesterday the turbulent audience momentarily hushed whilst, in slow, solemn tones, the new Lord Rector spoke his final sentence. "Get

knowledge all you can. The more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer heights the invigorating air and enjoy the widening views, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men ; be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. Work onwards and work upwards, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labours with reward."

A great deal has happened since those eloquent words were spoken. Twenty-one years make a wide gap in the life of a man or a nation. The eager lads who thronged the streets, the red-capped Liberals, the blue-capped Tories, have gone out into the world. Many of them now have boys of their own at the University. Gladstone sleeps in Westminster Abbey. Lord Rosebery for a brief period succeeded him in Downing Street, and last Friday stood in his place as Lord Rector of the Scottish University.

*From Lord Rosebery*

*October 19, 1900.*

MY DEAR MR. LUCY,

I read your article in *Punch* this week on a book which I have not ever seen, but which happens to relate to me. Now, naturally, I never write about articles which concern me ; but I cannot help departing from my rule in this instance. I want to thank you for the last paragraph, and for the sentence it quotes. I was struck with those sweet words at the time, but they had slipped out of my memory. They came back to me with a happy feeling which I cannot describe. I have cut them out so that I may not forget them again.

Yours sincerely,  
R.

The book Lord Rosebery surmises "related to him"

was Mr. Coates's portly volume entitled *Lord Rosebery, His Life and Speeches*. The sentence which dwelt in his memory appeared in an article by "Toby, M.P.," published in *Punch* during the Midlothian campaign of 1884. Purporting to give extracts from Gladstone's diary on the tour, it was written: "Whenever I go to a strange house or a strange town I want no better welcome than a look from Lady Rosebery's face."

November 30.

*Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Macaulay*

WALLINGTON, CAMBO, NORTHUMBERLAND.

November 29, 1899.

DEAR LUCY,

What a delightful letter to receive! It gave me very great pleasure, the more so as I am trying to write again, and am getting interested in what I am doing, and almost hopeful.

I do not wonder that you were struck by Macaulay's utterance on the Lords. There are certain rough and sudden ebullitions during his younger days which have a moving effect owing to the contrast to the measured caution of his later literary work. I am reading Hare's (Augustus) biography. It is curiously amusing, especially in its aspect as the seamy side of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*.

With our united kind remembrances to Mrs. Lucy,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE TREVELYAN.

The shock created by news of Arthur Balfour's illness and the regret expressed in all circles, irrespective of politics, testify to his unique position among public men. In the House of Commons, more especially within his own camp, one occasionally hears murmurs of discontent. Early in his career as Leader these reached a height at which they might not be disregarded. Balfour quietly intimated to the Whips, with instructions to make his decision known, that if the Party were tired of him,



he certainly did not hanker after retaining the post of Leader. Only, as long as he did, he would expect to be followed. This sufficed, and what, had it happened in the Liberal Camp (as it has since happened in the case of Campbell-Bannerman), would have proved an awkward business, quietly subsided.

Last session there was slight recrudescence of discontent. Good Conservatives went about saying that as a Leader "Arthur is a failure." Particular instances were cited wherein alleged indolence or carelessness had led to disturbing consequences. The fact is, Balfour would be hard to beat by any possible competitor. It is quite true he is a little weak on vulgar fractions, whether they affect figures or facts. Also he has an intellectual impatience which makes it impossible for him to remain hour after hour at his post listening to the dribble of commonplace. The capacity of endurance, which both Disraeli and Gladstone possessed, is absolutely essential to the perfection of Leadership of the House of Commons. Failing in this respect, Balfour offers compensation by a charming manner and a pretty gift of speech.

The news suddenly coming that he has been stricken down by an illness apt to prove fatal reveals as in a flash of lightning his true position in the Ministry. There is no man in it—not even Lord Salisbury—whose cutting-off would be regarded as a greater disaster.

*December 15.*

If negotiations now privately conducted succeed, William O'Brien may nearly approach the success of Parnell in the days of his pride. Conscious of the inferiority of the material at his disposal, he is making advances towards Sexton and Davitt to return to Parliament and aid him in making the place too hot for the Saxon. Should they consent, the situation, from a Parliamentary point of view, will become increasingly serious. These three standing together would be sufficient to hold the bridge against an army ranged under the flag of Law and Order.

Meanwhile the Irish Members, meeting at the bidding of O'Brien to celebrate their reunion under his auspices, begin, *more Hibernico*, by passing a resolution expelling two of their members. Whilst O'Brien was cursing Tim Healy in the Rotunda at Dublin, and the Irish National Convention was excommunicating him with bell, book, and candle, Tim was kicking up his heels at Westminster, delighting the House of Commons with his racy denunciation of the Dublin Convention and all concerned in carrying it on.

*December 22.*

Some years ago a scion of a ducal family, charged with a heinous offence, fled the country. He has never since been seen in his usual haunts, and the secret of his whereabouts, the methods of his living, are known only to his nearest relatives. Suddenly there has sprung round this man's name a weird story. It is said that on the outbreak of the war he went to South Africa, enlisted with the Boers, rapidly came to the front, and is now fighting against his countrymen under the name of De Wet. It is not possible to trace the story to its source. Like Topsy, "it growed." It is widely spread, and in some quarters firmly believed. There is, among other adjuncts to the fantasy, a circumstantial statement of an officer in a crack British regiment taken prisoner by De Wet, and, confronting the General, recognising an old comrade and messmate.

This kind of fable is not new in analogous circumstances. At the time of the war between Japan and China a member of the German Embassy told me a similar story then current in Berlin. The most brilliant and successful of the Japanese Generals was Marshal Yamagata. It was solemnly asserted, and piously believed, that he was none other than the long-missing Archduke John of Austria. Eleven years ago the Archduke, youngest son of the Grand Duke Leopold II of Tuscany, renounced his rank and

estate, assumed the name John Orth, and went abroad in the capacity of a master mariner. He was last heard of in Brazil. Thereafter all trace of him was lost, though in Brazil it was reported that he had sailed for Japan.

The Archduke's renunciation of his high estate arose out of a quarrel with Field-Marshal Archduke Albert, who took exception to certain military criticisms published by the Archduke John. It was insisted in support of the theory that the tactics of the Japanese Marshal were based on the quite original principles advocated by the Austrian Archduke. Moreover, it was said that till the war broke out, no trace was to be found in Japanese records of a soldier of high rank bearing the name of Yamagata.

*December 28.*

It is probable that no touch with Western civilisation interested the Ameer of Afghanistan more than the visit paid to him in 1895 by George Curzon. For some time after, certainly through the young Minister's term at the Foreign Office, the Ameer kept up a constant private correspondence. Curzon one day showed me one of the letters just to hand. It is an imposing, decorative document, written on fine parchment, bearing a great seal. The Ameer's autobiography, just published by Mr. Murray, contains several references to the young traveller, who has since blossomed into the Viceroy of India, as direct representative of the Queen a greater personage than his former host at Cabul.

"He appeared," writes Abdur Rahman, reporting conversations with Curzon, "to be a very genial, hard-working, well-informed, experienced, and ambitious young man. He was witty and full of humour, and we often laughed at his amusing stories. I was so pleased with his visit that it still further added to my desire and anxiety that I, my sons and officials, should see other members of the English aristocracy and officials as often as possible."

This appreciation of his guest of a few days shows the Ameer to be a shrewd judge of character. At the date of the visit Curzon was a private member of the House of Commons, with no prospect of becoming a Minister, still less that within three years he would return to India as Viceroy.

This journey to the Far East was taken in circumstances that revealed, under the sometimes flippant manner of George Nathaniel, great strength of character and settled purpose to reach the highest attainable. Never of robust health, he was, in the autumn of 1894, in a state that gave some concern to his friends. Convinced that problems in the Far East were coming to a head, he resolved to study them on the spot. No considerations of fatigue or personal discomfort operating on a frail body deterred him. He went, he saw, and, incidentally, as appears from Abdur Rahman's simple story, he conquered. Happily his health improved rather than deteriorated. Doubtless his journey and the masterly book he wrote thereupon drew attention to him when there was a vacancy in the Viceregal Palace at Calcutta.

## CHAPTER XII

*January 5, 1901.*

THE death of Lord William Beresford, commonly and affectionately known as "Bill," has thrown a gloom over a wide circle. Born a year later than his still more famous brother, Lord Charles, no one looking on his sturdy figure and sunburnt face guessed he was marked for comparatively early death. Unlike his brother, he never took to politics, his nearest touch with State affairs being his service as A.D.C. to Lord Lytton when he was Viceroy of India, followed by military secretaryship in succession to three later Viceroys, Lords Ripon, Dufferin, and Lansdowne. Thus a large slice of his life came to be passed in India, where he was as popular as in England.

Marriage with a wealthy American lady, widow of the Duke of Marlborough, placed him in a position to enjoy to the full his passion for horses. He formed his own racing stable, and, a born and cultured judge of a horse, he made more out of racing than most folks do. A splendid rider, on the box-seat of a coach he was equally at home. Always of a cheerful countenance, he never looked so happy as when day by day through the Derby week he drove four-in-hand to Epsom, the Duchess on the box-seat, the coach crowded with the house-party from Deepdene.

*February 9.*

The enlargement of the Athenæum Club, now completed, was a necessity imposed upon the Committee by the Department of Woods and Forests on granting a new lease. On the lease lapsing, as it presently will, the rent will be raised from the original rate of £490 a year to

£4,900. In addition to thus extravagantly raising the rent, the Board insisted upon an expenditure of £15,000 in improvement of the clubhouse. As there was no opportunity of expansion, the Committee have raised the roof by a storey, thus providing for the admission of an increase of members whose fees and subscriptions will cover the added charge.

The lease of the Reform Club does not fall in till 1934, when similar tactics will be forced upon it. From an architectural point of view this will be regretted, since the addition of a storey will spoil the proportions of what is acknowledged to be the finest building in Pall Mall. But needs must where the ground-landlord drives. The Reform Club will suffer from the falling-in of its lease far more severely than the Athenæum. Its ground-rental of under £500 will probably be raised to £4,000.

*March 30.*

The latest reminder that London is a city of mourning is the abandonment of the Royal Academy dinner. This has been decided upon at the personal instance of the King, who felt that it would ill become him to appear at a public festive board so soon after the death of his Royal mother.

The disappointment of the Royal Academicians, thus deprived of the pleasure of hospitality, is mitigated by reflection that omission of the banquet means a saving of £600. His Majesty has since intimated that his objection to festivities at Burlington House within the year that saw the death of his beloved mother does not extend to the soirée. With his accustomed thoughtfulness the King has taken into account the disappointment that would fall over a wide circle if this annual entertainment were intermitted.

Lord Salisbury will not regret the abandonment of the dinner, since it bored him even more than ordinary functions of its kind. In his position as Premier he was

bound to accept the invitation, and felt the responsibility of expectation that he should beat the annual record by making a brilliant speech. He did not on these occasions vary his habitude of speaking without preparation, certainly without the use of notes. That was generally a solitary exception to the custom of the place. Nearly every other proposer of, or responder to, the long list of toasts rises to the occasion manuscript in hand and mercilessly reads his paper from the opening sentence to the beneficent conclusion. Lord Salisbury had to sit it through uncheered by the resources of the House of Lords, where he can and does comfortably doze whilst others talk.

*April 17.*

Lunched with Felix Moscheles. He had just finished and sent off a picture which so delighted Robert Browning that the poet became its godfather and presented it with a handsome sonnet. Amongst other guests were Joachim and Herbert Gladstone. The former was in great force. It is strange to see a man who has lived to become a classic and is associated with severity and sublimity so genial and so good a story-teller. He told us how he was getting his hair cut in Kensington, and the hairdresser proposed to snip off a certain lock which the violinist always wears behind his ear. If it is not long enough to fit into that resting-place, it falls over his forehead as he bends over the fiddle and disturbs him playing. So he is careful to keep it long.

"I should have it short," said the hairdresser.

"Oh, no," said Joachim, alarmed.

"Oh, yes," the barber insisted. "Have it cut off. It makes you look like a philosopher——"

"The barber was evidently thinking of Locke," interrupted a frivolous guest.

"It makes you look like a philosopher," continued Joachim, ignoring the interruption, "or one of them German fiddlers who come over."

*June 28.*

Accounts beginning to come in upon the newly installed Bishop of London in connection with his appointment are a little startling to a plain man. The total, strictly composed of fees dating back to time immemorial, exceeds a sum of £400. Some of the items are quaint in their precision of pence. For example, the new Bishop is called upon by the Board of Green Cloth to pay homage fees amounting to £15 os. 2d. These go into the pockets of the Heralds and Earl-Marshal. There are other fees payable to the Vicar-General amounting to £31 os. 10d. The Cathedral choir pocket £6 17s. 4d., the bellringers having ten guineas divided amongst them. Perhaps one of the oddest items in the long bill is a fee of £14 paid to the vicar of the parish of St. Paul's upon the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords.

*June 30.*

I hear a charming story about a Burial Board in a rural district. The family of a dead man had submitted for approval an epitaph for his gravestone. The chairman read aloud the concluding lines :

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me ;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

The Board listened attentively, wondering what it might mean. Then one up and spoke :

" That's what I call doggery," he said, and the Board, agreeing, negatived the proposal.

*July 4.*

This being Thanksgiving Day, Americans resident in London, or passing through it, happily celebrate it by doing honour to their Minister at the Court of St. James's.

England has always been fortunate in the selection made by the United States of a representative in London. They give us of their best. Beginning with Russell



Lowell, I have for nearly thirty years enjoyed the privilege of the personal acquaintance, in some instances the warm friendship, of successive American ministers. None excelled Mr. Choate in those cardinal qualities of eloquence, urbanity, wide knowledge of affairs, and, not least, humour, that go to make a successful ambassador. He was of the best after-dinner speakers of our day. But he did not retain his good things for public speeches, scattering them profusely in his conversation. Of many memorable happy thoughts flashed forth in the give-and-take of dinner-table talk, one may be recorded, since it illustrates another side of a singularly happy life, resting in the privacy of the domestic circle.

At a dinner table some one propounded for individual consideration the question : " Supposing you are not what you are, what would you like to be ? "

When it came to the turn of the American Minister, he quietly made answer : " Mrs. Choates's second husband."

*July 26.*

Earl Russell is making himself as comfortable as possible in his quarters at Holloway. He is assisted by the utmost leniency on the part of the authorities compatible with observance of the law. Since his sentence, there has been a distinct revulsion of public feeling on his behalf. It dates from the delivery of his address to the Peers who formed the court before which, in accordance with ancient privilege, he was tried. They know little save what they have read in the police and divorce courts reports of this inheritor of an honoured name. He was seldom seen at Westminster, and has yet to make his maiden speech in the House of Lords. The matter of his address, not less than the delivery of it, agreeably surprised his peers.

One of the Judges present at the trial tells me that when the legal Lords withdrew to consider their verdict, sentence of three months' imprisonment having been agreed upon, the Lord Chancellor asked :

"Has any learned lord more to say?"

"If," the Judge added, "anyone had ventured to suggest that a month's imprisonment would have met the justice of the case, there would, I am sure, have been unanimous acquiescence. Nobody spoke, and the thing was done."

*July 27.*

The death of "Sam" Pope literally and professionally creates a wide gap at the Parliamentary Bar. Since the Claimant disappeared from the scene, he was the biggest man in public life. One who came nearest to him in width and girth was Murphy, Q.C., a distinguished Irish barrister, who modestly puts down all his success in life to the fact that he was born on St. Patrick's Day. Before Murphy, some three years ago, retired from the Bar, he and Sam Pope occasionally met on different sides of particular cases. Mr. Justice Mathew, wittiest of living Judges, once said of them: "They spend the greatest part of the day in trying to walk round each other."

I remember a year or two ago meeting Pope slowly going down the corridor leading to the Ladies' Gallery from the Gallery flanking the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons. I asked if he were going to make a call at the Ladies' Gallery.

"No," he said; "I'm only going to borrow their lift."

It served Sam Pope through many sessions, though this year he has been obliged to make his journeys thither to and from the Committee Rooms in a bath-chair of the proportions of a hansom cab.

Ten years ago I met him at a dinner given at St. Stephen's Club by a Conservative member of the House of Commons. It is far cry back, but two circumstances fixed it in my memory. One is, that our chairs being set close together, Pope, in addition to the whole of his own, appropriated the larger half of mine. The other is a strange confidence

he bestowed on me. There is no harm in mentioning it now, as through later proceedings of the Court it became public property. He told me that within the last few months the accumulated savings of a busy life, a lucrative practice at the Bar, had disappeared. Living in the very centre of things, the ablest, acutest man at a Bar, daily dealing with industrial projects, he had put all his eggs into a bottomless basket.

There is something comforting in this true story for the average investor, who finds that all that glitters in a prospectus is not gold.

*August 10.*

In intimate circles of personal acquaintance a painful rumour is current with respect to the health of Lord Acton. Gladstone, a friend of many years, once said he was the only man who knew so much and had, whether in speech or writing, given out so little. He marked his appreciation of his friend's high qualities by making him a peer.

It is an odd, obviously accidental, coincidence that three other men of supreme intellectual capacity who owed their peerages to Gladstone passed the closing years of their life in a condition of clouded mental faculties. It is a consolation to the majority of us that we are immune from the reproach addressed by Festus to Paul: "Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."

*August 12.*

It is proverbially a wise child who knows his own father. There are many members of the House of Commons who would have passed the late Father of the House, Beach, without recognition. For my own part, I confess I never heard him address the House. He was as retiring in social life as in his Parliamentary position, and was rarely met with through the season. It happened that exactly a week before the cab accident that proved fatal, I chanced to sit next to him at dinner. He was then, for

his age, in marvellous health, and in exceptionally high spirits. He talked with animation of the House of Commons when he first knew it. Palmerston was Premier, George Cornwall Lewis had just succeeded Gladstone at the Exchequer, George Grey was Home Secretary. He could not remember whether it was William Molesworth or Henry Labouchere (not the editor of *Truth*) who was at the Colonial Office. But he remembered that Panmure was at the War Office, and Horsman, Dizzy's "superior person," was Irish Secretary. There was in those days no India Office. There was what was called a Board of Control, over which Sir Charles Wood presided.

Beach told me he well remembered Lord Salisbury when he was a slim-bodied young man very much the same figure as his youngest son, Lord Hugh Cecil. In view of the almost elephantine proportions developed by the Premier to-day, this seems incredible. It is confirmed by an old *Vanity Fair* cartoon. Pelligrini presents the Marquis of Salisbury in 1869, the year after he succeeded to the marquisate and took his place in the House of Lords, where he has ever since largely loomed. If one cut out of contemporary sketches the head of Lord Hugh Cecil and pasted it over that of his father as Pelligrini saw him thirty-two years ago, the picture would pass anywhere for the Member for Greenwich.

*November 2.*

Workmen are still busy at Buckingham Palace preparing it as a residence for the King and Queen in the coming summer. His Majesty, abandoning Marlborough House to the Prince and Princess of Wales, means to make Buckingham Palace his regular town residence. Though little used by the late Queen after the death of the Prince Consort, the massive mansion has regularly figured for considerable sums in the annual estimates. Two years ago a new system of drainage was carried out at enormous cost. Queen Victoria, who during the last

thirty years of her reign spent only a day or two of a year in the Palace, had certain structural alterations made. She found some of the rooms too large for her loneliness and had them subdivided. King Edward has directed that these temporary walls shall be removed and the former open space restored, of course with new carpets and other decorations.

Other work now approaching completion is the introduction of a system of hot-water pipes for warming the passages. Some years ago Queen Victoria, finding increased difficulty in ascending the marble staircase, one of the few beautiful things in the Palace, had a lift rigged up, the motive power supplied by gilded footmen who hauled her Majesty up by means of rope and pulley. When the King and Queen take up their residence in the Palace they will find three modern hydraulic lifts giving access to the topmost rooms at various points.

November 9.

Question arising as to the truth of a common rumour that Lord Russell of Killowen had in his early career practised as a reporter in the Press Gallery, I asked Mr. Justice Mathew, one of Russell's oldest and most intimate friends, his biographer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, what he thought about it. He replied :

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE,  
November 9, 1901.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I have heard that Lord R. had begun his career in the Gallery, and was under the impression that the information came from himself. But I was assured by his family that he did not possess the accomplishment of shorthand, and only frequented the Gallery to pick up material for his weekly letter to the *Nation* newspaper.

There was also an interesting legend of what occurred during the election at Belfast in 1852. It was said that there had been a violent altercation between the future Lord Chancellor and the future Chief Justice about a vote. This I was unable to verify. Certain it was that Lord Cairns and Lord Russell were never friendly.

With kind regards to you and to your invaluable secretary,

Very truly yours,  
J. C. MATHEW.

*November 13.*

Following close upon King Edward's accession came a curious and interesting discovery at Windsor Castle. When the Prince Consort died, a bust was made, with the assistance of a cast taken from his face. This, up to the last, occupied a place in the private apartments of Queen Victoria. At the same time her Majesty had a bust made of herself, desiring to perpetuate the personal appearance of husband and wife at the time of their separation. This latter disappeared from view, and there was a long-lived tradition in the domestic circle at Windsor that by direction of the Queen it had been hidden away. Enquiries made of one of the old servants on the domestic staff at the time of the death of the Prince Consort confirmed the story. He was able to point to a place where the bust was walled in. Bricks and mortar removed, the bust was rescued, and the Queen and Prince Consort as they were forty years ago are once more side by side in marble presentment.

Amongst other alterations taking place in royal palaces consequent on the death of Victoria is one just undertaken at Kensington Palace. Upon Princess Louise and her husband, then the Marquis of Lorne, Queen Victoria bestowed a suite of rooms in the old Palace, where the Royal Consort of William III died, and where for a while Queen Anne lived. The King has presented to the Princess Beatrice another wing of the Palace, which is now, so far as the interior is concerned, being rebuilt. As her Royal Highness intends to make the Palace the principal home of herself and children, no expense is spared in beautifying it and endowing it with all the latest resources of civilisation in the way of domestic comfort and luxury.

November 30.

The House of Commons is threatened with the irruption next session of the newly elected Member for Galway. If Lynch presents himself to take the oath, and the Government, supported by the majority, refuse to have it administered to him, we may see a repetition of the famous Bradlaugh scenes. It is, however, more than probable that the difficulty will not be permitted to reach that stage. It is Lynch's boast—it is his *raison d'être* as Member for Galway—that he, in the war in South Africa, bore arms against this country. Had he been caught red-handed he might have been shot. As it is, he is liable to be tried on a charge of high treason. Lynch, aware of the contingency, judiciously remained in Paris whilst the contest was fought at Galway.

Apart from the fact that proof of a man's taking up arms against England was sufficient passport to the favour of an Irish constituency, the result of the Galway election chilled the hearts of those who truly love and would serve Ireland. Since Drummond died there is no man, except Gladstone, who has done more for her than Horace Plunkett, who offered himself as a candidate. For many years he has devoted all his time and much of his private fortune to serving the country of his birth. With others he has perceived that the fatal, hitherto incurable disease of Ireland is agrarian. Instead of going about the country making speeches inflaming class against class, he, to begin with single-handed, set himself to get the farmers to help themselves by the simple process of co-operation. Dealing with a race quarrelsome amongst themselves, suspicious of an outsider, especially if he be an aristocrat, Plunkett, at the end of ten years' hard labour, found substantial result. Owing to his action and the operation of the Agricultural Organisation Society, founded by him in 1894, prosperity has spread in what long seemed hopeless quarters, and thousands of struggling peasant farmers rise up and call him blessed.

That he should have lost his seat in South Dublin was regrettable but not inexplicable. By an act of characteristic toleration he offended the Orange Party, who, rather than forgive him, sacrificed a Unionist seat. It is different in Galway, a constituency closely allied with the class he had served. The electors rejected him by two to one in favour of a man whose only claim to their affections is that he may have shot a few Englishmen in South Africa.

*December 5.*

Ritchie writes to me from the Home Office : " Most of my time is now spent in the society of criminals, and some of my friends view with satisfaction my presence here, as they feel themselves able to commit any crime with impunity."

*December 14.*

Sat this afternoon in the Parnell Commission Court for the first time since I left it, more than a year ago, at the conclusion of the Attorney-General's opening speech. It presents a different scene from what was then daily witnessed. The crowd in the Strand that waited patiently for a chance of seeing Parnell, Charles Russell, or other of the leading *dramatis personæ*, has vanished, as has the more favoured throng permitted to gather about the doors of the court. The court itself was moderately full, but there was a marked absence of the seething excitement noted during the earlier days. Davitt sat in the seat earliest appropriated by George Lewis. In the course of the afternoon entered Mr. Biggar, who, with long lean fingers reflectively stirring his thinning locks, watched the Judges and listened to the tired tones with which Henry James pursued his task. The benches behind, where Charles Russell, Frank Lockwood, and Asquith were wont to sit, supported by a crowd of junior counsel, were tenantless.

The *Times* counsel stubbornly stick to their places, only the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) taking



leave to be absent. This afternoon Mr. Soames was there, not quite so jubilant as in last November, when the Attorney-General was confidently asserting his preparedness to prove every sentence in his compendious opening speech. As for Mr. Buckle (editor) and Mr. Macdonald (manager), they seem to have finally disappeared from a scene that must by this time be hateful to them.

The Judges show little trace of the passage of a year. Possibly Mr. Justice Day is a trifle stonier in countenance, with a lower droop of his heavy eyelids and a fuller fall of his nether lip. Mr. Justice Smith has not turned a hair, and is quite as superior a person as ever. Sir James Hannen is looking a little worn, but has not abated one jot of that watchfulness which at the opening of the case seemed supernatural.

This afternoon when Henry James, reading an extract from the evidence, misquoted a word, the President was down on him in a moment with correction. The reference to the paging of the evidence is of itself sufficient to convey a terrible idea of the task before the Judges.

"I now refer," says Henry James, "to page 5115."

"Ah," interposed Sir James Hannen, "I had in mind page 3850."

What a mind it must be to hold in view all these pages! The bound volumes, piled up before the Commissioners, form a sort of barricade between the majesty of the Bench and the curiosity of the public.

I had a chat with Davitt, who, with the exception of Sir James Hannen, is probably the only man in court who follows Henry James through his interminable oration. Comparing it with the Attorney-General's effort, he says Henry James marshals his points with greater skill, presents them in choicer language, and is exceedingly insidious.

"But there is nothing in it," adds Davitt, who, Henry James admits, knows more about the case than any other living man.

## CHAPTER XIII

*January 11, 1902.*

EARL SPENCER, having in the regrettable illness of Lord Kimberley assumed the functions of Leader of the Opposition in the Lords, will on Wednesday night, the eve of the opening of the session, entertain at dinner his colleagues of the Front Bench. Special interest in the gathering centres on the action of Lord Rosebery. Will he accept the invitation to meet his former colleagues, or will he eat his lonely dinner in Berkeley Square? In asserting the latter preference he might plead that he is not an occupant of the Front Bench. When, after the general election of 1895, the Liberal Party in the House of Lords walked over to the benches on the left of the Wool-sack, the ex-Premier seated himself at the corner seat below the gangway, separated by that gap from his former Cabinet colleagues. It is true that when he takes part in debate he advances to the table and speaks from the position reserved for ex-Ministers.

One night last session Lord Salisbury, replying to him, treated him as if he were the official spokesman of the Front Bench. Lord Rosebery deprecating the assumption, the Premier explained that he had been led to make it from observing that the noble Earl, instead of addressing the House from his place as is the wont of private members, delivered his speech from the table. In reply, Lord Rosebery cited the interesting, not widely-known, fact that in addressing the House from the coign of vantage supplied by the table he was merely exercising the privilege of a Privy Councillor.

*January 25.*

I hear of a case that curiously illustrates one of the

bypaths of the Statute Book. A gentleman, well known in London society, reaching home after attending a first night at one of the theatres, discovered that his watch had been picked from his pocket. He communicated with Scotland Yard, and, nothing coming of its intervention, resolved to take the matter into his own hands. He inserted an advertisement in a widely-circulated London newspaper, recording the loss of his watch, offering a reward for its recovery, adding "no questions will be asked."

Pleased at his own astuteness, he confidently awaited response, and in due time received one, but not from the quarter expected. The communication, dated from a well-known club, drew the advertiser's attention to the fact that by the terms of its proposal he had been guilty of compounding felony; the Statute provided that its penal clauses might be put in operation at the instance of the common informer, who was to be rewarded with payment of £50. The writer admitted that he was "the common informer," and suggested that payment of £50 down would save the advertiser much trouble and expense in the Law Courts.

There was no use kicking against the pricks. The advertiser, taking legal advice, found the common informer's position was impregnable, and paid the fine. Nor was this all. The enterprising student of the advertising columns made a similar communication to the proprietor of the newspaper in which the notice had been published, pointing out that he was equally liable, and demanding a second £50. This is not yet forthcoming, but the conclusion of the matter is inevitable.

The writer of the letter was traced by the address given, and was discovered in the person of a waiter at the Club. He was promptly dismissed, but will have the solatium of £100.

*January 27.*

An interesting relic of the Coronation of Queen Victoria

is still in existence. After the sermon in Westminster Abbey, preached by the Bishop of London, the Coronation Oath was administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The girl Queen, walking to the altar, knelt on the cushion placed on the steps, laying her right hand on a great Bible opened at the Gospels. "The things which I have before promised I will perform and keep; so help me, God," so she swore. The Bishops dividing the spoil after the ceremony, this Bible fell to the lot of the Bishop of Winchester. It became a family heirloom, and is now in the possession of the Rev. J. H. Sumner, Rector of Buriton, Hants.

Evidence has been given before the Court of Claims of some of the perquisites demanded by the principal personages taking part in the Coronation ceremony. There is, in effect, a regular scramble. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for fee, carries off the purple velvet chair, cushion, and footstool set for his occupation during the Coronation. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster, amongst other things, claim the cloth on which the Sovereign walks on entering the west door of the church. The Lord Great Chamberlain not only takes up the King's bed and walks, but claims the bedding and the furniture of the chamber where his Majesty lay the night before the Coronation, with his (or her) wearing apparel and nightgown. As recently as the reign of James II the Master of the Horse was permitted to loot the King's table at the Coronation banquet of all the silver dishes and plates served thereat. Most of these time-honoured pickings and stealings have been abolished or compromised. But the resuscitation of the Court of Claims has thrown a curious light upon the manners and customs of our old nobility.

*January 28.*

Passing up St. James's Street this morning, I saw a pretty sight. It was nearing eleven o'clock, the hour at which the guard is relieved. A company of the Guards

lined the approach to St. James's Palace. Across the courtyard walked two children, a boy and girl, each accompanied by a nurse. The boy, some eight years old, was dressed in blue garibaldi shirt and white flannel trousers—a simple dress that set off his straight, lithe, active figure. At sight of the children advancing the stalwart Guards, most of them wearing medals testifying presence at far grimmer scenes, presented arms. The little boy, leaving his nurse, advanced, and drawing himself up to his full height, saluted and passed on through the Palace gateway.

He was little Prince Edward,<sup>1</sup> eldest son of the Heir to the Throne. The girl, his sister, was Princess Mary. For the ordinary boy of Prince Edward's age to have a box full of tin soldiers is the fulfilment of delight of martial tastes. For our King-to-be there is from earliest childhood the real thing. It was delightful to see the boy's bright eyes, his eager movement, his gravity withal, as he returned the Guards' salute.

*February 1.*

Since the Lifeboat Association circulated a paragraph announcing that I had been privileged to endow a lifeboat to replace one lost last winter off Caister, the community of begging-letter writers have swooped down upon me as the Assyrian swept down on the old. Every post—and there are a good many in the day in London—brings accession to the heap. They come from all parts of the country, are mostly written by women, but have in common the peculiarity that they nearly all ask for immediate remittance of £5, the arrival of which will rescue them from the abyss of ruin on whose edge they shiver. An exception was established in the case of a solicitor who, ruined by the artifices of a wily partner trading on a trustful nature, could not do with less than £50.

I have learned to dread the sound of the postman's knock. I know he is coming to fling on my back the body

<sup>1</sup> To-day the popular Prince of Wales.

of a crippled husband, or to twine round my neck the arms of half a dozen children, born to a curate who has no sustenance beyond occasional occupancy of a town or country pulpit. It is curious how many women in distress, sole props of large families, take to typewriting, and think I am just the man to make up the sum necessary to buy a machine. Some of my correspondents have written books and solicit permission to dedicate them to me. One, a railway stoker in the West of England, is convinced that we are nearly related. The family name, as he says, is rare, and having talked the matter over with his brother (just now out of work), he is sure we share it in common. He proposes to come to town, bringing his brother with him, when, as he says, we could talk the matter over. He hints at ability to be able to stay with me for a week.

"I much fear," writes one of my unknown correspondents, who signs a fine historic Irish name, "I am outraging the conventionalities by addressing you un-introduced. But, truth to tell, I know not how to procure that honour, and must only rely on your good nature to pardon my temerity in intruding upon you. Known to me only by your writings and your fame, I venture to ask you if you could put any work, literary or even clerical, in the way of one who is not just now 'on fortune's cap the very button.'"

If this is not our old friend Wilkins Micawber, come back from Australia to life and London, I am no judge of literary style. Consider in connection with the passage quoted the following note written by Mr. Micawber to David Copperfield at an early stage of their acquaintance :

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—The die is cast—all is over. Hiding the ravages of care with a sickly mask of mirth, I have not informed you, this evening, that there is no hope of the remittance ! Under these circumstances, alike humiliating to contemplate, and humiliating to relate, I have discharged the pecuniary liability contracted at this establishment, by giving a note of hand, made payable

fourteen days after date, at my residence, Pentonville, London. When it becomes due, it will not be taken up. The result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall.

The style of the majority of the letters testifies to long and cultured habit. It is obvious that there is a large community of our fellow-citizens whose business it is to write letters to anyone proved guilty of charitable intent. Out of the heap I copy *verbatim et literatim* one letter which stands apart by reason of its originality.

SIR, [it begins]—I, the inventor of an improved Worter Volsipde, and Volsipde means anything that is driven by rvolving motin, I Clame to Bee made unsinkable and they can be made unsinkable and By my Patent anything that gos on the worters Can Be made to Be unsinkable as that is what my study as Been for Saving Life and Propty in Every way that is posable to Be Done I have stidyd to use nateur to the Best namly the worters the mountains and the air as I claim to go on land as well as on the worters and By a methard that I have found out they can be made to go through the air Clear of the Earth and Can Be Controble anywere so that you Can travel strate annywere over mountains and vales with safty and I have one now put together now if it was one hundred times as large it wold carry all the People in this town as it cold Be made to Contain 6400 rooms 10 feet by 8 feet and they cold make as many holes as theys days in the year and then would not sink and I have had my attention Called to a few lines in a newspaper where it says you have made an offer of £1,000 for a lifeboat and I the said inventor and Patantee of the said improved Worter volsipde Will grant Certificate to Construct one of my Patent to be named after you as I am only a working man and it is my intion to give half of what my invention Earns to Bevenalent Perposes and I offer for Capatle invested in my invention 10 Per Cent for recoping and 10 Per Cent for Working Expenses I take 20 per cent out of the Earnings of the said invention, and they Can Be Constructed at a verry small cost.

*To Chairman of Press Gallery Committee*

42, ASHLEY GARDENS.

February 4, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR,

On the threshold of my thirtieth session in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons I should esteem it a privilege if I might be permitted, in some small way, to make permanent record of my esteem for the brotherhood among whom I have so long worked.

We have, from time to time, brought under our notice the case of comrades who, owing to no fault of their own, are in temporary need; or of the widows and children of Gallery men to whom a few sovereigns would be of immediate service. It has occurred to me that the Committee might be induced to add to their invaluable services to the Gallery the undertaking of a Trust to dispose of a small assured annual fund for distribution in these directions.

I would suggest that a Sub-Committee of three be annually appointed to discharge the duty, an essential condition of its working being absolute secrecy as to the apportionment of the little gifts.

If the proposal meets the approval of the Committee, I shall be glad to hand you a cheque for £1,000, the interest to be available, as long as the Press Gallery exists, for the purpose indicated. The money has been earned by, perhaps, exceptional hard work in the Gallery, and I feel I cannot do better than leave it in the trusted hands of the Committee.<sup>1</sup>

I may, perhaps, add for your information that, acting upon a happy suggestion from Mrs. Lucy, I have appropriated a further sum of £1,000 to our neighbour, the Westminster Hospital, to endow a bed that shall bear the name of "The Press Gallery." This bequest will confer upon the Committee the privilege of nominating from among Gallery men or their families patients for the care of the Hospital. I trust it will not be often needed. But

<sup>1</sup> The proposal was cordially accepted by the Committee, and has for nineteen years been in useful and unobtrusive operation. A gratifying development has been that at the close of every session a subscription list is opened in the Gallery, with the result of yearly adding something to the original endowment fund.



I feel sure the Gallery will like to think that, night and day, as long as the Hospital stands, some sufferer will be succoured in its name.

Yours faithfully.

HENRY W. LUCY,

The Chairman of the Committee  
of the Press Gallery.

March 1.

After unexpected and unmerited difficulties, the Committee charged with the task of erecting a memorial to the late George Smith, whose *Dictionary of National Biography* will, after all, be his best monument, have happily completed their work. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have allotted space on the walls of the Cathedral crypt, where will be placed an alabaster tablet with a suitable inscription. John Collier had in hand a kitcat portrait of Mr. Smith. This he has finished. The Committee, finding themselves in funds, have bought the picture, and intend to present it to Mrs. Smith, with reversion on her death to the National Portrait Gallery.

March 2.

The last word on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was the other night contributed at our dinner-table by W. S. Gilbert. It illustrates, in his genial manner, the saying about a man turning in his grave at some superlative wrong done to him.

"Doubt as to who wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare might," he said, "be easily and authoritatively settled. Exhume the coffins of Shakespeare and Bacon; open them, place them side by side, and let Beer-bohm Tree stand up and recite a passage from *Hamlet*. Whichever corpse turns in the coffin, that's the man who wrote the play."

Which shows that with advancing years W. S. Gilbert loses nothing of his wit or his loving-kindness.

*Tim Healy's Future*

HOUSE OF COMMONS,  
May 26, 1902.

DEAR MRS. LUCY,

Your nice note awakes the cadence of reproach for duty much neglected. Alas! though "here to-day" I shall be away next week and for all the merry month of June. When, however, I become the Prime Minister of the English Republic I shall be here always. For I am sure an official residence goes with the post, which will be very convenient. Meanwhile the dusty, but not unprofitable, Four Courts, and the claims of an annually-becoming-more-pitiless family absorb an attention which I would cheerfully give up to mankind.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, I shall bewail my absence on the appointed days of your pleasant parties, and wish that the decrees of fate had included the right to more local option.

With kind regards to "Himself,"

Very faithfully yours,

T. M. HEALY.

July 27.

Whitelaw Reid, having accomplished his high mission as Special Ambassador of the United States at the Coronation of King Edward VII, sails for New York to-day. His is a striking figure on the public platform of the United States, interesting to *nous autres* as marking the difference between the journalistic career at home and across the Atlantic. In his sixty-fifth year Mr. Reid has lived through a wide range of experience. When, nineteen years ago, I made his personal acquaintance in New York, he was editor and chief proprietor of the *New York Tribune*. He began his journalistic career as editor of a weekly paper in his native State of Ohio. He served in the war between North and South when it broke out. After doing his share of fighting, he returned to his first love, journalism, acting as war correspondent for a Cincinnati paper. For two years he was Librarian to the House of

Representatives. Then he took to cotton-planting in Louisiana.

But journalism ever drew him with magnetic force. In 1868 he threw down the shovel and the hoe, and joined the staff of the *Tribune*. Those were times when Horace Greeley was to the front. The keen eye of the founder of the *New York Tribune* discerned the stuff of which young Whitelaw Reid was made. Four years after he joined the staff he was not only editor, but, on the death of Horace Greeley, chief proprietor. In 1881 he married the daughter of one of the Californian millionaires.

Up to this point his career does not differ from the possibilities of an English journalist. The point of divergence was reached when, in 1889, the editor of the *New York Tribune* was nominated United States Minister to France, a position he filled with exceptional brilliancy. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897 he came here as Special Ambassador, a post revived for his acceptance in view of the Coronation. At a dinner given by him many years ago at the Union Club, New York, Whitelaw Reid told me that, with the exception of the English guests—Lord Rosebery, Sir William Hardman, then editor of the *Morning Post*, and myself—every man of the company either had been President of the United States or was in the running for the position. Two have since reached the goal of their ambition. Mr. Reid himself was, ten years ago, on the way to being selected as the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He was defeated on the ballot, but is still hale and hearty, in spite of his more than threescore years.

There is no reason, under the Constitution, why an English journalist should not aspire to ambassadorial posts, only, as a rule, he doesn't get them. It is true that on the threshold of their career two English Premiers, Disraeli and Lord Salisbury, were working journalists. That does not supply a parallel to the case, by no means uncommon in the United States, where the acting editor

of a paper is taken from his desk and sent abroad to represent his country.<sup>1</sup>

*August 2.*

Effort on the part of those concerned in the management of the Coronation is centred upon cutting down the ceremony to the briefest possible period of time. This has been so far successful that it will not exceed an hour and a half. Whilst the doctors, yielding to anxious desire of the King, consented to fixing so early a date as August 9, they are not without anxiety as to the consequence. His Majesty has made a marvellous recovery, and has not, since it set in, suffered an hour's relapse. But few men, even of younger age and of slighter build, could suffer such a serious operation as he went through and within six weeks be ready to take a leading part in a prolonged ceremonial. The doctors are confident that his Majesty will be able without hurt or danger to go through the ceremony. At the same time every minute that can be saved is worth much.

The latest arrangement made upon the suggestion of Sir Frederick Bridge is that the place of the *Te Deum* shall be altered. In the ordinary service it is sung midway, whilst the King would still be to the fore. It is now decided that it shall come at the end of the ceremony, being sung as the King retires from the scene. The singing of the National Anthem following will conclude the ceremony.

*August 4.*

A consultation of the Law Officers of the Crown—with them the Lord Advocate—has brought to light and re-established an interesting precedent in the matter of privileged attendance at the Abbey on the occasion of the Coronation. Prior to the date originally fixed it was claimed, and freely conceded, not only that every Peer

<sup>1</sup> A later instance occurs in the appointment (April 1921) to the London Embassy of Colonel Harvey, Editor of the *North American Review*.

and Peeress had a right to a seat in the Abbey, but that the Peers' children, whether married or unmarried, possessed the same privilege. Claims were put forth, also as of right, on behalf of a multitude of officials. The Law Officers have discovered that no one has such right, the privilege being exercised only upon receipt of an invitation from the Sovereign. The precedent relied upon goes back to the reign of George IV. When on July 19, 1820, the King was crowned, his Consort, Queen Caroline, presented herself at Westminster Abbey and demanded admission. By order of the King this was denied, refusal being based upon the dictum of the Law Officers that the Coronation was simply a religious service arranged by command of the Sovereign, and that only persons bidden by his Majesty to attend might enter.

This precedent has been used to dispose of several embarrassing claims in connection with the ceremony of next week.

*August 12.*

Lord Salisbury, who was not able to stand the journey from Hatfield last Saturday in order to be present at the Coronation of his gracious Sovereign, was happily so far recovered to-day that he set forth on a journey to the Continent. This concatenation of circumstance has not escaped notice. It is held to confirm the report current at the time of his resignation, that the event was hastened in consequence of a tiff with the King. Certainly the decision was acted upon with a suddenness that took away the breath of some of the Premier's colleagues.

A fortnight ago I met one of the principal Ministerial Whips at a week-end house-party in the country. He told me he knew nothing about his Chief's resignation till Saturday morning preceding the Coronation, when he received instructions to arrange for the Foreign Office meeting of the party on Monday. That Lord Salisbury contemplated retirement was well known. It seemed

that a suitable and convenient time would present itself after the Coronation. As it turned out, the Premier abruptly withdrew on its eve, and begged to be excused from putting in an appearance at the ceremony.

*August 18.*

Absolutely the worst thing in the reshuffling of the Ministerial cards, following on the retirement of Lord Salisbury, is the chucking-out of the Vice-President of the Council, Sir John Gorst. Advantage was sharply taken of the peculiar situation to accomplish this petty manoeuvre. The Education Act, preceding the Bill still in process of gestation, abolished the office of Vice-President. But a special proviso was introduced, I believe at the instance of the Duke of Devonshire, securing the post to Sir John Gorst as long as the Ministry then constituted lasted. Lord Salisbury's resignation of the Premiership broke up his Ministry, and in accordance with precedent all his colleagues placed their offices at the disposal of the new Premier. In most instances the procedure was nominal and was expected to be so regarded. Gorst's resignation was accepted, his office abolished, to be re-established under a new name, that of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, with another man appointed.

This crowns a curious line of conduct pursued through many years towards one of the most brilliant Parliamentary swordsmen in the Conservative camp. In old Fourth Party days Lord Salisbury conceived a personal dislike of Gorst. Of that small but redoubtable band every man save one was singled out for promotion. Drummond Wolff became an Ambassador, Randolph Churchill lived to be Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, in which latter post Arthur Balfour to-day succeeds him. It would not have been safe to leave John Gorst out in the cold, so he has, from time to time, been tossed a succession of minor offices, whilst

mediocrities of noble birth have been passed over his head to high estate. The Conservatives, even when recruited from the pick of the Liberal Party, were not intellectually so strong that they could afford utterly to ignore a man of his Parliamentary capacity. Dictated by petty personal reasons, this course has been adopted through sixteen years, and the first favourable opportunity is seized of finally throwing him overboard. It is possible that even now it may be thought prudent to tie up a dangerously bitter tongue by pressing on his acceptance a salaried appointment that will remove him from the House of Commons.

Sir John's personal view of the situation is frankly set forth in the following letter :

QUEEN ANNE MANSIONS.

*August 8, 1902.*

DEAR LUCY,

Thank you for the very kind letter you wrote me on the 19th, which I got abroad where I went to cycle off the fatigues of politics.

I think I have been delivered from a false position in which I have blundered about for seven years. The position of a free critic is preferable to that of a sham Minister. I have never reached the grapes, but I have sniffed them near enough to know how unripe they are.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Lucy,

I am,

Yours ever,

JOHN E. GORST.

*August 20.*

In anticipation of the Coronation there was submitted to the Lord Great Chamberlain a delicate question. Claim was made on behalf of the three children of the Duke of Connaught that they should have the title of "Royal Highness." This distinction does not pertain to the grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria other than the sons and daughters of the direct heir to the throne. Whilst Queen Victoria was alive, the Prince of Wales's

children enjoyed the distinction which has now befallen those of King Edward's successor in the Principedom of Wales. The particular ground of the claim was that by the accession of his eldest brother to the throne, the Duke of Connaught, only surviving son of Queen Victoria, had moved one up, and that his children, Prince Arthur and the Princesses Margaret and Victoria, by consequence became "Royal Highness" with accompanying precedence. The ultimate appeal in the case lay with the King, whose illness for some time deferred settlement of the interesting and important question. It has now been settled in favour of the Connaught children.

*August 23.*

In newspapers and casual conversation King Edward's Royal Consort is invariably spoken of as "the Queen." The proper style, strictly enforced anywhere within hearing of members of the Royal Family, is Queen Alexandra. In these matters, trivial if not caviare to the public, his Majesty is painfully punctilious. Since William and Mary died, there can be only one Sovereign of these realms. It is either King or Queen. He is King by descent and heritage. His wife is Queen by marriage, and therefore is not *the* Queen, but Queen Alexandra. Vulgar people who live outside the Court circle cannot fully recognise or realise the importance these distinctions properly assume.

Archibald Forbes had a story about his Iron Cross that illustrates the situation. Once he wore it at a gathering honoured by the presence of the King, then Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness's naturally quick, carefully trained eye fell upon the decoration, won in the field by the light of the cannon that blazed at Gravelotte and elsewhere during the Franco-German War. He called Forbes on one side, quietly but firmly remonstrating with him on the breach of etiquette in wearing a foreign order without direct and special permission from the Sovereign. His Royal



Highness explained that had he been present as the delegate of the Queen, there would have been for him no alternative but to command Forbes's withdrawal till the Iron Cross was removed. As it was, his Royal Highness graciously announced his determination not to observe the irregularity.

This story was remembered when the medallion sacred to the memory of the great war correspondent was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the plaster cast the sculptor had shown Forbes's Iron Cross and other foreign decorations. It was resolved that they should not appear in the bronze. The medallion is accordingly bereft of the honourable display.

*September 6.*

During the recess a little scheme of cultivation is going on, the result of which we may expect to see when the House of Commons meets for the autumn session. Shortly before the adjournment a number of bacteria infesting the Chamber were cunningly caught under the direction of the Committee appointed to investigate the atmosphere. These infinitesimal mites are being luxuriously treated in glycerine and other comforts with intention to develop them to their maximum growth. What will happen then I do not know. But the experiment is full of interest. The bacteria were impartially sampled from the Ministerial side and from the Opposition. A special haul was made from the Treasury Bench. These are being developed in separate vessels. The study of their divers characteristics may possibly lead to interesting discoveries elucidating points in party politics.

The appointment of the Committee charged with this matter was the result of a scare at the beginning of the session following on an epidemic of influenza. It certainly was remarkable how the pest fastened upon the Treasury Bench. At one time there were five Ministers absent from their posts, victims of influenza. On the whole, for purity and freshness, for moderate warmth in winter and for

surprising coolness in the dog-days, the atmosphere of the House of Commons would be hard to beat. *Experientia docet*. I have breathed it for thirty years, and am in pretty good health at this moment. I remember in the olden days, when all-night sittings were a common incident of the week, returning to the House after bath and breakfast, being struck by the freshness of the air in a Chamber where some three or four hundred men had spent the night. At any time when the House of Lords has been sitting for an hour or two, one entering the Chamber from the Commons quickly discovers the difference in the atmosphere.

The Lords are dependent for fresh air upon the old-fashioned expedient of open windows. The Commons have an elaborate and costly system of ventilation upon the working of which a special staff is engaged. A powerful machinery draws in air from the level of the Terrace, drives it through a thick bed of cotton-wool into a Chamber heated in winter, iced in summer. Thence it passes up through the iron grating of the floor of the Commons. As it becomes heated it ascends and passes out through apertures in the ceiling. Thus a constant current of air is in circulation.

Of course accidents sometimes happen. One summer night the House was suddenly filled with a fearsome stench. The drains were instantly suspected, and the Chief Commissioner of Works—he was David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore—was assailed for imperilling the precious lives of the legislators. On inquiry it was discovered that a barge bound up-river loaded with reeking manure had slowly floated with the tide past the Terrace. The industrious machinery of the legislative chamber, impartially performing its allotted task, sucked in the perfume with disastrous result.

Strangers permitted to view the House of Commons when it is not in session, do not realise the existence of the chasm over which they walk, its depth hidden by the matting that

covers the fine iron grating. From below, the chamber and its occupants are clearly visible, and speeches are heard with fullness which could not be exceeded if one were seated in the House or in the galleries. When Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill the wife of one of his colleagues in the Ministry carried out a happy thought. All the seats in the Ladies' Gallery were appropriated. The little-known gallery at the other end of the Chamber, facing the Chair, where the Sergeant-at-Arms has the privilege of seating a dozen ladies, was also overflowing. In her despair the Minister's wife bethought her of the space below the floor of the House, a sort of Gallery, overlooking the depths where lies the cotton-wool bed through which the air is driven, leaving behind it an alarming sediment of London fog and smoke. She had six chairs secretly placed under the Treasury Bench, and, surrounded by her pleased friends, heard every word of Gladstone's speech, being in full view of the soles of his unconscious feet.

*September 11.*

The rumoured appointment of the Irish Attorney-General to a seat in the Court of Appeal hangs fire. Should it be carried out it will deprive the House of Commons of one of its ablest and wittiest debaters. Atkinson is comparatively little known outside the House. This is due to two causes, one his native modesty, the other the unaccountable fewness of the opportunities of distinguishing himself in debate provided for him by his esteemed Chief. Whenever he does speak it is with a force that commands attention and a wit that delights the audience. The Irish Members, against whom the slings and arrows of his arguments are addressed, accompany his speech by an unintermittent storm of interruption. To hear them howling at him suggests to the unsophisticated stranger in the gallery the existence of bitter, almost blood-thirsty, animosity. Actually they like him personally, and are proud of his parliamentary capacity.

Tim Healy told me he first made the acquaintance of Atkinson when he, Tim, stood in the dock charged under the Crimes Act, and Atkinson, holding a Crown brief, obtained his conviction and imprisonment. The next time he confronted him was across the floor of the House. The earlier circumstance did not prevent the formation of a fast friendship, of course apart from the political arena. It is quite a common occurrence for the two to pair on a non-contentious question.

Rumour nominates the Irish Attorney-General to succeed Lord Davey, Lord of Appeal since 1894. The appointment carries with it only a life peerage. But for Atkinson, who has more than once declined an ordinary judgeship, it has the advantage of a seat in the House of Lords.

Lord Davey's pending retirement is attributed to failing health. So far as age is reckoned on the Judicial Bench, he is a mere chicken, not yet having passed the limit of threescore years and ten. His career in the House of Commons furnishes a striking example of the not infrequent case where a lawyer of supreme ability is a lamentable failure. Sir Horace Davey, Solicitor-General in Gladstone's fateful Government of 1886, went to the Bar under the halo of a brilliant University record. He took silk after fourteen years' practice, and slowly but firmly established a commanding position. On his entering the House of Commons twenty-two years ago, much was expected of him. He never succeeded in obtaining its ear. His argument was sound, but his arrangement of it was severely dry, his delivery hopelessly dull. This is the more notable as he is a charming after-dinner speaker and a delightful conversationalist. At a time when he would not open his mouth in court with a brief marked for less than a hundred guineas fee it was pitiful to see him in the House of Commons fumbling through a recondite speech addressed to almost empty benches.

*From Mr. Atkinson*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*October 17, 1902.*

DEAR LUCY,

. . . I have had more political funerals than most men. This time I was absolutely waked in my own constituency. I rose up in the middle of the performance and had to stand drinks to the mourners. A new departure in funeral obsequies, is it not? Yes, my countrymen, like the tinker's wife, like to be walloped by their own friends, and on the whole I have little reason to complain of them. I feel indeed I owe much to T. Healy, who, when I first came into Parliament, let me into the secret that "the true secret of success is courtesy to your opponents."

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ATKINSON.

*September 18.*

One of the eccentricities of the administration of affairs in this country is that the huge business of assessing income-tax is undertaken and carried out by an unpaid body. For the purpose of reaping the income-tax the country is divided into districts. In each a Board of Commissioners is appointed, members being selected from residents of the highest standing and fullest business capacity. This is the Court of Appeal to which citizens who think they are assessed at too high a rate may resort. For the City of London there are fifteen commissioners who sit at Guildhall and deal with millions sterling. They are paid no salary, but when exhausted nature seeks refreshment, they are permitted to repair to the sideboard and refresh themselves at the expense of the Exchequer with sherry and biscuits.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, Chairman of the Commissioners, tells me he has resolved to resign a post held for sixteen years. He has been a member of the Board in regular attendance for thirty years. A representative City man,

he has a record that extends far beyond its boundaries. Beginning life as a printers' apprentice, he founded the great firm which carries his name to the uttermost ends of the earth. He rose to be Lord Mayor of London and an esteemed member of the House of Commons. He is retiring from the Income Tax Commission because, he says, he is eighty, which few who see him are able to believe. Though he long ago withdrew from Parliament and from civic duties other than that connected with the Income Tax Commission, he has been active in public good work. He founded the Hospital Sunday Fund, of which he has for thirty years been the moving spirit, drawing from the public over a million sterling into its coffers.

Sir Sydney is one of the few men who have lived to see their statues set up in the town of their birth. It stands at Westminster in recognition of some excellent school work accomplished in the neighbourhood. There was another member of the House of Commons of quite a different stamp who achieved this distinction. He was Sir Henry Edwards. To this day his statue stands in a square at Weymouth, a town he represented in more than one Parliament. During the latter years of his life, having retired from the House of Commons, he devoted himself to the profession of Amphitryon—*le véritable Amphitryon où l'on dîne*. Two or three times a week, during the season, he gave excellent little dinners at his house in Berkeley Square, running close in the race for pre-eminence in this function a great surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, whose "octaves" are famous in London life.

The friends who ate Edwards's dinners were accustomed to gently chaff their host. It was one of the stories told in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, that the subscriptions for the monument beginning to flag, the Committee were cheered by receipt of a donation from an anonymous subscriber liberally completing it. It was hinted that Sir Henry knew more about this munificence than met the eye.

*September 20.*

Our old nobility will next week be strengthened by the arrival in London of a member long unrepresented in home circles. The twelfth Baron Fairfax is now on the sea, and is expected to arrive here on Wednesday or Thursday in next week. The Peerage, full of romance though it be, has none more striking than attaches to the Fairfax family. Its founder was knighted on the field before Rouen in the closing years of the sixteenth century. The barony dates as far back as 1627. The second baron commanded at Marston Moor, the third rising to be General of the Parliamentary Forces and victor at Naseby. The fifth baron married a Miss Colepepper, daughter of Lord Colepepper, who brought with her a dower of six million acres of land in Virginia.

The sixth baron settled down on the maternal land, and there to this day the family have in succession lived, dropping their baronial title and earning their living. One long practised as a doctor in Richmond, Virginia. Another was Clerk to the Supreme Court of California, and for a while held the office of Speaker of the State Parliament. The twelfth baron, who is only thirty-two years of age, will, on coming to this country, resume his title. The barony, being a Scottish peerage (they are Fairfaxes of Cameron), does not carry with it a seat in the House of Lords.

*September 22.*

There has been a great run on the chairs occupied by peers and peeresses, members of the House of Commons and their wives present in Westminster Abbey at the ceremony of the Coronation. Early in the disposition of the property one noble lord bought eighteen of the peeresses' chairs. They will figure next season in the dining-room of his town house, an interesting memento of an historic event. They are admirably suited for the purpose, being strongly made and daintily upholstered. Each chair, whether allotted to lord or commoner, has

stamped on the wood underneath the seat a Royal Crown with the legend "E.R.VII. Coronation."

As befits their lower estate, the chairs provided for the commoners and their ladies are of much plainer construction, more suitable for bedroom service than for the dining-room. They are made of plain white wood, cane-bottomed. So far as historical connection goes, they bear a voucher identical with the others and are much cheaper. For six shillings holders of tickets of admission to the gallery of the north transept get two chairs. They further have the satisfaction of leaving a slight profit in the hands of the Board of Works, whose contract for supply of the chairs amounted to the precise sum of 2s. 5½d.

*September 25.*

There is something profoundly pathetic in the death of Butler-Johnstone, penniless in Paris. The few members of the present House of Commons who sat in the Parliament of 1874 will recall the attractive figure of the Member for Canterbury. He was then in the prime of life, a handsome, well-dressed fellow, with every advantage fortune could bestow. Well-born (he was the grandson of a peer), with a brilliant University reputation, he took first-class honours in the final classical examination. Wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, he entered political life with every promise of winning its prizes. He spoke admirably, though his oratorical efforts were marred by reminiscences of the Oxford Union and a too slavish imitation of Disraeli's marked mannerisms.

If he had kept his seat up to the time of the present Parliament he would have been Father of the House, since he entered it as Member for Canterbury in 1862, two years before East Gloucestershire returned Michael Hicks Beach. He suddenly, at the time unaccountably, disappeared from the political arena with the demise of the Disraelian Parliament. The secret was not long kept. During the burning of the Eastern Question which flared up



midway in the existence of the 1874 Parliament, Butler-Johnstone strenuously advocated the cause of the Sultan. I well recall his appearance as he stood midway on the second bench behind that on which Dizzy appeared to slumber, though really he was closely listening to his young friend and understudy. With folded arms, occasionally parted in carefully-planned gesture, Butler-Johnstone poured forth his polished periods showing how great and good a man was the Sultan (whose soldiers were at the time ravaging and burning Bulgaria), how grossly he was misunderstood in Western circles, more especially those dominated by the evil ascendancy of Gladstone.

Many others, including Disraeli, could do as much as that. Butler-Johnstone did more. He advanced to his interesting client a sum of two hundred thousand pounds, representing practically the whole of his patrimony. This by way of a loan. But the Sultan, good man, having spent every piastre, stubbornly disregarded Butler-Johnstone's petition for at least payment of the promised interest. The stream dried up, and the brilliant young Member for Canterbury disappeared from the footlights at Westminster a beggared man.

When I last heard of him misfortune still pursued him. Among his possessions was a picture-gallery collected by his father, containing masterpieces by ancient and modern painters. One by one these disappeared to provide daily bread and lodgment. The collection dwindled down to a single large canvas, eventually sold to an American. Some misadventure followed. I forget whether the canvas was too big for its designed resting-place or whether the customs duty imposed was ruinous. Anyhow the picture came back on Butler-Johnstone's hands and was hawked off elsewhere at grievously reduced price.

*September 27.*

Ritchie, moved on from the Home Office, has this week enjoyed his first opportunity of wearing the stately

gown pertaining to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It presented itself when he presided over the Court of Judges summoned to nominate High Sheriffs for the coming year. The gown, a costly robe of silk, is rarely worn, this annual ceremony of the nomination of Sheriffs marking its most frequent recurrence. The last time Hicks Beach donned it was at the Coronation in August. It is usual for the incoming Chancellor of the Exchequer to take over the gown of his predecessor—of course for a consideration. Randolph Churchill departed from the custom when, after brief holding, he threw up the Chancellorship. He "forgot Goschen," and having been startlingly reminded of his existence and his possibilities, he could not be induced to hold truck with him in the matter of the Chancellor's gown. It happens that in the case of Hicks Beach and Ritchie such a transaction would be exceptionally easy and convenient. They are much of the same height, though the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is greater in girth and wider at the shoulders than his predecessor. The cost of a new gown is £150.

*From Mr. Carnegie*

SKIBO CASTLE, DORNOCH, SUTHERLAND,  
October 6, 1902.

DEAR TOBY, M.P.,

I don't *offer* libraries, I simply adopt the offers suggested, never volunteer. Sorry for Marylebone, but Edinburgh refused twice. Even Pittsburg refused. I waited and they both repented—so will Marylebone.

Books crushed to earth will rise again.

Just off for a thumping tour ending St. Andrew's October 20. Eight functions—Hawarden appeals to me most—Gladstone dedication Library.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Lucy.

With sincere regards,

Yours truly,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

*November 22.*

Evelyn Wood's letter to the *Times* correcting a statement made by Kruger in his memoirs on the subject of negotiations at Laing's Nek in 1881, recalls a remarkable story the General told me before this particular controversy arose. In his book Kruger states that he forced a British General to sign conditions of peace by crying "Burghers, saddle!"—a signal for breaking up the parley.

"The compelling force," Evelyn Wood bitterly writes, "came not from the Boer Camp, but from Downing Street, Whitehall, London."

Wood told me that on the occasion referred to, having on the death of General Colley assumed chief command in South Africa, he was preparing to advance and wipe off the stain of Majuba Hill, when he received a message from Downing Street "crying halt!" He thereupon approached the Ministerial head of the Telegraph Department at Cape Town and broadly hinted that it would be an excellent thing for South Africa and the Empire if something were to happen to the cable, so that for the next week or ten days direct communication between Ministers in Downing Street and the Army in the field would be interrupted. By the end of that time Sir Evelyn felt sure he would have undone the consequences following on the rout of Majuba Hill and utterly overthrown the Boer Army.

The Cape Minister declined to take the responsibility of such action, and Evelyn Wood, in hourly touch with Downing Street, was directed to conclude the armistice at Laing's Nek, followed by the peace settlement finally broken by Kruger's ultimatum dated October 9, 1899.

*December 2.*

Lord Roberts dined with us at Ashley Gardens. He tells me he has not read either Kruger's book or the one more recently issued by General De Wet. The latter, it might be thought, would be interesting to the ex-Commander of

the British Forces in South Africa. Lord Roberts said he was busy at the War Office, and had been content to read the summaries of the successive books in the *Times*. It will be remembered De Wet named Knox as the General of the British Army whom he most admired. Lord Roberts, asked for his opinion of the comparative merits of the Boer Generals, fixed upon Delarey as the ablest of them all.

In spite of an arduous life and his threescore years and ten, "Bobs" is still full of fight and bodily vigour. His slight, spare figure is as upright as ever, his step as free, his eye as bright. He attributes his unbroken health to the regularity of his habits. Except on rare occasions, when social or public duties compel variation, he goes to bed at half-past ten, rises at six, and does a good day's work before ordinary men muster at the breakfast table. At first he felt the effect of the unwonted sedentary life at Pall Mall, and pined for active field service. He has now grown accustomed to the change, and makes it bearable by putting in as much horse-riding and walking as office duties permit.

He is comforted at the War Office by the companionship of his old friend, subaltern, and comrade, Ian Hamilton. They served in India together. When Lord Roberts assumed active command in South Africa, one of his first actions was to withdraw Ian Hamilton from his command at Hythe School of Musketry and call him into that active service wherein he did such brilliant work.

## CHAPTER XIV

*January 3, 1903.*

THE King of Siam visited the Houses of Parliament to-day. None of our Parliamentary institutions fascinated him in equal degree with the spectacle of the Lord Chancellor's (Halsbury) gyrations to and from the Woolsack in the House of Lords. It happened to be a day in which a number of Bills were being rattled through the process of legislation with mechanical rapidity possible only to an old nobility. In this field of labour all things are possible to Peers. In the Commons legislation is accomplished by slow stages, for each one a day being set apart. It is true that a Bill having passed the report stage, the third reading may, by common consent, be straightway taken. But so jealously is the standing order observed that, a single member objecting, the third reading must needs stand over for a later day.

In the Lords it is the commonest occurrence for the Standing Order to be suspended, and bills rattled through successive stages. Hence followed the saltatory action which, as performed by Lord Halsbury, allured the King of Siam, relegating the ballet at the Hippodrome to second place in his pleased memory. It will be understood that the second reading of a Bill is passed in a full House with the Lord Chancellor presiding. When, on the next stage, the House goes into Committee, the Chairman presides, the Lord Chancellor temporarily withdrawing from the Woolsack. To save time he does not go far, skipping a pace or two to the left of the Woolsack when the Chairman of Committees seats himself at the table, folding his robes round his legs and hopping back again when the noble lord, facile with long practice,

has mumbled the Bill through Committee. It was this performance, carried on through a full hour, that gave his Majesty of Siam abiding pleasure.

*January 12.*

Lord Clanwilliam, who recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, first served Queen Victoria in a ship commissioned in the year 1845. A picture of the old frigate, long ago dismantled, side by side with the latest ironclad would serve to illustrate the revolution that has taken place in naval shipbuilding in the last half-century. There remain to this day some curious customs having their birth in the old order of things observed without knowledge of their origin. For example, whenever a man-of-war is in harbour, on the stroke of nine o'clock a rifle-shot will be heard. This is the sentry firing off his gun. He does not know why, beyond the fact that it is in accordance with regulations.

The custom, a naval captain who has lately taken to the House of Commons tells me, had its origin in the days when flintlocks were served out to the marines. In order to test the priming and see that the blunderbuss was in fighting order, the sentry was directed to fire it off at nine o'clock. The order is observed to this day, though, of course, with the modern rifle it is not needed.

Another custom is for the bo'sun's mate to stand at the top of the ladder ready to pipe the admiral or the captain coming aboard. This is reminiscent of the time when all the fleet were sailing ships, and the great man being hoisted out of his boat on to the deck, the bo'sun's mate stood by with his pipe to give the time for pulling the rope. Admirals and captains of our ironclads now walk aboard up a ladder. But at the top still stands the bo'sun's mate ready to pipe them in.

*January 14.*

My wife and I lunched with Bishop Welldon at his house in the quiet cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Later he

personally conducted us to an upper chamber in the Abbey where are shut up a collection of waxwork figures Madame Tussaud would have pawned her last sheet to secure. They are the effigies of kings and queens which, three hundred years ago and earlier, it was the custom to carry at a royal funeral. For more than sixty years this unique exhibition of relics of the immemorial past has been closed to the public. Their value is priceless, since they are not fancy figures, but faithful presentations of the actual face, dress, and form of the illustrious dead. Certainly up to the time of the Tudors, when a sovereign died a cast in wax was forthwith taken of his or her face. A figure closely resembling the deceased was moulded and clad with the very robes royalty when alive was accustomed to wear. More than three hundred years ago Stowe made his way up this winding staircase and tells us how he beheld the effigies of Edward III, Philippa, Henry V, Katharine de Valois, Henry VII, Elizabeth of York, Queen Elizabeth, Henry Prince of Wales, James I, and Anne of Denmark.

Of the collection still remaining Queen Anne is the most homely-looking. Plump, with hair hanging over her shoulders, she wears her crown, and with queenly firmness holds the orb and sceptre. This is the actual figure carried on her coffin through the streets of London on the way to her tomb. William and Mary stand side by side in an oblong case. As far as bodily presence is concerned, the style ought to have been Mary and William. Though loyal precaution was taken to make the best of his Majesty by standing him on a footstool, his royal consort towers above him. Here, as in the case of Queen Anne, the mask was taken from the dead face, the figure, full six feet high, being moulded to scale of the living form. The Queen wears a purple velvet bodice, the worse for more than two centuries' wear. Three diamond brooches adorn it. Looking stonily out into eternity, she still displays the pearl earrings and necklace put on when news came to London of the victory at the Boyne.

Of these grim figures (there are, all told, eleven) that of Queen Elizabeth is the most striking. Stowe was present at her funeral, on April 28, 1603. "At which time," he writes, "the whole city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy lying on the coffin, set forth in Royal Robes, having a crown upon the head, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or State, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."

It is not this effigy that to-day stands in the silent, ghastly chamber. Having with characteristic stubbornness withstood the ravage of a century and a half, the Virgin Queen began to crumble away. One hundred and forty years ago the Dean and Chapter resolved that the effigy should be restored. This was done with infinite care and great skill. What we look upon to-day is doubtless an exact reproduction of the first effigy, the face whereof was moulded from a cast of the face of the dead Queen.

Truth to tell, she is a terrible virago. Her fierce face is crowned with abundance of fluffy hair, on the top of which, slightly askew, is set a diadem. A huge ruff is round her neck. Below it a long stomacher, glistening with jewels. Her velvet robe, supported on paniers, is embroidered with gold. It is not too long in front to prevent the coquettish peeping forth of pointed, high-heeled shoes, with rosettes on the instep. As a help to the clear understanding of Queen Elizabeth's place in history, ten minutes spent in gazing on this imperious face and imperial figure are worth a year's study of muniments. It seems an infinite pity that this rare treasure should be hidden from the people to whom of right it belongs.



*January 15.*

I hear a charming story about John Scott-Montagu [now Lord Montagu of Beaulieu], the champion motor-carist of the House of Commons. Some time ago he visited Ireland, taking with him a costly car, embodying all the latest improvements. He modestly thought he would rather cut a dash, and was to full extent gratified as far as Dublin was concerned. On tour westward he came to a very small town, with an inn, in respect of size and accommodation, built to scale. Having obtained a frugal meal, he returned to his motor-car, which, as he expected, was surrounded by a gaping crowd.

But the landlord was equal to the occasion. Conducting the Englishman to his vehicle, he quizzically regarded it, and observed:

"Bedad, it's forty year since I had at me door an outside car of that build."

*January 19.*

One of Henry Chaplin's proudest possessions whilst he still kept house in London was a small but precious bin of cognac of the 1793 vintage. It originally came from the cellar of Lord Henry Bentinck, Chaplin purchasing it at a time before depression in the agricultural market and the mart for landed estates clipped his generous wings. I remember a little dinner he gave whilst the doors of the Amphytrion were still open. Its bountiful provision he crowned with a bottle of this cognac, carefully conveyed by his own hands. The cellar of the Amphytrion was as renowned as its cuisine. Only Chaplin had cognac of the 1793 vintage. The company did not exceed a dozen, and the liqueur did not appear till it came in with the coffee. The host was not troubled to carry any of it back.

When the end came, and the ex-President of the Board of Agriculture was compelled to give up housekeeping, he sent the remnant of his famous cognac to Christie's. There was an eager gathering of old acquaintances, and

the treasure was knocked down at the price of £3 12s. 6d. a bottle—a figure never before touched, even at Christie's.

February 14.

Porthos is dead, Porthos the great St. Bernard dog not the least lovable of characters that flit through the pages of *The Little White Bird*, which some are inclined to regard as Barrie's masterpiece. I first made his acquaintance when, looking in to dine at 133, Gloucester Road, I found my host lying on the floor of the drawing-room whilst the St. Bernard playfully rolled him over as if he were a ball. Porthos, stretched at full length, was fully his master's height, and, I should say, weighed a pound or two more. One day Porthos sickened of a vague disease. If we take literally Barrie's description of dogs swallowing toys, "everything of note, the bootblack, the toper bottle, the woolly rabbit that squeaks when you hold it in your mouth," the explanation of the tragedy would be at hand. However it be, Porthos grew worse and worse, and, to the everlasting grief of his master and the household, had to be shot.

Du Maurier also had a St. Bernard, whose portrait will be found in many back numbers of *Punch*. The big dog and the artist were as inseparable as but yesterday were the novelist and his beloved St. Bernard. A dozen years ago there was no more familiar figure in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath than our dear spectacled and cloaked "Kickey" with Chang solemnly walking at his heels. Everyone knew Chang by sight, because everyone sees *Punch*, if only on the easy terms of looking at its pictures in shop windows. The consequence was that meeting him walking with his master, the habit of induction that reached its highest development in *Sherlock Holmes* led to the conclusion that Chang's companion must be the famous *Punch* artist.

Du Maurier was not content with sketching his faithful friend in company with his tall English girls and his plump

duchesses. In introducing Porthos among the characters of his novel, Barrie was, perhaps unconsciously, imitating Du Maurier as he did in possession of the St. Bernard. Many interesting details biographical of Chang will be found in Du Maurier's first and greatest novel, *Peter Ibbetson*.

Again like Porthos, the household of Chang's master was desolated by his too early death. Sympathy poured in upon Du Maurier from friends known and unknown. In more cases than one it took the practical form of offering to replace Chang. "It can't be done," said Du Maurier mournfully. There was only one Chang. Never could he hope to look upon his like again. So he never had another dog.

February 15.

Lord Salisbury is back in town, in excellent health after his holidays on the Mediterranean. Curiosity is expressed as to whether he will take part in the Committee stage of the Education Bill that will occupy the Lords next week. It is rumoured that he has returned at this juncture at the entreaty of his nephew, Arthur Balfour, who desires his powerful aid in holding back the team of Bishops. Outsiders are prone to overrate the ex-Premier's influence in that direction. Whilst he still filled the office of Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, with a perversity that pained his devout son, Hugh Cecil, frequently came into almost violent altercation with the surplised group below the gangway.

I recall a scene in the session of 1900 that fluttered the dove-cotes of the House of Lords. It arose upon a Bill dealing with the licensing question. The Bishops, headed by the Primate, raised the standard of revolt, Dr. Temple himself moving an amendment hostile to the intentions and policy of the Government. Matters looked so serious that the Premier took the extreme course of making the pending division one of confidence in the

Government. The Bishops were alarmed. Dr. Temple hurriedly rose to assure the Premier that although, as a matter of duty, he had proposed an amendment, he had not in the slightest degree lost his confidence in the Government.

"The most reverend Prelate," growled Lord Salisbury, turning his back on the Episcopal Bench, "may say what he likes. What I care for is, what he does."

*February 28.*

With the incoming of bridge, poker has ceased to be an after-dinner study in London society. The Duke of Devonshire, who, with his consort, was a few years ago a devotee of that interesting game, is now a slave to bridge. On the rare occasions when the House of Lords sits after dinner, he drives home by way of his club and plays bridge to whatever hour of the morning he can find three partners. When Gladstone returned home after a late, exciting night in the House of Commons, he prepared himself for balmy sleep by ten minutes or a quarter of an hour devoted to what he called light reading. In similar circumstances bridge has the same beneficent effect upon the storm-tossed mind of the Duke.

Another illustrious enthusiast of the game is his Majesty. On this matter a story is current on the authority of one who was present when the incident took place. It is evidently embellished and provided with a climax. The dealer, being the King's partner, chanced to distribute to his Majesty a splendid hand, which required only the privilege of the lead to make it triumphant all along the line. An anxious pause followed while the dealer studied his own hand. Would he declare trumps, selecting a suit that would spoil the King's play? Or would he leave the lead to his partner? He broke the silence by the observation:

"I think, sir, I will leave it to you."

"Thank you," said his Majesty; "you have done quite

right. Here, take this," and diving into his trousers' pocket he produced a medal of the Fourth Class of the Victorian Order, pressed it on his partner's acceptance, and proceeded to win nearly every trick.

*April 11.*

There is a general idea that Royal Commissioners are paid fee or salary for their services. This is not the case. All they receive is payment designed to cover expenses out of pocket. These are regulated with a nicety and a tendency towards economy akin to those which regulate the personal allowances of less distinguished commercial travellers. The last Royal Commission that visited the West Indies was instructed to enquire into the bearings of the sugar bounties. Sir Edward Grey, who was a member of it, tells me the precise sum he received was based on an allowance of two guineas a night whilst he was on land. During the voyage out and home, his passage money being paid by the State, the money allowance was reduced to half a guinea, which hardly covered the expenses of wine and gratuities to the stewards.

The position of secretary to these Royal Commissions is looked upon as among the minor prizes of the Colonial Office. The appointment is always given to one of the clerks, who, in addition to his salary, receives a gratuity calculated at the rate of three hundred a year during the period of his absence from the office.

Among a wide section of the constituencies there exists analogous error in respect to some of the functions of members of the House of Commons. It is firmly believed that, in the absence of salary, there are pickings which make it worth while for men of limited income to gain election to Parliament. The main source of this illusory revenue is discovered in Select Committees. Nothing can induce some wage-earners to believe that a representative drawn from their own class would be found willing to go down to Westminster at eleven o'clock in the morning, sit on a Select Committee till the House meets,

remaining till it adjourns, thus practically giving up the whole of his day to the service of the State, and not receive a penny in the way of remuneration. Yet such is the case. Unlike some Boards of Guardians and other public bodies on the same level, there is not even a free lunch. If members want anything to eat or drink whilst Committee work is going forward, they can send for it to the House of Commons kitchen. But they must pay the charge.

*April 18.*

The coming upon the market of Panmure Gordon's wine has created a flutter of excitement in City circles and beyond. As guests, whether at Loudwater House, Herts, or 12, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, know, the cellars were crammed with choice vintages. The pity of it was that in these later years the host himself was unable to partake of them. The last time I sat at table with him, whilst vintage wines abounded, he helped himself from a pint bottle of ordinary Moselle, and confessed that he was rather riotously living.

His name was known to the outside world in connection with great city enterprises. He was the first man to float a Japanese loan on the British market. But though he made money, and plenty of it, in the City, he was a man of wide, occasionally eccentric, tastes outside its limits. His chief pride was his clanship with the Gordons. Amongst other ways this found outlet in the breeding of Scotch collies. He had a wonderful collection of the most beautiful dogs, of which, as of other items of personal property, he was lavish in gifts. The late Queen and the present King were the pleased possessors of a Panmure Gordon collie.

His most remarkable collection of what Mr. Wemmick used to call "portable property" had in his eyes the disadvantage that he could not distribute any portion of it among his friends. It consisted of trousers. The minimum number stored in his wardrobe was a pair for every day in the year. Interested as he was in City affairs, he

would rather have seen Consols fall below 90 than his stock of trousers drop below the figure of 365. I wonder what has become of them. They are not the sort of commodity commonly put up at Christie's, and possibly have been unobtrusively distributed through the agency of a less prominent mart.

"Poor Panmure Gordon!" exclaimed a friend, when he heard of his almost sudden death; "it is hard to think that to whichever place he has gone a pair of trousers will be the last thing he'll want."

May 10.

Interesting letter from James Bryce [afterwards Viscount Bryce] on the duty and difficulties of a biographer. It arises out of publication of his *Studies in Contemporary Biography*.

HINDLEAP LODGE, FOREST ROW, SUSSEX.  
May 9, 1903.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I must thank you for the charming little reference you have made to my book in this week's *Punch*. It has given me a double pleasure because you knew Mr. Gladstone so closely and thoroughly that your judgment of what I have written about him is specially valuable, and because you have seen and appreciated, as perhaps no other of the reviewers whom I have seen has done, the difficulty a friend and admirer lies under of speaking frankly and recognising the weak points in a great and splendid intellect. It seemed right to draw attention to them: only by doing so could one hope to be believed in dwelling upon the strong points: but it was not easy; and your appreciation has been a real pleasure to me. And in remarking (in your letter) that my "sentences always say something" you have given me a praise, tho' I can hardly think the book deserves it so fully, which I especially value, because the object is one I sought to attain.

Again thanking you heartily,

Believe me, very truly yours,  
JAMES BRYCE.

My wife desires me to send her kind regards to you both.

*June 3.*

At dinner last night Lord Beauchamp told a story of Colonial experience. It was illustrative of the primitive habits still prevalent in remote parts even of a colony so long established as New South Wales. An English couple travelling far afield came upon a residence where they were welcomed with colonial hospitality. Dusty and heated with a long drive, the lady timidly asked if there was such a thing to be had as a bath.

"Why, certainly," said the hospitable housewife; "come along."

The visitor was conducted to a shed, and duly provided with towels.

"It's a shower bath, you know," the hostess remarked as she left the place.

Having prepared for the ablution, the lady looked all about for the string that in an ordinary bath would let fall the welcome shower. Whilst still searching she heard, from what she discovered to be an aperture in the roof, an unmistakable male voice persuasively saying:

"Come a little nearer, ma'am, right under the hole, and I'll drop the bucket of water over you."

*June 10.*

Camden Place, Chislehurst, which obtained historic renown as the home in exile of Napoleon III and the Empress, has become the headquarters of a golf club. Being in Chislehurst yesterday, I went on a pilgrimage to the house, and found it sadly altered. Carpetless, the walls bare of pictures, with a bar set up in one of the rooms and a general air of untidiness, it has little about it to recall the temporary home of a monarch who once dwelt in the Tuileries. The circumstances under which the dethroned Emperor came into residence at Chislehurst, not generally known, are creditable to the owner of Camden Place. When Louis Napoleon lived in London this gentleman made his acquaintance and did him some



service. On coming to the throne, Napoleon III, who never forgot the friends of his Bohemian life in London, paid marked attention to his old acquaintance whenever he chanced to visit Paris.

After Sedan, the ex-Emperor being homeless, the proprietor of Camden Place proffered it as a residence on the sole condition that no rent should pass, the Emperor and Empress regarding themselves as guests for whatever time they pleased to occupy the house. When the Emperor died, the Empress, pleased with the place, its salubrity, and its seclusion, proposed to stay on, but insisted upon paying rent. This was declined, and both parties being obdurate, the Empress, with the Prince Imperial, found another English home at Farnborough.

Shortly after Camden Place was brought on the market at the upset price of £50,000. It was secured by a speculative builder, who made a good thing out of it. The resident gentry, fearful of the locality being given up to villa residences, bought out the builder at his own price, made golf-links of the park in which the Emperor used to walk, and a club-house of the mansion in which he died.

Memory of a direful tragedy lingers round Camden Place. Just ninety years ago, on May 31, 1813, the master and mistress, an aged couple, were found murdered in their bedroom, the very one in which the Emperor Napoleon breathed his last. Enquiry fastened the crime on the footman, who on the eve of execution made full confession. Sitting up late drinking, it occurred to him to take the kitchen poker, creep upstairs, and slay his master and mistress. He had no enmity towards them. But there was the poker and they were upstairs. Having finished his work he returned to the kitchen, had a good wash, ate his supper, hid in a furze bush his blood-stained clothes, and went to bed.

"But," he added, "I could not sleep."

Sleep fell upon him for ever when, three months later; he was hanged.

*June 12.*

The death of Dr. Parker, following close on that of Hugh Price Hughes, deals a doubly heavy blow at Metropolitan Nonconformity. They ran each other close in respect of popularity and widespread personal interest. Of the two the veteran founder and pastor of the City Temple stood in the premier rank. Perhaps he alone among his contemporaries could, week after week, fill the vast edifice in Holborn with a crowd of worshippers, chiefly men, withdrawn for a while from business pursuits, going back to resume them with mind and spirit elevated by converse with a high-souled nature.

There was an exceptional amount of humanity about Dr. Parker, a gift largely accountable for his success with men. Of less aggressive type than Hugh Price Hughes, he was a politician of deep convictions and fearless utterance. Devotedly attached to Gladstone, he, unlike some others, did not desert the old leader when he declared himself on the side of Home Rule for Ireland. The esteem was reciprocated, Gladstone missing no opportunity of personal communication with the City Temple pastor. I was privileged to be among the guests invited some time in the last century to meet Gladstone at luncheon at Dr. Parker's home at Hampstead, and vividly recall the beaming countenances of the two as, seated side by side at the head of the table, they talked with each other.

Dr. Parker was a man of wide sympathies. He literally found

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

He liked to know everyone who had achieved distinction in whatever walk of life. He looked forward with peculiar pleasure to being present at one of a series of

luncheon parties given at Ashley Gardens on Tuesdays through the Parliamentary session, where he was pretty certain to meet a mixed gathering of men and women known in politics, art, literature, and the drama. They were all glad to see him, and he delighted in the unfamiliar society.

I have before me the last letter received from him, bearing date the 27th May in this year. It tells in simple language its pathetic story.

"Yes," he writes, "I got through Sunday in a staggering sort of way. I have been very ill ever since—so weak, so dispirited, so pithless. I will *try* to be with you for luncheon next Tuesday; mind, I say *try*. This little note quite exhausts me."

The effort proved hopeless, the breakdown final.

*July 4.*

To Harrow for speech-day. Not the least interesting part of the proceedings is to watch the boys streaming down to the railway-station to receive adoring mothers and admiring sisters. It is not the thing to exhibit emotion. That weakness is left to mater and the girls. The boys, in their comically-built top-hats, their swallow-tailed coats apparently cut from a pattern in vogue with younger members of the family at dinner-time in the Ark, their trousers well turned-up for fuller display of supernaturally large feet, are stonily solemn in countenance, icily indifferent in manner. With other fellows looking on it would never do to display human emotion.

It happened during speech-time there befell a scene conveying the one touch of nature that makes even Harrow boys kin. Dr. Butler, now Master of Trinity, Headmaster at Harrow from 1859 to 1885, was, in accordance with annual custom, present at the scene of his long, distinguished labour. It happened that his son in his first year at Harrow gained three or four prizes. To Dr. Wood, the present headmaster, occurred the happy

thought of delegating to the old headmaster the duty of presenting to the successful scholar the awarded prizes.

It was a moving scene, the semi-circular hall thronged to the topmost ridge of gallery, chiefly with ladies in smartest summer frocks, the group of Harrow boys, many of them prize-takers, facing the headmaster's desk. At the table, Butler junior, a bright-looking lad of some fourteen years; and upstanding, holding the prize in his hand, preparing to present it, Butler senior, the revered ex-headmaster of the school. Some present would know that three generations of Butlers were represented. It was not difficult to imagine the shade of Dr. Butler, Headmaster of Harrow in Byron's time 1805-1829, looking on whilst his son presented the Fifth Form prize for Latin Verse to his grandson. There is no choice in life for Butler junior, now in his first year at Harrow. He must complete the trinity of Doctors Butler, headmasters of the school.

The speeches after luncheon at Dr. Wood's hospitable table were marked by the highest level of that rarest form of oratory known as after-dinner speaking. I never heard the Bishop of London save occasionally in the House of Lords. In lighter mood his manner and his matter are admirable. He has the great gifts of humour and entire absence of episcopal ponderosity. Lord Rosebery, who responded to the toast of "The Visitors," proposed by the Bishop, was at his very best. Like the mover of the toast, he spoke without assistance of the tiniest note, though there were perhaps more signs of preparation in the speech than marked the bubbling wit of the Bishop. Mastery of the art of oratory was displayed in the variety of topics introduced into what was a brief discourse, in their skilful marshalling, the ease and grace with which one prefaced and made way for another. I observed that during the proceedings in the speech-room Lord Rosebery wore smoke-coloured glasses, which had a curiously effective result in disguising his identity.

*July 10.*

I hear a charming story about a popular Bishop. Visiting a country house, the hostess, anxious to do him honour, adorned the table in his dressing-room with a costly collection of silver-backed toilet brushes. When the Bishop had packed up his bags and departed, the chambermaid, arriving to put the room straight, found that the toilet appurtenances had also disappeared. The conclusion was obvious. The right reverend guest, who, it was remembered, had sharply declined the services of a valet in packing up, had, inadvertently of course, gone off with the treasure-trove. How to approach him on so delicate a subject? The natural impulse was to wait until he had had an opportunity of discovering his mistake, when he would, of course, send back the things. A fortnight passed, and the Bishop made no sign. Then the hostess sat down and wrote a letter that was a masterpiece of delicate diplomacy.

Having discussed various topics of the hour, and warmly expressed the pleasure her husband, her family, and herself had derived from his visit, she quite casually mentioned the silver-backed brushes, lamenting the stupidity of the chambermaid, who could not find them. Back came prompt telegram from his Lordship.

"Poor but honest," it ran. "Look in the cupboard."

On opening a disused cupboard near the fireplace the lost treasures were found. What had happened was that the Bishop, preferring the Spartan simplicity of the accessories of his own dressing-bag, had put away the silver-mounted things, using his own brushes.

## CHAPTER XV

*October 26, 1906.*

COLONEL SAUNDERSON died yesterday, leaving instructions that he should be buried in the park of his ancestral castle.

To those familiar with him only during the last two decades of his life, it is curious to reflect that he entered the House of Commons as a Nationalist and a strong supporter of Gladstone. He sat first for Cavan, a borough whence he was ejected by that, in quite other ways, equally unique member, Joseph Gilles Biggar. The Colonel did not make his mark on the House until the Home Rule Bill was brought in. Thereafter he threw himself with his boundless energy, his humour, and his wit, which ever bubbled, into the cause of the landlords as opposed to the Irish tenantry. He was present at the historic scene on the floor of the House of Commons on July 27, 1893, when faction broke out in a free fight.

It happened that he lunched at Ashley Gardens on the following day. His graphic, pointed style of narrative delighted the company with the freshest account of the fight as it raged round himself. Almost the first personal experience he had was, as he put it, "an Irish Nationalist flopping down on top of me." "Then another Irishman from behind struck me on the forehead"—in the relative positions a difficult performance, even for a trained boxer. Equally in sympathy with the Irishism of the whole business was the discovery subsequently made by the Colonel, and, as a point of honour, communicated to the House, that so far from deliberately meaning to deposit himself on his knees, "the hon. gentleman slipped and arrived there

by accident." He was nevertheless vigorously pummelled.

Loyal to the leaders of the Unionist Party so long as they uncompromisingly served the interests of the landlord class, Saunderson promptly raised the flag of revolt when they seemed to falter. In common with other Ulster members, he viewed with suspicion the appointment of Sir Anthony MacDonnell to the Under-Secretaryship at the Irish Office. His worst fears were realised when, in friendly communication with the Dunraven Commission, George Wyndham, then Chief Secretary, showed a disposition to tamper with the system of Devolution, a blessed word under which Saunderson's keen sight detected Home Rule. The result of the opposition he organised within the Unionist ranks was the resignation of Wyndham, and the interruption of what, up to that date, had been a brilliant career.

Sickenings of a dire disease, the Colonel was not much at the House during the last two years of his life. An operation being necessary, the condition of his heart precluded the use of anæsthetics. With characteristic courage he submitted himself to the surgeon's knife, bearing excruciating pain without a murmur.

*October 28.*

I have just come from a wedding at the Jewish Synagogue, which differed in many points from ordinary weddings in Christian churches. At the outset, a pretty personal greeting was given to each guest in the vestibule of the synagogue by the mother of the bride, who stood at the head of the bridesmaids awaiting the arrival of her daughter. Inside the church, where the chancel would be, was an open space, where stood a large square silk canopy, fringed and decorated. Under this the bridal party stood during the ceremony. In olden days in the Wilderness and elsewhere it was the custom for the bride's father to conduct her to the tent of the bridegroom. This tent

or canopy within the church is just a reminiscence of the earlier state of things. When the bride came in, accompanied by her father and mother and followed by the bridesmaids, the bridegroom, attended by his father, mother, and supporters, met her, and they two stood together under the canopy. One of the first things to attract the attention of a Gentile was the number of hats *en évidence*—not ladies' hats, though these were mostly so pretty as to charm the eye, but tall silk hats all very small and new. Every man kept his hat on his head throughout the ceremony, "as if," someone said, "he knew his neighbours too well to trust it out of reach." I noticed that the bridegroom wore a long wide white silk scarf round his shoulders falling down to his knees. I could not find out what this signified, but one must not ask too much.

There was some beautiful singing and chanting in an unknown tongue—Hebrew, I suppose. Then an adjuration, and finally came some words in English addressed by the Rabbi. (There were three of them helping to marry my friend.) The bridegroom repeated after him some Hebrew words, and in English he promised much more than is expected of a Churchman, more by half than I can remember. I know it included all the ordinary vows, and some new sweet words, declaring that "Thy God shall be my God, thy happiness shall be my happiness, and thy sorrow shall be my sorrow." The bride repeated the same words after the Rabbi. Then there was sipping of wine from a wineglass, which, having emptied it, the bridegroom threw down and stamped upon, and a few words from the Rabbi in an unknown but musical tongue ended the ceremony.

March 4, 1908.

To-day King Edward, on the eve of departure for the Continent, called on Campbell-Bannerman, and remained closeted with him for an hour. Three weeks ago the Premier suffered a sharp attack of influenza and has since kept to his room.



The first impression on circulation of the news of the royal visit was that his Majesty had called to receive the resignation of the Prime Minister, too ill to convey it in person to Buckingham Palace. The simple explanation of the event is found in the familiar circumstance that, when the Sovereign is about to set forth on a journey which may extend over some weeks, he receives the First Minister of the Crown in audience. It being obviously impossible for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to leave his sick-room, his Majesty, in his simple hearty fashion, went to pay a farewell call on the invalid Minister.

Meanwhile the House of Commons is getting along as well as could be expected in the absence of its Leader. Asquith admirably accomplishes the duties of Deputy Leader. Whilst the position is anomalous, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's manner is a little grim. Members on both sides think wistfully of C.-B.'s canny ways, his contagious smile, his little jokes, and his success in imperceptibly getting his own way in difficult circumstances.

*March 22.*

In the brief course of Campbell-Bannerman's administration nothing has been more remarkable than the position attained by Lloyd George. When he was nominated to Cabinet rank with the Presidency of the Board of Trade, despair, result of the General Election, deepened in the minds of the country gentry. They knew the Member for the Carnarvon District as a bitter-tongued debater, who did not fear to stand up in the House of Commons and speak disrespectfully of Arthur Balfour and Chamberlain. He was for the disestablishment of the Church, the abolition of the House of Lords, one man one vote, and other undesirable things.

It is not the first time in modern history that the responsibility of office has mellowed an apparently irrepressible

person. If, three years ago, anyone had foretold that, within a space of time slightly exceeding two years, Lloyd George would be regarded on the Opposition side of the House and by Unionists throughout the country as one of the most reliable and popular members of the Liberal Government, he would, in the interests of domestic and public safety, forthwith have been haled to a lunatic-asylum. Yet the fact remains that the firebrand of three previous Parliaments has in the fourth earned for himself a position as a statesman and an administrator second to none on the Treasury Bench. He is confidently talked about as Chancellor of the Exchequer in a reconstructed Ministry.

*March 25.*

The eighth Duke of Devonshire, better known as Lord Hartington, yesterday died suddenly at an hotel at Cannes. It was a grim chance, a striking coincidence, that brought the Duke and Chamberlain, each in broken health, one actually at death's door, to dwell for a while together in a town on the Riviera. In the prime of their strength the lives of the two men were closely intermingled. Chamberlain's first petulant outburst in the House of Commons, precursor of many, was directed against Lord Hartington, at the time stolidly struggling against difficulties that beset the nominal leader of a discredited and disheartened party. At that period, the early seventies, Chamberlain was the rising hope of the Radical Party. Hartington, beset by many difficulties, not least the presence of Gladstone, already beginning to hover again round the Front Opposition Bench, stopped short of the demands and expectations of the section of the Liberal Party seated below the gangway. Chamberlain, still a young member, straightway deposed him, with the historic sneer flung across the gangway: "The noble lord, late the Leader of the Liberal Party."

It is difficult to conceive two men by birth, associations,

and intellectual temperament more widely separated. One, sprung from the middle classes, founder of his own fortunes, by temperament and conviction of even Socialistic tendencies; the other, bearer of an historic name, descendant of a long line of statesmen whose names loom large in English history, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, in politics a Whig. Yet, each recognising the capacities and possibilities of the other, they for a while came to live and work together on terms of closest amity. I do not think that at any time, whether in the full tide of the Home Rule struggle or when members of the same Cabinet, Hartington ever entirely conquered a certain distrust of and an instinctive antipathy to his right hon. friend. As for Chamberlain, the only terms on which his imperious disposition tolerated friendship were submission to his rule, assistance for his line of policy, whatever at the moment it might chance to be.

In resistance to Gladstone's Home Rule Bill he worked hand-in-glove with Hartington. But when the Duke of Devonshire, remaining steadfast to those principles of Free Trade of which Chamberlain had once been a peremptory exponent, put up his back against the new Protection crusade, there was prompt return to the old aggressive manner. With tranquil indifference to praise or blame, the Duke endured Chamberlain's denunciation as he had suffered his praise. I fancy he was glad when the final rupture came, and he found himself freed from a personal association in many respects foreign to his tastes.

The Duke's long and honourable career was a constant sacrifice to a sense of public duty. He hated Parliamentary life and detested public speaking. What he chiefly wanted was to be left alone, following his own pursuits in the open air. His habit of self-sacrifice took a new turn upon his marriage. The Duchess, a lady of remarkable force of character and vitality, resolved to make Devonshire House the headquarters of political and social life in London. Under the tenancy of the former Duke it had

been practically closed. The new Duchess flung wide open the doors and bade all people who were worth considering come in. I have vivid recollection of seeing the Duke standing at the top of the staircase welcoming the guests at the first of a long series of parties, with one hand in his pocket, and a half-shy, half-amused smile on his face. He remained at the post of duty till relieved by a nod of dismissal from his wife, a disciplinarian, but not absolutely lacking in compassion.

Whilst he would thus on occasion sacrifice personal inclination, he never yielded on a matter of honest conviction. His association in public life with Gladstone was a long series of revolts against what he regarded as dangerous subservience to democracy. In the Cabinet he found a more congenial friend and colleague in Earl Granville, into whose sympathetic ear he sometimes poured uneasy confession of his difficulty in making out "what Gladstone was at now." The limits of his endurance were reached when the Home Rule flag was nailed to the Liberal masthead. But though he finally parted from the leadership of his old chief, his public references to him were ever couched in phrases of respect and personal affection, wherein he differed not only from Chamberlain but from Bright.

*April 6.*

Campbell-Bannerman, convinced of the hopelessness of further struggle against the sickness that has long held him a prisoner in his room, has resigned the Premiership, and by acclamation of the Party, Asquith reigns in his stead.

I find from an entry on an earlier page of this Diary that eighteen years ago Asquith dined with us at Ashley Gardens, Lord Randolph Churchill being another guest. On retirement of the ladies we talked Parliamentary shop over our cigars and coffee. One or two names of private members of the House of Commons prominent in debate were mentioned, and their problematical future discussed.

Asquith quietly interposed with the startling remark, "I mean some day to be Prime Minister." He was at this time a private member with no visible prospect of promotion even to a Lordship of the Treasury. Presently, when he left us to go down to the House, Lord Randolph and I talked over this sudden confidence from a man who does not wear his heart upon his sleeve nor is given to vain boasting. Lord Randolph was inclined to believe that the apparently improbable might be realised.

"But," he shrewdly said, "what Asquith lacks for the rapid achievement of his settled plan is more blood. Of iron he has plenty, and of excellent quality. He is failing in that sympathetic touch with the multitude which was one of the chief and abiding causes of Mr. G.'s supreme power. Addressing a mass of humanity, whether in the House of Commons or from a public platform, he can bring conviction to the mind. He cannot touch the passions. His hard, somewhat gauche manner is, I believe, due rather to shyness than to self-assertion. That is a hopeful diagnosis, for it implies the possibility of his sometime letting himself go, with results that will astonish his audience and himself. At present he is too cold-blooded, too canny, to capture the populace."

*April 7.*

Whilst the public voice with one accord designates Lloyd George for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer vacated by Asquith, temporary embarrassment arises consequent on the predilection for the post of an esteemed colleague. Oddly enough, John Morley "fancies himself" for the Treasury appointment. To the outsider it would seem to be the last field a man of letters, though in later life trained to ministerial duties, would hanker after. The heart knoweth its own strength as well as its own weakness. Possibly had Morley, in the prime of bodily and intellectual power, taken to the Treasury instead of the Irish Office, he might have rivalled Gladstone

in the record of Chancellors of the Exchequer. One almost insuperable difficulty in existing circumstances is that, notably during the present session, his voice woefully fails him in sustained effort at speech-making. The prospect of his having to occupy two or three hours on expounding a Budget scheme would be in degree appalling.

*April 8.*

In the last year of his leadership of the House of Commons, Campbell-Bannerman attained a popularity and an authority equalled only by a few of his predecessors. It was not always thus. In the first session of his nominal leadership of the Liberal Party, then in Opposition, he found his authority openly flouted amid the jeers of watchful Ministerialists. In important divisions he, like Sir Robert Peel, seated on the Treasury Bench when the House was cleared for the historic division that terminated his ministerial career, saw his supporters pass by to swell the ranks of the enemy. Even among colleagues who sat beside him there was open revolt. As I wrote at the time, "war to the knife and fork" was declared, C.-B.'s supporters entertaining him to dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, another section of the Party inviting Asquith to dinner at the Hotel Cecil.

C.-B. bore this trial with quiet, unfailing courage, fully recognised only in the closing years of his life. He made no public complaint. In the fierce light that beats on the Front Opposition Bench he sat with smiling countenance. What he felt was pathetically indicated in a private letter written from Marienbad at the close of the session of 1900. There had appeared in a "Cross Bench" article in the *Observer* some account of a recent outbreak of indiscipline amongst Liberals below the gangway. Indignant comment was made upon the treatment of a man who had unselfishly given up to party what was meant for much-loved leisure. C.-B. wrote to me: "I do not foam and fret about it as much as you do, though I wince in-

ternally. I do not blame the active parties when self-conceit leads them into these unruly courses, because they are acting only after their kind. I blame rather the decent, quiet, well-disposed rank and file, who do not see the harm they are doing in following them."

In the next year, towards the close of a session in which the process of "wincing internally" had proceeded with fuller anguish, the Liberal Party were summoned to the smoking-room of the Reform Club, and, appalled by threat of resignation, swore afresh fealty to C.-B.

On Thursday last they gathered in the old familiar place, and with no abatement of enthusiasm paid homage to the new Premier. *Absit omen.*

At one period of his Parliamentary career C.-B.'s ambition did not rise higher than the Speaker's Chair. In 1895, when Arthur Peel vacated it, he formally urged his own candidature. It was, with a single exception, warmly backed up by his colleagues in the Cabinet. Harcourt strongly objected on the ground that there was no precedent for a man stepping from the Cabinet into the Chair of the Speaker. I happened to be dining with C.-B. on the evening of the day on which the matter had been discussed and decided in Cabinet Council. He confirmed the rumour that the negative had been adopted, under threat from Harcourt that if the candidature were persisted in, he would resign. For one naturally inclined to take genial views of men and things, C.-B. was exceptionally bitter on this unexpected interference with a cherished plan. He, however, yielded to the pressure put upon him, and thereupon followed the haphazard selection of Mr. Gully for the high post.

*April 10.*

In the midst of reconstructing the Ministry, a process watched with breathless interest by the public, Lord Rosebery quietly slipped away to the retirement of his villa at Naples. Undesignedly, the coincidence dramati-

cally marks the change wrought in a great career. Time was when, if a Liberal Cabinet were in process of construction, Lord Rosebery would not only be on the spot, but would direct the process of formation. The present Premier is one of his 'prentice boys, and might in other circumstances have looked for modest promotion, instead of being placed in a position to bestow it. But though absent in the body, Lord Rosebery is, to a considerable extent, present in the spirit with the present Cabinet. Of the sections of parties who, eight years ago, were at "war to the knife and fork," it is the Roseberyites who are to-day predominant. In addition to the Premier, Edward Grey, Haldane, and Henry Fowler were of the Rosebery clan, forced upon the acceptance of Campbell-Bannerman when he formed his Ministry. Thus, though politically dead so far as ministerial position is concerned, Lord Rosebery yet speaketh in the Government of the Empire.

*April 22.*

Campbell-Bannerman died this morning in Downing Street. To the last he was tranquil and thoughtful. Anticipating the possibility of a proposal to bury him in Westminster Abbey, he gave specific instructions that he should be laid to final rest by the side of his wife in the churchyard near his Scottish home. He further directed that at the burial service there should be sung the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," a prime favourite with his old friend and colleague Gladstone.

Putting larger issues aside, "C.-B." will not have lived or died in vain if his untimely death brings about reform in a barbarous method pertaining to Court etiquette. His breakdown dates from November last, when the German Emperor was paying a visit to this country. With the cares of State on his shoulders, the Premier felt himself compelled to attend all the State functions arranged in honour of the visit. He was present at the



reception at Windsor, and, on returning to his room, said to his secretary, "I have been standing for two hours, and I must have rest." The custom that compels personages invited to be present at such receptions to remain standing throughout their course, however prolonged it may be, is, in the case of those advanced in years, sheer cruelty. I have personal knowledge of the case of the wife of a Cabinet Minister who shared C.-B.'s torture of standing for two hours during a function at Windsor, and was thereafter stricken with a grave illness from which she is even at this date slowly recovering.

Readers of the Diary of Madame D'Arblay will recall constant pain long suffered by her, when, as Fanny Burney, she was in attendance on George III's consort. For hours at a time this frail woman of genius remained standing whilst podgy, brainless Majesty sat at ease. Frith told me a story about some German kinglet sitting to him for his portrait. He was accompanied by an equerry, who remained standing through the hour or more the painter was at work. Moved to compassion, Frith one day dragged up a chair and begged him to be seated.

"He will stand," said Royalty, and the poor, uniformed creature stood accordingly.

These things are all very well in Germany. But they are among customs whose import into this country the staunchest Free Trader would gladly see prohibited.

*April 29.*

The new Prime Minister was not thinking of opportunity to be used to his own advantage when, in a crowded and hushed House, he rose to pronounce a panegyric on his predecessor. All the same, he achieved a triumph calculated to have marked influence upon his relations with the assembly he has been called upon to lead. Hitherto it has been the fashion to regard Asquith as lacking in some qualities indispensable to highest success as a

public speaker. Master of himself in all circumstances, he delivers by way of speech a series of exquisitely framed, sharply pointed sentences. He never moved the House by passionate outburst as was Gladstone's wont, or made it happy with laughter as was the frequent habit of Campbell-Bannerman. His predominant quality was rather that of ice than of fire. His speech to-night revealed a man not unfamiliar to a circle of intimate friends, but strange to the House of Commons. When he rose to speak he could with difficulty command his voice to utter the opening sentence. Throughout its full delivery he was shaken with emotion. The speech itself was a model of good taste, warm affection, and simple eloquence. It deeply moved the House, establishing new and closer relations between itself and its new leader.

The scene was fitting the occasion. The benches were crowded on both sides, every man in mourning, all conscious, as Asquith said, of the "truce in the strife of parties, while we remember together our common loss and pay our united homage to a gracious and cherished memory." One thing was lacking to the completeness of the gathering. The Leader of the Opposition, once more stricken down by his ancient enemy, the influenza, was at the outset absent. It is an odd coincidence that when Gladstone died and the House was assembled to do honour to his memory, Arthur Balfour, then Leader of the House, was also a victim to influenza. There was an awkward interval when the business of the sitting was approached. Balfour's place on the Front Opposition Bench remained unoccupied. Hicks Beach sat beside it, and it was assumed that hurried consultations taking place between the Ministerial Bench and the Chair would result in his moving the resolution decreeing a funeral in Westminster Abbey to the dead statesman. Later Balfour arrived, with pale face and far-away glance, walking with solemn step, as if he were following the body of his ancient foeman on its way to the tomb.

*May 3.*

Edward Grey, who, after declining the Foreign Secretaryship when first offered it, reluctantly joined C.-B.'s Ministry, strictly observes the hermit life, adopted after there fell upon him the blow of the death of his still young wife. He is not seen on the Treasury Bench save when his presence is demanded at the question hour or by debate on foreign affairs. He does not regularly attend at question time, the written answers of his Department being frequently read by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He rarely goes out to dinner, confining his acceptances to the invitations of old friends. At the week-end he escapes from the turmoil of London to the solitude of a little cottage on the banks of the River Itchin, of which he is the pleased possessor. It is a modest dwelling, constructed of corrugated iron, meanly furnished save in the matter of books. His sole domestic establishment consists of an elderly female servant, who combines the arts of cooking and waiting at table. He not only grows his own vegetables, but plants them, tends them, and in due season digs them up.

Not elsewhere in either hemisphere do the high heavens look down upon the Foreign Secretary of a great Empire in his shirt-sleeves digging up potatoes for his Sunday dinner. His principal occupation is fishing, and through the season his solitary table is amply supplied. There are, he testifies, few more toothsome or more healthful meals than one composed of fish you have caught with your own rod and line, and potatoes of your own planting, dug with your own fork from the garden.

## CHAPTER XVI

May 4, 1908.

ARTHUR BALFOUR was conspicuously absent from the Royal Academy dinner to-night. Four or five years ago I noticed an earlier absence from a function all Cabinet Ministers are expected to attend, more especially the Premier. He told me in explanation that the previous year he found himself, as usual, seated next to the President, hemmed in on the other side by Cabinet colleagues. He pointed out to the President that this was a little dull. He saw his colleagues every day, and, whilst fully appreciating their company, would prefer to have it varied at dinner-time, especially when there was at the banquet such wealth of interesting personality. Sir Edward Poynter replied that the Premier was placed in accordance with long-established custom, which could not be varied.

"Very well," said Balfour; "you will have to dispense with my presence in future."

This they have found themselves compelled to do. He has never since attended the Academy Banquet.

May 6.

Alfred Harmsworth has bought the fine premises in Bouverie Street, built for the *Tribune* in hopeful days when, regardless of expense, it was launched on the sea of London journalism. It is intended to lodge the literary and printing staff of the *Mirror* in what was designed as a temple of Liberal journalism. The story of the *Mirror* is an interesting chapter in the unique romance of the building up of the Harmsworth fortune. Having waxed fat upon the proceeds of halfpenny papers, Harmsworth

turned his hand on a twopenny venture. He showed me with pride a dummy copy of the yet unborn progeny. It was printed on thick, glossy paper, with, among other illustrations, fashion plates in peculiarly alluring style of workmanship. Being specially designed to catch the eye of woman, the literary staff was composed solely of ladies.

I was about to start on a recess visit to the United States, and was commissioned to write a dozen special articles for the *Daily Mail*. Asked if I would object to one or two of them appearing in the *Mirror*, I said I was attracted to the *Mail* by its big circulation.

"Oh," was the reply, "that is nothing to what the *Mirror* will have."

When, two months later, I revisited Carmelite Street, I found the *Mirror* was hopelessly cracked, not to say smashed. It was from the first a failure. Some men would have grinned and paid the penalty; not so Alfred Harmsworth. He, as he said to me, took off his coat, and made the *Mirror* a halfpenny paper with crude but graphic illustration of current events. Now its sale is half a million a day, and it will soon be lodged in palatial premises in Bouverie Street.

May 7.

I hear an amusing story illustrating the difficulty foreigners encounter with our familiar idioms. In company which numbered one of our French guests who has come over to take official part in the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, mention was made of a couple who had celebrated their silver wedding. Anxious not to lose an opportunity of gaining information, the Frenchman enquired what a silver wedding meant. It being explained to him, a gleam of intelligence suffused his face.

"Ah, I see," he said; "they have been living together for twenty-five years, and now he has married her. How good you English are!"

*May 8,*

In the session of 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, resident at Carlton House Terrace, gave a dinner party to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson. The guests, duly assembled, waited long for the appearance of the Primate. An hour passed; and as His Grace did not arrive, the perturbed company sat down to a ruined dinner. At half-past nine, the jellies and ices being reached, a servant came in with a message for the host, who hurriedly left the room, returning in company with the bedraggled Archbishop and his long-suffering wife.

It was a melancholy story he told in explanation. The Gladstones had spent the earlier months of the year in residence at Dollis Hill, lent to them by the Aberdeens. Mrs. Gladstone, taking up her residence at Carlton House Terrace, found in her desk some stray sheets of Dollis Hill notepaper. Being of frugal mind, though on pleasure (for others) bent, she sent out her dinner invitation on one of these sheets. The Primate and Mrs. Benson, observing the strict letter of the invitation, went out to Dollis Hill, a drive from Lambeth Palace of nearer eight miles than seven. Arrived there, they learned the dismal truth, and jolted back to Carlton House Terrace.

Remnants of the much-worried dinner were brought back, and the other guests sympathetically sat round whilst the starved Primate and his wife bolted some food. I have always yearned to know what the Archbishop, having driven out to Dollis Hill, and learning that his host and hostess were at Carlton House Terrace, said to Mrs. Benson when they returned to their carriage.

There are some things over which it is well that the veil of silence is drawn.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and his wife were among the guests invited to meet the Archbishop. In Madame Waddington's recently published volume of letters I find interesting particulars of this memorable festivity. "The guests were," she says, "pressed to

arrive punctually at 7.45, as the Archbishop, somewhat frail in body, did not like late hours. In obedience to this mandate, the distinguished company invited to meet His Grace arrived punctually. The only people who were not there were the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson. As the evening wore on anxiety deepened. It was concluded that some direful accident had happened. The impression was not relieved when, a special messenger dispatched to Lambeth, answer came back that the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson had started two hours ago."

*May 9.*

The House of Lords has in its time staged striking scenes. In its way none was more notable than one happening on Tuesday night, when John Morley, disguised in scarlet gown, ermine tipped, walked in announced as "Viscount Morley of Blackburn." Now that "Bob" Reid, the sometime Radical Member for Dumfries, is transformed into a Lord Chancellor, specially acceptable to blue-blood Tories, there remained only the transmogrification of Morley to complete what, a few years ago, would have been regarded as impossible. It would be idle to attempt to disguise the fact that his acceptance of a peerage came with pained surprise to his many personal friends and political admirers. It is the sort of distinction which rich men buy. It does not add a cubit to the moral or intellectual stature of the biographer of Burke, Cobden, and Gladstone, or till the days of growing decadence, of Disraeli.

It is only fair to state that there was presented to Morley's mind the alternative of a peerage or the interruption of the work in India to which he has grown greatly attached and with whose accomplishment he hopes his name may be associated in history. He is not in enjoyment of robust health, and advancing years begin to tell upon him. The burden of daily attendance in the

House of Commons, and the task of replying to argumentative questions of Anglo-Indian patriots below the gangway, tell heavily upon him. Moreover, his voice is no longer equal to prolonged effort at speech-making, necessary to a Member of the House of Commons inside and occasionally out of it. These were the considerations that induced him to seek the comparative leisure of the House of Lords, which, regarded as a branch of legislation, he finds neither "mended nor ended."

May 10.

Am reading Lord Cromer's *Modern Egypt*. He quotes Sir Edward Malet saying that the arbiter of the destiny of Egypt at the period when, under a new Khedive, Tewfik Cherif Pasha was nominally Prime Minister, was Arabi, then a Colonel in the Egyptian Army. For a while he was the Boulanger of Cairo, exciting popular enthusiasm akin to that which surged through the brief day of the French General.

Landing at Ceylon, homeward bound from Japan, I made the acquaintance of Arabi Pasha in circumstances strongly contrasting with Lord Cromer's brilliant picture of his royal progress through the streets of Cairo, when ordered by an affrighted Ministry to take himself and his regiment to obscure quarters. For ten years he had been a prisoner in a little hamlet three miles out of Colombo. Actually he had no jailer, being free to do what he pleased within the limits of the island. When we drove up he was sitting in the broad verandah in front of the house, a heavy stone building with nothing lovable about it. Dressed in a loose light-brown overcoat of unmistakable British make, with white duck trousers and waistcoat, the fez was his only sartorial mark of nationality.

He was learning to write English, and showed us his copybook with pardonable pride. "I hope to see England some day," he said: a hope never fulfilled. He spoke with perfect freedom of home affairs.



"I will never go back to Egypt," he declared, "as long as it is enslaved by Tewfik. I have no desire to see Egypt while it is a land of slaves. Once it was a country that smelled sweet in the nostrils. Now it stinks. Its wells are covered with earth. There is no refreshment in it. Why does not England make Egypt free?"

Lord Cromer has since satisfactorily and effectually answered that question.

Returning to the Khedive, Arabi epigrammatically summed up the difference between father and son:

"Ismail is a clever man, but a rogue. Tewfik is not clever enough to be a rogue—he is simply foolish."

A mild-mannered gentleman, with low voice and kindly face, it was difficult to associate him with the acts that make the name of Arabi Bey loom large in the history of modern Egypt.

*May 11.*

Yesterday Asquith completed the first fortnight of his Premiership, a period affording fair opportunity of testing his capacity in the lofty position to which he was unanimously called. It will be admitted by all who have watched his course that he has fulfilled the highest expectations of his most sanguine friends. He created a favourable impression in the initial step of his career. His speech on moving the adjournment of the House by way of respect to the memory of Campbell-Bannerman revealed a new man. In the frank judgment of character delivered in the Smoking Room and other places of social resort, complaint used to be made that for a Parliamentary Leader his nature was exclusively metallic. There was, as Lord Randolph said eighteen years ago, deficient proportion of blood to an inordinate quantity of iron. He would, they said, be incapable of rousing the House of Commons to bursts of passion as was Gladstone's wont, or to cause it to ripple with merry laughter as it did at the genial touch of C.-B.

His simple, eloquent, touching lament for his lost leader

unveiled the real man for the first time in his not inconsiderably lengthy career. Members looking on and listening began to suspect that they had misunderstood him. Shyness, a proud restraint over emotional feeling, were responsible for the icy manner, the unsympathetic touch. It was an old device with Charles Dickens, the common property of less distinguished novelists, painstakingly to disguise excessive kindness of heart beneath a gruff exterior. Asquith had no deliberate design in the matter. He acquired the mannerism early in public life, and it prevailed till the mask fell when confronted with poignant sorrow. Then, to the delight of the House—an assembly intensely human—discovery was made that behind a frigid manner he hid a tender heart.

It may seem a small matter to dwell upon. The fact remains that when the new Premier resumed *his seat*, having come not only to bury Cæsar, but to praise him, he and the House were drawn closer together upon more intimately friendly terms than had existed since he first took his seat for the Kingdom of Fife.

*May 12.*

The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lloyd George) are now severally settled in their official residences at 10 and 11 Downing Street. Mrs. Asquith makes her start as a ministerial hostess to-morrow, when she gives a garden party in the somewhat limited circumstance possible at the residence of the Premier of an empire on which the sun never sets. Calling yesterday upon Mrs. Lloyd George, the door was opened by a trimly dressed maid-servant. This indicates a social revolution in Downing Street, where, from time immemorial, footmen have been in attendance in the hall of No. 11. It is characteristic of the courage and independence of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. In private life he never employed male servants, and apparently does not think it necessary to change domestic habits because he is now lodged at the Treasury.

*May 17.*

King Edward visited Hawarden Castle to-day, to inspect the St. Deiniol Library, and the recumbent statue of Gladstone now placed in the parish church where he so long worshipped and occasionally officiated at the reading-desk. The visit is a fresh proof of the esteem the King retains for an old friend and a former mentor.

The statue, on view last year at the Royal Academy, is an exceptionally fine work. It has caught, and preserves for posterity, not only a personal likeness of the great statesman, but a striking impression of his dignity of bearing. The library, to whose acquisition and arrangement Gladstone devoted some of the pleasantest hours and days of his life, was bequeathed for the use and training of theological students. The man who, for many years, was the dispenser of riches and honours at the disposal of the head of the Government of a great empire died comparatively poor. But he set aside a sum of £30,000, the interest on which he directed should be spent upon maintaining the library in closest touch with the latest development of theological thought. The money was vested in the names of trustees well qualified to maintain the reputation of the library.

Shortly before his death, Gladstone had his treasures transferred to an iron building erected within the park grounds. Visiting Hawarden in the early eighties, at the close of a portentous session at Westminster, I found the already enormous library stored in the castle rooms. Gladstone had recently invented or adapted an ingenious device for increasing the space accommodation. He had the book-shelves not running along the walls, as is the common usage, but standing at right angles from them, packed on both sides with books. This at least quadrupled the capacity of storage and display of an ordinary room. He was prouder of this than of any recent Parliamentary achievement.

## CHAPTER XVII

*June 1, 1908.*

DURING the past fortnight several questions have been put to Haldane in the House of Commons with reference to some plain speaking by General Baden-Powell of Mafeking fame. Under the impression that he was talking in the privacy of a friendly meeting, he bluntly accused the German Emperor of cherishing designs for the downfall of his beloved uncle's kingdom. The remarks got into the newspapers, created some stir in Germany, and led to the private admonition of the too-discursive general.

The truth is that what Baden-Powell said in a hasty aside expresses the opinion of some of the highest military authorities in this country. Last night I met at dinner Sir George White, whose tenacious hold on what was not more than a fortified camp saved South Africa to the Empire. He takes the gloomiest view of the military position of the country, more especially with respect to artillery. He admits that Haldane's scheme of army reform is excellent in theory, and, if fully developed, would be effective. Meanwhile the country is at the mercy of Germany. When the hour strikes, he says, Germany will pick a quarrel with France, in five days will be at the gates of Paris, will demand the French Navy as the price of peace, and with its own fleet will be more than a match for England.

This seems fantastic, but it is the view of a man whose level-headedness has been proved on many momentous occasions. His panacea is conscription.

*June 2.*

Last night Lord Robert Cecil amused a jaded House by

trotting out one of those bulls more usually found in care of an Irish Member.

"Nothing but the guillotine," he said, "can save this Old Age Pensions Bill from the destruction it so richly merits."

This sounds dangerously like the suggestion of killing a man to save his life. Lord Robert's meaning was obvious, but it would have been easy to shape its expression in another way.

*June 5.*

London has been *en fête* through the week in honour of the visit of the President of the French Republic. As far as the weather was concerned it opened auspiciously. On succeeding days the sun shone, and London, its main thoroughfares decked with flags, the streets thronged with a jubilant crowd, looked its best. The President, a plain man of bourgeois birth and habits, has found himself in a new world. It is said to be the first time he ever travelled beyond the border line of France. He viewed with gravest apprehension the necessity of crossing the Channel, picturing to himself a terrible ordeal. Fortunately he was agreeably disappointed, and begins to think better of the sea than he, in the safety of Paris, thought possible. Considering his portly proportions and his advanced age, he has borne up wonderfully well against the infliction of successive entertainments.

One embarrassment is that, faithful to the traditions of his class in France, he does not speak a word of English. But he smiles genially when others do, and so London and he have got along very well together. Accustomed in his native Nérac to get up early and go to bed as near ten as possible, he finds late hours a special trial. At the State Ball at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday night he, the guest of honour, frankly fell asleep in the chair of state provided for him. With his customary tact, His Majesty, observing the condition of things, early released

his guest from attendance. By midnight the President was snugly tucked in bed, the majority of the other guests remaining till daylight did appear.

*June 8.*

A Member of twenty-eight years' standing confides to me a secret divulged under condition of preservation of his anonymity. When in 1880 he, a unit in Gladstone's overwhelming majority, entered the House with intent to take his seat, he observed a stream of gentlemen making their way towards the table. Falling into line, he presently came alongside a wigged and gowned gentleman who offered him a pen, pointed to an open book on the table, and showed him where to sign his name. This was the roll of Parliament, and in his best handwriting he added his name to its historic pages. Still following the queue, he arrived at the Speaker's Chair, was introduced by name, received a genial shake of the hand, and passed on a fully fledged member of the House of Commons, although he had not taken the oath. His sin of omission was unintentional. It was not till after it was over that he realised its enormity. On reflection he came to the conclusion that it was no use making a fuss about it. He kept his secret till he had made a fair start with the new century.

Anyone who has watched the process of swearing-in on the opening days of a new Parliament will realise how easy of accomplishment is the escapade, and may even suspect that there are scores of members who have taken their seat without taking the oath. It was in the same Parliament that Bradlaugh made his appearance on the stage at Westminster. Had he been so minded, no objection would have been raised to his joining one of the groups at the tables set on the floor of the House where the process of swearing-in was carried on in batches. That, of course, did not suit his game. He had a scene all to himself, precursor of a long succession that hampered the progress of public business, and at the very start of what,

such as that which has made it necessary to place in commission the office of Lord President of the Council, it is by no means uncommon that public men of exceptionally keen intellect should have their last days clouded by mental infirmity. A dozen years ago there was no more pathetic sight in London drawing-rooms than that of Lord Sherbrooke led about like a child. To those who knew Robert Lowe in his prime, possessor of one of the keenest intellects and one of the sharpest tongues, the spectacle was peculiarly painful. Another modern instance, differing widely in individuality, was that of Sir John Rigby. Re-entering the House of Commons in 1892 after six years' enforced absence, Gladstone made him Solicitor-General. Two years later he succeeded to the Attorney-Generalship, passing on to the lofty seat of Lord Justice of Appeal. A man of strong physique, inclined to be phlegmatic in temperament, slow of speech, sound in judgment, he seemed the last man in the world likely to suffer from failure of mental forces. Yet the turn suddenly came whilst he was yet in the Court of Appeal.

*June 22.*

At the garden party at Windsor this afternoon, amusement or pain was excited, according to the manner of regarding the incident, at sight of certain members of the Independent Labour Party in the House of Commons stalking the King as he passed from the East Terrace of the Castle to the tent erected on the lawn, two or three hundred yards distant. One well-known member, profiting by the experience of last year's visit, on arrival from Paddington straightway made for the rows of chairs which marked the route of the royal procession. Seating himself in the front row with his "missis" on his left, he tried to catch the King's eye as His Majesty passed. Unfortunately Royalty was looking the other way, and the recognition sought was not forthcoming. An old campaigner was not to be routed in the first manœuvre. As

soon as the royal procession tailed off, he doubled for the royal tent, reaching it in time to throw himself in the way of the King, who, with unfailing geniality, bestowed the guerdon of a nod and smile.

*June 25.*

The season has witnessed several important weddings. In respect of splendour of accompaniment and interest in the gathering of guests, the marriage of the daughter of the undecorated citizen who represents the United States at the Court of St. James's eclipsed them all. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, an edifice too small to receive a tithe of the friends of the bride and bridegroom. Happily, in his residence at Dorchester House, Whitelaw Reid possesses an ideal mansion for such a wedding feast as was spread to-day. It literally realises the dream of dwelling in marble halls that used to be sung in mid-Victorian age. Leaning over the balusters of the first landing was a favoured position whence to watch the scene. Ladies were in a proportion of something like five to one, as compared with more sombrely dressed man. Invitations for the gathering were fixed for four o'clock. For a full hour the brightly coloured stream of women, mostly fair, arrayed in the latest triumphs of Parisian frocks, passed upward to greet Mrs. Reid, who stood at the top of the staircase, and, with the trained hardihood of the wife of an American public man, shook hands with everybody. The bride and bridegroom judiciously refrained from taking part in the reception, whilst Whitelaw Reid was engaged in receiving Royalty, and, with the Queen on his arm, escorting it through the throng.

The King and Queen were present at the service in the Chapel Royal. The royal pew was filled with what in toast lists is called "the rest of the Royal Family." The group included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Princess Alex-



ander of Teck, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. It was understood that, satisfied with having honoured the Minister of a friendly State by their presence at the church ceremony, and having signed the Register, the King and Queen would not appear at Dorchester House. It was therefore with pleased surprise that the crowd on the landing facing the staircase suddenly discovered King Edward, hat in hand, cheerily making way for the Queen, who followed with the American Ambassador. Behind came the Princes and Princesses named. They had been to view the magnificent bridal offerings and were now on their way to a refreshment room specially reserved. For the guests at large hospitable provision was made at tables on the ground-floor terrace, fronting the greenery of Hyde Park. An awning hung with white and blue silk ran along the full length of the terrace. Before leaving, the King and Queen passed through, smilingly answering the salutation of the guests.

There was no mobbing of Royalty. King and Queen, Princes and Princesses moved about unimpeded. It is pretty to see on these little progresses the anxiety of Royalty to live up to its duties. As they pass through a line of upstanding subjects, the King and Queen narrowly scan faces on either side in search of one they know. His Majesty performs this function almost jovially, conveying by his smile and the warm grasp of his hand real delight at meeting a friend. The Queen is equally diligent, but her manner is almost mechanical in its formality. Nor is she careful to discriminate between strangers and acquaintances. As she passes, the women on either side duck downwards with what with many practitioners is the ungainly gyration known as a curtsy. To those she knows, or fancies she knows, the Queen extends her hand with intent that it should be kissed. To-day a stout American lady, unacquainted with the customs of the occasion, instead of daintily kissing the hand gave it a good honest grip.

The display of the bridal presents and their guardianship by night and day for a full fortnight prior to the wedding taxed the full resources of Scotland Yard. It is estimated that never before was there enclosed in the room of a private residence an aggregate of what Mr. Wemmick used to call "portable property" of equal money value. In order to realise the danger, it is necessary to imagine a well-groomed swell mobsman mingling with the crowd round the tables on which the treasures were displayed. As the police-court reports from time to time testify, kleptomania is not wholly unknown among the nobility and gentry. I heard that there were in attendance in or about the treasure-trove twenty of the most experienced detectives from Scotland Yard. Some were in the ordinary garb of men about town; others were disguised as waiters.

With respect to the more precious gifts, including the diamond bangles sent by the King and Queen; the collar of diamonds, the gift of the bride's father; the unpolished ruby of fabulous price, presented by Pierpont Morgan; and one or two others, a device was adopted which served the double purpose of safety and display. They were enclosed in cases of stout plate glass, lit up from within by electric light, which brought out every facet of the many diamonds, the full colour of the precious stones. On the King's present was pinned a card in His Majesty's handwriting, bearing an inscription the composition of which would have brought a schoolboy into trouble. It ran thus: "To Miss Whitelaw Reid, on the occasion of her marriage, with my best wishes for her happiness from Edward R.I."

*July 14.*

There were some anxious moments among the daintily frocked crowd gathered on the lawn at Osterley Park this afternoon when Lady Jersey gave her second garden party. Clouds overhung in darkening masses, and there was an ominous dripping of rain. The storm passed on to deluge

the earth elsewhere, and the afternoon sped without disaster. Lady Jersey's parties are one of the principal joys of the London season, albeit of late years the weather has been cruelly unkind. Fortunately Osterley House, a stately red-brick mansion, rebuilt by Robert Adam nearly a hundred and forty years ago, is so vast that even the seven hundred guests who strolled about the lawn could on emergency find shelter in its many spacious rooms. In the great hall is a ceiling painted by Rubens with the apotheosis of William, Prince of Orange, assassinated at Delf in 1684. In the long drawing-room the most striking portraits are of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, also painted by Rubens; and Lord Strafford in armour, by Van Dyck.

Among Lady Jersey's guests Princess Henry of Battenburg represented Royalty, both Houses of Parliament sending contingents. A picturesque group was formed by the Prime Minister of Nepal and his suite, dressed all in their best native costume.

*July 16.*

Some years ago, long before airships became the topic of the daily papers, I made the acquaintance of a Frenchman passing through London who, effective as the fat boy of Mr. Pickwick's acquaintance, made my flesh creep with a weird story. My friend, an innocent-looking person with a delicate palate for cooked meats, confided to me that he was engaged in a work that, when completed, would avenge Sedan, and cause Germany hastily to restore Alsace and Lorraine. It was simply a dirigible balloon which, loaded with deadly explosive by way of extra ballast, would be steered over Berlin and other centres of population, and effectively wipe them out by the hellish fire rained upon them.

[I confess I regarded my friend as a harmless fanatic, his patriotic head turned by the disasters of his country in its struggle with Germany. He was in fact only some

dozen years in advance of his age. He was the first to see the direful uses to which aerial navigation might be put. I never saw or heard of him again. Probably his experiments may have contributed to that perfection of the new instrument of war which Germany fondly recognised in Count Zeppelin's airship up to a period within an hour of its sudden destruction.]

*July 18.*

The American Bishops, who gathered in London for the Pan-Anglican Congress, are now wending their way homeward, some by way of the Continent, agree that they have had an uncommonly good time in London. With exceedingly few exceptions, they were the guests of English church people, from Bishops down to churchwardens. The Bishop of London had his palace more than full. The Bishop of Southwark also put up a considerable group, whilst Astor and Pierpont Morgan, who are just now in London, were boundless in hospitality to their countrymen. The most brilliant and successful of the festivities was the dinner given by the American Ambassador at Dorchester House, followed as it was by a reception, to which something like a thousand guests were bidden. The dinner was spread on three round tables, each seating twenty guests. The table decorations—Malmaison carnations and orchids of the same tone of colour—were the most beautiful I ever saw on a London dinner-table. The guests included most of the American Bishops, with a sprinkling of English brethren.

The Bishop of Ohio, next to whom I sat, an exceedingly sprightly prelate, whilst expressing his delight at the hospitable reception extended to the American Episcopate, hinted at a little trouble in his own case. "When I am announced," he said, "whether at private dinner-parties or feasts in the city, I am always in terror that the butler or the toast-master will unduly extend my name. When he slowly pronounces the letters Oh-i-o, and then pauses,

I am always afraid, especially among commercial associations of the City, that he will add the letter 'u,' forming an admission of pecuniary indebtedness, 'oh-I-owe-you.' "

In the case of his reverend brother the Bishop of Michigan, disaster did happen at a city feast. The Bishop having, with that softer intonation of the word that is familiar to Englishmen, whispered his name in the ear of the toast-master, that functionary loudly announced: "My Lord Bishop My-Chicken."

The Bishop of Ohio was pleasingly struck by the deference paid to his high estate.

"Wherever I go," he said, "it is always 'My Lord' and 'Your Lordship.' I will soon be pulled off the stilts when I get home. On arrival I shall be greeted with the remark, 'Well, Bish, hope you've enjoyed your outing'; or, 'Glad to see you, Bish. Look none the worse for your voyage.' "

*July 19.*

The pictorial event of the week in the House of Commons was the trundling in on a trolley, in charge of two stalwart messengers, of a gigantic petition in favour of the Licensing Bill, said to be signed by six hundred and ten thousand members of the Wesleyan body. For the Member to whose care it was committed it proved what Lord Halsbury would call "a sort of" white elephant. The Standing Orders direct that when a petition has been presented the Member in charge must place it in the bag kept for that purpose at the back of the Speaker's chair. No bag out of Brobdingnag would enclose the monster. At length, on the suggestion of the Speaker, a compromise was effected. A few loose sheets were drawn from the bundle, placed in the bag, and the huge cylinder wheeled out.

Being a dull night there was much talk of the incident. Old Members recalled how it was a mere trifle compared with the demonstration made almost exactly eighteen

years ago in the form of a petition in favour of the Local Taxation Bill. This monster petition was packed in half a dozen cases of the dimensions of the trunks with which American ladies provide themselves before visiting Europe. Carried in one by one by the united efforts of six messengers, they were piled on the floor of the House, completely obstructing the view across it. The Member in charge rising to address the House, Labouchere suggested that he would be more conveniently heard if he mounted on top of the boxes.

The building up of these monster petitions involves a correspondingly vast amount of trouble and no inconsiderable expense. It is a melancholy reflection, and a fact to boot, that the presentation of petitions to the House of Commons has no more effect upon its action than would result from the blowing of a feather from the strangers' gallery. Time was when a petition was a really serious thing. A Member presenting one had the right of raising debate, from which occasionally important action ensued. This custom, much abused, was long ago abrogated. Under the present rules a Member presenting a petition must confine himself to a brief statement of its purport, of the number of signatures, of the material allegations put forward, winding up by reading the assurance "and your petitioners will ever pray."

A Member may, if he thinks it worth while, insist that the whole text of the petition shall be read by the Clerk at the Table. As this proceeding is found to militate against the success of the document, the sufferance is rarely imposed upon the House.

The monster petition advocating the Licensing Bill was trundled off to the quarters of the Committee of Public Petitions, where the signatures will be hurriedly scanned and counted and a note of particulars inserted in the Committee's annual report. For all practical purposes effected by the petition, the messengers, while they were about it, might as well have wheeled the trolley on

to the terrace and dropped the huge cylinder into the Thames.

*July 20.*

Lloyd George lunched at Ashley Gardens to-day. Amongst other guests was Lord Castlereagh,<sup>1</sup> one of his bitterest critics in the House of Commons. A little uneasy at first to find himself seated at table with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he rapidly thawed, and the two got along together in friendly converse. Lloyd George is just now in the thick of the fight for his Insurance Bill. His repeated formula summing up its working is: "You give me fourpence and I will give you ninepence." Leaning across the table with four pennies in my hand, I said, "My dear Lloyd George, here's fourpence, give me ninepence." He took the coppers, and proceeded to explain that there were certain conditions attached to the beneficent Act of Parliament. Before I could obtain my ninepennyworth it would be necessary to prove my claim for gratuitous medical assistance.

"You will, he said, "have to be brought to Downing Street in an ambulance."

As he spoke he put my four pence in his pocket, and I have never seen them since, much less the promised ninepence.

"So like him," murmured Lord Castlereagh, with an appreciative smile on his face.

*August 1.*

Sir Edward Grey's reference to Germany, pointedly dragged into a speech in Committee of Supply on Monday night, affords significant testimony to the existence of a grave apprehension among important sections of the public. It is born of the conviction that the determined policy of Germany is the destruction of this country, to which end all the forces of the Empire are secretly devoted. They believe that the Emperor William—affectionate nephew of King Edward VII, avowed admirer of

<sup>1</sup> Now the Marquis of Londonderry.

British institutions, from time to time an honoured guest—has devoted himself heart and soul to the carrying out of this perfidious purpose.

Amongst particular proofs cited of the soundness of the suspicion is the fact that three years hence the German Navy estimates will amount to 23 millions, being double what they were less than twelve months ago, when the German Emperor, entertained at Guildhall, declared that the desire of his heart was to maintain pacific relations with all the world, more particularly with his beloved England.

*August 6.*

I have been cruising for a week with Lord Charles Beresford, who is in command of the Channel Fleet. Learned a few things about life aboard an ironclad. A difficulty besetting commanders is that of finding physical exercise for the men. In the old days, with rigging to be run up, and sails to be adjusted, the crew were automatically kept in healthy trim. At present, beyond washing decks and polishing guns, there is little falling within the ordinary day's work calculated to keep a strong man in good condition. A change has recently been wrought in this matter by adding to the ironclad's crew a master of gymnastics. The Swedish system has been selected and authorised by the Admiralty for daily use. It is a rather severe ordeal, especially when, as is the case on His Majesty's ships, it is extended over twenty minutes. It is reckoned that at the end of that time every muscle of the human body has been thoroughly exercised. The men are mustered on the quarter-decks in squads of forty or fifty, and seem to enjoy the performance as heartily as boys in the playground.

In summer-time another helpful exercise is provided in the way of swimming. The gymnastic exercise is imperative, every member of the crew taking his turn in it. The sea bath is optional, and may of course be enjoyed only



by swimmers. It is pretty to see the men in their bathing drawers clustered on the bulwarks forrard. At the sound of the bugle they dive together, some from the main deck, all from pretty good heights. For a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes the sea around the great ship is lively with bobbing heads.

With the officers jiu-jitsu is a favourite exercise, and is daily practised with a master of the art. A mattress is spread on the quarter-deck and two men strive for mastery with desperate determination. One day on the flagship I recognised in the scantily clad gymnast in the grip of the professional the chaplain who, on the previous Sunday, I had reverently regarded cassocked and surpliced conducting Divine Service. As he lay, nearly breathless, in the grip of the instructor, the Church seemed nearer Disestablishment than I had ever seen it.

*September 4.*

There used to be much controversy as to John Bright's method of preparing his Parliamentary and platform speeches. Did he write them out at length and commit them to memory (as was the earlier practice of Winston Churchill); or did he content himself with thinking out the plan of his discourse, marking its passage by a few headlines used as reference when he spoke? When he addressed the House of Commons his notes certainly were brief. I was told by one in his confidence that he always wrote out the text of the peroration with whose sonorous music he was accustomed to close his great speeches. He did not necessarily read from the MS.; having it at hand gave him a confidence in the task of recital.

Sir William Harcourt told me that in 1868 he accompanied Bright in a political campaign in Lancashire that greatly helped to place Gladstone and the Liberal Party in power. He observed that the great Tribune, as it was then the fashion to style him, brought on to the platform from eight to a dozen small cards held in the palm of his

left hand. Each contained headings of a division of his speech, with a catch-word or two opening the leading sentence. Sir William confirmed the statement that the peroration, carefully prepared in the study, was always written out in full.

*September 5.*

It was at the suggestion of the artist that Lloyd George arranged to sit in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's robes for the portrait which Luke Fildes is painting on the Commission of Sir John Gray Hill, ex-President of the Council of the Law Society. There is no garment worn by Englishmen, whether in public or private life, that lends itself more to the grace of a picture. It is rarely seen in public, being worn only on State occasions. I retain vivid recollection of seeing Gladstone arrayed in it on the opening of the Law Courts by Queen Victoria. It added fresh stateliness to his imposing figure and striking face.

The gown is as costly as it is handsome. A new one costs £150, and, as Ministries are sometimes of brief duration and the gown may not be worn except in connection with functions pertaining to the Chancellorship, it comes expensive. It is usual for the incoming Chancellor to purchase at reasonable reduction the garment of his predecessor. Lloyd George is fortunate in finding himself somewhat on a level in the matter of inches with Asquith. Had he succeeded Harcourt, or Michael Hicks Beach, there would have been some difficulty.

*September 6.*

Eleven years ago I heard Hicks Beach, standing at the Table of the House of Commons, announce that for the first time in the history of England the Budget dealt with a revenue that touched one hundred millions sterling. A distinct note of exultation underlay the constitutionally modest manner of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The sum seemed so stupendous as to be incapable of further growth. This was in the spring of 1897.

Five years later Sir Michael, this time more in sorrow than in triumph, was dealing with a revenue exceeding £140,000,000, which, taxing the people to the uttermost farthing, barely covered the expenditure of the last year. In the financial year which closed on March 31 last Asquith had a realised revenue of £156,537,690, with an expenditure of £151,812,094, showing a surplus of £4,725,596. [In 1921 Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, estimated the income of the following financial year at £950,000,000 !]

*September 12.*

It is probable the termination of the session will be closely followed by changes in the personnel of the Cabinet. Lord Morley is not likely to face the task of administering the affairs of India through another year. Talking with me to-day of the matter, he observed with grim humour : " I accepted the post of Secretary of State for India because I thought it would be a quiet place for an elderly gentleman. In respect of mental strain and anxiety it has turned out to be worse than Ireland."

No hope is entertained of the return to public life of Lord Tweedmouth, within a measurable distance of time. The circumstances of his withdrawal into retirement involve difficulty, as he is not in a condition to make his resignation valid. The matter has, I understand, been considered by the Law Officers of the Crown, who are of opinion that His Majesty, who conferred the office, has a constitutional right to withdraw the seals and transfer their custody.

*September 14.*

I wonder that amid the controversy still engaging the home and continental press as to the probability and possibility of German invasion of this country, no one recalls a speech on the subject made by Arthur Balfour whilst still Prime Minister. I remember the scene and the

profound impression made on a crowded House. To the authority of the Premier, Balfour added the knowledge of a member of the Committee of Defence over whose deliberations he presided. Of his multifarious duties as head of the Government, none interested him more than the regular meeting of this inner wheel within the Cabinet, of which some spokes are experts in army and navy affairs.

In a carefully prepared speech, which occupied an hour in the delivery, and was followed with breathless interest, Balfour, on the occasion referred to, with due apologies for what he insisted was a hypothetical case, imagined an army of 50,000 men told off by Germany for the invasion of England. To begin with, he asked, where were the means of transport to be found ?

It was one of the marvels of the Boer War, almost the only achievement that brought credit to the Administration, that over a hundred thousand men were carried oversea from Channel ports to Cape Town. For the undertaking the Admiralty had at their command the pick of the English mercantile fleet, incomparable in number and aggregate of carrying capacity. Moreover, the work of transport was spread over weeks, even months. Balfour pointed out that if invasion of this country were to be successful it must be by a *coup de main*. The 50,000 men must be embarked in a day, must cross the Channel in company, and, in order to keep up the element of surprise indispensable to success, must be disembarked in a few hours, before the defending army could be got into position. For the sake of his argument he assumed that the flotilla of transports had eluded the vigilance of the British fleet and arrived within sight of the port selected for debarkation. But the necessarily slow process would not escape the attention of the land forces, whose rifle and artillery fire, supplemented by the guns of battleships that might reasonably be expected to have been drawn to the spot, late but not ineffective, would rend the yet unformed masses of invaders.

His argument, which for some weeks had a tranquillising effect on the public mind, has been immeasurably strengthened by the development of wireless telegraphy since accomplished, which during recent manœuvres placed the contending fleets in the distant North Sea in instant and constant connection with Whitehall.

## CHAPTER XVIII

September 17.

THE rumour that Lord Glenesk has left behind materials for a biography will, I fear, prove unfounded. The last time I met him was at the dinner to Mark Twain given at Dorchester House by the American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid. We sat together in the Smoking Room afterwards and had a chat about old times linked by a friendship of more than twenty years. There were few men of the last half-century who were in a position to acquire fuller or more interesting material for personal memoirs than Glenesk. His connection with the *Morning Post*, finally budding into Parliamentary honours and a peerage, brought him into close connection with public men as far back as Napoleon's *coup d'état*, of which he was a personal witness. In his wife he found a helpmate who completed a rarely advantageous position. For many years Lady Borthwick was one of the principal hostesses in London Society. More closely than competitors, she succeeded in establishing her famed white drawing-room in Piccadilly as a salon that rivalled Lady Palmerston's. There were met at her frequent parties the best-known people in politics, art, and the drama.

Thus, at home, as well as in business circles, Lord Glenesk was brought into intimate relations with everyone worth knowing. He did not take a prominent part in Parliamentary debate, but was behind the scenes in all political movements. His correspondence, if preserved, would make an unusually interesting volume. Talking of these things I expressed the hope that he had gathered material for his memoir. He answered in the negative, and disclaimed any intention of forthwith beginning. He

was, he said, alarmed at the enormity of the task, not knowing where to begin, still less foreseeing where he would end.

*October 17.*

Through the early part of the week the precincts of the House of Commons have more resembled an armed camp than the scene of legislative labours. In the streets outside, the police, mounted and on foot, have jostled each other. In view of the moving crowd this display of force does not seem unnatural. It was in the quiet recesses of the inner courtyard and the unwonted stillness of Palace Yard that discovery of groups of policemen became startling. Entering Palace Yard there is on the right a wide open vault in which mounted messenger boys of the news-agencies are accustomed to await calls. On Monday and Tuesday this space was crowded with policemen, ready at a signal to dash out and carry reinforcement to any part of the line outside threatened by the crowd. Except for Members and others having business there, Palace Yard was closed to the public.

Towards half-past seven, the hour at which the widely advertised rush of Suffragists was due, Ministers and Members strolled down to watch events from safe quarters within the jealously guarded railings. For fully half an hour the Home Secretary (Herbert Gladstone), an unwarlike figure in a tall hat, stood watching events from the middle of the broad four crossways at the foot of Parliament Street. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lloyd George), who had run out without his hat, meeting a friend making his way across Palace Yard towards Parliament Street, jocularly said :

" Ah ! I see you are going to join the demonstration ! "

" Well," was the reply, " you seem to be returning, since you have lost your hat."

*October 18.*

Announcement of the death of Sir Henry Drummond

Wolff brings to a wide circle a feeling of surprise at learning that, up to Sunday last, he was still alive. He has of late years steadily withdrawn from the society he once delighted with his wit and wisdom. A little more than a year ago I lunched with him in Cadogan Square, one of a very small party of old friends. He had grown rather stout, but the brightness of his conversation was little dimmed. Nor was there marked hesitancy in drawing upon his illimitable fund of information about men and things. I saw him once more, early in this year, walking up the steps leading from Old Palace Yard into the central lobby of the House of Commons. In Fourth Party days he nightly tripped up them, intent on working some fresh mischief either to Gladstone or his own nominal leader, Stafford Northcote. Such was the catholicity of his mind that he was not particular as to which should chance to be the sufferer. As he stopped to chat a while last May he admitted that he "found the stairway very steep."

Whilst he was Minister at Madrid he found not infrequent opportunity of running over to London. On one occasion Lord Ashbourne caught him for a little dinner. It was given at the United Service Club, the temporary home of members of the Athenæum, dislodged by the cleaners. Two other guests were the Marquis of Londonderry and Chauncey Depew, the well-known American passing through London on his way home.

When cigars and coffee were served the host rose and, to the manifest surprise of his guests, submitted a toast. He asked the company to drink to the health of His Majesty's Minister at Madrid, and to the Marquis of Londonderry, who had just either been nominated a Minister or had received promotion, I forget which.

At this unexpected variation of custom at a private dinner, Drummond Wolff smiled with pleased content. He was always ready for an after-dinner speech. It was different with Lord Londonderry, whose brow was over-



cast by a cloud of unmistakable disgust. Lord Ashbourne, ignoring both incidents, made a charming little speech, extolling the diplomatic graces and capacities of the Ambassador, and dwelling on the statesmanlike qualities of the Marquis.

"I ask you," he said, "to drink the health of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Lord Londonderry, and"—here there was a slight pause—"I call upon Mr. Chauncey Depew to respond.

A roar of laughter, in which Lord Londonderry gratefully joined, greeted disclosure of the little joke. In no wise abashed, the American guest, whose fame as an after-dinner speaker is international, promptly rose and gravely made appropriate reply.

October 31.

There are few men whose names are more familiar throughout the English-speaking world than is that of the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. Untimely death—Ian Maclaren died in the very prime of his rare intellectual forces—debarred fulfilment of intention long cherished of visiting Australia. But he was as well known in the United States as in Great Britain, and with him to be well known was to be much loved.

I was privileged to enjoy the intimacy of Ian Maclaren's heart and home. One of the most pleasing episodes in a recent visit to the United States was a halt at his house in Liverpool before taking ship. He frequently lunched with us in London, and was always the life and soul of the party at the table. Of one occasion he frequently spoke. Among the guests were the predecessor of the present Chinese Minister and his wife. His Excellency spoke English with remarkable fluency. Madame could not speak or understand a word of the foreign tongue. Nevertheless, so great was her gift of geniality, so eloquent her facial expression, that no one conversing with her would suspect that she had not the slightest idea what he was

talking about. I confess that at a Foreign Office party, where I made her acquaintance, on presentation by her husband, I did not for a long time discover that in the matter of conversation she was in the same position that I should have been had she talked to me in Chinese—only she would have been much more quickly made acquainted with the disadvantages of the situation.

At the luncheon of which I speak, Ian Maclaren sat next to her and was instantly conquered by her bright personality, adorned by her picturesque native dress. A delightful talker, a perfect raconteur, he eagerly seized the opportunity of exploiting this new world. He told her some of his best Scottish stories, none the less difficult for her comprehension because of the accent. She beamed with delight, nodded, smiled, and at the proper place heartily chuckled. Thus encouraged, he went on providing his best, the lady still living up to its excellence.

As I thought he was wasting his talents, I took an opportunity of explaining to him her inability to understand a word of English. He roared with laughter, and she shook her plump shoulders with merriment. There never sat at table such a mutually delighted couple.

*November 21.*

At a critical turn in the recent presidential election in the United States, Roosevelt's son-in-law created a sensation by sketching a programme whereby Taft would be President for the customary term of four years, after which Roosevelt, coming back like a giant refreshed, would again enter the presidential lists. The story was instantly and hotly denied. I gather from a source in close touch with the White House that the young man was indiscreet rather than ignorant. Roosevelt was only fifty last month. He is full of health, mental and physical, booms with energy, and loves work. He is not the kind of man to drop into oblivion, or even be content with shooting big game. There is no doubt that had he been

pleased to offer himself for re-election when his term expired he would have been triumphantly returned. He practically ran Taft, whose election by an overwhelming majority testifies to Roosevelt's hold on popular imagination and esteem. He will be able to fill up the next four years in leisurely but useful pursuits, and may be heard of again in 1912.

I was much struck during a visit to the White House, paid this very month four years ago, by the simplicity of the presidential surroundings. White House is a charming residence, commanding a far-reaching view of tree-bowered Washington, with the Potomac gleaming in the distance, and beyond, the green banks of Maryland. No military pomp attends the ruler of one of the greatest nations in the world. By the front entrance a solitary policeman yawned at our approach. He did not think it his duty to enquire by what authority a couple of strangers proposed to mount the steps of the private residence of the President. My wife and I chanced to be invited guests. That was a mere accident. Any citizen in the free-born country on the other side of the Atlantic has the right to cross the President's threshold and insist on shaking hands with him. Thus, elsewhere, on a memorable day, came the murderer of President McKinley, with his treacherous right hand bound in a make-believe bandage. Falling in with the crowd that filed past the beaming, welcoming President, he extended his left hand. As his victim held it in friendly grip, he, throwing off the bandage from his right hand, disclosed a pistol, with which he killed his unsuspecting host.

I talked with Mr. Roosevelt about this practice of hand-shaking. He told me his colleagues in the Ministry had urged him to discontinue the practice. At one of his levees he consented to the innovation. But the experience was unendurable.

"This is the first and last time," he whispered to the attendant Ministers, as the affronted crowd stood at

gaze. "It is much more trouble to explain why I don't shake hands than to shake."

Roosevelt laughingly assured me that he regarded the exercise from the point of view of beneficial muscular exertion.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I mostly lived out-of-doors, always on my legs or on horseback. Now I am pretty well tied to the house. But you go and stand in my place on an autumn afternoon and have your hand shaken by from five hundred to a thousand sturdy citizens, and if, when it's all over, you don't feel as if you'd been felling a tree or two, you are made of harder grit than came my way."

*November 23.*

The House of Lords was to-day the scene of one of those quaint ceremonies that recall its far-off origin. A vacancy in the Irish representation arising on the death of Lord Rosse, an election became necessary. On its completion it was found that two candidates, Lord Ashtown and Lord Farnham, had received an equal number of votes. In the Commons on the rare occasion of a tie being announced as the result of a division, the Speaker gives his casting vote. Nothing so business-like and prosaic would suit the House of Lords.

The framers of the Union, with clear foresight, anticipating the event that has now happened, provided for it. They ordered that the election should be determined by drawing lots. Accordingly the Clerk of the Crown and Hannaper for Ireland, escorted to the Bar by Black Rod, having presented the writ and return, the Lord Chancellor directed that the Clerk of the House should proceed to draw lots. A glass bowl was set upon the table, and the Clerk dropped into it two folded slips of paper, each containing the name of a competing peer. After brief pause the Clerk thrust his hand into the bowl, took out one of the slips, opened it, and read the name of Lord Ashtown.

Thereupon the Lord Chancellor, whose gravity nothing could disturb, declared Lord Ashtown duly elected.

*November 25.*

In conversation with Campbell-Bannerman a short time before his death, the topic of death duties was broached. Sir Henry said :

" People seem to think I am a rich man. I am afraid they will find themselves disappointed. I have tried in my time to do some small service to the State, but it will not be posthumously continued in the shape of excessive death duties."

It was a matter of public knowledge that he had enjoyed the succession of two large private fortunes. Though he entertained generously, he had no extravagances calculated to swallow up his possessions. Publication of particulars of his will verifies his prognostication. Whilst his brother left a sum approaching a quarter of a million sterling, the late Premier's personal estate did not exceed £50,000.

*November 28.*

Sir Carne Rasch's pending retirement from Parliamentary life recalls a gruesome story. In May of the session of 1905 he was confined to his room by a serious attack of influenza. His condition was notified to the Whips and he was paired accordingly. One night Sir Gilbert Parker, taking his customary seat below the gangway, turning round beheld with amazement the bed-ridden Member seated midway along the second bench behind Ministers. The intervening distance was short. There was no possibility of mistaking Sir Carne's identity. Sir Gilbert, pleased to see his friend unexpectedly back at work, gave him a friendly nod of recognition.

Sir Henry Meysey Thompson also saw Sir Carne about this same hour of the evening. This seemed conclusive, but it was not at all. On the next afternoon Arthur Hayter, seated on the Front Opposition Bench looking

across the House, saw Sir Carne immediately opposite. Struck by the ghastly pallor of his countenance, Sir Arthur, turning to Campbell-Bannerman by whom he sat, expressed surprise that in his parlous state Sir Carne should have ventured to leave his room.

"I hope," said C.-B., with his pawky humour, "the illness is not catching."

I quote this varied testimony at first hand as it was related to me. When, a week later, Sir Carne returned to Westminster more or less convalescent, I asked him whether it was possible he might consciously or unconsciously have strayed from his sick-room on these two several occasions. He declared that for a period of ten days covering these particular dates he had not left his room, for the sufficient reason that his physical condition rendered the exertion impossible.

*November 30.*

The death of Lord Justice Mathew adds another to the striking list of great intellects suddenly darkened at the close of a lofty, useful public life. His death is recorded as having taken place only the other day. He really died three years ago when, quitting the Bench and public life, he retired to his room. There he placidly lived, as remote from the busy world as if he dwelt in the Great Sahara.

In addition to being one of our greatest judges on the commercial side, Sir James Mathew was one of the readiest of wits, the most delightful of companions. Correspondents in the newspapers have deprived him of the credit long enjoyed of having uttered the sarcasm, "Truth will out, even in an affidavit." There is one of his gravely humorous sayings I have not seen quoted in newspaper reminiscences. Of its originality there can be no doubt, since it was jotted down in a private letter addressed to me at the time by Lady Mathew.

Mr. Cohen, Q.C., a foremost man at the Bar a quarter of a century ago, had good reason to believe that a vacant

judgeship would be offered to him. His claims were overlooked by Lord Herschell, then Lord Chancellor.

"What can Cohen expect from a Jew but a Passover?" said Sir James Mathew when he heard of the disappointment.

The last time I met the Lord Justice was at the historic dinner-party given by Lawson Walton shortly after the General Election of 1906 which sent Balfour and his friends to the right-about. There were in all sixteen men present. In the course of the dinner, bright and gay as usual, unconscious of the shadow closing over him, Sir James Mathew, looking round the table, said:

"Mark my words: with three exceptions, every man in this room will be a member of C.-B.'s Ministry, a considerable proportion with Cabinet rank. The three obvious exceptions are George Lewis, you, and myself."

This remarkable forecast was realised to the letter. Our host became Attorney-General, dying all too soon for the welfare of his party and the happiness of his friends. Among the guests was Asquith, who, less than three years later, was called upon to form his own Administration.

*December 1.*

Announcement of the death of the widow of Professor Blackie at the age of ninety comes as a surprise to a wide circle of friends from whose ken she long ago disappeared. I met her only once: it was thirty years ago; but I do not forget the occasion. Going to Oban to spend the Parliamentary recess with William Black, then in residence in his favourite hotel facing the bay, I came upon Professor Blackie, wearing a tartan plaid. Walking down with Black to meet the arrival of the Glasgow boat, he, upon my being presented to him, fell upon my neck and kissed me in face of the assembled throng on wharf and steamer. He had a generously exaggerated admiration of some articles appearing at the time in the *World* entitled "Under the Clock," and this was his eccentric way of expressing it.

We formed a great friendship, delightful to me. Day after day we went long walks over heather and hill. Blackie was known all over the country-side and heartily welcomed in every cottage or farm-house at which we looked in.

One day, turning our faces homeward, he said I must come along and lunch with Mrs. Blackie. For a long way he kept up his swinging pace and his ordinary flow of spirits. When he reached the road flanking the bay, down which, midway, his house stood, I observed a slackening of his pace, an ebbing of the flow of his talk, that presently ended in a hitherto unknown flash of silence.

"Then ye dinna ken Mrs. Blackie?" he said, as he opened the garden gate.

"I am looking forward to the pleasure," I said.

"Ha," he responded, giving his plaid a desperate flip over his shoulder.

Greatly puzzled, I soon mastered the secret of the situation. This masterful man, who trampled fearlessly on conventionality, and held his own with any male fighter, trembled in the presence of his wife. She had no sympathy with his "goings-on," and particularly resented his generous habit of bringing home stray folk to luncheon. However, we got along splendidly, and when I left she, of her own accord, asked me to lunch again on an early day. I did not go, but the grateful look on the Professor's keen face when he heard the invitation is a memory that dwells with me to this day.

*December 5.*

I hear a story of Dr. Magee, the famous Bishop of Peterborough, which is new to me. It certainly does not appear in his published life. It happened that each step in a long course of years' advancement on his brilliant course from a curacy in Ireland to the Bishopric of Peterborough, thence to the Archbishopric of York, was immediately heralded, or concurrently celebrated, by an increase in his



family. Mentioning in intimate company this curious and interesting coincidence, Mr. Stanton, the fearless cleric who has been curate of St. Alban's, Holborn, for nearly half a century, enquired whether there was immediate reason to anticipate a further addition to the home flock.

"Why?" asked the Archbishop sharply.

"Because," said Mr. Stanton, "there are only two other promotions left to you. One is the Primacy at Canterbury; the other the Kingdom of Heaven. And to tell the truth, I don't believe your Grace is fit for either."

*December 12.*

Rupert Guinness and Lady Gwendolen did a risky thing when they kept open house in their mansion in St. James's Square for the entertainment of his Shoreditch constituents. A pretty little romance is attached to the relationship of Member and constituents. Guinness is the son and heir of Lord Iveagh. He will in due time not only succeed to a Viscounty, but to the heritage of one of the biggest fortunes in Great Britain and Ireland. Lady Gwendolen is the daughter of the Earl of Onslow, Chairman of Committee in the House of Lords. Her husband desiring to get into Parliament, and fixing upon Shoreditch as a desirable avenue, the young couple, possibly with reminiscences of the story of Lord Burleigh, went down to the Borough, rented part of a tenement, and took up their residence among the folk he hoped successfully to woo.

This was a full twelve months before the General Election of 1905. Not disposed to do the thing by halves, the recently married couple left all their servants in St. James's Square and, entering upon their new quarters, engaged a "general" to look after them. This was a cut above most of their neighbours, whose domestic work was performed by the female contingent of the family. Still there were householders who afforded themselves the luxury of a single servant, and the recently married couple, greatly daring, must be forgiven if they engaged one.

The experiment was not successful, and after a while Guinness took his man down, Lady Gwendolen her maid, whilst an under-cook was installed in the kitchen. This was risky, but they were distantly alluded to as "helps," and a vague impression that it was a community of workers was encouraged. Guinness did not get in three years ago, but he made himself so popular that when a vacancy occurred in the death of a sitting member he captured what was regarded as a Liberal stronghold.

What his constituents, familiar with "Mr. and Mrs. Guinness" in Shoreditch, will think of the Hon. Rupert and Lady Gwendolen in St. James's Square one would like to know.

*December 19.*

The strange anomalies that underlie the constitution and practice of the House of Lords are pointedly illustrated by a confidence bestowed upon me by a Member of that interesting body. Chancing to sit next to him at dinner, I asked him, as the night wore on, whether he were not going down to the House to take part in the important division pending on the second reading of the Eight Hours Bill. He answered in the negative, adding that he had only once been in the House during the eight years since his succession to the peerage. He attended in response to an urgent appeal from the Unionist Whip. On arrival he casually mentioned that he intended to vote with the then Opposition. The Whip stared at him in amazement and hurriedly went off. Presently he returned with the information that he had discovered the noble lord had not taken the oath, and that, if he voted in the coming division, he would incur grave penalties. Nothing pleased the young peer more than to get away from the uninteresting surroundings which he has never since courted.

"For their sake," he said, with an amused smile, "I am better out of it. The fact is I am by way of being an

I really did not know. It had been imposed on me on my entrance, and in my ignorance of the ways and customs of Gray's Inn I presumed it was part of the ceremonial of the occasion. Explanation was thereupon forthcoming. Instead of alighting at the main entrance, my cabman had found his way by that assigned to the use of ardent youth, eating his dinners at the Inn, and hoping some day to sit on the judicial bench. It was a hot night, and I remember the feeling of gratitude with which I threw off the gown, whose disappearance did not check the merriment the incident afforded the Benchers and their other guests.

*December 26.*

The new economical arrangements of the railway companies, limiting the number of trains running per day, reduces the opportunity of first-class passengers to obtain a whole carriage for themselves or their limited party. George Grossmith tells me that, accustomed as he is in pursuit of his profession to make frequent railway journeys in the course of a year, he never fails to obtain a compartment to himself. The means are simple. He is at the station early, seats himself in a lavatory compartment by preference, and keeps a bright look-out from the window on the platform side. When he sees anyone approaching with evident intent of entering, he turns up his collar, with swift movement, pulls his hair down over his forehead, and assumes an absolutely idiotic expression. As the intruder approaches closer he breaks into a childish smile, and with crooked forefinger beckons him or her to enter.

"Come along, my dear," he says, if the person happens to be a lady. "Plenty of room, sir," is his encouraging address to a gentleman.

Of course both flee, and he has the carriage to himself all the way. The story lacks in print the accompaniment of Gee-Gee's rapid facial transformation as he tells it.

*December 28.*

As one comes up to town on Mondays after week-ending in the country during the Parliamentary session, the train approaching Victoria Station passes through Penge. I never see the name painted on the station without thinking of Edward Clarke, and how by chance the obscure town was closely connected with a career that led a comparatively little-known barrister to the Solicitor-Generalship, and at one time seemed to open the way to dizzier heights.

It was in the spring of 1877 that what is known in criminal records as the Penge case seized and held national attention. Upon a charge of murdering by starvation Harriet, the wife of Louis Staunton, the husband, his brother Patrick, Patrick's wife, and her sister (Alice Rhodes) were placed in the dock. Alice Rhodes, Louis Staunton's mistress, described as a "pretty young girl of eighteen," will now, if she still be alive, be approaching her fiftieth year, in appearance probably stout rather than comely. Edward Clarke, then a young barrister who had risen so far in his profession that his income had begun to touch £2,000 a year, defended Patrick Staunton, and made a speech which not only resulted in a modification of the capital sentence being passed by the judge on the finding of the jury, but made the fortune of the young barrister.

Indirectly the Penge case had a powerful influence on the fate of Disraeli. In 1880 when his Ministry seemed to be tottering to a fall, Edward Clarke stood for the Borough of Southwark, and, with the halo of this great triumph at the Bar still shining round his head, won a seat for the Conservatives. That decided Dizzy to risk an immediate dissolution, with the result that he was hopelessly beaten. The Member for Southwark was swept away in the tide, but found a seat at Plymouth, and was made a Law Officer of the Crown as soon as the Conservative Party came into their own again.

## CHAPTER XIX

*January 2, 1909.*

To the Earl of Granard, just now in New York preparing for his wedding, Fortune has within the last three years come with both hands full. At the time of the General Election he was a captain in the Scots Guards, with a good record, but his name was unknown to the general public. A pretty story attaches to his entrance upon political life through the advantageous doorway of a ministerial appointment. In the officers' mess-room of his regiment he was the solitary representative of Liberal opinion. When Campbell-Bannerman was forming his Ministry it occurred to Lord Granard's brother officers that they might have a little lark with him. One morning he received a letter, purporting to be written by direction of the Prime Minister asking him to call at his private residence.

Mentioning the matter at the mess table, the young captain was overwhelmed with congratulations. Clearly "C.-B." meant to offer him office. On sending in his name at No. 10 Downing Street, Lord Granard was admitted to the presence of the Premier, whom he thought seemed a little puzzled at the morning call. Working cannily round, C.-B. arrived at the truth of the matter. His eyes twinkled as he perused the letter handed to him by Lord Granard. When he left the room the captain had been offered and had accepted the post of Lord-in-Waiting to His Majesty. It was not much to begin with, but it led to higher things. Lord Granard is now Master of the Horse, and represents the Post Office in the House of Lords.

It was during a visit to the United States in the service of the Post Office that he wooed and won his bride, one of

the great heiresses of the United States. Niece of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, she is the granddaughter of the Mr. Mills who dowered the wife of the American Ambassador with a million sterling.

*January 5.*

Under His Majesty's reign much has been done to increase the convenience and attractiveness of Balmoral as a residence. In the late Queen's time there remained many traces of the frugality with which it was originally designed. Prominent among its shortcomings was the absence of a smoking-room. The Prince Consort never smoked, and the objection, conformable to her own taste, was strictly observed by the Queen. Campbell-Bannerman told me of his disastrous experience in this respect. Accustomed to regard a good, preferably large, cigar as the primest adjunct to dinner, he bitterly lamented its exclusion from the privileges of royal hospitality. After suffering deprivation for a couple of nights, a happy thought struck him. Having retired to his room, presumably to his bed, he, first locking the door, opened the window and enjoyed his cigar.

This did very well till there came a night when rain and storm made it impossible to open the window. A man of resource and invention, C.-B. sat close in to the fender, lit his cigar, and puffed the smoke up the chimney. This seemed better than the policy of the open window. But disaster befell in the morning. It appeared that his room shared the chimney-stack with Her Majesty's chamber. The subtle aroma of the cigar unmistakably found its way into the royal bedchamber, and though no questions were directly put, the subject was pointedly alluded to, the guilty conscience of the Minister convincing him that, though not openly accused, he was secretly suspected.

*January 9.*

Amongst London clubs whose name and address will

not be found in any of the ordinary channels of information is one that numbers among its members some of the best-known men in literature, science, art, and the drama. Its business is to take in hand any criminal case that temporarily or permanently baffles the police, discuss it in all its bearings, and attempt to form a theory and trace a clue. It had its birth at the time of the Maybrick case, and has dealt with all succeeding mysteries of crime, whether alleged or undisputable. Amongst the members is a prominent officer of Scotland Yard who, it is understood (by members of the club), has more than once benefited by the keen insight and profound suggestions of the amateur detectives.

It is certainly to their credit that from the first they discarded the idea of the guilt of Mr. Beck, who suffered one long term of imprisonment, and was threatened by another, owing to his luckless possession of "a double." At the present time the club is turning its searchlight upon what is known as the Welsh motor-car mystery, which marks the disappearance of a young lady who, in the dead of night, was said to have been tipped over the cliffs near Llandudno and washed out to sea by a tide that stopped considerably short of the spot on which the body must have fallen.

*January 23.*

Lord Charles Beresford's distribution of a litter of bull pups among certain battleships of the fleet under his command is not the first action on his part associating an old friend and companion dear with the King's Navee. I had the honour of the somewhat intimate acquaintance of the proud father of the pups when a guest on Lord Charles's flagship. I fancy he appreciated the sympathy expressed for him in his struggle over the somewhat steep stairway leading from the quarter-deck to the saloon and state cabins. Being a trifle stout and short of breath, he used to groan direfully at the unwonted exercise, whether it led him on to the deck or below.

He was the second of his race who has enjoyed the advantage of the cheery ownership of Lord Charles Beresford. It was his father whose association with the great battleship named after King Edward VII was made permanent when he died. Lord Charles had a cast taken of his massive countenance. Masks of brass were formed and fastened on to the end of the wooden tampions of the cannon when not in practice. On the quarter-deck of the flagship a pair of these living likenesses of the sire look down upon the son and heir as he walks about, or lazily lies at full length, permitting himself to be bullied by the ship's cat, which he could break in two with a sudden snap of his massive jaws.

*January 25.*

There is no doubt that the salvation of the passengers and crew of the *Republic* was due to the agency of wireless telegraphy. Although the novelty of the invention has worn off, there remains something eerie in the idea of the unseen messages travelling over sea and land summoning help and bringing it in time from divers points of the compass. There remains a difficulty which has an important bearing on the possibility of this beneficent work. On the last homeward voyage I made from New York, the steamer, one of the largest of the Cunard Line, was struck by a furious gale. For twenty-eight hours the big ship lay to, helpless as a cork, with great green seas washing over her. There were some moments of peril when one thought gratefully of the wireless telegraphy apparatus at the top of the mast, which, only a few days earlier, I had used to send a farewell dispatch to a New York paper.

When subsidence of the storm made it possible to reach the telegraph office at the foot of the mast, I learned that during the height of the hurricane the apparatus had been blown clear away, and there was no possibility of repairing it in the teeth of the gale. This is obviously a



natural, certainly a fatal defect. In the case of the *Republic*, what the ship chiefly had to contend with was fog. In such circumstances wireless telegraphy is a priceless boon. But if the frail apparatus is to be the first wreckage on a storm-driven ship, as was the case with us on the Cunarder, its value decreases abysmally.

*January 27.*

There was a comical scene at the Horse Guards yesterday, when a visitor from the country, having hired a wagonette with intention of showing his family round the town, attempted to drive through the passage leading out of Parliament Street. The sentries were literally up in arms, and the wagonette was ignominiously backed out. This narrow passage, sentinelled on either side by a mounted guardsman, is one of the few remaining relics of aristocratic privilege in the Metropolis. The personages permitted to use it as a thoroughfare, outside the Royal Family, may be counted on the fingers of both hands. Frank Lockwood used to tell a story in connection with it. One afternoon, driving from the Law Courts in a hurry to reach his home in Lennox Gardens, he bade his coachman essay the passage. The carriage was promptly pulled up by the sentry. Lockwood, not then Solicitor-General or knighted, put his head out of the window and sternly said :

“ Do you know you are stopping one of Her Majesty’s counsel ? ”

The guardsman saluted, drew back a step, and the carriage went on its way.

Lockwood justified this escapade by a precedent created by Lord Brougham. Shortly after becoming Lord Chancellor, he set out to attend the Queen’s Drawing-room. Attempting to drive through the Horse Guards’ passage, he was stopped by the sentry, who, in answer to remonstrance, produced from the sentry-box a written order forbidding any carriage to pass through the gate except those conveying members of the Royal Family,

the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Brougham's keen eye discovered on the list the name of another privileged person in Lord Shaftesbury, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. This was too much for the fiery Lord Chancellor, who, popping his wigged head out of the window, ordered the coachman to drive on. Before the sentry could interpose, the carriage was through, the horses galloping across the Horse Guards' Parade.

*January 30.*

The death of Coquelin, unexpected in both capitals, creates almost as much sorrow in London as in Paris. The great actor was frequently seen on the London stage, and his brief visits on social errands were even more frequent. He was on terms of personal friendship with all our principal actors. The last time I met him was at a Sunday-night dinner given by Charles Wyndham. Very rarely have there been seated round the same table such a galaxy of stars of the British theatrical firmament. Amongst them, within a month or two of his death, was Henry Irving, with whom in the bonds of genius and sympathy Coquelin was on the most affectionate terms. Their opportunity of exchanging ideas was limited by the fact that, whilst Coquelin spoke only a little English, Irving's mastery of the French language was even more feeble. But they got along splendidly.

Coquelin was on better terms with the host, who speaks French fluently. It was a pure delight to hear him in his native tongue. All educated French people are punctilious in giving due pronunciation to every syllable of the spoken word. This quality in private life, as on the stage, Coquelin brought to the highest perfection. Considering that he was an embodiment of the *esprit* of a domain of French art, he was in personal appearance and in dress curiously like an Englishman of the "bourgeois" class.

On an earlier occasion, when I was invited to meet the great actor at a dinner, he, owing to a hapless misappre-

hension, did not put in an appearance. He was acting in London at the time, and it was necessary that the dinner hour should be fixed for half-past six. The hostess's invitation was for early dinner and the theatre afterwards. She lived in a flat at the West End, and, friends being accustomed to drop in at any hour between four and seven o'clock, she gave special instructions to the hall porter that after five o'clock she was not at home. When I arrived at half-past six I found entrance barred by this injunction, but succeeded in making the porter understand that I was invited to dinner.

We waited till seven o'clock for Coquelin, and, concluding that he had mistaken the day or met with misadventure, sat down to the meal. On leaving for the theatre at eight o'clock, the hostess found on the table in the hall Coquelin's card turned up at the corner, and on the top was written "Me voici." It appeared that he arrived a little after half-past six and was told by the porter that madame was not at home. He explained and remonstrated in mingled English and French. Difficulty in understanding all he meant confirmed the hall porter in the conviction that he was not the sort of person whom madame would desire to see, and the anxiously awaited guest regretfully withdrew, dinnerless.

*February 13.*

When the new session opens next week, the House of Commons will, for the first time in its history, enjoy the service of its own staff of reporters. Up to a recent period, the duty of taking and preserving record of Parliamentary debates was in the hands of a private firm whose name has added a word to the English language. To speak of Hansard is to refer to the octavo volumes of Parliamentary reports published at brief intervals throughout the session, stored at clubs, and inconveniently filling the libraries of Members, among whose few perquisites is a free copy. The last scion of the Hansard family withdrawing from the business, the series, still bearing the

historic name, was continued under other auspices. The work done was so unsatisfactory that, two years ago, a Select Committee was appointed to enquire into the whole subject. It is upon their recommendation that the new departure has been taken.

Henceforth the debates will be reported by a corps under the direct control of the Speaker, their salaries charged on the Civil Service Estimates. It was proposed to the Committee that the official staff of reporters should have accommodation provided for them on the floor of the House of Lords. But the Committee, whilst admitting that such an arrangement would lead to the best results, shrank from creating the precedent of giving admission to strangers on the floor of the House. This ancient but ever-green prejudice is carried to the extent that, whilst the House of Lords messengers may freely move about conveying notes to the Peers, in the Commons they may not step beyond the Bar. This will explain to ladies in the Gallery (when they get back there) the familiar spectacle of a gold-chained messenger undergoing strange gymnastics in the effort to pass a note or card to a Member without overstepping the invisible Bar.

*February 15.*

The promotion of the Lord Advocate "Tommy" Shaw to the Appellant Bench with a life peerage is calculated to increase the fervour with which barristers turn towards a Parliamentary life. No other profession carries with it such high percentage of possible personal advancement. Generals and admirals, colonels and captains hanker after the House of Commons; but membership does not mean for them advantage professional or otherwise. It is different with the Bar. Of judges at present seated on the Bench, by far the largest proportion have advanced by the Parliamentary gateway. Of one-half it is not harsh or unjust to say that but for claim established in political warfare, they would never have mounted the

Bench. When, seventeen years ago, Shaw entered the House of Commons as Member for a Scottish Borough, his name was absolutely unknown south of the Tweed. At the Scottish Bar he had a respectable rather than a distinguished position. He had the good fortune to arrive on the Parliamentary scene just when the Liberals, after long exile, had scraped their way back to office, with an inadequate majority of forty. Appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1894, he was promoted to the post of Lord Advocate when his party came in with a rush in 1905, and now reaches one of the highest seats on the judicial bench.

The case is cited because it is the latest to illustrate the point. There are among contemporaries at least a dozen others, including the Lord Chancellor. For many years "Bob" Reid ponderously practised at the Bar, earning a moderate income, but little professional distinction. Retaining his seat for Dumfries at the General Election of 1892, he was, two years later, made Solicitor-General. In the same year, among the exigencies of a crumbling Ministry, he became Attorney-General, and, by right of succession, was seated on the Woolsack when "C.-B." formed his Ministry. Had he never entered Parliament he would to-day have still been plodding his way at the Bar.

These are hard sayings for barristers who keep clear of the political arena and see others, with the magic letters M.P. after their names, passed over their heads. It is nevertheless a proud and just boast for the profession, that though a barrister may owe his advancement to politics, the English judicial bench is absolutely free from taint of political partisanship.

## CHAPTER XX

*February 24, 1909.*

It is noteworthy, throughout a long and occasionally turbulent controversy, how faithfully the Cecil family stand by the principle of Free Trade. It was with difficulty that Arthur Balfour, kinsman on the spindle side, was forced reluctantly to appear to bend the knee to Baal. Lord Hugh Cecil abandoned a brilliant Parliamentary career rather than sear his conscience in the matter, and his brother, Lord Robert, has up to date proved equally stalwart. The late Marquis of Salisbury, though retired from the Premiership and from active participation in public affairs, was still alive when Chamberlain startled the world by unfurling his new flag. Lady Selborne told me at the time that her father declared that, if he were still living and able to leave his room, he would at any risk go down to the House of Lords and oppose legislation submitted with intention to undermine national Free Trade principles.

*February 25.*

Gladstone used to tell a story of a man practically dead being brought up to vote in a critical division in the House of Commons. A somewhat parallel case happened so recently as the year 1876. Amongst the majority who placed Disraeli in power in 1874 was a member of a well-known Irish family who sat for a borough in the north of Ireland. Accustomed to dine not wisely but too well, his return to the House late at night was always a matter of anxiety to the party Whips, and of amusement to mischievous members of the Opposition. One night he was discovered standing at the Table by the Mace, with grave countenance consulting books of refer-

ence stocked there. It is a breach of order for a Member to be on his legs while another is addressing the House. After a while cries of "Order!" woke the hon. and gallant Member from his reverie. Hurriedly attempting to make his way between the Treasury Bench and the Table, he stumbled and fell on the knees of Disraeli, seated with folded arms in his habitual attitude of profound attention. This was more than could be borne with possibility of repetition.

The Member disappeared from the Parliamentary scene for a full year. In the session of 1876 Dizzy introduced the "Royal Titles Bill." On one occasion Sir Henry James having submitted an amendment restricting the use of the word "Empress" to matters connected with the internal affairs of India, he made the vote one of confidence in the Government. The Ministerial whipping-up was tremendous, amongst infrequent attendants being the gallant but bibulous member alluded to, who was brought from the place where he was under private detention and treatment, returning thither after he had voted for his Queen and country.

*February 26.*

Readers of *Tono Bungay*, Wells's latest novel, will be struck at the outset by the graphic, evidently faithful description of life in the housekeeper's room in a big drapery establishment. One would think the most active imagination would fail if drawn upon for particulars in this special field of enquiry. In connection with the matter, a Member of the House of Commons, an eminent medical man, tells me an interesting story. Thirty years ago he was on a visit to a country house in Kent. Whilst dressing for dinner on the night of his arrival, the housekeeper, whose acquaintance he had made on a former visit, rushed in and besought him to go to her room and see her son, who had been suddenly attacked by a fit of hæmorrhage. He promptly obeyed the summons, and

found in the patient young Wells, in common with the rest of the world unconscious of his ultimate fame as a popular novelist.

Wells, like Charles Dickens in *David Copperfield*, is habitually disposed to introduce into his novels autobiographical touches dealing with early obscure days. In private conversation he makes no secret of the fact that in early manhood he spent more than a year behind the counter of a draper's shop in Folkestone. Vivid recollections of his surroundings will be found in one of his brightest novels, *Kipps*.

February 27.

It is a curious and happy coincidence that in the case of son and father the Du Mauriers have happened upon unexpected good luck. The success of Captain Du Maurier as a dramatist is a great surprise to himself and family, as was his father's sudden blooming in the garden of fiction. So little did the elder Du Maurier think of his prospects as a novelist that, having thought out the plot of *Peter Ibbetson* and written some of the earlier chapters, he actually offered the whole thing to Henry James for his private personal use. The already established novelist declined the gift, pressing Du Maurier to complete his own work, which he reluctantly, uncheered by hope, did. *Peter Ibbetson*, which in considerable degree was autobiographical, was a success rather with the critics than with the general public. Du Maurier himself thought it was his best work, a judgment in which I heartily concur. It was *Trilby* that came on with a rush, lifting him to the front rank of popular novelists, and raising the price of his next book to the rare level of £10,000.

In the matter of dramatising *Trilby*, Du Maurier was consistently haphazard. An offer came to him from an American dabbler in theatricals, who proposed a half share in the profits of the play if Du Maurier conceded to him exclusive rights of representation in the United



States. Du Maurier consented, and thought little more of the business. One morning the mail brought him a letter from New York, enclosing a draft for £480, being the first, and by no means the last, instalment of his royalties. He made a still better bargain with Beerbohm Tree, who produced the play on this side of the Atlantic. But, as he used to say, it was all happy chance. His son, on active service in the Army, writing his first play, *An Englishman's Home*, finds himself, like his father, at a stride famous and passing rich.

George Grossmith made his fortune in quite different manner. When I first knew him he was acting as deputy for his father as reporter at Bow Street Police Court. George Grossmith the elder was one of the early pioneers of the single-handed platform entertainment in vogue in mid-Victorian era. His son, following his steps on the platform as well as at the entrance to Bow Street Police Court, modestly began and steadily advanced. He found his great opportunity in the first of the series of plays produced in collaboration by Gilbert and Sullivan under the managerial direction of D'Oyley Carte. It was a plucky thing to quit the Savoy Stage, where he was prime favourite, to embark on a tour in the provinces with a piano. The adventure was splendidly justified. From drawing a salary of £38 a week at the Savoy, he soon came to reap a harvest of £10,000 a year all to himself.

Settling down at Folkestone, he is now about to enjoy rest well and honourably earned. His leisure will afford opportunity for the production of those impromptu little farces with which he is accustomed to lighten the labours of a strenuous life. The latest was played at one of the big supper-parties at which great ladies are "At Home" to a multitude of friends. It occurred to Gee-Gee that it would be a pleasant variety if, instead of spending his time wholly as a guest, he were to take a turn as waiter. Planting himself behind one of the tables, he dispensed hospitality with a deftness that charmed his fellow-labourers.

There approached an elderly, spectacled gentleman of meekest demeanour. "Will you give me a glass of champagne," he said, addressing the odd man.

"No, sir, I will not," said Gee-Gee in sternest voice, regarding him with a look of pained regret. "You've had too much already."

The meek gentleman, feebly gasping remonstrance, walked away.

*February 28.*

On Sunday Sir John Tenniel enters upon his ninetieth year. Born in 1820, whilst George the Fourth was king, before railways were, he carries into extreme old age much of the healthfulness of body and all the cheerfulness of spirit that buoyed him up through his working days. His chief trouble is dimness of sight, a failing that had much to do with his retirement from *Punch* eight years ago. Within the last twelve months he has gone through the ordeal of changing his residence. From time immemorial he has been domiciled in Portsdown Road. It was something of a wrench to leave a place hallowed by many associations. For local reasons it had to be done, and Tenniel faced the necessity with his accustomed cheerfulness. Nominally he still remains a member of the *Punch* staff, of which for many years he was the doyen. When he retired from active service it was with the intention of looking in occasionally at the weekly dinners. Only once he fulfilled the intention. Of late years he has not felt equal to facing street traffic, even in a carriage, and, save for occasional visits of old friends and colleagues, has withdrawn from social life in which as far back as the time of Charles Dickens he was accustomed to take a leading part.

*March 5.*

The other day I made the acquaintance of a dog, which I am certain never felt stick or lash when training. Beppo is of pure collie breed; and though London life has

operated disadvantageously in the direction of making him unduly fat, he preserves his natural brightness of intellect. Naturally, being an inmate of the house of a distinguished dignitary of the Roman Church, he is *bon Catholique* to the last hair of his tail. This is evidenced in several ways. If at luncheon or dinner, his appetite whetted by various savoury smells, you call him up and place on his broad snout a sweet biscuit, such as his soul loveth, Beppo, sniffing at the biscuit, and keeping his bright eyes fixed on Monsignor, is briefly catechised. "Are you a Dissenter?" Beppo's eyes twinkle with a light that may be of scorn, or may be of apprehension that the biscuit is about to fall off. Other sign he makes not. "Are you a Protestant?" Again Beppo's eyes twinkle. Otherwise he moves not a muscle. "Are you a Catholic?" Snap! Beppo has shaken his snout with a mighty noise, and the biscuit which awhile rested on it is now half-way down his throat.

That Beppo's confession of faith is not to be elicited only by questions in the English language may be further shown. A biscuit is thrown on the floor under his nose. He sniffs and smacks his lips, but does not touch the dainty morsel. "*Êtes-vous bon Catholique?*" says Monsignor in a casual way. In an instant, as with an electric shock, Beppo's mouth is on the biscuit and he is munching it with a certain pious unction only to be acquired by a conscience at rest on points of orthodoxy. One other test of unyielding advocacy of the religion in which he has been brought up. Passing a biscuit several times between his lips, so as to assure him of its flavour, it is thrown on the floor with the observation "That is for the Czar." Beppo watches it furtively, but makes no approach. Presently he judiciously turns his back on the tempting morsel, occasionally regarding it sideways to see that no other dog less sound in principle has entered and, regardless of the accursed association, is about to eat it. This may go on if you please for half an hour, during which

time ostentatious forgetfulness of Beppo's existence is maintained. Then, cursorily, while speaking to the guests, Monsignor says: "Good old boy; eat it for the Pope." A great sound fills the apartment, a sudden leap upwards, a bound across the room, an unerring descent upon the biscuit. Once more the troubled expression of watchfulness on Beppo's bright face has disappeared, and he is calmly munching a biscuit.

*March 10.*

There has been trouble in the ladies' gallery before to-day, but nothing equal to what just now rages round the suffragette question. When a motion relating to the Contagious Diseases Act was an annual affair the Speaker instructed the attendant on the ladies' gallery to inform applicants for admission of the nature of the subject under debate, and suggest they probably would not care to be present. But there was no prohibition, much less display of force, the intimation generally sufficing. The late Sir John Hay used to tell a delightful story about the gallery. Many years ago, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill coming up for discussion, Mr. Henley, then still with us, regarding the question as one not to be discussed in the presence of ladies, brought about the clearance of the gallery. Looking up some time later he discerned in a corner an angular bonneted face peering through the bars.

He communicated with the Speaker, and a messenger was dispatched with peremptory order for the solitary occupant of the gallery to clear out. She declined, threatening to scream if a man's hand were laid upon her. The messenger, retiring repulsed, reported to the Speaker. Mr. Denison in those far-off days occupied the Chair. Beckoning to Sir John Hay, he said:

"Tell Henley I have twice sent up instructions to clear the gallery. All but one have gone and she sits tight. I believe she is the deceased wife's sister herself. Better take no further notice of her and go on with the debate."

*April 10.*

There is something marvellous in the patience of the police in dealing with the militant section of the Suffragists. The performances now going on are bad enough for the rate-payer, whose already overwhelming burden is increased by charges incidentally arising therefrom. For the police the outbursts mean extra work, curtailment of holiday time and ordinary periods of daily rest. Sometimes the more violent or hysterical among the women strike and scratch.

In the organised raid on the House of Commons last night they threw themselves with all their force against the serried ranks of the police. They were kept at arms' length with unfailing gentleness, the burly guardians of the peace insisting on regarding the affair as a joke. It was only when, here and there, one insisted on earning her full share of notoriety by appearance in the police court that arrest was made. Whilst those earnestly and honestly desirous of the enfranchisement of women regard these orgies with feelings of shame and indignation, the public generally, differing from the police, think the matter has gone beyond a joke, and are beginning to insist that the performances shall be put down with a stronger hand by the action of the magistrates' courts.

*April 24.**From the American Ambassador*

DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.  
*April 24, 1909.*

DEAR MR. LUCY,

Thank you so much for your kind expressions about the term of my service. A careless answer of mine seemed to have misled you once on that matter, you are entitled to know that I have promised to remain at my post, bar unforeseen circumstances, "at least throughout the first year of the present administration."

I don't know exactly what all the newspaper reports about Dr. Eliot and others mean; but I do know that

the arrangement above indicated was intimated to me before they began, and that I am still expected to conform to it. I had explained that, owing to family circumstances (Mr. Mills' great age, and desire to have his family about him), I could not be counted on for another full term. I believe you quietly "stood pat" on your former announcement. If so, as you see, you were quite right on the essential point!

Believe me, with cordial regards to Mrs. Lucy and yourself,

Yours sincerely,  
WITELAW REID.

May 15.

The announcement made to-day that William O'Brien has settled down to permanent residence in Jerusalem adds a final touch of quaintness to a picturesque career. It is just forty years since he entered approach to public life as a reporter on a Cork newspaper. Migrating to Dublin, he joined the editorial staff of *Freeman's Journal* and in 1880 founded *United Ireland*, whence sprang the Land League, one of the most powerful agencies known in the turbulent times of Irish politics. Amongst the Old Guard of the Nationalist Party, he held proud pre-eminence in the matter of the number of times he was prosecuted and the aggregate period he spent in prison.

It was during one of these incarcerations, with Forster, then Chief Secretary, acting as gaoler, that there happened the episode of the breeches. His own garments rent from him, he declined to assume prison garb, and so for a while sat in his cell breechless but not forlorn, since from the high platform at Westminster his colleagues trumpeted the tale of the tyranny of which he was made the victim.

For some years O'Brien was a prominent figure in the House of Commons. A man of native ability, sharpened and extended by culture, he had in special degree the

national gift of eloquence. His method of delivery was peculiar rather than effective. Sometimes in addressing the hostile audience his voice sank to blood-curdling whispers. The next moment it rose to a piercing shriek, accompanied by wild waving of the arms. Marriage with a foreign lady placing him in circumstances of unfamiliar affluence was the turning-point of his career. Gradually he drew apart from his former colleagues, finally assuming an attitude of active hostility. Only the other day, sick at heart, hopeless of the future of Ireland, since it denied itself the guidance of his counsel, he resigned his safe seat at Cork, shook the dust of the Nationalist Council Chamber from off his feet, and, picturesquely original to the last, entered the gates of Jerusalem with intent to leave his bones in the holy city.

## CHAPTER XXI

*May 17, 1909.*

NOR the least remarkable thing in connection with the late Justice Day's sale of pictures was that the collector was physically one of the most short-sighted of public men. His closest companion in this infirmity was Lord Goschen. More than once I enjoyed the privilege of being shipmate with him on trips on the yacht of a mutual friend. It was quite a common thing, even in calm weather, to discover the learned judge prostrate face downward on the deck, having stumbled over some, by him, unseen obstacle. In course of time no one took notice of the incident, any more than of a gull wheeling past the yacht. He picked himself up, brushed down with his hands the knees of his trousers, and continued his conversation. On the Bench he presented the most wooden countenance ever seen beneath a wig. In congenial company he bubbled with fun, aptly illustrating current table talk with a humorous story. It was one of the marvels of his honoured career that, thus handicapped with semi-blindness, he was able to discern the beauties of dainty painting.

*May 22.*

If any householder desires to buy a battleship to be stored in his backyard, or to float in the ornamental lake in his park, now is his time. Old ironclads are cheap to-day. In accordance with the much-debated system of scrapping that will ever be associated with Sir John Fisher's rule at the Admiralty, a succession of vessels, once the pride of the Navy, are offered for sale by auction. For the tax-payer the transaction is marked by two de-



plorable features. One is the comparatively brief term of life assigned to a costly construction ; the other the stupendous difference between what an ironclad costs to build and what she brings when thrown on the market. Three men-of-war whose names are to be found in the last issue of the Navy List have just been offered for sale at Chatham Dockyard. They all ranked as First-Class Battleships. One, the *Rodney*, of over 10,000 tons, was built twenty years ago at a cost of £664,000 : she brought £21,350. The *Collingwood*, a thousand tons smaller, built twenty-three years ago at an outlay of £636,000, did not so deeply stir the blood of competitors. After some languid bidding, which did not go beyond £19,000, she was withdrawn. Though battered by cruel experience, the Admiralty could not let her go at that sum.

These ridiculously low prices are ruled by what is doubtless the well-considered policy of the Admiralty. If so-called obsolete battleships were sold in the open market, there is no doubt they would fetch a price nearer the original outlay. There still remain several South American States that would give a fair price for vessels discarded by the exigencies of a naval service pledged to what is known as the two-power strength. Even in Europe there is the Principality of Monaco. It possesses a fine bay, and, with exceptionally good seasons at Monte Carlo, the Prince might be inclined to treat himself to a cast-off battleship. According to the hide-bound traditions of the Admiralty, ships are sold out of the British Navy upon peremptory condition that they shall straightway be broken up. Things were not so bad when the old wooden walls of England came under the hammer. They found a ready market for resale as fire logs. Ironclads do not fetch more than the price of old iron, from which must be deducted the heavy cost of breaking up. Hence it comes to pass that a whole fleet of men-of-war twenty years old will not bring, at sale by auction, sufficient to pay for a single new Dreadnought, which itself, in due

course of time, will wend its melancholy way to the scrap-heap.

*May 23.*

A gruesome story that chilled the marrow of members on both sides of the House was current in the Lobby this afternoon. It is to the effect that the Prime Minister, convinced of the desirability of avoiding introduction of the guillotine on the various stages of the Finance Bill, and confronted by the absolute necessity of passing it, has invented a new plan. The Ministerial host is to be divided into watches, after the manner familiar in his working days to the Ancient Mariner, and still prevalent on ships that pass in the night. Only instead of a turn-in for four hours and a watch on deck for another four, performance of duty will be divided into periods of four weeks. Thus a body of Ministerialists ensuring a majority in the Division Lobby will be in attendance through the month of August, whilst others make holiday. These returning—like giants refreshed, as the late Mr. Biggar described himself on rejoining at break of day an all-night sitting, some hours of which he had spent in repose on a couple of chairs in the Library—will serve their four weeks' hard labour, their comrades resting, ready to return in October if necessary. Meanwhile the wan ghosts of the Opposition will have been unintermittently chained to the labouring oar.

*May 29.*

Some eight or nine years ago at a time when the country was deeply shamed and had reason to be profoundly alarmed at disclosures of the total unreadiness of the War Office to meet the enemy in the gate of the Transvaal, I happened to meet at dinner Sir John Ardagh, then head of the Intelligence Department. He had for some months been the butt of angry recrimination in the Press, the object of unsparing criticism in Parliamentary debate. The specific charge brought against his Department was that

it had totally broken down in the work assigned to it, upon which the efficiency of the army and the Empire depended. It was alleged that it failed to ascertain the numerical strength of the Boers; that it was in dense ignorance as to the extent of their armament, more especially artillery; that it was blind to the Boers' designs on Natal; that there never dawned upon it the possibility of the Orange Free State making common cause with the Transvaal; and that, in respect of minor details, the troops were left unfurnished with maps, unenlightened with topographical information.

These charges were in each case well founded. Only the persons with whom responsibility lay were Her Majesty's Ministers, not the Intelligence Department. In the course of conversation Ardagh told me that in respect of every one of the matters cited the Intelligence Department had kept the Government informed, not casually, but by reiterated communications in the form of official reports. When, at the close of the War, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the circumstances attendant upon it, the evidence forthcoming more than justified Sir John Ardagh's statement, the fullness of which was limited by his constitutional tendency to efface himself. In their report the Commissioners extolled the "remarkably accurate information" conveyed to the War Office by the Intelligence Department, information which with incredible, not to say criminal, apathy was systematically disregarded. Probably few of the people who deplored a state of things which recalled the maladministration that darkened the days of the Crimea read the report of the Royal Commission.

*May 30.*

Amongst distinctions recently bestowed upon the Prime Minister is that of admission to the circle of the Elder Brethren of Trinity. This is one of the most ancient and honourable of London Guilds. Among its long list of

distinguished men bears figures the name of Gladstone. A peculiarity of the Guild is that on festive occasions members wear a quaint apparel which dates back far beyond the nineteenth century. Asquith, whilst fully recognising the honour done him by election to the Brotherhood, particularly cherishes this uniform. By special exception it is admissible at all State functions, Royal or otherwise. Outside the Guild, statesmen and others attendant upon Drawing-rooms or dining in the company of the Sovereign are compelled to wear the tight white breeches, cut-away coat, and black stockings which pertain to the status of Privy Councillor. No one will accuse Asquith of being a dressy man. The necessity of occasionally getting into Privy Councillor's attire is a penalty from which he rejoices to be relieved by the privilege of wearing the costume of an elder Brother of Trinity House.

*June 5.*

A proposal is on foot to establish in this country a new Trades Union to be composed of domestic servants. The idea is borrowed from the United States, long in the thrall of what is known as the Household Employees' Union. The rules of the Transatlantic Institution are proposed as the basis of the British Corporation. I have seen a copy which suggests alarming thoroughness in the matter. It is decreed that the working day in the kitchen shall not exceed eight hours, and "shall end when the dishes are washed and put away." That done, man or maid is to be master of his or her time. In vain may bells from the dining-room or drawing-room "go a-ringing for Sarah." It is further ordained that domestic servants, in addition to Sunday privileges, shall be allowed one afternoon or one evening out in each week. Sunday hours run from nine o'clock in the morning till midday, no work of any kind being done after 3 p.m.

Cooks being members of the Union are forbidden to accept wages at the rate of less than £1 a week; chamber-

maids and nurse-maids must turn up their noses at any offer of less than 16s. a week ; whilst " inexperienced maids or apprentices " are graciously authorised to accept 12s. a week to begin with. Cooks are not permitted to wash or iron, nor may laundresses cook—which, though on the face of it is a severe injunction, may actually be a blessing in disguise. All complaints on the part of the employers are to be made to the agent of the Union, who will obligingly put matters straight. Finally—and this is the gem of the ordinances—" gentlemen friends shall not be barred from the kitchen or back porch."

This state of things, which suggests an elaborate joke, but is actually a matter-of-fact business arrangement, may do well in a country where domestic service is at a premium. It is hardly likely to find successful transplantation to British homes. In America the relations between Capital and Labour in all their varied forms differ essentially from those rooted in the old country. For the last two years the American workman, suffering with his master from the result of a great financial crisis, has been in sore straits, compelled to bear himself with a quite unfamiliar appearance of submission. But the domestic servant, indispensable at the worst of times, still maintains an attitude of supremacy. Complaints are occasionally made by the heads of British households of the tyranny of the servants' hall. No one unfamiliar with domestic life in the United States can realise to what heights and depths it may reach. The consequence is seen in the fashionable habit of living in hotels or boarding-houses, to the destruction of what, in spite of invasion scares, is still the Englishman's home.

*June 12.*

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, S.W.  
*June 12, 1909.*

MY DEAR LUCY,

It is a great pleasure to me to propose to you, with the King's approval, that you should become a Knight

on His Majesty's approaching Birthday. I hope this recognition of your work may be agreeable to you, and not the less so because it is conveyed to you through the medium of an old and grateful friend,

Yours very sincerely,

H. H. ASQUITH.

*June 14.*

Last week Jack Pease, the Liberal Whip, came up to me in the Lobby and with studied air of casualty asked whether I had any objection to being knighted. He went on to explain that the Premier was under the impression that Campbell-Bannerman had offered me the honour and that I had declined it. I told him there was no foundation for the report, and, changing the conversation to the topic of the weather, or other important subject, he strolled back to the Whip's office. This morning returning to town, having spent the week-end at Hythe, I found the above letter among a batch of others awaiting me.

*June 16.*

Nine years ago I sat at table at the Savoy Hotel next to Captain Scott, to whom was given a farewell dinner on the eve of his voyage in the *Discovery* in search of the South Pole. Last night I dined again at the same hotel, to meet Lieutenant Shackleton on his return from the Antarctic regions, where he planted his flag a considerable way nearer the Pole than was reached by his predecessor. He told me he was present at the former dinner, being invited with other of Captain Scott's officers. In face of his unparalleled achievement, and the fact that he is to-day the man of the hour in the height of the London season, it is odd to think that he passed unnoticed on the earlier occasion. Yesterday's host was Mr. Heinemann, who will publish Shackleton's story of his enterprise. Judging from the bold adventurer's speech, illumined with frequent shafts of quiet humour, it is likely to be, from the literary point of view, worthy of its theme.

No one is prepared to find in the hero of this latest expedition to

The vast and godlike spaces,  
The stern and solemn solitudes,  
That sentinel the Pole,

an almost boyish-looking man. I do not know his exact age, but as he told me that the ideal age for an Arctic voyager is thirty, I suppose that is about the number of his years. "Too old at forty" is a new reading of a familiar line applied to would-be recruits for voyages to either Pole. Three of his companions who were present at the dinner are equally youthful in appearance. Remembering their privations, which finally reached a stage at which starvation actually gripped them, the men look in the perfection of health, and are already beginning to yearn for sight of the frozen seas and wastes of snow. Shackleton certainly means to go South again, this time to cover the last hundred miles which hunger blockaded last January.

*June 17.*

Went down to Portsmouth for the great sea pageant, last of the spectacles in the London programme of the entertainment of the colonial delegates to the Press Conference. The spectacle has had reassuring effect upon the minds of feeble folk scared by noisy talk of the decadence of the naval supremacy of Great Britain. Here, fully prepared for work if war were declared to-morrow, was the biggest fleet ever anchored since the Ark was the world's sole Dreadnought and Noah its Jack Fisher. It was only a portion of a naval force, other squadrons of which carried the flag to the uttermost ends of the earth. In presence of it political controversy was hushed, the press of all classes and sections of party joining in a pæan of satisfaction which possibly cynical critics in Germany and elsewhere regarded as scarcely less worthy a mighty kingdom than was its preceding fit of shivering apprehension.

For my part, as a spectator, whilst fully impressed with the magnitude and strength of the marshalled forces, a little episode brought most vividly to mind the devilish ingenuity of modern instruments of warfare. Whilst the Dreadnought lay at anchor, her decks crowded with the guests of the Admiralty, a line of swiftly steaming black-painted ships passed at a distance something under a mile. As one after another they steamed by, the looker-on observed something leap from the deck into the sea. It sank out of sight, but its course towards the Dreadnought was marked by a pathway of bubblestumultuously floating on the surface. As it swiftly advanced, and finally struck the guarded sides of the great battleship, there appeared what looked like the head of a dull-eyed fish, with signs of a body shaped like a dolphin.

The passing ships were destroyers, and these were torpedoes launched with unerring aim at the mighty target. Approach of the destroyers being signalled, the steel network, which blue-jackets call the ship's crinoline, was lowered. Against it the torpedoes beat in vain. What was strange to see was the perseverance of attack. There was an almost human look of despairing disappointment about the fish-heads as again and again they were beaten back by the network against which, impelled by intricate machinery near the tail, they attempted to get at the hull of the big battleship.

Of course dummy heads were fitted on what were actual torpedoes. In action there projects from the nose of the fish-head an electric wire, which, striking the side of the doomed ship, explodes the torpedo. This happily was lacking, and the angry messengers from the destroyers dashed themselves harmlessly against the network, sometimes leaping half out of the water in the energy of the attack. Given full effect, catching the ship unaware, with the network stowed away on deck, the impact of a single torpedo would make an end of the Dreadnought, its



crowded crew, and (this by comparison is a trifle) the taxpayers' two million sterling.

June 18.

Whatever other distinction may eventually belong to the work, it is already settled that the official *History of the South African War* will prove the costliest book of its size and scope ever printed in this country. Three volumes have already been issued at a cost to the nation exceeding £10,000 each. The fourth is now in hand, and may be confidently counted upon to maintain the average of expenditure. Public interest in the work may be measured by the dolorous fact that sales hitherto have reached an amount slightly exceeding £1,100. The work is being conducted under the direction of the Imperial Defence Committee. It is to be hoped that development of their capacity in other fields is not to be measured by their success as publishers. Had the task been confided to one of the big London firms, it would have been completed years ago in conditions that would not only have relieved the Treasury from this monstrous drain on its resources, but would have handsomely repaid both writers and publishers. As things turn out, I expect not one man in a hundred recalls the fact that the stupendous, overweighted work is still in progress. By the time it is finished the Boer War will seem almost as remote as that fought out in the Crimea.

June 25.

Last night, I being at the House, my wife was alarmed by the unwonted incident of half a dozen telegrams arriving at a late hour in rapid succession. The secret was out this morning when the Birthday Honours were announced, my name appearing in the list of knight-hoods. I had not mentioned to her the receipt of the Premier's letter. The telegrams were from editors and sub-editors of morning newspapers, who had been made aware of the incident on the issue of the *Gazette*. Their warm personal

congratulations pleasantly preluded others reaching me in due course from journalists in town and country. In the evening we went to parties at the Foreign Office and Lansdowne House, two distinct political and social gatherings where similar good feeling was displayed.

June 26.

Dined last night at Downing Street with the Prime Minister. Amongst the birthday guests was the Prince of Wales (George V).

After dinner we retired to the drawing-room, the guests forming a convenient circle so that H.R.H. might pass round and talk with anyone. With accustomed modesty, I retired to the outer circle of the ring. The Prince and Premier, standing on the hearth-rug, conversed for some time. I observed the former looking across at me and putting some question to Asquith. On receiving reply, he walked right over to where I stood, and with a polite reference to the pleasure he weekly enjoyed on reading the Parliamentary Diary in *Punch*, he talked of House of Commons men, displaying intimate knowledge and shrewd judgment of their personal characteristics. The conversation was prolonged, but its almost exclusive contributor was the Prince.

In accordance with arrangements duly made, the Premier and his royal guests were, after dinner, to cross the road to the India Office, where a great crowd was assembled in honour of the King's birthday. Twice an aide-de-camp came up and reminded the Prince of the engagement. He nodded his head in acquiescence and went on talking.

I was struck by the total absence of ceremony in his manner. The usual procedure when Royalty desires to honour a commoner with personal notice is to have him brought up and introduced into what the Court Circular reverentially calls the "Presence." Wishing to speak to me, the Prince strolled across the room with a slightly

rolling step, reminiscent of the quarter-deck, and began to talk without ceremony of presentation.

July 3.

The peculiar personal bitterness that marks the feeling of political opponents to a Liberal Government is irrepressible even in private correspondence. Early in the overwhelming congratulations that reached me on the occasion of my knighthood was a telegram from an eminent occupant of the Front Opposition Bench, which ran thus: "It is the only good thing this Government has done." The sardonic humour is expanded in a letter from a Lord of Appeal, a law officer of the Crown in the late Ministry. "I did not think it was possible," he writes, "for the Government to do anything which would induce me to pardon to any extent their many iniquities. Well, I was wrong. They have done so. I write to congratulate you on the result—your well 'earned increment,' and at the same time to confess they have sweetened the super-tax on my income to a considerable extent."

The wittiest telegram was the briefest: "A quite natural sequence—the longest day and the shortest knight." This is two days out of the almanack reckoning, but it is near enough for a K.C.

July 5.

When I was John Hay's guest in his Washington house, he showed me a strip of paper he highly valued. It was a line scrawled by Abraham Lincoln, dated September 22, 1863, recalling with curious minuteness of parallel the journey to London of Jeanie Deans, as told in *The Heart of Midlothian*. During the American Civil War the sister of a young soldier who had fallen asleep at his post and was straightway sentenced to be shot travelled from Indiana to Washington to plead with the commanding officer for the life of her brother. The general refusing even to see her, the girl made her way to the White House, and obtaining access to the President, told him her story. "Will

general please see and hear this young lady," Lincoln wrote on a half-sheet of notepaper. Even as he signed it the general entered the room, and, more obedient to the President's command than to the sister's pleading, he remitted the sentence. The good work accomplished, Lincoln crumpled up the slip of paper and threw it into the waste-paper basket, whence it was rescued by Colonel John Hay, at the time Lincoln's secretary, later President Roosevelt's right-hand man at Washington.

## CHAPTER XXII

July 24, 1909.

MAXIME ELLIOTT dined last night at Ashley Gardens, where she made early capture of the susceptible heart of Jack Fisher, who was among the guests. She told a charming story from the domestic circle at Marlborough House. The other day King Edward looked in to share the lunch which serves as dinner for the children of the Prince of Wales. The course of conversation was at one moment broken in upon by an eager attempt on the part of Prince Henry, *ætat* nine. His Majesty gently reproved his grandson, quoting the familiar axiom that "little boys should be seen but not heard." Later, anxious not to wound childish sensibilities, the King said now there was a pause in the conversation the boy might have his turn.

"I only wanted to say, sir," said the little Prince, "that there was a grub on your salad. It doesn't matter now: you've eaten it."

July 31.

By invitation from the Admiralty my wife and I went down to Southampton to join the *Adriatic* for the Review. A fine day, but fresh breeze. After luncheon the Admiralty pinnacle took us on to the *Armada* Castle to join Sir Donald Currie's guests, a mixed but interesting company, among whom we were delighted to find Ernest Shackleton and his wife.

August 1.

It is curious to note how the long shutting up of Westminster Hall, consequent on apprehension created by

outrages in Land League times, has affected the place. The public, accustomed to finding access refused, refrain from approaching the hall. Some years ago the ban was removed, and folk may now, as formerly, pace the historic floors. Exceedingly few avail themselves of the privilege. Just now the hall is in the hands of workmen who are engaged upon renovating the roof. For this purpose the loftiest known structures in the form of ladders are employed. It is nearly ninety years since the roof, forming part of the structure as rebuilt by Richard II, was renovated. Few looking up at it as they pass to-day know that they are gazing upon the remains of some of the old wooden bulwarks of England. There are, in fact, in view under magically altered circumstances, the bones of some of the ships that fought with Nelson at Trafalgar. When in 1820 the roof of the great hall was reconstructed the material used was the remains of oak-built ships of war which had made their last voyage.

When Lord Rathmore was First Commissioner of Works he perpetrated a little joke still cherished in the smoking-room. As every schoolboy knows, it was William Rufus who first built Westminster Hall. The First Commissioner of Works in a Ministry long dead, personally conducting a party of his constituents over the Houses of Parliament, led them to the head of the staircase that commands Westminster Hall, and pointed out its principal glory, the roof. "It was," he said, "as you know, built by William II. Hence his name in history, William Roofus."

One of His Majesty's judges shows me a letter which has a pretty turn of humour. It is from a correspondent who describes himself as a dock labourer. One of his mates met with an accident in the course of a day's work, and claims compensation from his employer—a demand disputed. "I told him," the sympathetic comrade writes, "that as I was one of your supporters at elections I would ask your advice as to whether he had a

legal claim. He nearly had a fit. Says he: 'What's the good of asking Justice ——? What does he care for the borough now? Why, he has already sentenced three of us to death!' 'Well,' says I, 'that only proves he is doing more good for the borough as a judge than he did as a Member of Parliament!'

*August 2.*

Yesterday cruised round the Isle of Wight, bringing up to anchor off Cowes. Close view of the Yacht Races and arrival of the Czar. The *Shamrock* a near neighbour. Lipton, spying us on deck, sent a boat to take us to dinner on his famous yacht, where we met some pleasant Americans. Ball at night on the *Armadale Castle*.

In course of three days' ship intimacy I had interesting talk with Shackleton, who told me all about his preparation of a new Antarctic expedition. From one point of view it is a sorry story. On the threshold of the voyage the dauntless explorer finds himself responsible for a deficit amounting to £14,000. After application to the Government for assistance, which was curtly refused, he has resolved, as the only means open to him, to set apart the prospective profits of his narrative of his last journey, to be published by Heinemann, and the handsome fees he will receive from a lecturing tour. This seems poor reward for a man who has beaten the record in the matter of approach to the South Pole, and has added much valuable information to the possession of mankind respecting the mystic region that encircles it.

*August 3.*

Back in town in time for meeting of the House. Feel certain if the facts were known to the public the discreditable matter of Shackleton's situation would be smoothed out. Wrote a signed article to one of the London morning papers setting forth plain facts of the case.

*August 5.*

Article setting forth particulars of Shackleton's case

appears this morning in *Daily Express*. At noon the editor telegraphed that he had received a cheque for £500, with the suggestion that he should open his columns to a public subscription. In course of the day other contributions were forthcoming. In the evening Shackleton received a communication from the Prime Minister inviting him to call at his room in the House of Commons. At the interview Asquith informed him that he had only that morning, on reading the *Express*, learned of his dilemma, and gave assurance that a sum of £20,000 should be forthcoming from the Treasury to equip the expedition for the Antarctic.

BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1907.  
9, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE,  
LONDON, S.W.

August 11, 1909.

DEAR SIR HENRY LUCY,

I have been so frightfully rushed I could not answer your kind letter before. I thank you so much for all you have done. These articles have indeed had a far-reaching effect, for they gave me the opportunity of making a financial statement. The only points in the *Express* article which were not correct were that my bankers were not Americans and since my return I had not asked the Government for assistance.

The point I want you to keep private at the present time in view of possible Government assistance is that when I was away my people here asked for a guarantee of £5,000 to enable the expedition to be carried on when it was badly in need of funds, and they pointed out that fifteen of His Majesty's subjects might be in grave danger if relief did not go. Hobhouse wrote saying that after he had considered all the facts of the case he did not think it called for the expenditure of public money!

Asquith told me the first he heard of this was when I told him; so I do not want to say anything about it if the Government are inclined to help. I have spoken to the editor of the *Express* about a public subscription, which one does not want if the Government will look favourably on the expedition, and I am to see him later on.



It was a great pleasure meeting you and your wife again.  
I enclose letters you sent me,

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

E. SHACKLETON.

August 7.

As spectacles, the review at Spithead on Saturday and the reception of the Czar on Monday were equally magnificent. With courtesy rare of late, the rain kept off on both days. There was a stiff breeze, particularly on Saturday, much to the discomfort of the ladies who helped to crowd the spacious decks of the *Adriatic*. As things turned out, they were in better plight than their sisters, envied earlier in the day because they were guests on board some of the ironclads drawn up in battle array. When the review was over these favoured guests were taken ashore to Cowes, where they arrived in a bedraggled and otherwise pitiful condition. Even for the Admiral's barges, still more for the slighter pinnaces, the turbulent tide was disconcerting to those unaccustomed to go down to the sea in small ships.

Among a swiftly succeeding presentation of pictures flashed on sky and sea, one remembers best the aspect of the fleet when the King on Monday set forth on the royal yacht to meet and greet the Czar. The *Armada* *Castle*, to whose hospitable quarters we had been transferred after the close of the review, was anchored just off the western end of the ironclad avenue through which His Majesty slowly steamed. On his approach, a gun boomed the opening note of a royal salute. As the *Victoria and Albert* passed along, other battleships belched fire. The effect came as near as landsmen are likely to witness to the scene of actual battle. At first the smoke of the guns curling slowly round the ships was pierced by the sunlight streaming through. As the firing went on the cloud thickened, till before the yacht

carrying Cæsar and his fortunes had sped a mile she and he were lost in the smoke that bridged the broad avenue.

The reception of the Czar, in all other respects rising to imperial height, was hopelessly depressed by the circumstance that, to put the matter bluntly, he shrank from setting his foot ashore. Closely guarded on his yacht, escorted by a couple of mighty ironclads, with three swiftly paced destroyers in attendance, encircled by the protecting arm of the English fleet, he might eat and sleep in comparative peace. But though all the resources of Scotland Yard, reinforced by a contingent of Russian secret police, familiar with the individuality of anarchists, had been invoked to keep murderous hands off, it was felt undesirable for His Majesty to land. As a commentary on the system of government of a great nation, of which he is the head, this simple statement of fact requires no embellishment. His popular reception whilst afloat left nothing to be desired. He was cheered to order by the bluejackets who, clasping hand in hand, crowded the decks of the battleships. The Russian national hymn was played alternately with our own. There was nothing approaching a hostile demonstration on the part of the excursionists who crowded the steamboats that plied as near the royal yacht as watchful patrols would permit. All the same it was thought better that the imperial guest should not freely pass outside the cordon of protecting ships.

Thus it came to pass that the great autocrat, master of the lives of millions, was deprived of the privilege enjoyed by the humblest tourist from the Continent. He visited England, and left its shores without setting foot upon them, save in the way of a hasty, furtive visit to Osborne House. In connection therewith the police precautions were ludicrous in their nicety. Much care was expended on the effort to keep the secret of the intended landing. When it leaked out the public, and whom else it might concern, were led to believe that His Imperial Majesty, following the example of the Queen

when in residence at Osborne House, would disembark at Trinity pier. After long wait, the crowd caught a glimpse of the royal barge, in which the Czar was seated, as it swept past the pier, proceeding to an isolated spot to the eastward, where His Imperial Majesty hurriedly stepped ashore, and drove off at speed to Osborne House as if the Furies were behind him.

*August 8.*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Limehouse speech has sharply pricked the sensibilities of the party which stands for Law and Order. It has been denounced as "the most discreditable platform utterance made by a Cabinet Minister within living memory." It would be difficult to improve on that sentence in the way of crystallising the angry resentment created by this bolt from the blue. Yet there is nothing new in the performance. In the ear of those familiar with politics as far back as the early eighties, the Limehouse speech instantly struck a chord of memory. What Lloyd George said was proclaimed from the platform twenty-four years ago, and, to tell the truth, in more finished form.

The sentence selected for severest condemnation is that in which he threatens landlords. "The ownership of land," he said, "is not merely an enjoyment. It is a stewardship. It has been reckoned as such in the past, and, if the landlord ceases to discharge the functions conditionally attached to ownership of the land, the time will come to reconsider the conditions under which land is held in this country." Compare that with a couple of sentences from a speech delivered by Chamberlain in Birmingham, on January 5, 1885: "What ransom will property pay for the security it enjoys? What substitute will it find for the natural communal rights which have ceased to be recognised?" Here we have the touch of an incomparable master hand. There is not a superfluous word. It is Lloyd George's scattered fusillade compressed into a thunderbolt.

August 16.

Letter from Shackleton in which he tells me that he proposes to name on his new Antarctic map three mountains he discovered, one after Asquith, the second after Lulu Harcourt, and the third after Toby, M.P. He gives me the exact geographical bearing of my mountain.

A pleasant prospect for a hot week-end in a long session. Nice to run down from Saturday to Monday. A perfect change.

September 1.

*The Press Gallery Trust*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

August 31, 1909.

DEAR SIR HENRY LUCY,

I have much pleasure in enclosing you a copy of the annual report of the Administrative Committee of the Press Gallery Trust of which you are the generous founder. You will observe that the Fund is doing excellent work, and as one who has been closely associated with its administration, I am satisfied that it is just the sort of work you had in your mind when you brought this admirable institution into being. I had especial pleasure in mentioning the Fund to the Prime Minister on the occasion of our annual Gallery dinner, and Mr. Asquith privately said to me many kind things about yourself which, I well know, are no less than you deserve. The Gallery can never forget your kindness in establishing what I do not hesitate to describe as the finest scheme of "first aid" that has ever been invented.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN D. IRVINE

(Chairman Press Gallery Committee and Trust).

September 25.

The proposal made by the Commonwealth Parliament that the inscription on the new Australian coinage setting forth the style and title of the King should run "of all the Britains" recalls debate arising in both Houses of Parliament on the subject of the title to be borne by the newly throned Sovereign, Edward VII. The Government

brought in a Bill authorising the royal title to run thus : "Edward VII, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." The exceeding clumsiness of this verbiage was recognised and descanted upon in both Houses of Parliament. In the Peers, Lord Rosebery proposed to substitute the phrase, "King of Britons beyond the Seas." In the diary of "Toby, M.P." in *Punch* citation was made from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which relates how on the eve of the battle that delivered Wessex from the dominion of the Danes, St. Cuthbert visited King Alfred in his sleep, and hailed him "King of all Britain."

"What better, more precise, equally comprehensive title," I asked, "could be adopted by the twentieth-century King, descended in unbroken line from Alfred? The title would run: Edward VII, by the Grace of God, King of all Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Mr. Chamberlain, who had charge of the Bill in the House of Commons, wrote to me in reference to this suggestion, saying if business in the House were conducted on the old lines, he would like to amend the cumbrous title. "But just now," he added, "with the Irish inclined to make a Donnybrook Fair of everything, it seemed unwise to agree to any alteration. Lord Rosebery's certainly would not please Canada and Mauritius, nor would the Dutch in South Africa like it."

*September 28.*

I have been privileged to see the cash account kept by a borough Member of the House of Commons, setting forth particulars of money disbursements which may be regarded as the average cost of a seat in the House of Commons. With something more than three months of the year to run, the payments amounted to £747. They were made in response to demands for subscriptions to chapel and

church funds, to a variety of charitable institutions within the range of his constituency, subscriptions to cricket and football clubs, and pecuniary assistance rendered to constituents pleading temporary financial difficulty. The borough concerned is one of the most flourishing of English watering-places. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry, represented by populous manufacturing and trading districts?

It may, I fancy, be accepted as a fact that this levy of £1,000 a year is the minimum sum exacted from English and Scottish Members of the House of Commons. The burden is lighter in Wales, though rallies for chapel funds in the form of bazaars and otherwise are common, whilst cricket and football clubs are, to a Member of moderate means, embarrassingly rife. In Ireland the case is reversed, constituencies being accustomed to supplement funds subscribed for the personal charges of the Parliamentary party. In return it is expected that the bread thus cast upon the waters will be returned as speedily as possible in the form of grants from the Imperial Treasury.

*October 16.*

Mr. Balfour has certain antipathies in the House of Commons—not all explicable. One was a Member habitually seated immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench in direct line with the seat of the Leader of the House when Balfour occupied it. Why this inoffensive person should irritate the Premier no one knows. The fact is nevertheless obvious. A colleague on the Treasury Bench, enlivening dull debate with private conversation, looking across the table said:

“Did it ever strike you how curiously like a horse’s head B.’s is?”

“He may look like a horse,” Balfour snapped, glancing across at the object of his undeserved dislike, “but he’s only an ass.”

October 18.

The last time I met the late Lord Glenesk was at a dinner at Dorchester House given by the American Ambassador to meet Mark Twain. In the confidence of a friendship covering a period of thirty years, we talked of old times in the House of Commons and elsewhere. I urged upon him the desirability of writing a record of a long life in which he had come into personal, frequently intimate, contact with the majority of notable men and women of his generation. A born journalist, one of the founders, throughout its existence the editor, of the famous *Owl*, he had literary capacity for the work.

Whilst tempted by the suggestion, he pleaded the impossibility of publicly discoursing about private friendships and correspondence. Strict observance of this honourable reserve would, of course, make an end of all forms of autobiography. In the end he said he would give the matter consideration. Death ensuing a few months later, he did not commence the task. His life, comprising interesting chapters of social and political activity, will, however, be written. Colonel Lucas, sometime Member for Lowestoft, tells me the family have placed in his hands the whole of Lord Glenesk's correspondence with some snatches of diary. He is now engaged in preparing the work for publication.

October 28.

A movement originating in Leeds, but privily extended to Phil May's former colleagues on the staff of *Punch* and other periodicals, is on foot with the object of raising funds necessary to mark his birthplace with a memorial tablet. He was born on April 22, 1864, at No. 66 Wallace Street, New Wortley, Leeds, in a tenement of the class opprobriously known in House of Commons debate on the Town-planning Bill as "a back-to-back" house. The father of the great artist in black-and-white, who ranked second only to Charles Keene, was a foreman engineer in Leeds,

and found it a hard task to keep wife and family in bread and milk. Phil was early called upon to contribute to the sustentation fund. In a brief time he went through quite a variety of experiences. First an office boy in a barrister's office, he flitted to a firm of estate agents, and so on to a pianoforte business. Wherever he went he had pencil in hand, and drew sketches of people about him.

The lights of London irresistibly drew him to the metropolis, where he obtained engagement on a now defunct weekly paper. He first made acquaintance with good fortune when, at the age of twenty-one, he set out for Australia and joined the *Sydney Bulletin*. By way of Paris he returned to London, and after an interval joined the staff of *Punch*, an episode in a too brief career that lifted him to the height of fame and fortune.

If funds run to the necessary amount, it is proposed, in addition to the house tablet, to place in the Art Gallery at Leeds some memorial of the town's gifted son.

October 30.

On a visit to Japan paid now twenty-six years ago this very month—*Eheu fugaces!*—I made the acquaintance of Prince Ito, whose cowardly assassination has shocked the world. He was plain Mr. in those days, occupying a position in the Government of Japan closely analogous to that of our Home Secretary. One day, after lunching with his old friend and colleague Inouye, the Mikado's Foreign Minister, my host and I walked a short distance to a pretty house, built in Japanese fashion, of wooden framework with walls of paper. On our tapping at the door, it was opened by a short, rather stout man, dressed in a kimono, suggestive in colour of the common blouse butchers wear.

I thought at first it was the man-of-all-work, and so, in a sense, it proved to be, for Ito was indefatigable in whatever undertaking he put his hand to. In later and growing intimacy I learned from his own lips the story,



supplemented by reminiscences contributed by Inouye, of their secret departure for England, their experiences on the voyage, and their adventures in this country. The young men were of the Samurai class, of the clan of the Prince of Chosiu, who was resolved at all risks to keep his Province free from the contaminating touch of the foreigner. Ito and Inouye volunteered to go to England, spy out the land, master the secret of its naval supremacy, bring it back to Japan, straightway create a fleet; and then let England, the United States, and France, at the time all three inconveniently prying round the Japanese coast, look out!

Brief residence in London convinced them of the futility of their scheme. On returning home they advised their chief to desist from a hopeless contest. The angered Samurai, discerning signs of treachery in this advice, waylaid the two emissaries. Ito escaped with his life, but Inouye was slashed, cut, and left for dead by the roadside. To this day he bears on his cheek a memento of the terrible night. Through the half-century that has since elapsed, these two men, working hand in hand, following closely the model of British ways and forms of British government, originally studied from a lodging in Gower Street, London, have built up the great empire that recently crushed Russia on land and sea. On no one more cruelly than on the survivor of this comradeship will fall the shock of the tragedy of the Korean railway station.

*November 6.*

Shackleton's narrative of his journey in search of the South Pole is almost as stupendous as was the expedition. The exceptional bulk is partly owing to the sumptuous character of the paper used, and largely to the innumerable photographs which illustrate the story. These last, marvellously reproduced, almost tell it without assistance of the letterpress. I have already noted that he has named after me one of the mountains discovered on the

farthest track of his journey to the South Pole. For a busy man, to whom week-ends in the country are a necessity, I can imagine nothing more valuable in the way of a pick-me-up than possession of a mountain almost within walking distance of the South Pole. Now the House of Commons adjourns on a Friday at half-past five, not resuming work till a quarter to three on Monday, there are almost three full days for the little outing.

ing his personality under the notice of Harcourt, then Leader of the House. It was felt that in a Parliament specially elected on Home Rule principles there would be something incongruous in electing to the Chair a prominent and extreme anti-Home Ruler. On this ground Courtney was ruled out. Campbell-Bannerman was prepared to step into the breach. But Harcourt developed and maintained insuperable objection to a Cabinet Minister passing on to the Chair. Other possible candidates were few. Time pressed, and here was Mr. Gully ready and willing. He was accordingly nominated, by a narrow majority elected, and speedily made himself so acceptable to all sections of party that his tenure was never disputed, being terminated only by his resignation.

*November 15.*

Whether deliberately intended or not, the bestowal of a peerage upon Sir John Fisher is a back-handed blow at Lord Charles Beresford. The world was not permitted to remain ignorant of the fact that since "Jack" Fisher became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty strong friction existed between him and Lord Charles. More than once during the latter's command of the Home Fleet affairs came to a crisis. They reached that point when, practically dismissed from the command, Lord Charles demanded a committee of enquiry into the state of the Navy, which, he affirmed, was rotten. The result of that investigation was not favourable to its instigator, and Lord Charles attempted to reopen a side issue in a correspondence which called down upon him a severe rebuke from the Prime Minister.

There are rumours current that the end of the unpleasant business has not yet been reached. Although Lord Charles has been relieved of active command, and must in any circumstances regard his professional career as closed, there still remains in the hands of the Admiralty opportunity for reprisals that may seriously affect his future.

It is to be hoped that nothing more will be heard of the matter. An Irishman and a sailor, Lord Charles's use of pen and tongue has not always been marked by that sedateness that comes by nature to some people. But he has never been animated otherwise than by patriotic desire, or by impulse to vindicate comrades whom he thinks have been badly treated.

*November 20.*

Coming out immediately after the highly spiced dishes of Lady Cardigan's recollection, Lady St. Helier's reminiscences, just published, seem a trifle dull. Restrained by the sacredness of private confidences, embarrassed by the circumstance that many persons of whom she writes are still alive, she is almost provokingly discreet.

Not being bound by similar responsibilities, I may recall two interesting episodes to which no reference is found in her book. At one of her dinner parties the guest of the evening was Lord Halsbury, at the time Lord Chancellor, who was accompanied by his wife. On the stroke of the dinner hour, at which time the company seemed to be complete, the door opened and the butler announced Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere. Labby's household arrangements had been recently, in no sense prematurely, regularised by marriage, and this was one of the earliest appearances of the couple in the social world. The Lord Chancellor, after a pained but not prolonged pause, approached his hostess, whispered a word in her ear, and, accompanied by Lady Halsbury, left the room and the house, going home dinnerless.

The other occasion was a luncheon arranged for the reception of "Ouida" on one of her occasional visits to London. The novelist, through whose pages duchesses and countesses, not to speak of dukes and earls, glitter with a frequency that almost makes them commonplace, had really never been in the company of a live duchess. Lady St. Helier, kindest, most good-natured of women, arranged

to fill up this deplorable gap in life. A well-known duchess was invited to the luncheon-party and accepted the invitation. At the last moment Her Grace found herself unable to fulfil her engagement.

The message was communicated to "Ouida" on her arrival, with lamentable effect. She had come to sit in the same room, nay, at the same table, with a real duchess, and here was irreparable slip between the cup and the lip. Through the meal the author of *Strathmore* sat in a state of stony frigidity, not to be thawed by the winning manner of her hostess or the attentions of the company, which at least included one Baron of the United Kingdom, and a K.C.B.

*December 5.*

Two hemispheres have been laughing at the excellent joke that Mr. Carnegie, suddenly called upon to go bond for his chauffeur, convicted of exceeding the speed limit, was obliged to confess that he had not a cent in his pocket. This looks like an accident. It is really a matter of daily custom. During a recent visit to London Mr. Carnegie told me he never carried a purse and rarely had any loose silver in his pocket. One of his servants usually travelled with him and when necessity arose acted as purse bearer. He did not explain upon what idea this freak of a multi-millionaire was based. I am not at all sure that it was not secretly conceived as a safeguard against frittering his fortune away in eleemosynary shillings and half-crowns. There are still about him evidences of that frugality which is a marked characteristic of his race. A few years ago he entertained at dinner in his palatial residence in New York my wife and myself. After dinner it was suggested that we should be taken to the picture gallery to see his priceless collection of masterpieces. Mrs. Carnegie, a charming lady unspoilt by contiguity with boundless wealth, volunteered personally to conduct the guests. The gallery was accordingly illuminated, and we

made a tour half-way round, when the door opened and a voice sharply exclaimed: "What's all this light on for?" and out went half the burners.

It was the multi-millionaire saving at least two cents in his weekly household expenditure.

*December 10.*

Fifteen years ago to-day Blackwood published in a substantial volume Blackie's letters addressed to his wife during the long spell of time that lies between 1829 and 1895, the latter the year of his death. It is delightful reading, vivid with the personality of a memorable man. He knew most people of his time worth knowing and has something brilliant to say of most of them. In exceptional degree he possessed the gift of knocking off in a sentence the characteristics of the subject of his comment. Of Whewell, the famous Head of Trinity, he writes: "He is one of the most vigorous and finely knit men in England; drinks a bottle of port every day; and is going to marry a second wife." Observe how cunningly he leads up to the climax. Owen, the geologist, he describes as "a grand, tall, broad, big-boned, truly leonine-looking man, combining dignity with humour, not an easy matter." Sir R. Murchison "has the directness and decision of an old soldier, is quite erect and not at all grey, though he has been hammering rocks all over the world for thirty-five years." There are several miniatures of Gladstone, and this of Lord John Russell and his wife: "A little well-plucked, quietly smirking mannie; the lady, dark-eyed, bland, and affable."

Visiting Edinburgh he met Martineau, "came home with him, and kissed him because he is good." I read this with personal interest. I have told how one day in the far-off seventies, landing at Oban from the steamer, I was met by Blackie and publicly embraced in sight of the crowded pier and shipload of passengers. The action was momentarily disconcerting. I am glad to be now able to think that I was kissed because I was good.

I made the Professor's acquaintance at the house of a mutual friend in Edinburgh, renewing it in the Highlands, where we had many delightful walks and talks together. One day, admitted to hear him lecture, I found his class jubilant with his latest flash of humour. The boys had the day before, while awaiting the arrival of the Professor, chalked on the blackboard: "The lasses will attend the lecture to-day." "The lasses" instead of "classes" was the students' little joke. Blackie made no remark. With his forefinger he rubbed out the initial letter.

One other of Blackie's swift appreciations of character is just now worthy of notice. Dining in London on April 29, 1870, he writes to his wife: "Besides me there was young John Morley, who is a tall, thin, amiable young man, but not at all formidable in any way."

This is a shot exceptionally outside the mark. In the nearly forty years that have elapsed since it was written, John Morley has governed Ireland, is now a ruler of India, and surprised his oldest friends by accepting a viscounty.

*December 12.*

Lunched with the Bancrofts in their pretty cottage at Sandgate. Maxime Elliott's sister, Mrs. Forbes Robertson, there. Lady Bancroft confined to her room with a cold: she sent a message after luncheon asking us to look in upon her. Found her closely wrapped up in a cosy room at close quarters overlooking the sea. Had a long chat. Last week, being in town, she went to see *Two Pair Back*, a quaint play that has taken London by storm. She was enchanted, and told us its story. One scene she positively acted with a vivid force that could not be excelled by the player on the stage.

*December 13.*

A fortnight ago, hearing someone fumble at the garden gate at Whitethorn, I opened it and found an old man standing there smiling with friendliest regard. I did not

know him, but held his open outstretched hand, and when he spoke immediately recognised my old friend Justin McCarthy. A day or two later he wrote :

My DEAR LUCY,

Just a few words of cordial thanks for your dear, kindly little letter. And so you did not recognise me at first ! Well, but at first I thought I was gazing on the snowy locks of some venerable pastor of a very much established church. And behold it was "Toby"—dear Toby, M.P., who for years has added to the gaiety of nations, more particularly the sections doomed to sit in Parliament. I was rejoiced when closer sight disestablished you ! Well, we must soon meet again. Charlotte joins me in loving regards to you and Lucia—I mean of course Mrs. Lucy.

Ever your old friend as before,

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Being half-way to Folkestone, we went on from the Bancrofts in response to McCarthy's desire that we should soon "meet again." Found McCarthy and his daughter, Charlotte, in a quaint, barely furnished room, more like a ship's cabin than a sitting-room, McCarthy looking very well in spite of his seventy-nine years accomplished last month. Still at work, he last year added one to his long list of novels. Has now in hand memoirs of his early days in Ireland. Failing eyesight makes it impossible for him to read or write. Dictates to a secretary. His work, as every detail of his life, supervised by the loving care of his daughter. Nothing more beautiful than this filial devotion. I remember Charlotte as one of the most light-hearted, not to say most frivolous of the butterfly maidens in London Society. She is now content to pass her days thus literally cabined, cribbed, and confined, tenderly watchful to serve even the unspoken wants of her lifelong friend and still cheery companion.

*December 14.*

The bitterness of the disappointment of the Unionist



party with Lord Rosebery finds expression in attacks made upon him in Parliament and the press. Lord Curzon epigrammatically set forth the situation when he described him as "leading the army up to the walls of the fortress and then abandoning it." After his speech at Glasgow, in which he vehemently denounced the Budget, they confidently looked forward to his powerful advocacy of their cause when battle was given in the House of Lords. Whilst still denouncing the Budget, Lord Rosebery, to their consternation, with equal thoroughness opposed as unconstitutional the position assumed by Lord Lansdowne and the majority of the peers in throwing out a Budget sent up from the Commons.

The incident serves further to isolate the statesman whose personal authority in Parliament and the country is unexcelled. Of late he seemed to be drifting into Toryism. I have personal knowledge of some influential Unionists who, a few months ago, dreamed a dream of him as Leader of what they called a great Constitutional Party. The dream is now shattered, and it becomes finally clear that to the end Lord Rosebery will plough his lonely furrow, occasionally emerging to admonish alternately the two great political parties.

The situation recalls a trenchant remark made by him at an earlier political crisis. After the defeat of the Liberal Party at the polls in 1895, a friend talking with him argued against his then half-formed resolution of withdrawing from active participation in the affairs of the Liberal Party.

"Now Gladstone is gone," said he, "you are, in spite of the peerage, our only Leader."

"Leader!" echoed Lord Rosebery scornfully. "What the Liberal Party wants is not a Leader, but a football."

When on the retirement of Harcourt from the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, Campbell-Bannerman was induced to succeed him, none more fully than he realised the truth of this bitter axiom.

*December 15.*

Lord Cross, who, still carrying lightly his burden of 86 years, walked through the Division Lobby on Tuesday night, in personal aid of the enterprise of throwing out the Budget Bill, retains the proud position of being our oldest, most highly endowed pensioner. In 1887 he claimed and was granted a first-class pension under the Act of 1869, and, with intervals when he was drawing from the Treasury an equivalent (or larger) sum by way of salary, he has enjoyed his quarterly subsidy of five hundred pounds. As under the statute it is necessary for one claiming the bounty to make the statement that he would otherwise be financially unable to maintain the social position of an ex-Minister, some surprise was expressed at the time that Lord Cross's name appeared in the list. The claim was not publicly disputed, and he ranks to-day as our champion old-age pensioner, burdening successive Budgets with a charge of £2,000 a year.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*February 5, 1910.*

THE practical closing of the polls makes it certain that Asquith will meet the new Parliament with a majority of 124. Reference to modern records shows this to be a triumph rarely excelled. The majority against the peers who threw out the Budget Bill is six more than that with which in 1868 Gladstone swept the country, making possible the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the deliverance of Irish land. It is more than twice as big as that (fifty-one) which placed Disraeli in power in 1874 and kept him there for six years. It exceeds by seven that which reinstated Gladstone in 1880, and it is only forty-six less than the host mustered under his banner in 1885, that palmy period looked back to with hopeless longing whilst the Liberal Party, self-sacrificed on the altar of Home Rule, wandered through the wilderness.

For the House of Lords the bitterness of the pill is increased by the reflection that it was compounded by themselves. Six months ago they had an admirable hand to play. Had they then passed the Budget that will now be forced upon their acceptance, dissolution would have been deferred till the spring of next year. By that time the pinch of increased taxation would have been acutely felt. The Government would have begun to suffer from that growing weariness on the part of electors that leads to what is known as the swing of the pendulum. The "Tariff" Reformers, unhampered by the necessity of carrying a recalcitrant peerage on their backs, would have gone hopefully into the fight, and with the help of the rural voter, supplementing the combined forces of the peerage, the beerage, landowners, and the Church,

might have fatally reduced the Liberal majority, if they did not actually efface it. The situation was so obvious that up to the last there was in some quarters disinclination to believe the Lords would deliberately commit an act of political suicide. Confidence in their sanity was not justified. It is now idle to repine at "consequences." Lord Milner peremptorily "damned" at a moment when they were still at command of the peers.

*February 10.*

A well-known American, just now in London, tells an interesting story against himself. He has come here via Vienna, where he had some business to transact. His intended journey was long known in advance amongst his numerous friends in New York, and some of them determined to add a little episode to its interest. The American, intending to sojourn for some time in Europe, had a considerable amount of baggage. In one of his boxes his treacherous friends managed to place a couple of coconuts, retaining the outer shell. In the very steamer by which the unsuspecting traveller journeyed there went a letter, addressed to the police at Vienna, giving an account of an American who, under the guise of business and holiday travel, was visiting the Austrian capital with felonious intent. A precise description of his personal appearance was given, the alias under which he would travel, and particulars of two dynamite bombs, of quite new construction, hidden away in one of his boxes.

On arrival at the Austrian frontier, the American was at once recognised by the police, his luggage carefully examined, and the "bombs" discovered. The Austrians had never seen a coconut with the outer rind on, and it was some time before the traveller, himself puzzled at the contents of his box, was able to convince them of the innoxious character of the strange-looking things.

*February 12.*

It is among the things not generally known that, on

appointment to the Chair, a new Speaker receives an allowance for outfit of £1,000. The ordinance is generally construed so as to become also operative on re-election. In this respect Mr. Lowther is fortunate beyond some of his predecessors. Appointed to the Chair in the closing months of the last session of the Khaki Parliament, he was re-elected when the Liberals came in with a rush. Re-election to the new Parliament just returned will carry with it, amongst other advantages, a fresh cheque for outfit, making an aggregate of £3,000 received within the space of five years.

The privilege of renewal does not extend to the Wool-sack. *Per contra*, the " equipage money," as the stately phrase runs, for the Lord Chancellor is nearly double the Speaker's allowance. It reaches the curiously precise sum of £1,843 13s. Lord Aberdeen, on accepting the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, drew from the Treasury, also as " equipage money," £2,769 4s. 8d. In addition £220 was expended on special steamers and trains for his conveyance. Starting on his last visit to India, the Prince of Wales was empowered to confer the honour of knighthood on worthy men in that part of the Empire. For letters patent conveying this authority not less than £122 8s. was paid out of the public revenues. Others granting to the Duchess of Fife the style of Princess Royal cost only half a sovereign.

February 14.

There is a familiar story about the late Dean Stanley illustrative of his peculiarities of manner. One was the preservation of absolute immobility in the pulpit. Preaching one morning at Westminster Abbey, he, at the close of the service, remarked to his wife upon the exceptional steadfastness of the attention of the congregation.

" They never once seemed to take their eyes off me," he said, evidently touched by this testimony to his power as a preacher.

"I don't wonder, my dear," Lady Augusta replied, "seeing you had one of your gloves on the top of your head all the time you were preaching."

Placing his gloves in his hat when he put it on on leaving home, the Dean had been gowned in the vestry, removed his hat, and, walking with reverent step to the pulpit, unknowingly balanced on his head a glove that remained there.

That is probably a narrative from the stock of that well-known collector Ben Trovato. I hear one at least equally good vouched for upon the authority of a witness to the scene. Invited to dine at the Deanery for the purpose of conference on a subject at the time evoking public interest, the gentleman found himself sole companion of his host. The *pièce de résistance* of the meal was a roast duck which the Dean undertook to carve. Whilst ineffectually wrestling with the bird, he earnestly discussed the question at issue. One turn in the tussle with the duck by an unskilful carver sent it spinning to the floor.

Undisturbed by the catastrophe, apparently unnoticing, the Dean continued his discourse. The guest, who was rather hungry, had earlier taken notice of the presence in the room of a large black cat. What if it collared the duck that seemed providentially cast in its way? As the Dean showed no signs of intermission of his homily, the guest timidly called his attention to the presence of the cat and the possibility of catastrophe.

"It's all right," said the Dean, smiling knowingly, "I've got my foot on the duck."

February 15.

Those bidden to the evening party on Saturday "to meet the Prime Minister" have occasion for thankfulness that the function will not be held in Downing Street. It is one of the quaintest anachronisms of an Empire upon which the sun never sets that the official home of the head of the State is, for social purposes, of dimensions and

capacity that would be scorned by an ordinary well-to-do citizen gathering his friends round him. Originally a commonplace dwelling-house, built near the end of a *cul de sac*, it remains structurally what it was at its modest beginning. There being no thoroughfare, access on crowded nights is difficult, and when, after long waiting, guests have arrived, they sometimes find it difficult to get beyond the foot of the staircase.

In the first year of Campbell-Bannerman's Premiership a happy thought was carried into execution. The domicile of the Chancellor of the Exchequer adjoins that of the Prime Minister. A doorway opening upon either was removed, and the Liberal Party, its wives and daughters, were able to squeeze in. Wimborne House, where, on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Guest, the party will meet on Saturday, is one of the finest mansions in London. It will be fully equal to the occasion.

Lansdowne House, whither the Unionist Party is bidden on the same evening, is more spacious still. By comparison with Lady Lansdowne's receptions during the last four years the spacious rooms will be tested to fuller extent, since the party has been strengthened by a hundred ex-Liberal members. Lansdowne House, in addition to its own historical connections, is linked with a unique relic of older London. Passing along Berkeley Street towards the square there is seen on the left-hand side, flanking the gardens of Lansdowne House, a sunken passage leading to Bolton Row. Across the centre of the narrow pathway is a bar, the history of which, by the world forgot, is preserved in the Lansdowne family.

About the middle of the last century a mounted highwayman, pursuing his calling in Piccadilly, then a leafy suburban approach to London, found himself unexpectedly confronted. Turning his horse's head, he made off, with the pursuers in full cry. Dashing through Bolton Row, he came to Lansdowne Passage. Either ignorant of the fact that exit at the other end was by a flight of steps,

forgetful of it, or in sheer desperation, he spurred his horse along, mounted the steps, and so got away. The authorities, determined that at least that should never happen again, had a bar fixed across the passage, where it stands to this day, a silent memorial of London in the time when George I was king.

February 16.

There was talk at dinner at the Garrick Club last night of the fabulous revenues Barrie is reaping from royalties on his plays *Peter Pan* and *The Little Minister*. Squire Bancroft mentioned a curious fact illustrative of the change that has taken place in this business matter. He said that whilst he and his wife were drawing all London to the little Prince of Wales's Theatre to see Robertson's plays, they never paid a dramatist a fee exceeding £5 a night; this, of course, in supplement of the purchase-money of the new play. When fortune rolled in upon them they proposed at least to double the royalty. Robertson, though not a rich man, declined. The rule prevailing in the dramatic world at the time fixed the maximum nightly refresher for a playwright at £5, and Robertson would take no more.

It was, Sir Squire said, Boucicault who broke through this iron rule. For the production of his pieces he demanded a percentage on the gross receipts, an arrangement that gradually spread till it is to-day universal. Hereby the playwright whose piece takes on with the public makes his pile. His royalty usually begins at the rate of five per cent. on the gross profits. As these increase, so does the rate of royalty, for the dramatist a pleasing form of unearned increment. The theatre manager complains that by this principle of levying toll on the gross receipts, his lavish expenditure which contributes to their increase is taxed for the benefit of the dramatist. All the same he pays, and the playwright, waxing fat, sometimes kicks.



*February 18.*

The dull progress of swearing-in newly elected Members of the House of Commons was to-day suddenly broken in upon by a memorable incident. Meeting at noon, the House had, with interlude for luncheon, been engaged upon the business for four hours. At the outset there was a rush of Members anxious to get it over. Gradually the stream dwindled till by four o'clock it had become a tiny rill. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty was standing by the brass-bound box with a copy of the Bible in his hand, about to take the oath administered by the Clerk. Beyond him some half-dozen Members waited their turn.

Lord Morpeth, the newly nominated Whip of the Liberal Unionist Party, hurriedly entered from behind the Speaker's Chair, and whispered a word to the Clerk, who stood by the table. He, with something of a scared look in his eyes, passed on to carry the message, whatever it was, to Sir Courtney Ilbert, seated at the table. Before it was delivered, Members, looking on and marvelling what had happened, beheld a weird sight. It was Mr. Chamberlain, leaning on the arm of his son, partly supporting himself with a stick held in his left hand, slowly returning to the scene of many resounding triumphs.

One often thought with what tumultuous enthusiasm he would be met, a demonstration to which his old friends in the Liberal camp might have been counted upon to add generous tribute, should he be able in renewed health, with revived strength, to return to the lists of battle. Now here he came, a wreck of a man, still indomitable in spirit, his entrance watched in solemn silence by a sympathetic group, so small as to bring into striking view the emptiness of the House. His faltering steps halting close by the seat of the Leader of the House, he dropped into the familiar place from which at successive epochs of a life of tumultuous energy he had in turn found companionship with Gladstone and Balfour. So seated he repeated the words of the oath recited by the Clerk.

Then came the incident of the signing of the roll of Parliament. How would this be managed? The little group of members looking on, profoundly touched—two or three who, being seated, had their hats on when he entered removed them in the presence of the stricken statesman—observed Austen Chamberlain signing the book. This done, he handed it to his father, who, taking the pen in his left hand, touched the signature in signification of its authenticity. The little procession re-formed, this time the wigged and gowned Clerk, who formally introduced the new Member to the Speaker, leading. There is often comic incongruity in this ceremony, naming a new Member, who is probably an old friend. Now it seemed apt, even necessary, that the Clerk, presenting the frail, bowed figure to the Speaker, should explain that it was “Mr. Chamberlain.”

*February 19.*

Lord Fisher, still called “Jack” in naval circles, relieved from official duties and endowed with a peerage, has taken up his residence in Norfolk with his son, who recently came into possession of a fine estate, bequeathed to him by a comparative stranger to whom his father had done some service. Nothing could be more complete than the change of life, associations, and pursuits. Writing to me, the ex-First Sea Lord says: “Through fifty-six years I have been unemployed only for three weeks. After incessant fighting since the week I was born, I find it odd to be planting cabbages, like the Emperor Diocletian when he doffed the imperial purple. I have always thought how splendid was the epitaph engraved on the tomb of one of Nelson’s captains: ‘Death found him fighting.’”

Naturally the abrupt change to a daily life of complete leisure will be irksome to a man of Lord Fisher’s tremendous, still unshattered energy. But he may enjoy it with the proud reflection that after six years’ rule at the Admiralty he left the British fleet in a state of incomparable strength and efficiency.

*March 12.*

In spite of the perfection of the modern international postal service, King's messengers are still employed by the Foreign Office to deliver dispatches. One who has long held the envied post tells me that the King's messenger supposed to be resting in London never knows whether or not his night is his own. The serenity of his five-o'clock tea may be broken in upon by a summons from the Foreign Office to be in attendance in time to catch the night mail for the Continent. His baggage is always ready packed, with consciousness that it is strictly limited to 100 lb. in weight. He carries two sets of official dispatches. One, officially known as crossed bags, is made of stout white canvas of various sizes, a cross showing on the parchment label. These contain dispatches of urgent importance, and are never allowed to stray beyond sight and touch of the anxious messenger. The uncrossed bags of larger size, their contents of less-important secrecy, travel registered in the luggage van, being first covered by the Foreign Office doorkeeper with a canvas sack fastened by a throttling strap and padlock. My friend mentions the significant fact that three or four times a year, hurrying to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, or Vienna, he found on arrival that his padlock had been broken.

In the crossed bags the dispatches, in cipher, are arranged by ingenious process. The Minister in London desiring to communicate with his colleagues in a foreign capital covers his letter paper with a sheet of cardboard perforated at irregular intervals from top to bottom with longitudinal parallel orifices. On this he writes his message. Removing the cardboard, he fills in the spaces with any irrelevant nonsense that may occur to him. Reading straight on, the missive is such as a voluble madman might dictate. But the ambassador in the foreign capital also has his perforated cardboard, a facsimile of that used by the Foreign Minister in London. Placing it over the mystic message, the superfluous words are hidden, and, reading straight on,

he, without trouble or chance of error, masters the dispatch.

March 18.

A well-known school inspector, who collects child stories as others amass curios or precious stones, tells a tale that seems too good to be true. It relates to the exercise of a boy of twelve who was instructed to set forth in writing his views on the constitution of the human body. Here is the result: "The human body is made up of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, when there is any. The thorax contains the heart, lungs, and diafram. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

March 24.

In dinner-table talk the other night an eminent authority made the—to me—surprising statement that the use of the aspirate is a custom which in this country does not go back further than a hundred years. It was not, he averred, universal even with the cultured class in the early Victorian reign. Charles Dickens had something to do with enforcing the habit. In the middle of last century, according to our mentor, the pronunciation "'umble" was almost as commonly used by educated people as was the prefix of the "h." Uriah Heep, going about his mean and vicious courses protesting that he was "very 'umble," made readers of *David Copperfield* more careful of their "h's," and the habit centring upon this particular word extended to others. There is no use of the aspirate in the French language, though with the pure Parisian one catches a faint aspiration when he refers to "l'honneur" and one or two other words commencing with the letter "h." The most insistent devotees of the aspirate in this country are Ulster men. They will search out an "h" in the middle of a word, and let you have it with a bang.

Bradlaugh, a scholar and an orator, was hopeless

with his "h's." He never recognised one at the beginning of a word, and did not mend matters by occasionally making up for the omission by aspirating it where it had no existence. The same peculiarity is notable in the speech of more than one of the Labour Members of the present House of Commons, notably in those representing London constituencies. There is a well-known borough Member handicapped from his birth with the letter "h" prefixing both his Christian name and his surname. Wilfrid Lawson used to say that in infancy he was fatally overlain by the letter. Certainly in manhood he never used it in its proper place.

Since the conversation referred to I happened to come across a curious confirmation of the modernity of the aspirate. In a Parliamentary report of the proceedings of the House of Commons just a hundred years ago there is record of a message from the King requesting the House to take into consideration the best means of enabling His Majesty to settle an annuity on Earl Nelson during his life, and for the payment of £120,000 for the purchase of "an house" and lands to be annexed to the dignity of the family.

This reminds me of a Parliamentary story of later date. After the General Election of 1900 a new Member, having dined at his club, got into a hansom and lightly told the driver to go to "the House."

"'Ouse? What 'ouse?" growled the driver, peering angrily through the lidded aperture in the roof of the cab. I told the story to Du Maurier, who illustrated it in one of his inimitable drawings in *Punch*.

*April 10.*

At the time of his death Lord Salisbury had grown in weight and girth to an extent that made walking a labour. Yet there were old Members of the House of Commons who remembered a time when in figure he closely resembled his son, Lord Hugh Cecil. Talking last night to a noble

lord who was Secretary to the Board of Trade forty years ago, and who filled various posts in Gladstone's successive administrations, I found this tradition verified.

"I was," he said, "in the Commons when Lord Robert Cecil, as he then ranked, sat for Stafford, and have a perfect recollection of him. He was conspicuously tall, slim, and angular in his attitudes, badly dressed, and unkempt in general appearance. His speeches had not the finish of style of Lord Hugh's. They were remarkable chiefly for their virulence and insolence. They did not seem to be inspired by any fanatical convictions, but rather by party spirit. It is most difficult to understand how he developed into the large, massive, ponderous personality of his later days. His style of speaking altered as much as his personal appearance. It became measured and dignified, though not without an undertone of sarcasm."

*April 23.*

News cabled from New York of the death of Mark Twain excites profound sympathy in this country, where, in addition to a multitude of readers, he had a wide circle of personal friends. In his own country his relations with the public were founded upon something approaching personal affection. I fancy that next to Roosevelt he was the most popular man in the United States. Perfectly simple in manner, easily accessible, Americans found in him the happiest embodiment of their peculiar humour. I was privileged to know him intimately, and frequently found his casual conversation as coruscating as the best things in his books. He bubbled with fun—his grave face, the slow enunciation of his good things, and a decided nasal twang adding to their effect.

The last time I saw him was at a dinner given in his honour at Dorchester House by the American Ambassador (Whitelaw Reid). A distinguished company representative of literature, art, and the drama was bidden to meet him. It was naturally expected that the opportunity would be

seized to draw from him one of his characteristic after-dinner speeches. Mark certainly thought so himself, and came prepared for the occasion. For some unexplained reason the host did not propose a toast to the health of the guest of the evening.

Later, in the smoking-room, Mark confided to me that the omission was worth 250 dollars to him. He showed me the manuscript of his speech, and told me he would cable it to a New York paper that would pay for its exclusive use the sum named.

During recent visits to Europe he was accompanied by his wife or daughter, sometimes both. It was a happy, light-hearted family. But trouble was hovering near. Six years ago, his wife's health failing, he took her to Italy, hoping that the change of scene and circumstance would work a cure. She died in the strange land, and Mark clung closer to his daughter. Less than a year ago she also was taken from him. He pined in the loneliness of the home he had made for them in Connecticut.

Sickness and death in the family were not the only burdens that weighed heavily upon his declining years. Commanding high fees for his literary work, he was, up to about eight years ago, accounted wealthy, as far as wealth may be earned by the pen. Involved in some business co-partnership the savings of his life were engulfed. A parallel case is found in the financial disaster that beset Sir Walter Scott. It was nobly carried out to the uttermost point by Mark Twain. Happy in the possession of a well-earned competence, he was taking work easily. When the blow fell, he, though advanced in years, set to work again, as Sir Walter Scott did, with redoubled vigour, resolved to pay off his debts to the last farthing. He wrote magazine articles and fresh books. Most exhausting toil of all, he undertook a course of lectures, never resting till once more he was free from debt, and had commenced to rebuild his shattered fortune. He was a man as lovable as he was gifted, his cutting off a loss lamented by

millions who had never seen his face, most deeply by those who knew him best.

May 17.

Kilverstone Hall, Thetford. My wife and I have been here since Friday night, spending the week-end with Lord Fisher. As we drove up the avenue to the hall door Fisher came out on the steps waving a white handkerchief by way of welcome. As he grasped my hand on descending from the carriage I said: "My dear Lord Fisher, this is the first time you ever showed the White Flag." The little joke gave him huge delight. He bubbled over it the rest of the evening. He was in good health and fine form. Through three successive nights he enlivened the dinner table with reminiscences and stories of unvaried freshness. He never once repeated himself, a marvellous feat considering the long procession of anecdotes.

"You ought to write your memoirs," I said last night. "You have a marvellous mass of material." He laughingly protested that he could not write a line worth reading, and scoffed at the suggestion.

The seed thus dropped in apparently stony ground years later blossomed in his breezy *Memories*, a book that had immediate and immense vogue.

Last night, having brilliantly talked for a full hour, he fell into reverie. Suddenly awakened, he turned to me and said:

"You know that Pontius Pilate was succeeded as Governor of Jerusalem by Lentulus [which indeed I didn't]. The new Governor gave a minute personal description of our Saviour, concluding with the statement, 'Nobody has seen him laugh.' Ahem," he added, in doubtful voice, and sank again into reverie.

Humour was to him the breath of life. No one more devout than he, it evidently gave him something of a shock to hear on the authority of a contemporary that nobody had seen our Saviour laugh.



## CHAPTER XXV

*July 13.*

AMONG the kindly attentions shown to members of the Institute of Journalists and their guests from overseas was the arrangement at various churches and chapels of the metropolis of special services and sermons designed for their edification. Lunching at Ashley Gardens to-day, the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter) told a delightful story relating to analogous circumstances. During a visit the Institute paid some years ago to Yorkshire, he was invited to preach a sermon to the journalists. He consented, and looked about for an appropriate text. He found it in the nineteenth verse of the eighth chapter of St. Luke: "Then came to him his mother and his brethren, who could not come at him for the Press." The temptation to avail himself of the opportunity was great. The Bishop, with what was possibly a note of regret in his voice, told us how he successfully resisted it.

A congregation largely composed of journalists must be rather difficult to harangue. Some of them have an ineradically business-like view of their personal identity when taking part in anything in the form of a public meeting. Of such was the representative of a London morning paper told off to attend a revival meeting and describe the proceedings. Lingered around after the end of the service, he was approached by a deacon who thought he remained for spiritual consolation.

"Are you saved?" the good deacon asked.

"No," he promptly replied, "I'm a reporter."

July 15.

The forthcoming *Life of Disraeli*, written with the advantage of full access to his private papers, may possibly solve the mystery of what became of his first novel. It was written in his twentieth year and was entitled *Aylmer Papillon*. In a letter to the second John Murray, offering the book for publication, Disraeli writes: "My plan has been in these few pages so to mix up any observations I had to make on the present state of society with the bustle and hurry of a story that my satire should never be protruded on my reader." Murray does not appear to have been attracted by the work. Certainly he did not accept it for publication. Nor is there any trace of it in Disraeli's subsequent dealings with his publisher.

July 17.

Walter Long is the hero of a story that had much vogue at the time of Salisbury's third administration, in which he served as President of the Board of Agriculture, and did the State conspicuous service by stamping out hydrophobia. Lord Salisbury, in his later years, found it increasingly difficult to recognise faces under whatsoever circumstances of familiarity they might be presented. One day the Premier on his way to his house in Arlington Street was walking up St. James's Street in the company of a Bishop. Walter Long, walking the other way, as he passed them nodded in friendly salutation.

"Who is your jovial friend with the highly coloured cast of countenance?" the Premier asked.

"Well, my lord," said the Bishop, "I really thought you might know by sight your own President of the Board of Agriculture."

August 3.

On assembling for the weekly *Punch* dinner to-night, news went round the table that Linley Sambourne was dead. He quietly passed away this morning at break of

day, going out with the departing night. Sammy, as he was affectionately known at the Table, was a strange mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. With a keen eye to business, he was accustomed to lapse into the extreme of boyishness. One of his favourite tricks was an imitation of a contortionist whom he had seen dancing at a penny show. Performed immediately after the sumptuous *Punch* dinner provided in big-hearted William Bradbury's day it was rather exhausting. But Sammy enjoyed it, and applause was unfailing.

Habitually enjoying the best of health, he suddenly began to fail in the turn of the new year. I find in my diary, under date February 23, the note "Sammy not in his place to-night. Dropped in after dinner to assist in suggestions for his cartoon for next week. Does not look as if he ever again would be in full working trim." Nor was he.

His heart and soul were bound up in his beloved *Punch* work. For forty years he had been in regular attendance at the Wednesday dinner. To break through the custom was almost equivalent to ceasing to breathe. So, through spring and summer, he came down occasionally and gallantly attempted to renew the old spirit. But never again did he push back his chair from the table and dance his favourite *pas seul*.

Another vacant chair round what Thackeray called "the old mahogany tree." Of the brilliant group who sat there when twenty-nine years ago I was privileged to join the inner circle—Burnand, Tenniel, Charles Keene, Du Maurier, Gil. A'Beckett, and now Sammy—all are gone.

I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but I departed.

I am now the doyen of the "*Punch* Table," as at one time I might have been its editor. I declined the tempting and repeatedly pressed proposal of Sir William Agnew

because I would not supersede my old friend Frank Burnand. His subsequent dismissal broke his heart.

August 30.

*Lord Fisher and his Book*

KILVERSTONE HALL, THETFORD.

August 29, 1910.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

Bless you for your sweet letter! And also for sending me your Book. I will ponder over your kind advice [to write his Reminiscences].

I should kick so many shins! *I have been fighting all my life!* Do you think it wise to rub all their noses in it once more?

Without the fighting the reminiscences would lose all their ginger! I honestly think it would be very readable.

I was joyful to hear when I came back that you are both coming again! You were both much appreciated.

I have had a sad week. I have lost the best friend I ever had [King Edward].

I dined with Asquith and McKenna alone. I gave your messages. If the Tories were not such d——d idiots I should say the King has made Peace in his death.

Heaven bless you both, and it will be very nice if you come again as you have promised.

Ever yours,

FISHER.

September 5.

Having a retired admiral for table-mate during a little holiday cruise, I learned some interesting details touching the inner life on board the Royal Navy. Sumptuary ordinances are numerous and severe. With one exception, written orders rule every article in the dress of a naval officer of all grades. Oddly enough, the exception is found in the collar. How this omission befell no naval man knows. Presumably it was an oversight, contrasting strangely with the minute supervision which, for example, prohibits the wearing of boots or shoes ornamented with toe-caps.

Naturally the carrying of an umbrella in the wettest weather is strictly forbidden to the officer in uniform. A story lingering at Southsea relates how an admiral, looking from the window of his shore residence, beheld a captain in uniform sheltering himself under an umbrella from a pitiless downfall of rain. As a captain's uniform involves costly expenditure, desire to save it from damage is natural. But the use of an umbrella is almost equivalent to mutiny on the high seas. Calling an attendant middy, he was bidden to convey the admiral's compliments to the captain and ask him to send in his umbrella. The guilty captain promptly surrendered, and the middy brought back the offending article, dripping wet.

"Take it," said the martinet, "to Mrs. ——" (giving the name and address of the captain's wife), "and present it to her with the admiral's compliments."

Accomplishment of the errand created grave perturbation. The lady thought the umbrella was all that was left of her husband, who had gone forth half an hour earlier hale and hearty. She was reassured only by the captain's shamefaced return with the explanation of the incident.

We hear a good deal of precautions taken ashore to preclude the horror of people fallen into a trance being buried alive. Edmund Yates was haunted by this fear. Some ten years before he died he left written instructions that when it was believed the breath had passed out of his body, certainty of death should be assured by a surgeon piercing his heart with a steel instrument. Later, provision for cremation being established, he varied the precaution by directing that his body should be incinerated.

The admiral told me that on board men-of-war a more primitive practice is established. The body of a man dying at sea is sewn up in canvas, the last stitch being passed through the nose of the alleged corpse. If rigidity, counterfeiting death, is due to trance, it is reckoned that this operation will lead to revelation of the fact.

*September 10.*

By those familiar with the habits and thoughts of the son and heir of King Edward VII it was confidently asserted that when he came to the throne there would be drastic alteration in its personal entourage. The abounding good nature and personal geniality of the late King led him to form certain acquaintances, some merging in close personal friendship, which created marvel. It is not necessary to mention names. They will occur to everyone familiar with the social movements of the late King before and subsequent to his accession. In two cases his desire to bestow high dignities on his favourites was thwarted only by the resolute refusal of the Prime Minister of the day to be associated with the action, even in a secondary degree. There was nothing to be said against these gentlemen except that by birth, social position, and personal achievements they were not exactly the class from which the Sovereign might be expected to select his most intimate companions.

As far as things have yet fared at Court, anticipation of drastic change has been verified. King George holds no communication with any member of the little inner court that a year ago sunned itself in the beaming presence of King Edward. Under the new reign, with the hearty co-operation of Queen Mary, the court is likely to revert to the more rigid form and manner that prevailed in the time of Queen Victoria. Abstention from the lighter forms of recreation prevalent during the last reign will give His Majesty fuller time for devotion to duties pertaining to his high estate, which have for him fuller attraction. Meanwhile there is exceeding dolour in certain quarters where Royalty was wont to be welcomed at boundless feasts with bouts of bridge to follow.

*September 18.*

It is interesting to note how slowly the process of cremation is assimilated with British customs. There are

throughout the country thirteen crematoria, the principal being situated at Woking. This was opened in 1885, and I am told that in the intervening quarter of a century the number of cremations does not far exceed 3,000, an infinitesimal proportion of the daily burials in the metropolitan area, which is the chief contributory.

The late Sir Henry Thompson was the earliest apostle of cremation in this country. He set people thinking by an article published thirty-six years ago in one of the monthly magazines. The seed thus sown resulted in the formation of a cremation society, and the building of the crematorium at Woking. The enterprise promptly received what seemed a death-blow by issue of an order from the Home Office forbidding the practice of cremation. After an interval of five years, during which the crematorium was closed, the edict of the sapient Home Secretary was annulled by a judgment delivered in court by Mr. Justice Stephen.

In Japan cremation has for centuries been the ordinary process of disposing of the dead. During a visit to Tokio I was privileged to be present at a cremation. Compared with the buildings and preparation at Woking, the affair was supremely simple and businesslike. On entering the furnace room there was nothing to be seen but what looked like two butter tubs resting upon a pile of wood and a heap of shavings. These ignited, a man, kneeling before the growing flames, fanned them with a piece of wood. A heavy matting of wet straw was laid the full length of the barrel, and as the barrel burned away this fell in and covered the body. In three hours the work was done. The charges, graduated on three scales, vary from 6s. 6d. to 28s. of our money. The cost of cremation at Woking, or its off-shoot at Golders Green, is five guineas. There are accessory charges, but the aggregate expense does not exceed that of the average earth burial. Linley Sambourne is the second member of the *Punch* staff whose remains have been cremated. The other was Du Maurier.

*September 20.*

Sailors, constitutionally superstitious, will look askance at the submarine "A.1," which the other day blew up at Portsmouth, grievously injuring two officers and five men. Five years ago, being a guest at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, I seized the opportunity of satisfying a long-cherished desire, and made a trip in a submarine. Walking through the dockyard to join the Commander-in-Chief's pinnace that would take us out to where the submarine lay, my host showed me a dry-dock, at the bottom of which lay the framework of a submarine, with her conning-tower torn away and a big rent in the deck.

"That's what's left of the 'A.1,'" he grimly said, "sister submarine of 'A.2,' in which you are so anxious to take a trip."

Twelve months earlier the craft met with an accident that sent a thrill of horror through the country. Practising under water in the highway of the Channel, she was literally run over by a mammoth ocean steamer homeward bound. The liner's prow struck her conning-tower, sending her to the bottom of the sea with two officers and a crew of nine hands sealed up in a living tomb.

The Commander-in-Chief mentioned that they were not hurrying forward repairs. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a volunteer crew for the patched-up submarine, still retaining a name and identity made memorable by dire disaster. Nevertheless it was thought just as well to let the passage of a year to two blunt the sharp edge of memory. This confidence was justified when, after the expenditure of a large sum on repairs, "A.1" was recommissioned. Submarines are always manned by volunteers. They made a rush to join the rehabilitated "A.1."

It is doubtful whether even the recklessness of the British tar will be proof against this new development of ill-luck. Seven years ago, twelve months before she was sunk by the *Berwick Castle*, there was a gasoline explosion



aboard, in which, by strange coincidence, seven men were injured, precisely the number affected in the last catastrophe.

*September 25.*

What are known as printers' errors supply an unfailing source of amusement. In the course of long and wide experience one or two of striking merit have come my way. A short time ago, writing about a balloon accident in which the aeronaut (a lady) was pitched out, her life being saved by clinging to the car, the proof came back setting forth how salvation was wrought by her "clinging by the calf." A rare gem in this productive mine came to light the other day. Discoursing on the early life and doings of Benjamin Disraeli, I quoted the well-known line, "The Wondrous Boy who wrote *Alroy*." In print it was rendered: "The Wondrous Boy who wrote *ahoy*."

*October 1.*

Accepting the Freedom of the City of Newcastle, conferred in celebration of the jubilee year of his connection with the great gun-making firm of Armstrong, Whitworth, Sir Andrew Noble told how, an obscure captain in the Royal Artillery, he drifted into its service. There is another romance connected with the firm of even greater interest, since it is closely connected with "Jack" Fisher, who reconstructed the British Navy and is now a peer living in retirement that contrasts sharply with a long term of busy life. Whilst the future First Naval Lord was still a midshipman, his captain was engaged with two others in judging the merits of certain new inventions in gun carriages submitted to the Admiralty. One of the competitors was a man, unknown in the naval and scientific world, named Vavasseur. Amongst others was the even then dominant firm of Armstrong. The young midshipman on duty in personal attendance on the captain watched with seeing eye the working of the models. Half jestingly the captain asked him which he preferred.

He plumped for Vavas seur's, and expatiated on its superior merits with such force and clearness that the Committee of Captains, devoting to it closer inspection, decided to recommend its adoption by the Admiralty.

Not less clearly than by the midshipman, the merits of the invention were recognised by Armstrongs. They attempted to purchase the patent, proffering a price rising to the figure of £10,000. Vavas seur was a poor man, and almost his last penny had been spent in perfecting his invention: £10,000 meant to him provision for life. But he stuck to the child of his invention, and eventually Armstrongs, feeling they must have him at any price, gave him his own—a partnership in the business.

Here comes the touch of romance. Vavas seur knew through whose intervention he owed the preference given by the Admiralty. He sought and formed the friendship of the midshipman, whose rapid advance he watched with affectionate interest. In due time "Jack" Fisher married and had a son, who received the second Christian name of Vavas seur, the now wealthy and prosperous partner in the gun factory standing as godfather. When, a few years ago, Vavas seur died, it was found that he had left his splendid estate and mansion in Norfolk, comprising five square miles of the richest land in the country, to his namesake. It was from this estate Lord Fisher took his territorial name of Kilverstone, and there he lives to this day the guest of his son, lord of the far-reaching manor.

*October 12.*

*The New Law Lord*

26, EATON SQUARE,

*October 11, 1910.*

MY DEAR LUCY,

Your letter gives me the greatest pleasure. It is naturally a bit of a wrench to lay down the headship of the Bar, and a bit of a chill to go from the Commons to the Lords. But my desire for easier work has a sound physical justification, and, above all, I want the rare

relief of being allowed to do only one thing at a time. It will make me young again. So you may still see me taking part in another idyll with my superior moiety, who sends her very kindest regards to you both.

Ever very sincerely yours,  
W. S. ROBSON.

*October 22.*

In anticipation of the coronation, inquiry is already afoot in art circles as to who will be selected to paint the inevitable picture of the scene in Westminster Abbey. It will not be Abbey. That distinguished R.A., whose fine picture of the spectacle when Edward VII was crowned hangs on the wall of Buckingham Palace, is glutted with experience accumulated in the course of his work. For its accomplishment it was necessary that he should obtain private sittings from a body of something like a hundred distinguished persons who took prominent part in the pageant. Of them all the painter found King Edward the most reasonable to work with. Others of less exalted station nearly worried him to death. He had cause to lament unpunctuality in the matter of arranged sittings, petulance and vanity when at length the engagement was kept.

On the day of the ceremony he was accommodated with a seat in a tomb, whence he made his notes. He confided to me that there were moments when he was engaged upon details of his great work when he wished that, being there, he had never left the tomb. During the lying-in-state of King Edward in Westminster Abbey, he was approached from a high quarter with suggestions that he should paint another picture. He declined, and is equally resolute not to undertake further commissions for State pictures. This, however, does not mean that he will not resume his former important contribution to the annual show of the Royal Academy. He has in hand commissions for mural decorations of American capitols that will occupy his time for another year or two.

*November 21.*

The most daring seer, casting the horoscope of Bob Reid (to recur to the name by which he was known to the Commons), Radical Member for Dumfries in the eighties, would never have perched him on the Woolsack, a position involving a week's term of residence at Balmoral. At that period Reid was by instinct and habit far too radical in his views for the convenience of his pastors and masters on the Front Bench. He not infrequently appeared in open revolt against Gladstone, when in the height of his power, all unknowing of the precipice that yawned at his feet. Tracing his record in the division lists of that period, it will be found he invariably voted with the minority. The smaller it was, the more fixed his conviction that he was in the right.

His appointment to the Woolsack was regarded as the most daring of C.-B.'s experiments in Ministry making. If there was one form of Toryism Reid's uncompromising radicalism despised and detested more than another, it was the establishment and administration of hereditary legislation. To call upon him to preside over the sittings of the House of Lords seemed to the perturbed mind equivalent to wantonly loosening a bull upon a china shop. Here, again, the unexpected has happened. The rugged, blunt-spoken Bob Reid has become the supple, accommodating Lord Loreburn. To see him beaming on the Woolsack with a bishop on one side and a Tory duke on the other, the three engaged in friendliest conversation, is to invite the inquiry: "Do we sleep, do we dream, and are visions about?"

*December 17.*

In an article reminiscent of the late Henry Sidgwick, contributed to the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine* by Arthur Benson, it is stated that this highly placed Don "frequently ran in the streets in Cambridge, even in cap and gown." The eccentricity had its origin, Benson

writes, on his being told by his doctor to take more exercise. "He pleaded lack of time, but on eliciting the fact that running was better exercise than walking, he determined to put as much exercise as possible into necessary transit."

This recalls an incident of personal experience forgotten over the lapse of nearly thirty years. In the early eighties, when the question of Education was much to the fore, resulting in the passing of Forster's historical Act, I wrote for the *Daily News* a series of special articles dealing with it. Amongst other places visited was Cambridge, with a view to studying the phase of female education presented by Newnham College. Calling on Mrs. Sidgwick, head of the College, and explaining my errand, I was courteously invited to stay to luncheon, with promise that thereafter Mr. Sidgwick would personally conduct me over the College.

In due time we started to walk a distance, if I remember rightly, of something like a mile. Nearing the suburbs Mr. Sidgwick stopped short in a lucid explanation of the history and objects of Newnham, said "Excuse me," pressed his elbows against his ribs and started off at a sharp trot. I thought he had caught sight of a friend he desired to intercept. But after running a hundred yards he turned about, trotted back, and explained, almost in the words of Mr. Benson, that pressure of work limiting his opportunities of exercise he was obliged to take it in this form. In another minute he was off again on a second lap, and thus we wended our way to Newnham, I, in somewhat spasmodic fashion it is true, gaining much valuable information by the way.

Another incident of the visit that dwells in my mind is that the fact, incidentally mentioned, that Mrs. Sidgwick was the sister of Arthur Balfour made no impression on my mind. The young Member for Hertford had at that time barely earned the measure of recognition due to junior membership of the Fourth Party, his name being unknown

to the general public. A great deal has happened since then.

*December 24.*

Lloyds are doing a big business just now in insuring tradesmen against the possibility of loss consequent on the postponement of the coronation. The price current to-day is, I have ascertained, at the rate of thirty guineas, insuring payment in full of 30 per cent. of loss in the event of the coronation not taking place by June 30—that is, within a week of the appointed date. Recollections of losses suffered by the postponement of the coronation of King Edward VII inspire this curious form of business. The rush marked during the past few days is due to a circumstantial rumour that, owing to an event affecting the health of the Queen, the coronation cannot take place in the month of June. I learn from a source certain to be well informed that there is absolutely no foundation for this expectation.

*December 28.*

*Lord Fisher on America*

KILVERSTONE HALL, THETFORD.

*December 27, 1910.*

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

It was lovely to hear from "Toby and Nancy" on Christmas morning. Heaven bless you both! I've been in America getting my son married. His bride you will both love when you come here to stay with them, and also your new rooms are built, as the new house is to start at once.

I was impressed by America. Everything is so splendidly *big*! One factory alone where they make playing cards they use three tons of ink daily, and a huge band plays furiously and makes such a row the people can't talk, and so work harder. The Pittsburg Football or Baseball Club last year paid a dividend of 200 per cent., and they insure their manager's life for half a million! Isn't that lovely? But I'll tell you more when we meet. I shall come and see you when you come to London. We

are going to be at the Curzon Hotel, Curzon Street, for six weeks before going to Italy, as Sir Hubert Herkomer is going to do my picture for a presentation. They seem to know more of me in America than in my own land, and were wonderfully kind to me. About seventy millionaires gave me a private lunch, and no speeches. I told them it was a damned fine old hen that hatched the American Eagle, and you should have heard them cheer!

Yours till hell freezes,

FISHER.

My love to your dear wife.

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