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THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST  
FRESH EXTRACTS. VOL. III

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*

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST—II

# THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST

FRESH EXTRACTS. VOL. III

BY SIR HENRY LUCY

“And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither  
did the cruse of oil fail,”

*The Cruse of Oil.*

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.  
1923

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THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED  
TO MY FRIEND AND PUBLISHER  
JOHN MURRAY,  
IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF VALUED ASSISTANCE  
IN PERSONALLY READING THE PROOFS  
THEREBY MATERIALLY ADDING TO THE  
MEASURE OF ACCURACY ATTAINED.





## PREFACE

THIS, the third volume of *The Diary of a Journalist*, like its predecessors, is compiled of extracts from my private diary entered at the dates given and remaining unedited. It may therefore be assumed to offer the reader the same interest as was generously acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic with respect to preceding volumes. Its distinctive difference is that, chiefly penned in the earlier stages of the Great War, it contains many passages throwing side-lights on its progress, and on the civilians and soldiers actively engaged.

HENRY LUCY.

May 1923.



# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

Scenes in the Commons—A critical moment—Captain Scott—Lord  
Kitchener and India . . . . . pp. 1-9

## CHAPTER II

Monuments in the Abbey—Lord Fisher—*Nigger of the Narcissus*  
pp. 10-16

## CHAPTER III

Colonel Congreve, V.C.—Sir George Trevelyan—Swinburne and  
Watts-Dunton—Autograph letters . . . . . pp. 17-24

## CHAPTER IV

Gladstone's Boswell—Russell Lowell in a fog—Sir Charles Dilke—  
"Billy" Russell—Gerald Balfour's Pension . . . . . pp. 25-33

## CHAPTER V

The Empress of Austria—Sir Edward Grey—The Kaiser and  
Shackleton—Big Guns . . . . . pp. 34-41

## CHAPTER VI

Chamberlain's message to posterity—Botha in London—Frederick  
Greenwood—Lord Winterton . . . . . pp. 42-50

## CHAPTER VII

Charles Dickens' first love—Edwin Abbey, R.A., entombed—Pro-  
fessor Bell . . . . . pp. 51-58

## CHAPTER VIII

Monsignor Capel—Arabi Pasha—C.-B. Leader of the Opposition—  
Home with a lantern—Labby's self-exile—Old phrases revived  
pp. 59-70

## CHAPTER IX

Lèse Majesté—George Grossmith—The Maybrick case pp. 71-79

## CHAPTER X

How Woodrow Wilson became President—The Half Bottle—"For a  
good boy"—The Speaker and the Sovereign—Contradicting the Queen  
pp. 80-89

## CHAPTER XI

The Hero of Ladysmith—The Mikado at home—Thomas Burt, M.P.  
—Washington's Portrait—Andrew Lang—Lord Bryce . pp. 90-101

## CHAPTER XII

Whitelaw Reid—Mr. Speaker Peel—Roosevelt—The Revolutions  
pp. 102-109

## CHAPTER XIII

A man of mystery—Lady Dorothy Nevill—The Duke of Wellington's  
breeches—A smart trick—Lord Hampden—*The Court Circular*  
pp. 110-122

## CHAPTER XIV

George Wyndham deserted—The Marquis of Northampton—Arthur  
Balfour makes holiday—Lord Ashbourne's will . . . pp. 123-132

## CHAPTER XV

Fanny Burney—A famous artist—Lloyd George and Chamberlain  
—Mrs. Deem's album—Kate Terry as Arthur in *King John*—Chauncey  
M. Depew . . . . . pp. 133-145

## CHAPTER XVI

Seals of office—Private Clubs—Arthur Balfour and a midwife—  
A letter from Queen Anne—Lord Cross . . . . pp. 146-155

## CHAPTER XVII

Pitt's last days—E. H. Shackleton—Thackeray and the *Cornhill Magazine*—House of Commons etiquette—Order in debate  
pp. 156-165

## CHAPTER XVIII

Tenniel's knighthood—An embarrassing record—Lord Selborne—Tankard of stout—Lord Cross' pensions . . . . pp. 166-176

## CHAPTER XIX

Phil May as a penny-a-liner—Lord Northcliffe's early vocation—The Duke drops into poetry—Sir George Campbell, M.P.—Arthur Pearson—Parnell and his Whip . . . . pp. 177-187

## CHAPTER XX

Lloyd George on afforestation—Lord Fisher—The Premier and the Censor—Sir John French's reports from the front. . . pp. 188-195

## CHAPTER XXI

Munitions—Lloyd George's night adventure—A barbarous Hun—The *Lusitania*—Women to the fore . . . . pp. 196-206

## CHAPTER XXII

Rescuing the enemy—Fresh taxation—Retirement from *Punch*—Arthur Balfour's birthday . . . . pp. 207-215

## CHAPTER XXIII

A Japanese romance—A patriotic housemaid—The Star and Garter—Searchlights . . . . pp. 216-223

## CHAPTER XXIV

Lord Crewe—Bonar Law—Economy—Charles Dickens and Phiz—A wail over the Diary of Toby, M.P.—Lloyd George and Winston Churchill . . . . pp. 224-235

## CHAPTER XXV

Lord Ronald Gower—The price of books—King George—Private Members—M'Kenna's Budget—Swinburne's books—The Premier spies strangers—Hicks Beach . . . . pp. 236-252

## CHAPTER XXVI

The Conservatives and Lloyd George—Lord Kitchener—The luckless *Endeavour*—"Billy" Congreve, V.C.—Theatrical stars—Lloyd George's first success—David and Goliath . . . pp. 253-268

## CHAPTER XXVII

Private and Colonel—"Wait and see"—Commandeered clubs—Raymond Asquith . . . . . pp. 269-278

## CHAPTER XXVIII

The Empress Eugénie at Cowes—New use for gas masks—Our old nobility—Recruiting in Ireland—Charles Dickens' waistcoats—Reconstruction of the Ministry—Mr. Asquith—Lloyd George Prime Minister—St. James's Park . . . . . pp. 279-296

INDEX . . . . . pp. 297-306

# THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST

## FRESH EXTRACTS

### CHAPTER I

*June 5, 1910.*

SINCE the death of the eighth Duke of Devonshire, best known as Lord Hartington, Devonshire House, for a while the hub of social life in London, has remained closed. In this respect it returns to a condition familiar through the tenancy of the seventh Duke. He had neither taste nor inclination for playing the host to miscellaneous assemblages, and in this, indeed, his son resembled him. When Lady Hartington (formerly Dowager Duchess of Manchester) became Duchess of Devonshire, custom changed in the stately house withdrawn by the breadth of a courtyard from the tumult of life that hurtles along Piccadilly. In deference to her imperious will the doors were flung open, and all in any way distinguished in politics, literature, science, art, and the drama were bidden to enter. The Duchess became the acknowledged hostess of the Unionist Party, and as such held court on the eve of the opening of successive sessions.

It was pretty on such occasions to see her husband in attendance at the top of the marble staircase, assisting to receive the apparently ceaseless stream of guests. His efforts not to look bored, his mighty, not always successful, struggle against a tendency to yawn, pathetically testified to possession of indomitable spirit.



Devonshire House was once more thrown open on King George's birthday, the new Duchess, a daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, splendidly preserving the traditions of her predecessor.

*June 7, 1910.*

At dinner in Ashley Gardens last night conversation turned upon House of Commons speeches, with special reference to proper length. As the guests were Parliamentary experts the debate was interesting and informing. It was universally agreed that, with special exceptions, speeches should be short. A limit that found general acceptance was twenty minutes. Exceptions admitted were the introduction of the Budget and of important and intricate Bills.

Gladstone was recognised as personally responsible for the habit of long speeches. An hour more or less on his legs was to him a matter of perfect indifference. Perhaps his preference was for the longer time. Disraeli, allured by the example of his great rival, on rare occasions spoke a full hour, always to the detriment of effect. He sparkled through a twenty minutes' speech. After that, light faded and he began to bore the House.

It was noted that Gladstone having disappeared from the scene, Asquith, succeeding in due course to the Premiership, set the example of brevity. He rarely exceeded twenty minutes, a custom followed by Mr. Balfour with evident improvement of debate.

Bonar Law contributed to the talk a cynical remark by Lord Ashbourne made on another occasion when the topic of conversation was speeches. It ran thus :

“ The success of a speech depends on three things. The first, but least important, is what you say : the second, slightly more important, is how you say it : the third, and it alone is really important, is who you are.”

*June 9.*

Lunched with the Speaker to-day. He asked me a question not put for the first time, "Among the various 'scenes' you have witnessed in your long connection with the House of Commons, what made the most lasting impression on your mind?"

The first time I chanced to be present when the ordinarily still waters of the House of Commons were broken up by sudden storm happened, alack! nearly forty years ago. Gladstone was in the course of his first Premiership and the historic Parliament elected in 1868 was slowly dying. On what should have been a quiet Tuesday sitting, Sir Charles Dilke rose to move for an inquiry into the Civil List, the extravagance of which he had, a short time earlier, denounced at a public meeting. Standing at the corner seat of the Front Bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side, later occupied by him under varied circumstances, he got along well enough. At least he managed to make himself heard. What he said irritated a loyal majority, and when Auberon Herbert rose to second the Motion he was greeted by persistent cries of "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!"

Herbert had, however, come to stay, and meant to deliver a carefully prepared speech. As he stood and shouted the beginning of sentences, the crowded House, now in for a lark, persistently bellowed. This was the occasion when, as I wrote at the time, the late Cavendish Bentinck "went out behind the Speaker's Chair and crowed thrice." Certainly cock-crowing was added to other more familiar Parliamentary observations. After the row had continued some ten minutes, a Member, jealous of the reputation of the Mother of Parliaments, "spied strangers." The Galleries were cleared. When they were reopened, it was announced that Sir Charles Dilke's Motion had been negatived by two hundred and seventy-six votes to two. The couple were the mover and seconder of the Resolution.

Three years later, having succeeded to the Premiership, Disraeli found himself confronted by a scene even more dramatic than that which distressed Gladstone in 1872. August was at hand, and the usual statement of measures thrown overboard was made. Amongst them was the Merchant Shipping Bill, in charge of Plimsoll. In those days it was open to an aggrieved Member to dislodge ordered business and arbitrarily occupy the time of the House by moving the adjournment. Plimsoll availed himself of this privilege, beseeching the Premier, in a voice choked with emotion, not to consign some thousands of men to death. The Merchant Shipping Bill was designed to check the practices of a class of men whom Plimsoll described as "ship-knackers," who bought at low prices unseaworthy ships, insured them, sent them to sea, and when they foundered, as they usually did, pocketed the spoil.

Plimsoll's excited demeanour, his scarcely veiled accusation of a particular Member, wrought the House to a high pitch of excitement. The Speaker repeatedly calling him to order, Plimsoll darted forward, waving a piece of paper. Standing in the middle of the floor, he gave notice of intention to ask the President of the Board of Trade whether certain ships, the names of which he read from the sheet of paper, "are owned by Mr. Bates, and whether that gentleman is a Member of this House." Amid the uproar Plimsoll's voice was heard shrieking, "I am determined to unmask the villain who sent these men to their graves."

The Premier showing a disposition to rise and say a few words, Plimsoll, still standing in the middle of the floor, shook his fist at the right hon. gentleman, and said something that was drowned in the uproar. He was suspended. But before the session closed the Merchant Shipping Bill was added to the Statute Book, and to-day "Plimsoll's Load Line" skims over every sea on which a British vessel floats.

In the session of 1878, the full tide of what was at the time known as Jingoism, the House of Commons was, one February night, stirred to profoundest depths. The Government asked for a Vote of Credit for six millions, avowedly a menace to Russia, at the time at odds with Turkey. Forster, on behalf of the Front Opposition Bench, moved an amendment equivalent to refusing supply. The House met amid rumours that the Russians had occupied Constantinople. Questioned by Hartington, nominally leading the Opposition with Gladstone fuming on his flank, Stafford Northcote, Leader of the House, read a telegram just received from Layard, British Minister at Constantinople, stating that the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople, and had compelled the Turks to evacuate important defences. The House heard in this announcement the sound of the war trumpet. Forster, recognising that the aspect of affairs in the East was one of profound gravity, asked leave to withdraw his amendment.

Whilst conversation was going forward, a letter was passed along the Treasury Bench till it reached the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Profound silence fell on the excited House as Stafford Northcote rose. In faltering tones he announced that he had received from the Ambassador of Russia official intimation that there was not a word of truth in the statement of which Layard had made himself the communicant. The state of tension relaxed and Members fell into a state of merriment not wholly free from suspicion of hysteria. The Vote of Credit was, of course, abandoned.

The suspension of thirty-seven Irish Members—"What, all my pretty chicks and their dam at one fell swoop?"—was the climax of obstruction against the earliest Peace Preservation Act. John Dillon began it. The business of the day was the moving of a new batch of Standing Orders designed to clip the wings of obstruction. Gladstone, again Premier, rising to move the first Resolution,

found himself faced by Dillon, who refused to resume his seat when called upon by the Speaker. He was forthwith "named" and ordered to withdraw. This he refused to do until a posse of messengers under command of the Sergeant-at-Arms approached. Thereupon he surrendered.

On his withdrawal Parnell moved that Gladstone be not heard. A scene of indescribable tumult followed. Parnell was "named," ordered to withdraw and, "respectfully" refusing, the reserves were again called out. Four venerable messengers, whose united ages probably were not a day less than two hundred and fifty years, advancing to the charge, the Irish Leader surrendered at discretion. The farce was carried out till the whole thirty-seven were expelled, a process which occupied an appreciable period of the sitting.

These were the good old days, the like of which we see no more under the prosaic operation of the latest batch of Standing Orders.

*June 11, 1910.*

To-day Mr. Roosevelt made what will be his last public appearance in London. On the invitation of the American Ambassador, he was "at home" at Dorchester House, at the head of whose stately staircase he received something like 500 guests. Considering what he has gone through since he emerged from the forests of East Africa, he looked remarkably well and strong. A man who has been President of the United States has gone through long, severe apprenticeship in the business of handshaking. Compared with what he habitually suffered at the White House, Mr. Roosevelt's experience to-day was mere child's play. He did not content himself with shaking hands and bestowing his memorable smile upon the apparently endless chain of humanity passing him. He had more than a word to say to everyone, adroitly conveying the impression that, whilst prepared

for most things, he was utterly overcome with joy at meeting the man or woman whose hand he chanced to hold. Watching the scene one understood the secret of his almost unparalleled popularity.

June 13.

In obtaining permission to fly the white ensign on the main mast of the *Terra Nova*, on her voyage to the South Pole, Captain Scott obtains his heart's desire. Ten years ago I chanced to sit next to him at a little dinner given in his honour at the Savoy, on the eve of his setting forth on his first voyage. He then told me how he had ineffectually approached the Admiralty with request for the desired authority.

His late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, had arranged to pay a visit to the *Discovery* on the following day. I suggested that Captain Scott should ask for the guerdon as a parting gift. Of course, a word from His Royal Highness would have secured it. He seemed struck by the idea, but probably did not venture to adopt it, since the *Discovery* sailed without the coveted distinction. For the *Terra Nova* it was obtained on the personal intervention of Sir Francis Bridgeman, the Admiral in Command of the Home Fleet.

June 15.

Our dear little Spitz "Toots" died last week. We buried her in the garden close by Glen, the collie Joe Cowen gave us. "Toots" was 14 years old, wise and knowing beyond her years. She certainly was more intelligent than some humans I know. In an obituary article in the *Westminster Gazette*, I mentioned, among other evidences, how she recognised Sunday as a day apart from week-days. Throughout the week she was politely cognisant of my presence, but preferred the company of her mistress, whom she adored.

On Sunday mornings I found her waiting at my door, greeting my appearance with a shrill bark. She sat by

my chair through breakfast, and not for a moment did she let me out of her sight. I was accustomed to take her with me for a walk on Sunday morning. By inexplicable instinct she knew that Sunday morning had arrived, and if I nourished any mean intention to slink out by the back door and go for a walk without her, I would find myself mistaken.<sup>1</sup>

Briton Rivière, a lover and painter of dogs, having read the article, wrote :

FLAXLEY, 82 FINCHLEY ROAD.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

Many thanks for enabling me to read your interesting paper in the *Westminster* on the little friend you have lost. I have long known the remarkable Sabbatarian instinct you describe. I believe that almost invariably with dogs which live in very close relationship with their owner, if their owners are in the habit of keeping Sunday in any manner distinct from week-days, such dogs never seem to be in any doubt as to the identity of the day. Indeed, dogs often surprise me more than "Christians" do. We never doubt about the animal in

<sup>1</sup> The Editor of the *Western Mail* writes :

I, also, thank you for your very pleasant memory of "Toots," which I have just read. The Sabbatarian instinct is not confined to dogs : it exists in cats. When my second daughter—now married and with a little daughter of her own—was a schoolgirl, she had a cat to which she was attached with a devotion that was returned a hundredfold. During six days of the week when my daughter had to go to school—a mile away—the cat awakened her very gently with purr and paw at precisely 7 o'clock every morning. This was varied on the Sabbath day to the extent that the awakening operation did not occur till 9.30—in ample time to enable my daughter to attend church. There was never a mistake in the day or hour, and one is tempted to ask : How did the cat know ? I am one of your debtors for the bottomless and ever-enthraling Diary.

I have received many other stories about the human intelligence of cats and dogs, all well authenticated. I fear the subjoined does not come within that category : A parrot was always covered up on Sundays, so that the regularly-visiting parson might not hear its vocabulary. On a particular Monday the parson was seen unexpectedly approaching the house. The cover was hastily placed over the cage, whereupon the parrot remarked : "A d—— short week !"

man. But do we lay sufficient stress upon the human in the animal—sometimes even when it reveals a complex and highly developed nature ?

With kind regards to Mrs. Lucy,

I am,

Truly yours,

BRITON RIVIÈRE.

*June 18.*

In communications with Ministers, Lord Kitchener made no secret of a strong desire to return to India as Viceroy. The proposal was discussed in Cabinet Council and negatived on grounds of high State policy. It was, I understand, unanimously agreed that to place a soldier at the head of the Government of India at the present crisis would be a grave mistake. Lord Kitchener's rejoinder was resignation of the High Commissionership in connection with which, though he had not entered upon actual performance of his duties, he had already received allotment of pay. He also remains in full pay and nominally on active service as Field-Marshal. Practically, he is for the time ranked among the unemployed. The period of inaction is not likely to be prolonged, since Haldane is anxious to make the most of the possession of so rarely valuable an asset.



## CHAPTER II

*From Marion Crawford*

66, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

June 12, 1910.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I have received your welcome note and slip of proof before sailing for Naples, and just in time to thank you, for if once a letter begins to hunt me round the world there is no knowing when it may catch me. And indeed I *do* thank you, with all my heart. A word from *Punch* is worth a column anywhere else, and worth two when that word comes from you. I had been a little shy of sending you a copy, it might have looked like begging. Now, I feel inclined to send you a whole edition. What you say about the title of my book is just, for I meant the book itself to mean more, to mean the real thing. I thought I was on a sober nag, but the beast turned out to be melodrama and bolted with me, as it has bolted with better men before now.

I have hopes of being in England next month, and if I succeed I shall knock at your door a few hours after landing. At present I am going home to Sorrento, because my throat is worse and I am supposed to need a better climate than is provided here owing to winter. I wish you would come our way. You and your wife might spend at least a pleasant month with us.

Thanking you again, and with best greetings,

Yours sincerely,

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

June 19, 1910.

Shaw-Lefevre, now Lord Eversley, tells some interesting stories about the monuments in the Abbey. For

twenty years Peel's bore no inscription. After the lapse of time there was engraved on the pedestal the grandly simple legend "Robert Peel." When the Beaconsfield monument was completed, Lord Salisbury asked Shaw-Lefevre to suggest an inscription to follow the name. He submitted "Twice Prime Minister." This was accepted and will be found engraved on the pedestal.

"When I showed it to Mr. Gladstone," Lord Eversley says, "he remarked: 'Twice Prime Minister! That is no particular distinction.' He had been thinking, he continued, over the list of Prime Ministers, and observed that of those since the Reform Act of 1832, all, with one exception, had been Prime Ministers a second time. One had held the post three times. This was Lord Derby, but his aggregate Ministries did not amount to more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years. By way of concluding the conversation, I said, 'I hope, sir, you will beat Lord Derby's record.' Mr. Gladstone was then in his second Ministry.

"'Beat Lord Derby's record!' he exclaimed. 'That is absolutely impossible. This is positively my last Ministry. A man must be mad who thinks I could ever again, after this, form another Ministry.'"

Yet he lived to be four times Prime Minister, a unique chapter of personal history recorded on the statue in Westminster Abbey, separated by only a few feet from that of his great compeer and rival, Disraeli.

*June 20.*

It is understood that Goldwin Smith has left behind, ready for publication, some volumes of reminiscences. As he lived to a great age, and was personally acquainted with men who directed affairs in the middle of the nineteenth century, it cannot fail to be a valuable contribution to modern history. References to Disraeli will have special interest. As a recent interview testifies, Goldwin Smith nursed to the last resentment against his ancient adversary. As everybody knows it had its birth in a

scornful phrase, and was perpetuated by a sneer in *Lothair* at "an Oxford professor." Disraeli never resisted the temptation, doubtless delighted in its working, to touch in his novels a political antagonist upon the raw. Lord Rowton once showed me a list which covered all that was authentic in this interesting study. There never was doubt of the identity of Catesby in *Lothair*, since by a slip of the pen, overlooked both by author and press reader, Dizzy on one page wrote the real name, Capel. This was Monsignor Capel, who, forty years ago, filled a prominent place in London society, making many converts to his Church, including the Marquis of Bute. He suddenly, as far as a multitude of acquaintances knew, inexplicably disappeared. He was heard of later as a sort of private chaplain to a rich Californian. Never, as far as I know, has he revisited the scene of his early social and ecclesiastical triumphs.

Harcourt, for whom Dizzy had strong personal liking, a feeling warmly returned, was gently let off in *Endymion* by the mouthful of a name, Hortensius. Gladstone appears in *Coningsby* as Oswald Millbank. In the same book John Bright is savagely indicated as Jawster Sharp. Canning and Cobden, whose surnames were anathema to Dizzy, are in *Vivian Grey* and *Endymion* respectively labelled as Mr. Charlatan Gas and Job Thornberry. In addition to Harcourt, *Endymion* presents Lord Granville as Lord Rawchester, Cardinal Wiseman as Nigel Penraddock, Bismarck as Prince Terrible, Palmerston as Lord Roehampton, and Dickens by the genial name of Mr. Gushy, Thackeray being impaled as Mr. Sainte Barbe.

June 21.

Having spent a week with Lord Charles Beresford, who is in command of the Channel Fleet, I wrote for the *Westminster Gazette* an article on the present condition of Naval affairs. It attracted some attention in Naval circles. Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty,

varied the monotony of the Royal Academy dinner by a breezy speech in which he remarked that the article bore the name of a well-known member of the *Punch* staff and, he fancied, "was intended for publication in its Journal, not in the columns of a sedate paper like the *Westminster*." Sir John probably recognised in it certain views of Lord Charles Beresford's, for whom he had a life-long enmity.

Lord Charles wrote the following letter. Since Ward Hunt, Disraeli's First Lord of the Admiralty in 1874, startled the nation by describing our first line of defence as "a dummy fleet of ships on paper," there has been nothing approaching this scathing criticism.

H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII,"

CHANNEL FLEET,

June 18, 1910.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Thank you for your letter of the 16th. It has touched me a great deal, as it breathes the spirit of true friendship to me personally and also recognises the great national crisis involved in the present condition of the Navy. It is difficult to describe how bad it is, and in how many particulars it is bad.

All your references to this matter in your article in the *Westminster Gazette* are absolutely true and have created the most intense satisfaction throughout the Service. At the function at Windsor several of the Naval Officers referred to it, and said that a few more articles like that would show the real facts to the public.

You are absolutely right in the view you hold as to my sending in my resignation. To do so now would play into the hands of Sir John Fisher, and, as you say, would be put down to a personal question, which would reduce the value of my criticisms of Admiralty policy for the last four years. I should be handicapped by it being supposed that I was only a disappointed man with a grievance.

I enclose you copies of my letter *re* the Scott affair, and his reply. It is impossible to conceive a greater

blow at discipline than the line the Admiralty have taken in the matter. You will observe that I receive no public support of my authority. I am to tell Scott privately of "their Lordships' grave disapproval."

As far as I am concerned the matter is ended until I go, for the very reasons that you have named. When I do go it will be on broad national grounds—the total lack of organisation and preparation for war; the dangerous shortage of small cruisers, the multiplication of defects, the ignorance displayed in the present allocation of the Fleets in the Home Waters; the fraud upon the public and the danger to the State as represented by the present constitution of the Home Fleet; the misappropriation of public funds by the expense entailed in the show and illumination of the Home Fleet at Cowes, all done with the object of taking-in the public; the unrest, irritation, and disaffection throughout the whole Service, brought about by espionage, corruption, favouritism, and bullying alternately.

It is really more the programme for a comic opera than a great Service on which the life of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen depends. I want to meet you and Mr. Spender later on, before I make up my mind to resign. I shall blame Balfour and the Tory Party for the whole thing. As far as Fisher is concerned, Robertson said very truly to me, "We want to do our best and what is best for the State. We were strongly recommended by our predecessors to keep Fisher in office, so we took him—now you and your side blame us." I must say there is great fairness in this, and it is not easily answered. I believe Robertson to be perfectly honest, but I cannot for the life of me see how a clever man like him has not yet discovered that he has been made to give false information to the public. One of the wickedest things done was to make the King in the Prorogation Speech introduce remarks about the efficiency of the Home Fleet which were absolutely untrue. It has put the King in a false position.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES BERESFORD.

*From Mr. Conrad*

PENT FARM, STANFORD, NR. HYPHE.

June 22, 1910.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I've been a prey to a sort of skirmishing gout, which incapacitated me from most things I wanted to do, without, however, disabling me utterly. I own I was in Hythe yesterday; but this constant, wretched pain must have daunted me at last, for I confess I shirked miserably the walk up to "Whitethorn." Moreover, I am not at all sure that by this time you have not left for town. I take the liberty to send you a book of mine published some years ago. In this I am not prompted by an author's vanity. My motive is more complex and not so easy to define. Pray put the best possible interpretation on what I don't say.

Your appreciation of my work is indeed very welcome.

Believe me, dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

J. CONRAD.

The book sent me was a copy of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. Conrad told me that in his estimation this is the best of his works.

*From the United States Secretary for War*

NEW YORK,

June, 1910.

MY DEAR MR. LUCY,

I thank you very much for your kind letter, and for your very interesting article on Army Reform from the *Daily Express*, as well as the article in the same paper on my old and esteemed friend, "Toby, M.P." I hope the *Express* does not mean that the diary of the Member for Berks will disappear from *Punch*?

It is very interesting, indeed, to see how in England and America we have been struggling with substantially the same kind of military defects arising from substantially the same causes inherent in the character and

prejudices of the two peoples, and how we are trying to solve them along the same lines.

I hope to see you soon and often again on either side of the Atlantic.

Always faithfully yours,

ELIHU ROOT.

## CHAPTER III

June 28.

THE reserve of the Englishman is ever a marvel to our excitable neighbours on the other side of the Channel, who, not capable of imitating it, fail to understand it. A striking instance came under my notice the other day. Lunching with a friend and county neighbour, Colonel Congreve, Commandant of the School of Musketry at Hythe, conversation turned upon the Boer War, through whose full duration he had served. I remarked that, to my mind, the saddest episode in a story where criminal maladministration was relieved only by deeds of personal heroism, was the death of Lord Roberts' only son and heir.

"Did you chance to meet Lieut. Roberts in the campaign?" I, by strange *bêtise*, asked our host.

"Yes," he said.

And that was all the reply. A moment later there flashed upon me a recollection that he was one of the three young officers who responded to the call of Redvers Buller after the disaster at Colenso: "Will any of you volunteer to save the guns?"

The desperate endeavour was partly successful. Conan Doyle recalls how two gun teams were taken down, the horses galloping frantically through an infernal fire, each team succeeding in getting back with a gun. Of the three officers Roberts fell mortally wounded, insisting on being left to die where he lay, lest he should hamper the others. One of the officers miraculously escaped. The third, my host, left on record a modest but graphic



account of his experience within a thousand yards of a forest of rifles handled by Boer marksmen.

“My first bullet,” he said, writing in reply to an inquiry from the historian, “went through my left sleeve and made the joint of my elbow bleed. Next a clod of earth caught me smack on the right arm. Then my horse got one. Then my right leg one. Then my horse another ; and that settled us.”

Yes, as he briefly said, he had chanced to meet Lieut. Roberts in the campaign. And this was the particular occasion.

*June 30.*

The circumstance that during his visit to London the German Emperor was accompanied by his only daughter has given birth to a pretty little story. It is said that the Imperial cousins, who severally reign over two of the mightiest Empires in the world, have agreed upon close alliance by a marriage between their children. The report is doubtless purely imaginative, based on the fact that the Prince of Wales and his German second-cousin are both approaching marriageable age, and that from some points of view such a union would be desirable. There is obviously one serious, not to say fatal, objection to the pleasing plan. The intermarriage of blood relations is a matter as to the undesirability of which doctors are for once agreed. It is certainly true that the choice of a bride among royal Princesses of the Protestant faith is limited. But the Prince of Wales is over young to marry yet.

Meanwhile, speculation on the subject greatly interests London ladies. In Berlin it is said the Princess is to marry the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

July 13.

*From Lord Fisher*

KILVERSTON HALL, THETFORD.

July 12, 1910.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I am grieved to deny myself the pleasure of lunching with you and Lady Lucy, as I so much enjoyed my last visit to your pleasant table, but I am fixed here and resist all blandishments to leave it. Since I left the Admiralty I have only been one night away, to dine with the King, and part of one day to take my seat in the House of Lords and be a Godfather in Westminster Abbey. None of these things could I evade.

I am hoping to persuade you and Lady Lucy to come here some day when the roses are blooming. There are over a thousand in one garden, so worth seeing.

Ever yours,

FISHER.

What wonderful pictures both Gould and Reed do produce! I find endless enjoyment in them. Your invitation card is delightful! Also I greatly enjoy your weekly sermon in the *Observer*. Long may you live to write them. I am studying Pascal now. I send you a delightful and so true a *bonne bouche*.

*"La cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."*

*Pensées, Chap. XIX.*

July 17.

*From Sir George Trevelyan*

WALLINGTON, CAMBO, MORPETH.

July 16, 1910.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I am very much pleased by your letter, and greatly honoured by the part in it taken by Lady Lucy. We return our heartiest good-wishes to you and to her. We are both well, and I shall be (in answer to your friendly question) 72 on the 20th inst. I like to hear about your enjoyment of life, which I enjoy for exactly the same reasons. You would be really surprised, and I think interested, if the list of my reading in the four languages

I can read—English, French, Greek, and Latin—were imparted to you. I, too, have never for one moment regretted my retirement from politics. I sincerely believe that the writing of the history of the American Revolution was a more real service to the public than any I could have rendered in Parliament. The rendering of it was a perpetual and increasing delight, instead of what often was an irksome burden. But I need not tell *you* what the inevitable trials and labours of public life are.

I was obliged for the cutting, which I liked. Ireland is a great reminiscence. Spencer and Robert Hamilton (and I may say myself) would never have allowed Carson's movement on the Dublin riot and violence to come to a head dangerous to the State. And we showed that by our dealing with the Orange gatherings and we showed by a practical lesson that we could treat a political strike very differently from the manner in which it was treated of late.

I, too, lose the associations of Ashley Gardens, but your present address has a more attractive name.

Ever yours truly,

GEORGE TREVELYAN.

July 18.

*From Watts-Dunton*

THE PINES, 11, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.

DEAR LUCY,

I suppose I need not say that both Swinburne and I were deeply gratified by your generous words in *Punch*, and Swinburne wishes to join me in thanking you for them. Should you, amid your thousand and one sources of interest and business, find time to come to see us again, it would give us the greatest pleasure.

Could you not some time bring Mrs. Lucy to tea? That would not take up much time.

I was successful in getting your two books. I am more persuaded than ever that, if it so pleased you, you might take a high position as a novelist.

With kindest regards,

Believe me to be,

Most sincerely yours,

I. WATTS-DUNTON.

On the visit to "The Pines" referred to, Swinburne showed me a copy of *Omar Khayyam* of which he was very proud. It was of the original issue, a small quarto bound in brown paper. It had a curious history. One day in the early 'sixties, Swinburne and Rossetti were strolling in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane, when they happened upon a second-hand bookshop, its outside stall crowded with a miscellaneous collection of dingy books. Among them was this brown paper quarto, priced one penny. Glancing over its pages, the poets were struck, as countless others have since been, with the rare genius of the work and bought a few penny-worths to give to friends. Swinburne kept his to this day and never reads any other.

July 19.

*From Frank Hugh O'Donnell*

13, MILBORNE GROVE, THE BOLTONS, S.W.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

Though least and last, accept my felicitations. I have been out of England. What is most complimentary and original as well about your knighthood is that you are one of the very, very few connected with the Press in England who are honoured for themselves. Owners and their editors get everything up to the Peerage as proprietors and managers of certain shops called Newspapers. *Voilà tout.*

I have been reading a couple of your books. Charming, admirable, wise and keen! But even you do not suspect the game that certain Irish played when I founded the Farmers' Alliance in 1879. It was to empty 60 Tory seats in 1880.

In all the English notices on the Fourth Party breaking Gladstone over Bradlaugh, it is nowhere noticed that 50 Irish votes gave the victory to the Tories. Parnell and T.P.O'C. supported Bradlaugh. I took the Irish vote to the Tories in spite of them. Why? Because Bradlaugh was selling in the streets of London by the hands of hundreds of hundreds of children a sixpenny edition

of the *Fruits*. I sent a dozen copies to Lord Randolph purchased by me from half a dozen boys and girls between the Strand and the Embankment end of Villiers Street.

With renewed congratulations that one so straight and courteous should be honoured,

Yours faithfully,

FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.

O'Donnell was the Stormy Petrel of the Irish Nationalist Party in the plenitude of their power in the 'eighties of the last century. A brilliant debater, he was also a born and trained tactician.

July 21.

Spent an interesting morning in Sotheby's sale-rooms, where came under the hammer a collection of autograph letters notable for their touch with some famous criminals. Ghosts from the gallows they seemed to be. There was a closely written letter of four pages in the handwriting of William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, hanged at Stafford 54 years ago this very month for poisoning Mr. J. P. Cook. It was addressed to his fiancée, Miss Annie Brooks, protesting warmest affection and devotion "for ever and ever." Married in 1847, she died six years later, her husband's grief assuaged by receipt of a large sum from insurance effected upon her life. Another letter recalls the saintly presence of Fauntleroy, the banker, executed on November 3, 1824, for forgeries exceeding the sum of £200,000. Evidence of the confidence he had won is shown in the fact that when in 1820 West, the artist, died, he left a considerable sum of money in Fauntleroy's hands. The son and heir not altogether liking this arrangement, proposed to transfer to trustees the care of his money.

Fauntleroy was so hurt by the appearance of latent distrust in his integrity that he wrote in reply: "If you do not withdraw those sentiments, and appoint a person whom I have considered a proper trustee, I shall

feel myself under the necessity of consulting my legal adviser."

Three years later Fauntleroy's bank stopped payment, leading to disclosures that sent the principal proprietor to the gallows.

Another quaint collection of documents is in the handwriting of Elwes, the miser, who lived through three-quarters of the eighteenth century. The Angel Inn at Islington was his property, and under date April, 1771, he writes a letter offering to lease it. Upon the back of a piece of waste wallpaper is set forth the catalogue of rents received in this same year, with statements of disbursements. By using up this scrap of wallpaper he refrained from swelling the latter by the price of an account book.

There is a pathetic note from Lord Clive despatched in the twentieth year of his age, the first of his service as a writer to the East India Company. Writing to his cousin from Fort St. George, February 16, 1745, he says: "I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country. I am not acquainted with any one family in the place and have not assurance enough to introduce myself." By and by, as assurance grew, he added India to the British Empire.

October, 1822, finds Edmund Kean in a towering rage with his manager, Elliston, who has engaged a rival in the person of a Mr. Young. "I have questioned your sincerity," he writes. "Your letter very cleverly, but not honestly, evades the answer to a simple question. Is Mr. Young to act Iago with me. I see the deep, entangled web you have extended to me. I will defeat the plot. I am tired of Pimps and Sycophants."

July 23.

No one seeing Charles Wyndham tripping about the stage of the Criterion Theatre, filling the part of Sir Richard Kato, K.C., in *The Case of Rebellious Susan*,

would expect to be told that he this week celebrated his golden wedding. Certainly, he entered upon the estate at an exceptionally early date, being only 19. On the eve of his seventieth year, after which, according to the Psalmist, man's life is but labour and sorrow, he betrays on the stage no falling-off in the vivacity, mental and physical, that has been a distinctive feature of his long career. Some years ago, retiring from active manager-ship, content to live on the rents of his three theatres, he confided to me the intention of writing his life. The retirement proved only temporary, and I am afraid the autobiography remains in obedience. It would be a pity if the intention were not carried out. Few men have wider or more varied experience of life.

It is well known that the popular actor was in his youth destined for a medical career. He actually saw service in the field during the American War.

By odd coincidence the future actor-manager obtained his appointment on the medical staff of the Northern Army by the personal intervention of the great showman, Barnum. In simple, graphic style, which it is to be hoped he will preserve when he takes pen in hand, Wyndham tells how, seated one day as he had sat through many weary mornings in an ante-room in the War Office at Washington, there entered a smiling, bustling person also seeking an interview with the Minister. Dropping into conversation with the young Englishman, he learned from him his story of necessity and prolonged disappointment. He could not even succeed in approaching the Minister who might nominate him to an appointment on the medical staff.

"Send in my card with your own," said the stranger, and handing him a piece of pasteboard left the room.

On looking at it, Wyndham found lithographed on it, "P. T. Barnum." Its presentation had the desired effect. Wyndham was immediately admitted to the Ministerial presence and straightway commissioned.

## CHAPTER IV

January 14, 1911.

I UNDERSTAND Gladstone's daughter, the widowed Mrs. Drew, has in hand a work whose publication will add considerably to the illumination of a stupendous personality. For many years before his death she was her father's constant companion. Even after her marriage she lived at Hawarden, acting as sole private secretary during his retirement from official life. She kept a diary which, after the manner of Boswell's immortal work, recorded not only incidents of the day but the table-talk of her illustrious father. Those who have been privileged to listen to it know how rich a mine was at the disposal of a habile and sympathetic diarist.

A sample of Mrs. Drew's literary work indicates how cleverly it is done and how interesting is the result. Under date, "Hawarden, 15th November, 1881," there is record of a *tête-à-tête* breakfast. It makes known the fact, new to the outside world, that once again, after his great triumph at the polls in 1880, Gladstone was contemplating retirement from public life. He discussed the matter with Lord Granville, the recipient of the historic letter of six years earlier date, in which he publicly proclaimed that "at my time of life" he had earned the privilege of devoting his remaining years to other than the public service. Lord Granville, profiting by that experience, declared resumption of the intention "out of the question." Gladstone, with subtlety of argument that convinced nobody but himself, insisted that his "retirement in '74 was for good, his resumption of office accidental, conditional, and temporary."



He went so far in persistence of the idea that possessed him as to consider his successor in the Leadership of the House of Commons. It is interesting to know that, dismissing Forster, Harcourt, Childers, and Goschen, he fixed upon Charles Dilke as "probably the best man." There were some vastly unexpected things awaiting both Dilke and Gladstone within the next five years.

*January 15, 1911.*

The proposal to entertain Sir George Lewis at dinner, on the occasion of his retirement from professional life, meets with a reception that promises supreme success. He is known to all the world as perhaps the ablest man in his profession. A wide circle of personal friends recognise in him a delightful social companion, one of the best-hearted men in the world. During the last 30 years—when I knew him first he was, and long remained, "George Lewis, Junior"—his name has figured in connection with most of the celebrated civil or criminal causes that have engrossed public attention. In number they count as nothing compared with the aggregate of those he has privately "arranged," precluding the cost, occasionally the acute pain to innocent persons, of a public trial. It is here where the advantage of the enjoyment of perfect confidence comes in. Trusted by both sides in a matter of threatened litigation, his advice has been taken in both cases where, coming from another quarter, it would have been scouted.

*January 24.*

The new year, big with momentous events excelling its predecessors since the epoch of the rout of Protection, has from the meteorological point of view been depressingly murky. Through its earliest weeks the sun, which never sets on the British Empire, did not rise on the Metropolis. There was nothing approaching the real old stingo of the London fog. What was suffered was

rather the darkness of an ordinary night, varied by occasional periods of mist.

The only man I ever heard say a friendly word for the London fog was the late Russell Lowell. The observation was made years ago, when he was Minister at this Court. It created an impression on my mind that remains fresh to this day. It was at the dinner table of Sir Charles Dilke, at the time a Cabinet Minister. I suppose a dozen guests had been bidden to the feast. Suddenly, an hour before dinner, fog swooped down on London like a black vulture, tearing out from its life all light and colour and joyousness. Of Sir Charles' expected guests, only half a dozen succeeded in groping their way to 76, Sloane Street. Among them was the American Minister, by whose side I chanced to sit. In the course of the evening, he, a master of the art, poured forth a prose poem in praise of the fog, extolling its power of endowing familiar things—such as lamp-posts and street corners—with mystic beauty.

I am not sure whether this encomium had its motive in the courtesy of a sojourner or in the fancy of a poet. Perhaps it was both. Anyhow, it was amazing to a Londoner who was wondering how he should find his way home.

*February 4, 1911.*

Through the opening week the House of Commons has subtly seemed to lack a particular presence. With an interval of six years, during which he dwelt in the lowest depths of the Valley of Desolation, the personality of Charles Dilke has been one of the most impressive features of successive Parliaments. Since he came back to the House, he was always to be found, whether his Party were in office or opposition, at the corner seat of the Front Bench below the gangway. When, in the last Parliament, the Labour Members, with the concurrence of the Speaker, took possession of the two Front Benches

below the gangway to the right of the Chair, it seemed that Dilke's seat was in danger. The Labour Members, recognising his long-established claim, did not disturb him, and he remained in possession to the end.

In spite of a dry style of speech and a monotonous delivery, he always commanded the attention of the House when he, by no means infrequently, addressed it. His knowledge was as precise as it was encyclopædic. Some Members pose as authorities on Naval matters. Others know more about the Army than does the Secretary of State for War. Dilke was equally at home in the profundities of either subject. His intimate knowledge of foreign affairs was equalled only by his grip of matters relating to the government of the parish. Plodding and methodical, it came easy to him to master any subject he took in hand. The more complicated in detail, the more attractive it was for him.

An intimate personal friendship, extending over more than thirty years, made him known to me throughout a career at the outset dazzlingly bright. Suddenly it was shattered by one of the heaviest blows that ever wrecked the life of a public man. Six years ago it seemed as if the cloud was about to lift. When in 1892 Dilke reappeared on the scene of earlier triumphs his reception was painful to witness by those who had known him at a date when Gladstone, again contemplating retirement from public life, nominated him as his most probable successor. A few old friends, notably Labouchere, heartily welcomed him. For the most part Members stood aside as from one not yet thoroughly purged of leprosy. Against this feeling, cruelly wounding to a sensitive, proud nature, Dilke quietly, patiently struggled.

In the end he succeeded in acquiring in the Parliament of 1900-5 much of his ancient supremacy. His inclusion in a Liberal Government, inevitable in the session of 1904, was freely talked of in the House. A bar to his re-establishment had been removed by the death of

Queen Victoria. I remember Lady Dilke telling with pride and hope how, at his first Levée, King Edward had by personal message commanded the attendance of Sir Charles. I have good reason to know that Campbell-Bannerman was more than disposed to invite him to join his Ministry. A particular post of high standing was set aside for him in the first draft of the Cabinet. The mere rumour of such an event sufficed to preclude its realisation. Communications were privily made to C.-B. which convinced him that unseemly disturbance would follow on such an appointment, and the intention was abandoned.

This was a blow from which Dilke never recovered. He bore it with the courageous quietude that in public marked his demeanour since he became a social and political pariah. The veil of the privacy of his home is too sacred to be withdrawn. He did not vary his habit of close attendance upon his duties as a Member of the House of Commons. He was daily in his place when the Speaker took the Chair, habitually suffered the penance of dining in the House, and generally remained to the end of the sitting. But, as the most casual observer would note, he was a changed man. During the last two years his interposition in debate became increasingly rare. He visibly aged in face and manner. His sole relaxation during the session was his week-end retirement to his riverside home. He bought a small island by Dockett Eddy on the Thames, on which he built a bungalow, with a spacious verandah where in summer time he and Lady Dilke lived an outdoor life. Here, at week-ends through the London season, he gathered round him a company of guests which occasionally included eminent statesmen from the Continent and the Colonies.

I read with surprise that death was consequent on heart-failure. Tendency to such complaint was never even whispered of in the intimacy of the home circle. Certainly, his daily habits were not consonant with

physical weakness of that kind. An accomplished oarsman, he was daily afloat in his outrigger on the river, in which, whatever the temperature might be, he had his morning swim. In turn he rode, boxed, and fenced, being pardonably proud of his skill in the latter art, acquired in Paris. Seven years ago the sprightly, accomplished lady, who in his darkest hour brought him the cheer and comfort of wifehood, died with startling suddenness. Dilke's own death, only less brief in its approach, closes a career which for profound tragedy is not excelled in fiction.

*February 18, 1911.*

It would be impossible to conceive a man less like the Balfour type familiar to the House of Commons, the public, and a wide circle of private friends, than was the brother who died while on a visit to the family seat at Whittingehame. An architect by profession, a military man by way of recreation, Eustace Balfour had no sympathy with politics. He further differed from his brilliant elder brother by reason of his lack of sympathy with social functions. He was rarely seen either at the dinner table or in the drawing-rooms where London society forgather. In both respects, politically and socially, his aloofness was the more notable by reason of the activity of his wife, sister of the Duke of Argyll.

Whilst Lady Frances Balfour was seen at most social functions through the season, she probably spent more time in actual attendance upon Parliamentary debate than did the average M.P. As Mrs. Gladstone made it a point to be in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons whenever her husband was expected to speak, so Lady Frances has, during the last quarter of a century, missed few, if any, of the big speeches of her brother-in-law, the Leader of the Unionist Party. Colonel Eustace Balfour let her and his brothers go their own way, content with an actually obscure life, varied only by the

excitement and glitter of an occasional day out with his beloved London Scottish. No one talking to him, or hearing him talk, would imagine that he had close kinship with the brilliant man who shares with Asquith the intellectual domination of the House of Commons.

February 20, 1911.

Among a multitude of vivid passages in the life of the great war correspondent, " Billy " Russell, one reveals the difficulty attendant on effort to describe a battle faithfully. The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava has been immortalised alike in prose and verse. Yet materials for accurate description were curiously scarce. Russell told me how, talking to the surviving members of the Light Brigade when they were pulling themselves together after the appalling shock of the memorable charge, he found they had no distinct image in their minds of what had happened. They grumbled that the ride was " all for nothing," and had not the slightest idea that they had created for themselves everlasting renown. As for Russell, he watched the charge from a hill overlooking the valley along which the brigade rode. What he saw were a number of dimly-outlined figures emerging and disappearing in wreaths of smoke from the Russian cannon.

Hungry, with aching head, utterly exhausted after being a day in the field, he sat down to write a narrative of the event, which when published in *The Times* thrilled the world with admiration. His writing table was his knee, his seat his saddle, his lamp a commissariat candle stuck in the neck of a bottle. One by one officers, companions of his tent, lay down in the straw to sleep, their sonorous breathing the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. But the mail was due out in an hour or two, and the letter must go with it. So he struggled on till the candle disappeared in the bottle

“like,” as he said in telling me the story, “a stage demon through a trap-door.”

It was in this letter, describing a charge of Russian cavalry upon a body of Highlanders, he pictured the latter as “a thin red line topped with a line of steel.” Re-publishing the letter, he substituted the now accepted phrase, “the thin red line.”

*March 4, 1911.*

The Speaker, following a precedent created by Lord Peel when he sat in the Chair, is getting over the difficulty of dining the Labour Members. It is the hospitable custom to invite in succession all Members to dinner at Speaker's House once in course of the session. The Irish Members lessen the labour of love by declining the invitation so long as their country remains in chains. A condition of these State dinners is that the guests sit down in Levée dress. The wardrobe of the Labour Members does not run the length of possession of such garments, and they are consequently unable to take their turn in the alphabetical list of the Speaker's guests. Mr. Lowther invites them to luncheon, a mid-day meal which conveniently coincides with their customary dinner hour, and may be partaken of in their ordinary Sunday best clothes. There are, of course, neither toasts nor speeches at these gatherings, though upon one occasion “Mabon,” the Welsh Member who had risen from the status of a working miner to the rank of a Privy Councillor, obliged with a song.

*March 6, 1911.*

Gerald Balfour's many friends observe with satisfaction the announcement that he has resolved to relinquish the political pension enjoyed since the rout of his brother's Administration. Its bestowal was marked by circumstances which at the time led to unpleasant comment. The Balfour Administration tottering to a fall, and the

then President of the Board of Trade intending to retire from Parliamentary life, his brother bethought him to smooth his future career by enjoyment of a pension for life. It happened that, at the moment, none was available. Sir Michael Hicks Beach was found willing to accept a peerage, with the condition that he would relinquish his pension, which was forthwith transferred to the Prime Minister's brother, who now happily finds himself in a position to dispense with its aid.



## CHAPTER V

*March 11, 1911.*

IN conversation with Mrs. Fraser, sister of Marion Crawford, who as a diplomatist's wife spent some years in Vienna, I gathered a vivid impression of the Empress of Austria, whose tragic death at the hands of an assassin shocked the world. According to this close observer, the personality of the Empress was so closely concentrated on herself that for the rest of man and womankind she became a nullity. Her face, to the last beautiful in feature and colouring, was so severely schooled to immobility in order to avoid the aging effect of wrinkles that it became as expressionless as a fashion plate. She never turned or bent her head if she could help it, the effect being that of a person walking about with a photographer's prop fixed to her back.

Tall and slight, her figure was laced into one perfectly straight line. It was truly said of her that she loved dogs and horses, especially horses, more than any human being. It will be remembered how, recognising the feeling in this respect common between her and the Irish people, she more than once visited Ireland in the hunting season. She avoided all ceremonies, since they brought her in contact with her fellowkind. When absolutely compelled to appear at Royal receptions or Court balls she was so obviously bored as to freeze the company. Empress at 16, she was so long tutored in Royal customs as to recognise the necessity of saying a few words to every woman presented to her. To save time and trouble she never varied the form of her Shorter Catechism. "Do you ride?" she asked. And having

listened without obvious emotion to the reply, further inquired, "Have you any children?" Assurance, affirmative or negative, forthcoming upon this entrancing subject, whether it were yes or no, the Empress remained unmoved, the visitor withdrew, and the one next in order submitted herself to the question.

Li Hung Chang adopted this convenient form of getting over the embarrassment of opening conversation with a perfect stranger. When I was presented to him on his last visit to London he asked me how old I was, and next inquired what was my annual salary. At the time I thought these odd questions, but subsequently learned that they were the Chinese statesman's invariable formula on similar occasions. When Napoleon III came to the throne, he was accustomed, when visitors were presented to him at the Tuileries, to say, "Do you stay long in Paris?" Consequent on a little awkwardness that in a well-known case attended the inquiry, he substituted another form. An English lady, who had befriended him during his exile in London, and whom he neglected when she, full of expectation of marked recognition, visited Paris, one night found herself at a big reception at the Tuileries.

"Do you stay long in Paris?" he asked, as she curtsied before him.

"No, Sire," she answered. "Do you?"

As things turned out his stay was more prolonged than at the particular period of this encounter seemed probable. But it did not cover the autumn in which Sedan was fought.

*March 13, 1911.*

Exceptional efforts are being made to widen the area of Royal processions in connection with the Coronation, so that an increased number of Londoners may see the show. This is a reasonable concession, since the public will have to pay a pretty penny for its preparation and

production. Whilst the Army Estimates are loaded with an increased charge of £80,000 to meet the expenses of the military muster, not less than £185,000 has been allotted in the Civil Service Estimates for miscellaneous expenses in the Departments of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse. A Minister specially concerned with the great undertaking tells me he would be exceedingly happy if he believed that the total sum expended would not exceed £265,000. If, he said, the work can be done for the round £300,000, those directly concerned in its accomplishment will think they have deserved well of their country.

The Metropolis will be able to bear its share of the financial burden with equanimity, since not only will the spectacle take place at its doors, but the invasion of visitors, with their pockets full of money, will bring grist to many mills. The case is different with the taxpayer, say, in the Orkney Islands, or at centres of denser population nearer the four-mile radius. In contributing their share of the tax, they will be supported by a feeling of loyalty, and the hope that another Coronation may be long delayed.

*March 15, 1911.*

In the arrangements for the Coronation ceremony a curious difficulty has presented itself, which may possibly result in withdrawal from the programme of the historic Royal Coach. The Queen is constitutionally a bad sailor, frequently suffering in Queen Victoria's time on the short passage which separates Osborne from the mainland. The Royal Coach, luxuriously hung on lavish arrangement of straps, on its passage even at walking pace rocks in fashion uncomfortably reminiscent of a pinnacle on a stormy sea. Journeying in it to and from Westminster on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, Her Majesty suffered so much that she looks forward with dread to the far lengthier drives arranged in connection

with the Coronation. The Royal Coach is just now in the hands of expert workmen who are endeavouring to make its bearings more stable. Should the effort prove unsuccessful, a less picturesque but more comfortable equipage will have to be substituted.

*March 19, 1911.*

Twenty years ago Gladstone, talking at the dinner table, remarked: "Edward Grey might be anything he liked in public life; but he prefers to go a-fishing." For the young Member for Berwick-on-Tweed the veteran statesman had a fond and faithful affection. He was a link with early personal and political associations. As soon as he returned to power, in 1892, the Premier made him Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a post previously electrified by occupation of the present Marquis of Salisbury. It is unnecessary to say that during Edward Grey's three years' term of office he never fluttered the dovescotes at Tokio, St. Petersburg, Berlin or Washington. His is the placid mind, the serene temperament that go to make a great judge. There is, consequently, something lacking to supreme success in political life, where occasional warmth and dashes of colour are desirable accessories.

During his fighting time Nelson was actuated by ungovernable personal hatred of the French as a people. Whilst waiting to knock up against their ships in the Mediterranean he wrote home, "I trust Almighty God will, in Egypt, overthrow these pests of the human race." That was unreasonable, illogical. But the personal sentiment lent force and energy to Nelson's arm at Aboukir and Trafalgar. Edward Grey, on his rare visits to the Treasury Bench, contemplating right hon. gentlemen seated on the other side of the Table, thinks that on particular subjects they are mistaken. But he fully concedes that they are well-meaning, and include in their ranks some really good fellows.

A stout Liberal, political partisanship is wholly foreign

to his nature. It thence comes to pass that he belongs to the exceedingly limited class of Parliament men who are listened to on both sides with equal pleasure and respect. But he is no good in a party faction fight. His aloofness from the petty squabbles, even the ordinary companionship of the House of Commons, invests him with a certain atmosphere of mystery. As he rarely talks, never about himself, others make up the average by attributing to him various attitudes assumed behind the closed door of the Cabinet Council room in Downing Street. Gossipers are safe from apprehension of contradiction from Edward Grey. What is undeniably true is that he is not the man to hang on to office if at any turn of events Cabinet policy runs contrary to his convictions. He is, perhaps, even too ready to find opportunity to retire from Parliament and political life, withdraw to Falloden, bring out a new edition of his valuable work on fly-fishing, or, peradventure, write a treatise on tennis.

March 31, 1911.

The chair His Majesty (King George) will occupy during the ceremony of the Coronation is not of older date than the time of William and Mary. It was made for Queen Mary, and was modelled upon the original, built a little more than seven hundred years ago, by direction of Edward I. It was that monarch who, during a visit to Scotland, found at Scone Abbey the stone on which Scottish kings had been crowned. *Vae victis*. He appropriated it, carried it to London, and since his time all the Sovereigns of England have in turn sat in a chair fixed on the stone which, according to ancient tradition, was the one on which Jacob, journeying to Bethel, rested his head.

King Edward's first idea was to have a bronze chair for Coronation purposes. A commission was given to his goldsmith. But when the work was nearly completed

his Majesty altered his mind and had a copy of the goldsmith's work made in wood. It is interesting to learn that it cost £5. What became of it or its remains history sayeth not. It might with care have been preserved to this day, for it was built of seasoned oak.

*April 2.*

Sir Ernest Shackleton, back from a visit to Buda-Pesth, where he obtained a concession pecuniarily more valuable than a section of the Antarctic Circle, has a half-formed idea of writing a book chronicling episodes of his journeying and doings on his lecturing campaign. Judging from some of the stories he tells, it would be exceedingly attractive. One records an interview with the German Emperor (William) during a visit of the explorer to Berlin. Before being introduced to the presence, he was solemnly warned that in the course of conversation he was carefully to refrain from controverting any statement the Emperor might put forward, for, as his tutor observed in hushed voice, "his Imperial Majesty doesn't like it." The interview proceeded without hitch till the Emperor, always anxious for information, made inquiry as to the habits of white bears in the region of the South Pole.

"There are no white bears there, your Majesty," said Shackleton, with deep humility.

"No white bears!" exclaimed his Majesty, regarding the explorer with withering glance. "Why not?"

By this time Sir Ernest, awakened to his indiscretion, took refuge in silence, declining to take on himself the duty of explaining the ways of inscrutable Providence.

I can realise the scene from recollection of one at which I was accidentally present during the Naval Review of 1893. The Kaiser, accompanied by his uncle, then Prince of Wales, came on board the *Teutonic*, on which were grouped a great company of the privé guests of Sir Thomas Ismay, founder of the White Star Line. Being shown round the decks, the Emperor came upon a brace

of light quick-firing guns, at that time a novelty in naval armament. He examined them with keenest interest and, turning to one of the suite who accompanied him, said in sharp, imperious tones, "We must have some of those, and quick too."

The command was, I believe, promptly obeyed. But even for an Emperor of William's imperious methods there are limits to dominion. He can mount quick-firing guns on his battleships. But he cannot (though this the wary Shackleton refrained from remarking) people the Antarctic regions with white bears.

*May 6, 1911.*

The direction, personally given by His Majesty, which will result in Courts being held an hour earlier than heretofore, will probably in the course of the present season be followed by an even more far-reaching social revolution. Of recent years the dinner hour in London society has advanced, is advancing, and might well be retarded. Queen Victoria was largely responsible for the established fashion, the Royal dinner hour in her time being fixed at a quarter to nine. King Edward only slightly varied the custom, half-past eight being the dinner hour when he went to reside at Buckingham Palace. His present Majesty is of opinion that half-past seven is a convenient and sufficiently late hour for dinner, enabling the function to be over at a reasonable time, and providing opportunity for retiring before midnight.

Up to the present time Courts have been held at 10.30 p.m., guests arriving an hour earlier, with the consequence that the function was never concluded till approach to one o'clock in the morning. Hereafter guests will be bidden to arrive at half-past eight, and their Majesties will enter the Throne Room at half-past nine.

It was quite time check was given to the growing dilatoriness of the dinner hour. The majority of invitations in social circles are issued for a quarter-past eight,

which at best means that guests do not sit down at table till half-past eight. Ultra-fashionable folk, influenced by Court habits, announce the dinner at half-past eight, and hungry guests are happy if the meal is served before nine o'clock.

*May 8, 1911.*

Pressure is being put upon the First Lord of the Admiralty to issue an order making it compulsory upon officers and men to wear some form of ear protection whilst gun-firing is going forward on board ship. When, in the closing months of his active service in command of the Channel Fleet, I was the guest of Lord Charles Beresford on his flagship, I (more or less) enjoyed personal experience of the effect of the firing of big guns at close quarters. On several mornings the Fleet stood out at a safe distance in the Channel, and for some hours fired away at a floating target. Under my host's considerate direction, I packed my ears with cotton-wool. But standing on the bridge whilst fore and aft the guns belched fire, cotton-wool did not seem of much account. I noticed that the naval officer who came down from headquarters to observe and report upon the merit of the firing placed in either ear something of the size and shape of a bean. I forget of what it was compounded, but he assured me it was comparatively efficacious.

M'Kenna (First Lord of the Admiralty), replying to criticism under this head, denies that there is any foundation for the statement that gun-deafness is prevalent among officers and men of the Navy. He attributes immunity to the use of cotton-wool, always liberally supplied, when ships go forth to battle practice. In workshops and factories where the clang of hammers induces deafness, the Home Office recommend a mixture of plasticine and cotton-wool. The First Lord is urged to introduce this preventive on board His Majesty's ships.



## CHAPTER VI

*May 13, 1911.*

IF Macaulay's New Zealander chanced to pay a visit to London to-day he would, on his way down to London Bridge, surely arrive at the conclusion that revolution was impending. On its main thoroughfares between Parliament Square round by Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace, there is presented a spectacle suggestive of upheaval of barricades. These are actually nothing more portentous than the erection of Grand Stands for viewing the Royal Procession on Coronation Day and the day after. Carpenters are working double time, and the timber trade is enjoying a colossal boom. The amount of capital involved is vast, and those risking it reasonably hope that the intake will be in liberal proportion. Westminster Abbey as the centre of attraction is itself environed with a cluster of Grand Stands that obscure view of the edifice. Alarm has naturally been expressed in the House of Commons and elsewhere in view of the contingency of the structures catching fire. If one of them got ablaze the result would be calamity. It is ludicrous to hear the assurance given by a Minister in response to anxious inquiry that as many as two firemen are on duty outside the spacious frontage.

Another curious fact emerging from the discussion is that Westminster Abbey, in common with the Houses of Parliament and the Public Offices, is not insured. When these buildings came under the care of the State, the business of Fire Insurance was not invented, and successive Governments have not yet come up with the idea of taking precautions common to the ordinary

householder. This is of the less importance since the destruction by fire of Westminster Abbey would be irreparable, not to be mitigated by drawing a large sum on Insurance Offices.

On each of the stands rising up round the Abbey, flames a placard announcing that the box office is open and seats may be secured on the principle of cash down. The spectacle has suggested to some grim Covenanter the Scriptural quotation, " My house shall be called a House of Prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Whilst the carpenter's hammer resounds on the wood-work and eager seat-holders throng the box office and plank down their money, sandwich-board men slowly pass to and fro with this hard saying blazoned on their backs.

*May 17, 1911.*

I hear from a friend who recently visited Chamberlain at Cannes that, whilst there is no improvement, nor hope of any, in his physical condition, his mind is as active as ever, his intellect as brilliant. He takes the closest interest in the progress of political affairs in this country, and comments upon them with all his former incisiveness. In the course of conversation he recalled a curious incident that befell him when he visited the United States in his capacity as British Commissioner at the Fishery Conference. On his paying a visit to the office of the Edison's Company in Washington, where the recently developed phonograph was at work, it was suggested that he should take the opportunity of addressing the American people possessing the land in the twenty-first century. He readily entered into the spirit of the thing. For some minutes he spoke into the phonograph, the subject of his discourse with generations yet unborn dealing with the relations of the United States and Great Britain as they might be affected by the Fishery Convention. When the discourse was finished, the

phonograph was placed in a box and sealed up, with an inscription setting forth the circumstances under which the discourse was delivered. Directions were given that in the year 2,000 the sentences spoken by the English statesman shall be liberated, and communicated to the people of the United States. Chamberlain was assured that when the time comes his bottled-up speech will be delivered, not only word for word as uttered, but in the very tones of his voice.

*May 17, 1911.*

Since the night two Suffragettes were haled forth clanking behind them trails of glory in the shape of fragments of the Grille, the Ladies' Gallery has been a pleasing solitude. Few outside the inner Parliamentary circle are aware that at one end of the Gallery, to the right of the Speaker's Chair, looking down on the House, is a reserved section at the disposal, and known by the name, of the wife of the Speaker of the day. This, like the Peers' Gallery opposite, has not been affected by the edict closing other portions of the House open to the public. Whilst the small, commonly unsuspected pen at the rear of the Speaker's Gallery, where the Sergeant-at-Arms is privileged to admit friends, remains closed, Mrs. Lowther's Gallery has been nightly occupied. It was reserved for one of the few unmannerly Members of the Labour Party, probably unaware of the distinction between the two sections, to call attention to the fact that there were ladies in the Gallery. The Speaker slew him with a stony stare.

An ancient privilege which sometimes lends a pretty note of freshness to the galleries over the clock pertains to Westminster School. From time immemorial, a Westminster boy, presenting himself in cap and gown at the door of the Strangers' Gallery, has been permitted to enter without an order. When, some years ago, what was known as the Speaker's Gallery, being the two

front rows of benches, was merged in the Strangers' Gallery, the privilege suffered limitation. But to this day there may frequently be seen on the back bench of the Diplomatic Gallery three or four chubby-faced Westminster boys observing one of the customs, prized next to Pancake Day, pertaining to their storied school.

*May 27, 1911.*

Amongst the distinguished crowd that thronged the spacious rooms of the Foreign Office at the Ministerial party given last night in honour of the Colonial Premiers, no personality was more striking than that of General Botha. If eleven years ago some seer had written that on a May night in 1911 the Boer General would be seen in a room near Downing Street in friendly conversation with Lord Kitchener, Sir Ian Hamilton and other captains of the war that drove Kruger into exile and broke up the Boer Republic, the good man would certainly, for his own safety, have been placed under restraint. The invitation card, "To meet the Dominions Ministers attending the Imperial Conference," bore the instruction, "Evening dress, with decorations." Whilst Lord Kitchener and Sir Ian Hamilton, in common with British officers, diplomatists, and others invested with the right of wearing insignia liberally displayed them, General Botha wore plain dinner dress.

*July 10, 1911.*

The Civil List of Pensions issued to-day contains two interesting entries. One records a pension of £100 for Joseph Conrad "in consideration of his merits as a writer of fiction." The other bestows a similar sum upon Miss Kate Greenwood and Miss Jessy Greenwood, jointly, and to the survivors of them, "in consideration of the literary abilities and public services of their father, the late Frederick Greenwood, and of their inadequate means of support." Conrad is one of the most powerful story-tellers of the day, writing on lines quite other than

those Marie Corelli has marked for her own. Yet, whilst one commands the highest payment made in the fiction market, the other is glad to accept the belated bounty of a pension.

A year or two ago Conrad was a neighbour of mine in the country, and I was occasionally privileged to see something of him. Born in Russia of Polish parents, when he takes pen in hand a master of vigorous, picturesque English, he speaks with the accent and deliberation of a foreigner picking his way through the tangle of an alien tongue. His highest position in social and business life being that of a captain in the Merchant Service, he has the lofty, courteous manner of one bred in the Courts. One reason why his income falls far short of his merit is the extreme conscientiousness of his work. He labours over it without thought of the passing of time and the coming of weekly bills. If he turns out a new book within the period of twelve months, he suspects himself of scamping his work.

I have a copy of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* with a flattering inscription in his handwriting. He told me that, of all his books, this is the one he himself most highly esteems. In all of them, dealing with the sea and those who go down to it in ships, he draws upon personal experience on which is built the fabric of fancy and fiction. Herein he resembles Clark Russell, who has not looked upon the ocean for more than twenty years, and still writes of it and its belongings with a vivacity and fidelity that bring with them the smell of the sea and the invigoration of its breezes.

As for Frederick Greenwood, the necessity for the State allotting the twelfth part of its paltry bounty to the sustentation of his children presents a more complicated problem. Greenwood was a born journalist; with the possible exception of Delane, the supremist editor of the last 50 years. Co-founder with the late George Smith (of Smith, Elder & Co.) of the original

*Pall Mall Gazette*, he revolutionised daily journalism in this country. He was the first man who had the courage to disregard the fetish predominant 40 years ago of the leading article which in length turned over the column, and was divided into three paragraphs, the middle one exceeding by a dozen or score of lines the first and the third. Reckless in his scorn of the sacred order of things, Greenwood invented "Occasional Notes," a medium by which a man, having something to say, was delivered from the necessity of stretching verbiage over the length of a column. He had unerring scent in discovery of a new writer. To mention half a dozen names would be invidious. No harm will be done in recording the case of Barrie, to whom Greenwood gave his first opportunity in the *St. James's Gazette*, the evening paper to which the shy, obscure Scotsman hailing from far-off Thrums timidly submitted his manuscript.

It was a peculiarity of Greenwood's career that, whilst endowed with rich and rare literary and journalistic gifts, he lacked the knack of making money either for himself or for the proprietor of the paper he edited. An exception to the rule established itself when, going outside the field of literature, he suggested the purchase of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. Disraeli, perceiving the value of the opportunity, promptly turned it to account, and, apart from political advantages, the national revenue to-day appreciably profits by Greenwood's happy thought. For himself, beyond a small allotment of shares pressed on his acceptance by the firm of Rothschild, who carried through the gigantic deal, he profited nothing. His claims on the political Party of whom for a quarter of a century he was the doughtiest champion were never acknowledged, either in the way of honour or emolument. It was left for the executive of the Party he throughout his editorial career unrelentingly assailed, to bestow upon his children this poor pittance of a hundred a year.

*July 12, 1911.*

Since the death of her husband, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire has been little seen in the inner circle of London society over which she for many years reigned. Nevertheless, her tragic death created a profound shock. Everyone was quick to note the weird coincidence that she and her husband alike had death's hand laid upon them whilst in attendance at a racecourse. The Duke, it is true, being stricken down amid the gay throng at Ascot, sufficiently recovered to be able to pay a visit to the Continent. But the end followed at brief interval. It was difficult for those who knew the late Duchess within the past twenty years to realise that at one period of her busy life she ranked among the beauties at the Court of St. James's. To the last she was wonderfully and fearfully made up, in pathetic effort to recapture the bloom of early womanhood. Failing in that, she certainly, up to the death of her husband, preserved all her native shrewdness and vivacity.

The greatest triumph of a brilliant career was the state of complete subjugation to which she brought what others, including Gladstone, found to be an exceedingly difficult subject. Like his father, the late Duke of Devonshire had rooted objection to intercourse on social grounds with any but a limited circle of personal acquaintances. The Duchess, bent upon acquiring in politics a position analogous to one long held in society, insisted on throwing open Devonshire House and entertaining all the political world and—what is sometimes an embarrassing adjunct—his wife.

*July 14, 1911.*

I hear a story about Queen Mary which, regarding the source whence it reaches me, may be accepted as authentic. On the evening of Coronation Day, when the processions were over, her daughter, Princess Mary [now Viscountess Lascelles], was met on the stairway of Buckingham Palace

by one of the gentlemen in attendance on His Majesty, who genially remarked :

“ Well, little lady, so it’s all over.”

The Princess went straight to her mother, told her what had passed, and protested, “ He ought not to speak to me like that. I am a Princess.”

“ Yes,” said the Queen, “ you are a Princess now. I hope by and by you may be a lady. You may go and tell —— I said so.”

I am less sure about the authenticity of another story current affecting the Crown Prince of Germany. There has lately been seen in the neighbourhood of Potsdam a strange constellation in the heavens that greatly excited the populace. The Crown Prince, going forth one night to view it, was asked on his return what he thought about it.

“ Oh,” he said, “ it’s only a new cross my father has bestowed upon the Almighty.”

July 21.

*From Lord Winterton*

SANDWICH, KENT.

July 20, 1911.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have a sort of idea that you told me once that you had a cottage somewhere in this part of the world, and I am writing to say that if I am right, and you should be down in it for the week-end, you would be conferring a great kindness on an invalid by coming and having lunch with him on Sunday. I have been in this delightful cottage by the sea, which has been lent to me by the Astors, for nearly two months, recovering from a tiresome and troublesome wound. I am nearly well now, but I am disgusted with my constitution, which until now has been proof against all ills.

Parliament seems very dull, though it may be the calm before the storm. Anyway, the idea that a few midnight “ scenes ” with the Home Secretary or the Labour Party would come as a refreshing rain to the



parched Parliamentary reports, is one among many reasons which causes me to wish to be back.

Yours sincerely,

WINTERTON.

Earl Winterton, who took a leading part in the outbreak of disorder that disturbed the House of Commons on the eve of the adjournment for the Whitsun recess, early made his mark under the title of Viscount Turnour. He succeeded to the earldom, like Palmerston's an Irish peerage, on the death of his father seven years ago. By this duality of names there hangs a pretty tale. Shortly after gaining his step in the peerage, Lord Winterton was dining out. Among the guests was a Member of the House of Commons, who, among other peculiarities, was a little near-sighted. He was, nevertheless, vaguely familiar with the figure of the Member for Horsham, whom he had frequently seen on his legs behind the Front Opposition Bench speaking disrespectfully of Mr. Lloyd George.

Whilst awaiting the summons for dinner, the host, genially taking him by the arm, led him up to the earl and said, "Of course you know Lord Winterton, though you do sit on opposite sides in the House."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Lord Winterton," said the Hon. Member. "To tell the truth, when you came in I thought it was that d—— fool, Lord Turnour."

In spite of his strong partisanship and occasional boisterousness Lord Winterton is a favourite on both sides. His friends like to remember that his ancestral connection with the House of Commons goes back over a space of more than two centuries and a half. His forbear, Sir Edward Turnour, was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1661, leaving the Chair to assume the high estate of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

## CHAPTER VII

*July 29, 1911.*

NEXT to stricter moderation at the dinner table, no reform in social life in comparison between to-day and 70 years ago is more marked than the rarity of swearing as an embroidery of conversation. Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's earliest mentor, rarely opened his mouth even in trivial conversation without emitting an oath. The late Sir George Grove used to tell with unctious emphasis a story illustrating the custom of that day. During a debate in the House of Commons on the Poor Law Bill, which Denison (afterwards Speaker) had charge of, some fact (or date) was wanted which no one exactly knew. Denison left the House and ran up to the Home Office to ascertain it. As he got there he found Lord Melbourne just getting on to his horse, and told him what he wanted.

"Oh, you must ask my brother George," he said.

"I have asked him," said Denison.

"And what did he say?" was the reply.

"Well," said Denison, "he damned me, and he damned the Bill, and he damned the paupers."

"Well," said Lord Melbourne, "G—d d—n it, what more could he do?"

*July 31, 1911.*

Grand Night at Gray's Inn. Joined one of the pleasantest dinners of the season. In accordance with the immemorial custom of the ancient Inn, the invitation bears the announcement, "No speeches." But though there are no speeches on Grand Nights at Gray's, there

are three toasts. On the withdrawal of the cloth three raps resound at the head table, and the voice of the Treasurer, who presides at the feast, is heard saying :

“ Mr. Junior, I give you the toast of the King.”

From the other end of the table Mr. Junior, usually a mature young man verging on fifty, repeats in sonorous voice, “ The King.” Whereat all the company stand and drink His Majesty’s health.

After a short pause there are three more knocks on the table.

“ Mr. Junior,” says the eloquent Treasurer, “ I give you the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family.”

“ The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family,” echoes Mr. Junior, from the other end of the table.

Another interval, three more knocks, and then again the voice of the Treasurer :

“ Mr. Junior, *Domus!* ”

“ *Domus!* ” repeats Mr. Junior. “ *Domus! Domus!* ” is cried from every table, and so the last toast is drunk.

August 3, 1911.

In his Life of Charles Dickens, Forster, discussing an epoch in it, writes : “ I used to laugh and tell him I had no belief in any but the book *Dora*.” This brought a letter from Dickens, in which he says : “ No one can imagine in the most distant degree what pain it [the recollection of his earliest love episode] gave me in *Copperfield*. And just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at 44) or hear the voice without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner.”

Confirmation of this pathetic passage is forthcoming more than half a century later, in the discovery of Dickens’ letters to Maria Beadnell, the original of *Dora*,

the child wife of David Copperfield. The letters, with annotations, were three years ago privately printed for members of the Bibliophile Society, Boston. I have been permitted to look through a stray copy of the volume which has reached this country.

The collection consists of two series of letters, the first written in 1833, just before the engagement was broken off. There followed an interval of 20 years during which the boy and girl lovers never met nor held communication with each other. At the end of that period, as Forster relates, Dickens, accompanied by his wife, made a formal call upon his old love, contemplating with calm equanimity her stuffed favourite dog, Jip, guarding the hall. Shortly after, he began the novel in which the stout and somewhat stupid Flora is introduced.

This was hard to understand when I read in these old letters Dickens' passionate declaration to his child-love written 20 years after their dream was broken.

"Whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, inspiration, and determination belong to me," he protests, "I never have separated, and never shall separate, from the hard-hearted little woman—you, of whom it is nothing to say I would have died for with the greatest alacrity. . . . You may have seen in one of my books a faithful reflection of the passion I had for you, and may have thought that it was something to have been loved so well, and may have seen in little bits of 'Dora' touches of your old self sometimes, and a grace here and there that may be revived in your little girls, years hence, for the bewilderment of some other young lover—though he will never be as terribly in earnest as I and David Copperfield were."

*August 5, 1911.*

Announcement of the death of Edwin Abbey comes with a shock upon the ear of the public, and sends a pang of sharp regret through the breasts of an exceedingly

wide circle of personal friends. When I read on the placard of the evening papers, "Death of an R.A.," Abbey's name was the last that occurred to me. Only a week ago I met him, noting no change in his appearance. He did not complain of illness, and though at that time conscious of his parlous state, he was quite his old merry, light-hearted self. He was almost the only man in the Art world who did not recognise his supreme genius. There never lived a great painter with more modesty of manner. He was always ready for a lark or a laugh, a propensity to fun that pervaded the household in Tite Street.

The circumstance that his birthday came round on the 1st of April, suggested a couple of years ago a little surprise he hugely enjoyed. His wife, keeping from him her secret, wrote to ten of his most intimate and best-loved friends, asking them to dinner on the first. Preparations for the feast had to be made, and the difficulty of keeping the plot from the knowledge of the head of the household increased as the day advanced. Discovering that not only was the dining-room door locked, but that the key was mislaid, Abbey for once in his life lost his temper. When at eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and the secret was out, he was the happiest man in London.

For some years after the artist in black-and-white took to oil painting and amazed the world by his masterpieces, Abbey's pictures were a chief attraction at the Royal Academy. Engrossed by his work of decoration of the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, he has not of late been represented at Burlington House. Almost his last work done for the British public was his picture of the Coronation of Edward VII. To this he devoted himself with full energy, infusing into it his masterful individuality. As it contained over a hundred portraits of more or less distinguished persons, the task was enormous, and was considerably added to by the waywardness of some of

the sitters. Abbey used to say that his best sitter, the one most considerate and amenable, was King Edward. The most difficult was Queen Alexandra. She had a way of making appointments and failing to keep them, ruinous to a painter pressed for time.

In order to make the sketches of the scene at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey, the painter was, as he grimly put it, "accommodated with a tomb," situated in full view of the Throne. Here ensconced he filled his notebook with pencil sketches in due time to be developed into the stately picture.

"If I had only known what was in store for me I should have remained in the tomb," he said one day when talking over his tribulations with sitters.

When preparations for the Coronation of King George were entered upon, Abbey was approached with request to paint it. He had, however, suffered sufficiently in connection with the class of work, and begged to be excused.

*August 12, 1911.*

To-morrow the King goes off to Studley Royal for grouse shooting. One of the things in which His Majesty exceeds the skill of his lamented father is shooting. In the judgment of experts he ranks as one of the six best guns in the country. One of the others is his host of the coming week-end, the Marquis of Ripon, who earned his reputation whilst still Earl de Grey. Birrell has a charming story illustrative of the reputation of the late King Edward in this essential matter. During a visit to Balmoral, Queen Alexandra found the Chief Secretary one morning in the library, when the host and other of his guests had gone off shooting. Inquiring why he should remain indoors on such a day, Birrell explained that he did not shoot, adding, "I hate to see anything killed."

"Ah," said the Queen, with her sweetest smile, "then

you should stand behind His Majesty when he is shooting at the butts. Your feelings would not be hurt by anything you see."

*August 26, 1911.*

The death of Lord James of Hereford removes a figure which for 35 years has filled a prominent place in political, legal, and social life. When I first knew him he was plain Henry James, a member of the Oxford Circuit, not yet having taken silk. He was at that time a singularly handsome man, an attraction preserved almost to the end of a life whose length exceeded four score. One of his contemporaries was Henry Matthews, and in the majority of important cases the two brilliant young men found themselves briefed on either side. It was a matter of divided opinion in court as to which was the greater barrister. They were balanced with singular equality of weight.

Henry Matthews, now Lord Llandaff, still survives, though for a long time crippled by rheumatism. He does not often appear in public, but when a fortnight ago his old friend Lord Halsbury led his men into the Lobby against the Veto Bill he painfully hobbled through in the rear of the column. It was Lord Randolph Churchill who brought him into the field of politics, making him Home Secretary right off. Randolph bitterly resented his disloyalty in refusing six months later to follow his benefactor into political exile.

Henry James made his way unhelped by patronage. In the days of the decadence of Gladstone's power, wielded in the Parliament of 1868-74, Harcourt and he, both comparatively new to the scene, sat below the gangway and made things uncomfortable for their chief on the Treasury Bench. There followed the consequences customary in such circumstances where the mutineers are men of exceptional ability. Gladstone closed their

mouths by making one Attorney-General and the other Solicitor-General, thus starting them on careers that led to the loftiest Ministerial heights.

*September 16, 1911.*

A Member of the House of Commons who recently visited Professor Bell in his country-house in Nova Scotia, tells me he found him in his laboratory endeavouring to demonstrate a problem to which he has given much thought, and in which he thoroughly believes. It is to harness electricity to light, as it has been harnessed to sound, so that people may be able to see a great distance just as the telegraph enables them to write, and the telephone to speak. The principles involved in all three phenomena are the same, and Professor Bell firmly believes that it will be possible some day to see from Washington to New York as easily as one can convey the sound of the voice that distance. He insists that the fact has already been demonstrated, and that it only remains to construct the apparatus necessary to bring the possibilities of the discovery into actual and practical use. This is exceedingly difficult, but he is confident that he will soon be able to discover a diaphragm sufficiently sensitive to the vibrations of light, and produce the effect necessary to convey the impressions to the human vision.

The Professor, who commenced life as a teacher in an institution for the deaf and dumb, has made considerable advance in this branch of his always wonderful art. Hearing, he argues, is nothing more than the result of vibrations of sound beating upon the drum of the ear. These are communicated to the brain by a series of nerves. Deafness is a defect in this means of communication. A person can hear perfectly through his teeth, as is demonstrated by placing one end of a paper-knife in the mouth and the other end on a piano. It is equally easy to communicate sound-waves



to the brain through any other bony substance—even the skull itself. Advancing from these premises, Professor Bell is constructing an apparatus which, attached to the head, will gather in the sound-waves like the transmitter of the telephone, and repeat what they say to the skull, which will convey the information to the brain that lies beneath it.

## CHAPTER VIII

*From Lord Fisher*

GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, LUCERNE.  
October 24, 1911.

DEAR SIR HENRY LUCY,

This moment I have a letter from my son saying you had been kindly inquiring about me, so I am impelled to send you and dear Lady Lucy my fond remembrances (and from Lady Fisher also, who is with me). I think there were some very critical moments recently with Germany which nearly brought me home, but we are now soon going on to Naples till May and then to Venice. I am being vehemently urged to re-enter the Bull Ring.

“ Girls! Put your red aprons away to-day,  
The Bull of Seville is coming this way.”

How all the Beresfordian Toreadors would re-commence flinging their malignant darts in the hope of infuriating me. But really there is no big thing now on hand about the Navy. We are two keels to one, and the *Standard*, of September 30, states that on that date the English Navy was more powerful than all the navies in the world put together, had twice as many Dreadnoughts on that date as Germany possessed, and yet on that very day a friend of mine heard a high personage say in a London drawing-room that I was in the pay of Germany! What a lot there will really be to do on the Day of Judgment.

I do hope you have had a happy and restful holiday. Long may you live to write your delightful journal and your dear Secretary to help you!

Yours till we part at the Pearly Gates,

FISHER.

P.S.— I don't return to England because I don't want to get between the limelight and my successor, Sir Arthur

Wilson. I hope you will have a kindly word for McKenna whenever you see him. What a splendid fight he has made. I so remember my delightful dinner with you, and alas! I have never seen Miss Maxine Elliot since.

I was with Labouchere at his villa at Florence at Easter. He told me my success was due to my being reviled. Reply or correction is absurd. If you try to brush away the filth you will only soil your own hands. No doubt the great secret of life is "Never explain." Archbishop Whateley said, "Never fight a chimney-sweep. You may knock him senseless, but some of the soot comes off on you."

*November 4, 1911.*

News of the death of Monsignor Capel, at Sacramento, California, recalls a striking social tragedy which disturbed the London season of 1887. Monsignor was one of the best known and most popular men in London society. He started his career as Roman Catholic chaplain at Pau. Coming to this country he established a public school at Kensington. Under his energetic management this proved such a success that Cardinal Manning, founding a Catholic University, made Capel rector, practically absolute manager. This was a failure, involving Manning in a loss of £10,000, due, as he alleged, to Capel's extravagance. The affair turned the Cardinal's friendship into bitterest animosity. He not only called upon the rector to resign his connection with the College, but suspended him from priestly office in the diocese of Westminster. Suddenly, in the spring of 1887, Capel disappeared from the inner circle of London society, where he was idolized. The affair between himself and the Cardinal has been kept as secret as the confessional. No one knew why he had gone or whither he had fled. In default of information various stories were put about impugning the moral character of the fallen favourite.

The simple fact was that, the case at issue between himself and the Cardinal having been referred to the Vatican, the Pope declared against Monsignor, who was expelled from the Ministry. Crossing the Atlantic he attached himself to the Cathedral at Sacramento, where he worked in obscurity, and died unsuccoured by the countless friends he made during his sojourn in England. One of these was the Marquis of Bute, a rich prize he brought to the broad bosom of Mother Church.

*November 8, 1911.*

Probably the first idea that occurred to nine-tenths of the people who, opening this morning's paper, found announcement that Arabi Pasha was dead, was astonishment to learn that a week ago he was still alive. Journeying home from Japan shortly after he was exiled to Ceylon, I called to pay him a morning visit. There was no difficulty in approaching his presence. He had neither jailor nor guard, and within the limits of the island was at liberty to do what he pleased. My wife and I found him sitting on the broad verandah which fronted the house. He was dressed in a loose light brown overcoat of unmistakable British make, with white duck trousers and waistcoat, a fez being the only relic of native dress. He was busy writing exercises in English, and showed his work a little later, displaying with childlike pride the laboriously traced English letters by which he had spelt out, "Bye and bye," "A time will come," and other simple sentences. With the assistance of an interpreter he seemed pleased to discuss political affairs with a stranger who brought an introduction from a trusted friend of former days. He gave my wife his autograph, a proud signature—Arabi the Egyptian.

The only bitterness he displayed was with respect to Tewfik, declaring that he would never return to Egypt, "as long as it was enslaved by him." Of England,

whose arms chased him from Alexandria and routed him at Tel-el-Kebir, he spoke with unfeigned respect.

"I hope to see England some day," he said. "I am learning English fast, and I write it too. Look here."

Then he brought out his lesson book and gazed with pleased smile upon his tremendous and painstaking feats of caligraphy. The only English statesman of whom he seemed to have personal knowledge was Randolph Churchill.

"You will see Lord Churchill when you return," he said. "Salute him for me and give him my thanks. I honour him as the friend of slaves, the champion of the oppressed"—a character not familiar to those who know the leader of the Fourth Party at close range.

*November 9, 1911.*

Resignation by Arthur Balfour of Leadership of the Unionist Party fell upon the House of Commons with the force and suddenness of a thunderclap. He has not been seen in his place this week, but on Monday night absence was accounted for by attendance at a meeting of Nonconformist Unionists, to whom he delivered a speech whose vigour and directness of attack upon the Government displayed no hint of intention to retire from the fray. As matters have turned out, it was the Swan Song of his shining career. Henceforth he will carry a musket in the ranks. But the captaincy of the Party in the House of Commons will, at least nominally, be undertaken by another. Who the other shall be is a matter to be decided by the Party meeting at the Carlton Club on Monday. The mere action of surveying the ground and counting heads of possible successors brings home with startling effect realisation of the irreparable loss sustained primarily by the Unionist Party, shared in far-reaching extent by the House and the country.

*From Mr. Balfour*

4, CARLTON GARDENS.  
November 15, 1911.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have received many kind letters, but none kinder than yours, and none from any correspondent qualified to speak with the special knowledge you possess or from your special point of view. Please accept my most grateful thanks. You have ever been the kindest and most generous of commentators on my Parliamentary life.

Please thank Lady Lucy for her valued message.

Yours sincerely,

ARTH. JAMES BALFOUR.

*December 30, 1911.*

I hear from one of the parties to the conversation a characteristic story of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman not hitherto published. Shortly after he formed his administration in 1906, an old friend recently retired from the headship of one of the Civil Service Departments called at Downing Street.

"You are just the person I wanted to see," said the Premier. "Withdrawn from official life you are a sort of man in the street, and can give a valuable opinion upon current events. I want to know from you quite frankly what people say about my Ministry?"

"Well," said the morning caller, "it is generally admitted that it is good individually, collectively above the average strength. But they say"—here he hesitated.

"What do they say?" asked C.-B. eagerly.

"They say the tail wags the head."

"They are quite right," came the quick rejoinder, "and I am the tail."

This paradox is a fair example of C.-B.'s humour, whilst the story throws a flash of light on the situation. Few public men have been more misunderstood. During a long period spent in discharge of the thankless office

of Leader of a hopeless and distracted Opposition, his authority was frequently repudiated by a section of his followers, a fact that subjected him to derisive treatment from the Ministerialists, in which Arthur Balfour and Chamberlain habitually joined. When the battle was won, and the Liberal Party reinstated in power by an overwhelming majority, it was inevitable that the Leader who had borne the burden and heat of the day should succeed to the Premiership. This was not disputed. But it is no secret that a cabal was formed among former colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench with the object of relegating their chief to the gilded obscurity of the House of Lords, leaving actual power in the hands of the Leader of the House of Commons.

To the surprise of his colleagues, C.-B. quietly but firmly declined to be shunted. He steadily went his way, finally succeeding in forming a Ministry that acknowledged him as its supreme head. How the acquiescence was in the first session of his administration strengthened, till he became the most powerful and popular Prime Minister of modern times, is a familiar chapter of modern history.

*January 8, 1912.*

Whilst Arthur Peel still filled the Chair in the House of Commons, to which through long sessions he lent added dignity, he told me of a curious circumstance coming under his notice. In connection with the elaborate heating and ventilating machinery of the House is a thermometer in the office of the engineer which guides him in adjustment of the temperature. Whenever discussion in the Legislative Chamber becomes heated the thermometer appreciably rises, falling to normal level when order is restored. If records were available, which unfortunately they are not, it would be interesting to know: (1) what height the thermometer reached on the night in July, 1893, when the free-fight

on the floor of the House varied proceedings in committee on the Home Rule Bill ; (2) on the occasion, twelve years later, when Alfred Lyttelton was put up by the Prime Minister to explain Arthur Balfour's personal views on Fiscal Reform ; (3) on Monday last, when another Premier stood at the Table for forty minutes realising in some measure the feelings of the Apostle Paul when he fought with beasts at Ephesus.

*January 10.*

At a country-house the other day I heard a story about a yeoman farmer in the district whose conviviality is the pride of the countryside. Going out to dinner one moonless night, he observed the precaution of taking with him his lantern, which he suspected would be useful on his way home. On arriving he left the lantern conveniently handy in a shed by the back door, where his host was accustomed to keep a caged parrot. There was a jolly good dinner, of which the guest took full share, but not so much as to prevent him successfully reaching his home, looking in on the way at the shed to pick up his lantern. The next morning brought him a messenger with the following note written by his host :

“ Dear —, —If you will send back the parrot and cage, you shall have your lantern, which I found in the shed this morning.”

*January 10, 1912.*

*Herkomer's Dream of an Historic Picture*

LULULAND, BUSHEY, HERTS.

MY DEAR LUCY,

The Bench on which Ministers sit in the House of Commons is an historical one. I felt that directly I saw it, and longed to paint the whole thing. Lord Rosebery won't sit, but from the scribble on the back of this you can see how pictorial the whole thing is. There is the massive Table in front, crowded with documents, the dark wall to relieve the scene pictorially, the left-side



window to light up the face, with a bit of charming cross-light from the right-hand window. From this window we get the street scene. I feel inclined to paint that without a Prime Minister. But really it ought to be painted with him, and, judging from the reception my big picture has received on the score of the "window painting," I think I am tolerably fitted for the job.

Lord Rosebery was right in his remarks about the National Portrait Gallery and in the good word he spoke for the Modernites. The Old Masters have had their day.

When are Lady Lucy and you coming to see my house ?  
HUBERT HERKOMER.

(The "scribble" referred to was a pen-and-ink sketch of a Minister seated before the Table in the House of Commons with the artist's notes of how various lights fell.)

*January 12, 1912.*

Had Chamberlain, unallured by Imperial politics, remained resident at Birmingham, that enterprising town would by this time have become a seaport. When I made his personal acquaintance he was Mayor of Birmingham, devoting his incomparable business gifts, and his superlative energy, to the advancement of the material interests of his adopted town. He had already left his mark deeply scored on the place.

The next project in his teeming brain was the connection of the Midland capital with the Bristol Channel by direct canal communication. He spoke to me frequently of this, regarding it with the enthusiasm and concentration of mind that were in later years successively brought to bear upon the levying of "ransom" from the House of Lords, and the re-establishment of Protection. This was before the days of the Manchester Canal. Chamberlain's plan did not go the length of the principle there established of actually bringing sea-going ships to the Midlands. It was rather that heavy goods imported

might be transferred at Cardiff and Bristol, and cheaply conveyed inland by canal boats.

*January 14, 1912.*

Shortly after his marriage, Labouchere was for a while possessed of a curious fancy. A wealthy man, with the steady income from *Truth* supplementing dividends from shrewdly placed investments, he was haunted by the idea that, sooner or later, he was destined to be crushed by financial disaster, and would end his days in the work-house. The weird fancy passed away in the course of a year or two. Whilst it lasted, it was from time to time oppressive.

The oddest episode in a career full of varied interest was the voluntary exile to Florence. Up to the period of his departure, there seemed no man to whom London was more indispensable than it was to Labby. Above most things he dearly loved a gossip. During the Parliamentary recess it was his custom of an afternoon to retire to the smoking-room of the Reform Club and there, with the eternal cigarette at hand, discourse to a group gathered round his chair. When Parliament was sitting, the scene was transferred to the Smoking Room of the House of Commons, where he regularly found an equally delighted audience.

In both places he was accustomed to pass in frank review the current proceedings of Ministers or ex-Ministers. For many years after the rupture of 1886, the statesman whom he invariably alluded to as "Joe" supplied a fruitful theme of commentary. In the main, singularly free from personal resentment, cynically indifferent to questions of manners or morals, he pursued Chamberlain with a bitter animosity equalled only by the warmth of the intimate friendship existing between the two men prior to the Home Rule epoch.

Another antipathy was nurtured with respect to Lord Rosebery. He believed—a belief absolutely devoid of

foundation—that it was he who had been responsible for his being overlooked when Gladstone was forming his Ministry in 1892. Alike in public speech, in private conversation, and in pages of his weekly journal, he pursued Rosebery with almost savage animosity. I have reason to know that some ten years ago, acting under the influence of Mrs. Labouchere, he intimated to a mutual friend desire and intention to renew former friendship. Lord Rosebery did not effusively respond, and nothing came of the advance except gradual increase of the personal attack.

One of Labby's peculiarities was swift growth of desire to change his place of residence. In the course of a few years I knew him at home successively at three addresses. When I first made his private acquaintance he lived in a charming old house whose back overlooked St. James's Park at a postal address that made him known to readers of *Punch* as "The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate." Thence he moved to a big gloomy residence in Grosvenor Crescent. His acquisition of the house in Old Palace Yard, providing convenient opportunity of keeping an eye on the House of Lords over the way, was the result of characteristic smartness.

One day Shaw-Lefevre (now Lord Eversley), at the time First Commissioner of Works, met Labby, and gleefully announced that he had his eye on premises that would permit him to realise his cherished idea of establishing an annexe to Westminster Abbey, with the object of relieving that congested district from further interment of the illustrious dead. He had, he said, made a bid for the premises. There was a difference of a few hundred pounds between the owner and himself. But it would not be permitted to bar acquisition of so desirable a property.

Labby entered with encouraging sympathy into the details of the transaction, learned where the house was situated, the price offered, and the sum demanded. Then he went off, surveyed the premises, found them exactly what he wanted for a town residence, sprung

two or three hundred pounds on the price offered by the First Commissioner of Works, and became the possessor of the house.

“ Shaw-Lefevre was rather angry when he called to see the man and found the house was sold,” said Labby, when, with his sweetest smile and softest voice, he told the story. “ I pointed out to him that, in the circumstances of close contiguity to the Houses of Parliament, it was better to have a live M.P. in the place than a dead statesman or poet.”

It was from Old Palace Yard that, shaking the dust of the House of Commons from his feet, Labby went forth to die in a foreign land.

January 20.

A gentleman writes to me from Plymouth : “ In your interesting book, *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, you comment on the history of Mr. Asquith’s well-known saying as being really repetition of the past. I do not know whether you have noticed in Vol. III of Lord Broughton’s *Recollections of a Long Life*, page 276, that Lord Brougham, in a special debate in 1828, instead of making an important speech as was expected, said he would ‘ watch and wait.’ This seems almost more effective than Mr. Asquith’s ‘ Wait and see!’ ” In further illustration of the difficulty experienced by even the most able speakers in coining a new phrase, it was pointed out in the passage alluded to by my correspondent that Lord Beaconsfield’s “ Peace with honour ” has been traced back to Burke. John Morley’s “ mending or ending ” the House of Lords has also a paternity of which, doubtless, Morley was unconscious when he framed the phrase.

Looking over Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, I stumbled upon another of these odd coincidences of phraseology. One of the most familiar of Gladstone’s historic phrases was that in which on a memorable occasion he approved of the uprising of nationalities in the East of Europe,

whom he described as " a people rightly struggling to be free." Close upon 130 years ago Dr. Johnson, writing to Boswell lately home from his tour in Corsica, blurted out expression of the desire that he would " empty his head of Corsica." Whereto Boswell replied :

" How can you bid me empty my head of Corsica ? My noble friend, do you not feel for an oppressed nation rightly struggling to be free ? "

Gladstone had a habit of marshalling arguments for or against a particular line of action by remarking : " There are three courses open." It was inherited from his early master, Sir Robert Peel. Disraeli noted it in one of his bitter asides. Peel, during his Premiership, introduced a Bill with the customary tag, and Dizzy said, " In a certain sense the right honourable gentleman is accurate. There is the course he has left ; there is the course he is pursuing ; and there is the course he ought to pursue."

*January 31.*

Lord Harcourt (" Loulou ") showed me a postcard which recently reached him, puzzling him greatly. Written from a country address, it ran thus : " Many thanks for your note with enclosure. Sir Edward's message sent to me at Members' Mansions was duly forwarded. We shall be up on Wednesday at noon, and will lunch in the study. Ask Lang at Stores to give you a tender steak (narrow cut such as I choose) and boil some rice for one o'clock lunch."

Inquiry brought an explanation quite reasonable when you come to think of it. Interrupted when halfway through the missive, the lady, after a brief interval, returned to her desk, and being under the impression she had commenced a postcard containing instructions for the cook, continued the message on the card addressed and duly delivered to the bewildered Viscount.

Harcourt quietly pointed his finger to the signature, " Nancy Lucy " !

## CHAPTER IX

*February 3, 1912.*

THE death of the Speaker's father unexpectedly happening when the son was on his way to Russia on holiday, bent on preparation for what promises to be an exceptionally hard session, breaks what was I believe the oldest Parliamentary link. William Lowther, who died in his 91st year, entered the House of Commons as far back as the year 1867, remaining a Member for Westmorland till in 1892 the Liberals were reinstated in power. Four years ago he lost his charming wife, and the hospitable gates of Lowther Lodge have since been practically closed. Whilst Mrs. Lowther lived he went about a good deal, his Parliamentary interest revived by the circumstance of his son coming to take the Chair of the House of Commons.

I remember meeting him at one of Lady Jersey's garden parties. It happened to be the Saturday closing the first week of his son's occupancy of the Chair. I asked him whether the new Speaker was at the party. "No," he said. "He has gone to play in a cricket match."

"Well," I said, "I do hope the ball won't catch the Speaker's eye."

This little quip delighted the old gentleman for years. Whenever subsequently I met him, he retold the story to whomsoever happened to be within earshot.

*February 17.*

Concerning the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, it is suggested that, by comparison with the Secretary of State for War and other heads of departments, the First Lord

of the Admiralty is underpaid. He receives only £4,500 a year, compared with £5,000 drawn by the others. The explanation is simple. From time immemorial, the First Lord of the Admiralty has been provided with a furnished town residence, the value of which is appraised at the rate of £500 a year. It was upon these terms that McKenna and a long list of predecessors held the office. Shortly after his marriage Winston Churchill settled down in a house in Eccleston Square. On going to the Admiralty he stipulated that he should not be required to move into the official residence, receiving in lieu of the accommodation an addition to his salary of £500 a year. Apart from domestic convenience, this is a shrewd bargain, as when rent and taxes are paid there will remain a margin of between £200 and £300.

Under this arrangement the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty has been transformed into additional offices. The change breaks an old familiar link in the social world of London. In addition to a succession of private dinners, the First Lord of the Admiralty has been accustomed to give at least one big Parliamentary party in the course of the session. It was at one such, given on a Saturday night thirty years ago, that news came to Harcourt, then Home Secretary, of the Phoenix Park murders. Lord Hartington was among the guests, and it fell to the lot of Sir William to take him aside and inform him of the tragic fate of his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish.

*February 22.*

At the Levée at St. James's Palace to-day, a new functionary was observed standing at the top of the staircase leading to the State apartments. To be precise, his office is respectably ancient. Its exercise on this particular occasion was novel. The stranger was in fact the Court Tailor, and his business was to see that no irregularities of dress had inadvertently crept in amongst the

company. Several were reported on a former occasion, and in order to prevent fresh shocks to the British Constitution, this precaution was taken. I reflect with shame upon the fact that, when I was summoned to the presence of my Sovereign on the occasion of the first Levée after his accession, I grievously sinned. Forgetful, or unobservant, of the circumstance that the Court was in mourning for one of the innumerable relatives of Royalty, I arrived at St. James's Palace without the regulation band of crape round my left arm. I was promptly arrested and conducted to a private room, where a gentleman supplied the necessary indication of my personal regret at an untimely death that had taken place in some small German Court.

I do not remember exactly what fee was demanded. But I know it was somewhat out of proportion to the current cost of crape. There were half a dozen other culprits in the room, and as we went forth we comforted each other with reflection that the aggregate sum disbursed would probably go in reduction of the National Debt.

His late Majesty was a terrible martinet in the matter of the minutiae of the style and trimmings of Court dress. Woe to the man whose coat had a button too many or too few, or who wore the right collar on the wrong day. King George had this sort of thing swept aside in the breezy atmosphere of a man-of-war. It would seem from the new regulations that hereditary instinct is reasserting itself.

*March 7.*

Writing to me on his acceptance of a judgeship and a peerage, a predecessor of the present Attorney-General put the case in words which, perhaps, define the feeling animating great lawyers similarly tempted.

"It is," he wrote, "naturally a bit of a wrench to relinquish 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. Above all, I want the rare relief of being allowed to do only one thing at a time. It will make me young again."

This last passage hints at the incessant work that falls to the lot of the Attorney-General. His long vigil on the Treasury Bench, ready at any moment to rise to the assistance of a Minister in charge of a Bill, is a familiar spectacle throughout the session. The House knows nothing of the calls upon his time and attention that day and night beset him in his private room.

"The Attorney-General," Robson, who held the post a couple of years, said to me at a time of exceptional pressure, "is maid-of-all-work to the Administration."

March 9.

Last week, in the obituary notices in some of the London papers, there appeared one notifying the anniversary of the death of "My dear Rosa," signed "G. G." Three days later George Grossmith rejoined his dearly loved wife, companion and counsellor through many years. About three weeks ago, looking over some old letters, I came upon one from Lord Rosebery in which, alluding to a report that *The Diary of a Nobody*, then appearing in *Punch*, was nearing an end, he expressed profound regret at the prospect, protesting that he had not for a long time read anything that so greatly amused him as this joint work of the Brothers Grossmith. Thinking it would please Grossmith to see this tribute from so highly esteemed an authority, I sent it on to him. He was too ill at the time to write with his own hand, but dictated a letter of warm acknowledgment, and sent me a copy of the new edition of *The Diary of a Nobody*, with an inscription testifying to a friendship that existed for nearly forty years.

"Gee Gee," as he signed himself and was called by a multitude of friends, did not reserve his humour for professional purposes. It bubbled over in profusion wherever

he found himself in congenial company. The last time I saw him was at a little luncheon at his house in Folkestone. Other guests of the small party were Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, neighbours in their charming cottage by the sea at Sandgate. At first the host, worn down by prolonged illness, was a little nervous. But old friends and old associations quickly cheered him, and before we left he was himself again. Perhaps his greatest success in his wonderful gift of mimicry was his presentation of Henry Irving. A swift stroke of his hand rearranging his hair, a resetting of his countenance, the quaint sound of a familiar voice, and there was the great actor to life.

*March 10, 1912.*

The taxi-cab has its dangers beyond those of collision or skidding into a china shop over a greasy pavement. A friend of mine hailing one at Victoria Station, intending to drive to Regent Street, bade the chauffeur call at his club in Pall Mall. Collecting his letters and glancing over the telegram board, he returned to his taxi, one of two now standing at the door, and bade the chauffeur drive on to Regent Street. Arrived there, he tendered eighteen pence, full fare for the journey. The chauffeur, declining the proffered fee, reminded him that he had been driving him about for something like an hour, and showed him the dial, which registered a charge for 7s. 8d.

The truth flashed upon his humbled mind. In his haste he had got into the wrong taxi. There was no appeal against the register, or the justice of the chauffeur's demand, and 7s. 8d. was paid. The bitterest thought was that the other fellow, of whom he had not caught sight and had no means of identifying, would resume his taxi drive with a charge of less than a shilling against him.

*March 12, 1912.*

Lord Llandaff's many friends heard with mixed feelings of his death at an age considerably beyond that fixed

by the Psalmist as the normal period of man's life. In exceptional degree, after he passed the age of three score years and ten, life was to him but labour and sorrow. He was a martyr to rheumatism, which from that period so completely crippled him as to compel retirement from public life and social intercourse. A loyal Party man to the last, whenever a critical Division was before the House of Lords, he drove down, and, with the assistance of a pair of crutches, slowly made his way through the Division Lobby. But he long ago abandoned the habit of frequent attendance upon debate.

To those who knew him when, twenty-eight years ago, he was returned as Member for East Birmingham, this alteration in his appearance was painfully striking. He had just entered upon his fortieth year, and was in the prime of physical and intellectual life. As he walked up the House to take his seat on the Treasury Bench, he advanced with a lithe, springy step that to the irreverent mind suggested the progress of a dancing master conscious of the admiring gaze of his class.

His advance at a bound from the status of Private Member to the position of Home Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet—an incident which finds a parallel in the case of Asquith—was due to the insistence of Lord Randolph Churchill. Engaged in the proceedings arising out of what was known as the Aston Park riots, Henry Matthews, as he then was, was briefed for Lord Randolph in his deadly conflict with Chamberlain. Churchill was so impressed by the young barrister's capacity and *savoir faire* that when, three years later, he found himself in a position to nominate colleagues in the Salisbury Ministry, he straightway made his leading counsel Home Secretary. When, within six months, he, in a huff, withdrew from the Cabinet, he expected his nominee to follow him into retirement. Henry Matthews did not take the same view of his duty, a circumstance which led to immediate and final estrangement between formerly attached friends.

Not long after he retired from the Home Office with the guerdon of a Viscount's coronet, I happened to meet Lord Llandaff at a week-end party at Reigate Priory, where for a time Lord Curzon (still a Commoner and Member for Southport) and his charming bride were host and hostess. In smoke-room conversation the ex-Home Secretary talked with interesting freedom of the part he played in the tragedy of the Maybrick case. He told me that when the matter came before him as Home Secretary he approached it with an absolutely impartial mind, biased only by a natural desire to find a loophole through which the hapless woman might crawl back to liberty. He read and weighed every scrap of evidence, shutting himself up with the papers for three days. At the end of that time he, slowly but surely drifting, was landed in unshakeable conviction of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt.

When Sir Matthew White Ridley went to the Home Office he, in the same impartial frame of mind, moved by the same impulse towards mercy, arrived at the same conclusion. On the other hand, Sir Charles Russell, of all men least likely to be misled by appearance or deliberate deception, having probed the case to the bottom, having turned his piercing eyes on the frail creature in the dock, having talked to her in private and studied her in public, was convinced of her innocence.

*April 13.*

Asquith's appearance at the Table of the House of Commons this afternoon introducing a Home Rule Bill, the third in the historic category, recalls memories of days and Bills and men that are no more. It was startling to look round the thronged benches and realise how few of those, whether Ministers or ex-Ministers, or unofficial Members, who listened to the exposition of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, and took part in the fight round its

subsequent troubled stages, are still with us. At peace in Westminster Abbey lies the central figure, whose broad sympathy, generous impulse, and dauntless courage devised and captained the first assault on the domination of Dublin Castle, for which Ireland has in varied ways for more than a century been yearning and fighting. Gone, too, are Harcourt, Childers, and Campbell-Bannerman, who fought by the old chieftain's side. Of survivors of the Cabinet responsible for the first Home Rule Bill, there live to-day only Lord Rosebery, Lord Aberdeen, and the author-statesman who in the interval has been transmogrified into Viscount Morley.

Of the most powerful opponents of Home Rule, the men who made possible a Unionist Government that with brief interval and untold cost ruled the country for nineteen years, Hartington is dead, and Chamberlain has, for a reason that evokes national regret, fallen from the fighting line. In Parnell's place we have John Redmond, and for Arthur Balfour, Bonar Law. Randolph Churchill, another prominent figure in the first foray, is represented in the House by a brilliant son.

*April 15.*

An American lady passing through London tells me a touching story. Her husband, one of the modest millionaires of the United States, following the fashion of his class, spends a considerable proportion of his surplus income in works of art. The lady, being in New York, heard of a sale by auction which included a particularly tempting vase. Inquiring the probable price, she was told it would be not less than £1,500. She wrote to her husband in Chicago, giving a glowing account of the treasure, and asking him to telegraph her if he were disposed to pay so much.

Promptly came the reply, "No price too high."

There was a duck of a husband! Trusting implicitly in her taste and judgment, a thousand dollars here or

there were nothing to him. Jubilantly repairing to the auction room, she became at the cost of £1,550 the pleased possessor of the vase. She lost no time in communicating the good news to her husband, and received a scorching reply.

What he had telegraphed was : " No. Price too high."

## CHAPTER X

*April 15, 1912.*

MANY journals claim to have "the largest circulation in the world." One proudly boasts the smallest. This is the Journal of the House of Commons, of which, transposing the order of injunction to good children, much is heard but little seen. It is edited and chiefly written by the Clerk of the House. At the opening of every session, authority is given for the printing of 500 copies. It may at once be stated that it would be idle for piratical publishers abroad, or (if such a thing were possible) in this country, to lay plans for publishing a cheap copy attractive to the masses. The Sessional Order gravely decrees that "The said Journal and Index be printed by such persons as shall be licensed by Mr. Speaker and that no other person do presume to print the same."

Whilst knowledge of the existence of this book is limited at home, its fame is spread abroad. Writing to me on July 21, 1882, Lyon Playfair, at the time Chairman of Ways and Means, referring to a book I had commended to his notice, said: "My reading at present is chiefly confined to the highly respectable *Journal of Ways and Means*, into which a grower of champagne asked me to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage."

*April 16.*

A batch of Lady Blessington's correspondence has just changed hands. Among much that is interesting it contains autograph letters from Dickens and Thackeray not to be found in print. Dickens, writing from Paris in 1847, says: "I was much struck by Hugo himself, who

looks a genius, as he certainly is, and is very interesting from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes, who looks as if she might poison his breakfast one morning when the humour seized her." Thackeray, omitting to date his note, writes to Dickens: "I forgot that it was the 12th December, a day sacred to all old Charterhouse men, who meet at the old school and dine together, afterwards making each other speeches suitable to the occasion. To-day is to be a grand field day. Peel is to be in the chair at dinner. The Archbishop of C. preaches. Everybody will be there. May I break my promise to you and go? I think I shall be glad if you won't let me off, but I ought to ask. You understand what an effect upon the sale of *Pendennis* may be produced by a complimentary speech, replied to in an appropriate manner by Mr. Titmarsh, and heard by 300 or 400 gentlemen of all callings and professions in life, who will naturally be interested in their man."

In another letter Thackeray speaks of receiving "a communication from the mysterious author of *Jane Eyre*, which would make me blush if anything could." Of Bulwer Lytton he writes (also without date): "I have no sort of personal dislike (not that it matters much whether I have or not) to Sir E. L. B. L. On the contrary, the only time I met him at the immortal Ainsworth's years ago, I thought him very pleasant, and I know from his conduct to my dear little Blanchard that he can be a most generous and delicate-minded friend. But there are sentiments in his writings which always anger me, big words which make me furious, and I can't help rebelling. My antipathy don't go any further than this, and it is accompanied by a great deal of admiration."

April 17.

Lord Northcliffe sends me a volume, published in America, telling the story of the life of Woodrow Wilson. The name is not familiar on this side of the Atlantic, but



it is one to conjure with in the United States. Mr. Wilson is Governor of New Jersey, and is recognised as a candidate for the Presidency, who may slip into the White House, whilst Roosevelt and Taft are wrangling at the front door. Lord Northcliffe marks a passage in the book. It appears that, whilst still a student at Princeton College, young Wilson came upon a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in 1874, containing a series of articles entitled: "Men and Manner in Parliament, by the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds."

The author of the biography, William Bayard Hale, continues: "From that moment his life-plan was fixed. The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds, in intimate daily familiarity with the Parliamentary scene and its actors, wrote in a style of delicious charm—the leisurely style of good-humoured banter and elegant trifling, his chatter, nevertheless, affording a picture of unsurpassed vividness, vivacity, and verity. The *Gentleman's Magazine* contributor was Henry Lucy, who later created for *Punch* the character of 'Toby, M.P.,' and was knighted by King Edward. Mr. Wilson has said to the writer of this biography that no one circumstance did more to make public life the purpose of his existence, nor more to determine the first cast of his political ideas. His mind was now settled definitely upon a public career. The impulse received from the *Gentleman's Magazine* has been decisive."

In forwarding the book, Lord Northcliffe writes: "This is very interesting. You may well be proud of having by your early writings influenced the career of a man who, if he lives, is certain to become President of the United States."

[Lord Northcliffe's forecast was realised in 1913, when Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States. His term of office will live in history as one that saw the United States joining England and its Continental Allies in war against Germany.]

*From the Future President of the United States.*

BERMUDA,  
1912.

MY DEAR MR. LUCY,

Thank you sincerely for letting me see Lord Northcliffe's letter. I read it with real interest, and am glad to have this occasion to thank you for the interest you stirred many years ago in the action of public affairs in Great Britain. I shall always think of you as one of my instructors.

Cordially yours,  
WOODROW WILSON.

*April 17.*

Colonel Saunderson looked in at the Lobby after dinner. Seemed unusually out of temper. "Anything the matter, Colonel?" I asked. "Is Home Rule going to pass this session?"

"Home Rule be d——d," he said.

This is not a novel aspiration on his part. But the remark appeared irrelevant.

"I have been wounded in the house of a friend," he added. "A month ago I went home to dine with ——. You know, the teetotal chap. I didn't want to, but he had asked me several times and I got tired of saying No. I was well rewarded for my courtesy. To my surprise, after giving me some *vin ordinaire* he placed on the table a decanter of '47 port, in perfect condition, which doesn't always happen. I could have finished the bottle with pleasure. But as he wasn't taking any, I contented myself with half. When he asked me again this evening, remembering the priceless possession in his cellar—a legacy from his father, he told me—I accepted.

"I noticed when the cloth was drawn that the decanter of port set on the table was only half full. I concluded he had taken my measure, and opened a half bottle of his precious stuff. I filled a glass, and began to sip.

Good God! It was worse than the claret. It was absolutely flavourless, with a decided tendency towards sourness. I put the glass down and am afraid I frowned."

" 'Aren't you taking port to-night?' he asked.

" 'Well, I think it's a little off colour,' I said.

" 'Off colour!' cried he, 'I don't drink wine myself, but I have always heard you were one of the best judges in the House of a good thing. I remember how you cracked up the wine when you dined here last. Why, this is *the other half of the bottle!*' "

April 27,

The death of Bram Stoker closes one of those little tragedies of life unhappily too common. Whilst Henry Irving was at the height of his prosperous career, his manager and secretary was only second in the estimation of the public of two hemispheres. The conjunction was peculiarly happy. Irving and Stoker seemed born to run in double harness. The secretary enjoyed the fullest confidence of his employer, who was rewarded by tireless and faultless fidelity. Bram, a delightful Irishman polished by university education, was a universal favourite, a distinction shared by a charming wife. In his reminiscences of Irving he once totalled up the money received at the Lyceum treasury, augmented by American tribute, during the long run of Irving's management. It approached close upon a million sterling.

The actor-manager, princely in instinct and action when disbursing money, was not likely to behave in niggardly fashion when fixing the salary of his secretary. It came to pass in the end that practically nothing of this vast revenue clung to the fingers of either master or man. Irving died comparatively a poor man, and I much fear that the closing years of Bram Stoker's life were not free from pecuniary embarrassment, the harder to bear by contrast with long years of merry affluence.

Though he had all the *abandon* of an Irishman, Bram Stoker was in small things as well as in great a keen man of business. One remembers recurrence of a familiar episode, slight in itself but characteristic. For many years it was Irving's habit to place stalls at the disposal of his personal friends on the first night of a new play, and afterwards to entertain them at supper on the stage. At the top of the narrow staircase leading to the stage from the level of the stalls Bram Stoker was on such occasion posted. Ostensibly he was there to receive and welcome the guests on behalf of Irving, still in his dressing-room. Incidentally his keen eye was scanning the crowd in search of possible interlopers.

When the hospitable custom was first established discovery was made that there were present a considerable number undowered with the wedding garment represented by a special invitation. With Bram Stoker at the top of the staircase such mistakes were never attempted.

*April 29.*

Beerbohm Tree tells a new story. It relates how at a children's afternoon party one of the boy guests boastfully announced that his father had presented him with a silver spoon bearing on the handle the inscription "For a good boy."

"Well," said another lad, jealous for family distinction, "my father went out to dinner last night and brought me home a silver fork with 'Savoy Hotel' engraved on the back."

*May 20.*

Coming up to town to-day by the South-Eastern Railway I had a brief but unforgettable lesson in French. The line being much used by foreigners, there is printed on the sill of each window the injunction *Ne pas se pencher au dehors*. My travelling companions were two

lads whose united ages might be 18. They were evidently schoolboys, homeward bound for a week-end holiday. The younger, a bright, restless boy who wanted to know everything and believed his elder brother knew it, pointing to the inscription, asked: "What does that mean, Ted?" The elder, after thoughtfully regarding it, replied: "It says, 'don't go outside and hang yourself.'"

It will be observed that only a single word is mistranslated. After all, at a glance in a swiftly moving train *pencher* may be mistaken for *pendre*.

May 25.

The last time I saw the King of Denmark, whose sudden death has shocked the world, was on board the *Tantallon Castle* during her historic trip to the opening of the Kiel Canal in June, 1895. Putting in at Copenhagen, King Christian IX, accompanied by the Queen, the Crown Prince (who a few years later succeeded him on the throne and has now died), and other members of the Royal Family, came aboard for lunch. Our host, Sir Donald Currie, presided at the table, having at his right hand the Queen of Denmark, on his left Mrs. Gladstone, who had been escorted to the table by His Majesty. Gladstone sat next to the Queen, faced by the King, with whom he, from time to time, held animated conversation across the table. After luncheon the King, who spoke excellent English, briefly proposed a toast to Queen Victoria. Gladstone rose and proposed the health of the Queen of Denmark, of whom he spoke chiefly as the mother of the Princess of Wales, our Queen Alexandra of to-day.

I remember how profoundly touched the old King was by this portion of Gladstone's speech, brief but glowing with eloquence. When he resumed his seat His Majesty, leaning across the table with tears in his eyes, seized his hand and warmly shook it. Next month

seventeen years will have elapsed since that memorable scene. It is sad to think how many who played a more or less prominent part in it have passed away. They include the old King of Denmark, his son and successor, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and our princely host, Sir Donald Currie.

May 30.

*From the Speaker*

HUTTON JOHN, PENRITH.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I am glad that it is not now any part of my duty to address the Sovereign, either in person or as one of five Commissioners, upon the doings and undoings of the faithful Commons. If the Speaker were to speak his own mind, what an impossible situation he would create for himself in the subsequent session.

I hope Lady Lucy is well again ; I am so sorry that she has had a severe illness.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES A. LOWTHER.

This was written after reading a "Cross Bench" article in which I described the old-time custom of the Speaker of the House of Commons addressing the Sovereign at length when he visited the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament.

June 8.

Thirty-nine years ago, in a small, obscure town in the East of France, I beheld a strange sight. It was the fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl Marshal, Hereditary Marshal, and Chief Butler of England, staggering up a narrow street under the burden of a heavy banner. It was the occasion of the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial of British Catholics, bent upon paying homage at the shrine of La Bienheureuse, the fame of miracles performed at whose tomb filled the Catholic

world with wonder and adoration. Over 600 English folk—men, women and priests—composed the expedition. They were a singularly mixed lot, their ranks representative of all classes of society, from the premier Duke down to the shopman and the domestic servant, who had drawn upon slender earnings for the expenses of the long journey.

This week has seen the setting forth of another British pilgrimage, which on this occasion bent its steps towards Lourdes. It was equally large in number, and animated by the same desire. Many of the pilgrims were crippled with rheumatism and other fell diseases. Others had left loved ones at home in the same plight, carrying their offerings and prayers to the shrine in hope of a miracle. They would be cheered on arrival at the Blessed Grotto by discovery of innumerable crutches hung at its entrance, votive offerings of the faithful who had made earlier pilgrimage, and left for home again hale and hearty.

The Duke of Norfolk's first pilgrimage was made on behalf of his first-born, at the time a boy in what proved to be a hopeless state of ill-health. No happy result followed upon the pious pilgrimage, the youth dying a few years later. There is now another Earl of Arundel, whose fourth birthday has just been celebrated. The Duke has accompanied this pilgrimage to Lourdes under happier circumstances compared with the trouble that overshadowed his life when he last carried its burden to Paray-le-Monial.

June 18.

Passing through a West-end club to-day escorted by a member, I noticed in the newspaper room an old gentleman with a copy of *The Times* clutched in both hands. As he read, his brows scowled and his lips moved, apparently in muttered protest. What he found in the paper was evidently not to his taste.

“That’s Admiral ——,” said my escort. “He has an excellent sea record, but when he came ashore he developed an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. He once flatly contradicted Queen Victoria.”

“How was that?” I asked, properly shocked.

“Well, he attended one of the Queen’s Receptions and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

“‘I hear, Admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you,’ said the Queen.

“‘Your Majesty is misinformed,’ replied the Admiral gruffly, ‘I do nothing of the sort.’”



## CHAPTER XI

June 22.

SPENDING the week-end in the neighbourhood of Tonbridge, our host motored the house-party to make an afternoon call on his neighbours at Penshurst. To the English-speaking race this stately pile of Tudor buildings is dear from the circumstance that it was the birth-place and home of Sir Philip Sidney, author of the *Arcadia*, hero of Zutphen, brother of the lady of whom Ben Jonson wrote the immortal verse :

Underneath the sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death ! Ere thou hast slain another  
Learned, fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Amongst a collection of portraits by Vandyck, Zuccherro, Douw, and other of the elder masters, is one of Sidney, and another of his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth. Both are, by strange perversity, badly hung, mounted high up the lofty wall with their backs to the light. Another art treasure apparently more highly prized by the long line of owners of Penshurst is a collection of china. It is extremely old, excessively rare, and if brought to the hammer at Christie's would fetch a price equal to a king's ransom. Packed closely together in one of the smallest rooms in the mansion, it loses much of its attraction, except perhaps to the cultured connoisseur.

The most attractive feature in the historic pile is the old dining-room. It struck me much in the manner

as did sight of the wheel-worn ways of the streets of buried Herculaneum. There, as here, were casual evidences of the daily life of people dead for centuries. In the great hall at Penshurst there still stands on a raised dais the roughly hewn oak table round which in feudal times the family sat at meat. It is flanked by an open hearth the size of a modern dressing-room, with the great andiron on which huge logs blazed, the smoke passing in primitive manner through an opening in the lofty timbered roof. Along either side of the hall are other massively built oak tables where gathered the baron's retainers. At the eastern end are the minstrels' gallery and doorways opening on to the buttery and the kitchens.

To the least imaginative mind it is not difficult to crowd the stage with people who four hundred of years ago and earlier trod it. Penshurst was two hundred years old before Edward VI, with the generosity of kings dealing with other people's property, bestowed it upon the Sidneys.

*June 23.*

*From Lord Rosebery*

ROSEBERY, GOREBRIDGE, MIDLOTHIAN.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Many thanks. The paragraph brought back vividly that dark time.

Why do we never meet? The answer is simple enough—you are in politics and I am not, you're embedded at Westminster, which I shun like the plague. But it is from no want of friendship, or sympathy, or common memories.

Yours,

ROSEBERY.

*June 24.*

The death of Sir George White was not unexpected, the marvel to those watching by his bedside being that

a brave heart and a strong constitution should for so long a period have kept the enemy at arm's length. Nearly a year ago Lady White, writing to me, told of a mysterious ailment that had suddenly developed, compulsorily withdrawing him from all social functions. It was a sort of mental paralysis, which deprived him of the faculty of ordered speech. When he began a sentence he could not remember the precise words with which he had intended to continue it, faltering out others that had no application. This was the beginning of an end slow but sure in coming.

I was his guest whilst he was Governor of Gibraltar, and had full opportunity of studying a character as modest as it was great. There is no doubt that but for the dogged stand he made at Ladysmith the course of the Boer War, disastrous as it was in the main, would have taken a fatal turn. So shamefully unprepared was the British Army that but for the gallant garrison of Ladysmith the Boers would have swept on to Cape Town and Durban, taking possession of both sources of supplies. But they could not leave Ladysmith behind, and during the months they were besieging it our hapless War Office had time, at tremendous cost of life and money, partially to repair their long blundering.

Eight years ago Sir George settled down in his quarters as Governor of Chelsea Hospital, apparently forgetful of Ladysmith days and of the craving for a piece of white bread that possessed him during the later days of the siege. The last time I saw him was on a summer afternoon last year, when Lady White was "At Home" to her many friends. They had exceptional opportunity of inspecting the stately building of which Charles II laid the foundation stone, Sir Christopher Wren serving as architect. The old pensioners, whose quaint garb lightens the neighbourhood with patches of scarlet, were spending the afternoon in the hall, used as a club-room. At many tables they were seated, mostly smoking short pipes, playing cards or dominoes, some reading the

papers. Their quiet games go on under tattered colours drooping from the walls, each the record of a battle whose story is enshrined in English history. Here through a week of drear November the Duke of Wellington, confined in state, lay whilst an endless throng of mourners reverently passed.

Sir George told me an interesting story connected with that event. At Talavera, Hugh Gough, afterwards Lord Gough, was in command of the 2nd Battalion of the 78th Highlanders. He was severely wounded. Before he fell he captured the colours of a French regiment who, up to Talavera, proudly called themselves the Invincibles. As he could not secure the flag and go on fighting, he unscrewed the eagle from the top of the lance, put it in his pocket, and had another go at the enemy. Returning to England, he presented the eagle to Chelsea Hospital, and the place of honour was given it in the hall. When the body of the Duke of Wellington was carried forth and the crowds dispersed, discovery was made that the eagle from Talavera had flown away. It was believed at the time that a Frenchman, obtaining admission with the crowd, seized an opportunity of quietly pocketing the eagle, thus avenging not only Talavera but Waterloo.

*August 3.*

Twenty-nine years ago—*Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni*—during a visit to Japan, I had the honour of presentation to the Mikado whose dead body Japan is to-day mourning. It happened at a review of the troops, held at Tokio, in honour of the Emperor's birthday. The review over, the Mikado withdrew to his tent. Learning there were two foreigners present, one Sir Sydney Waterlow, an English M.P., ex-Lord Mayor of London—whose habitual wearing of a chimney-pot hat created a respectful interest in the crowded streets of Tokio and in up-country hamlets that could not have been exceeded had the London

Monument been on tour—His Majesty graciously intimated desire that they should be presented.

This was an act of condescension sufficient to cause his hundred and twenty predecessors on the Imperial throne to turn in their tombs. It was nothing to what followed. The English party included two ladies. These also the Mikado desired should be presented, a ceremony gracefully performed in full view of the astonished army. Mr. Trench, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, told me it was the first time in the history of Japan that such a thing had been done. In accordance with the immemorial precedent, Court etiquette is preserved with fantastic strictness, and foreigners, above all, ladies, approach the Imperial presence only through difficult, well-regulated, not to say forbidding, processes of preparation and ceremony.

Arriving on the review ground adjoining the Foreign Office, the Mikado, stepping out of his brougham, mounted a little bay pony garlanded with yellow reins, and, followed by his staff and the military attachés of foreign Ministers, slowly rode down the ranks of soldiery standing stiffly at attention. At that time he was 31 years of age, tall, but not graceful in figure. He had the sallow complexion and coal-black hair peculiar to his people. Except for something of sensuality about the thick lips and heavy jaws, his face presented about as much expression as is habitual to a brick wall. His seat on horseback was curiously similar to the fashion many years later introduced on English racecourses by an American jockey. Holding a yellow rein in either hand, he, with elbows squared, leaned over the pony's neck as if he were about to get off in that direction without assistance. Thus he sat whilst the pony walked round, and thus he remained, blankly staring straight ahead, as the troops marched past.

I saw His Majesty a second time at a garden party in the grounds of the Imperial Palace. Dressed, alas! in

a European costume, he received his guests in a room opening out on to the garden. On his left stood the Empress, gorgeously and stiffly arrayed in scarlet robes. In Japan, as in some countries further West, the Imperial colour is red. Walking through the gardens after the reception, I picked up a crimson heel of a shoe, evidently made in Paris, and a few paces ahead saw one of the Princesses ambling along—one heel on the ground, the other raised full two inches high—with Imperial affectation of nothing particular having happened.

On their way to the *marquee*, in which was spread a magnificent luncheon, the Mikado, who did not speak any language but his own, halted here and there before one or the other of the foreign Ministers, of whom there was full muster. His Majesty's conversational powers were not exhaustive. Without looking at his guest he addressed a few monosyllabic remarks to the interpreter. This translated, the Minister, bowing low, made courteous response, and the image of the Imperial authority, as if wound up afresh, moved on, and went through the same formula with other representatives of the Great Powers, at that distant period keenly watching indications of the awakening of Japan.

At luncheon, wine was poured out and served to the circle at the Imperial table. Following the example of the Mikado, no one seated at it ate or drank. After staring straight before him for the space of a quarter of an hour, His Majesty rose and passed out, in his train the rainbow throng of ladies clad in native dresses, red, green, and purple in hue. Then we had an excellent luncheon.

*King Edward and Thomas Burt*

20, BURDON TERRACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

August 4, 1912.

MY DEAR LUCY,

You never lose an opportunity of saying something kind of me ; in fact, you make opportunities, for I seldom

offer them. The Court dress is a poetic embellishment. I never possessed such a gorgeous garment, except in *Punch* when you and your artist friend Mr. Reed so apparelled me!

It may interest you and Lady Lucy to know that when I was sworn in on the Privy Council, the late King Edward relieved me of the need of appearing in Court suit, as did the present King. Wasn't that kind and considerate? But do not allow these prosaic details to check your imaginative flights. As to health—thanks, I am nearly well again.

With kindest regards to dear Lady Lucy and your dear self,

I am,

Cordially yours,

THOS. BURT.

*August 17.*

I hear a story about the Prince of Wales dating back to nursery days. Whilst still resident with his father at Marlborough House, a visitor arrived who added to the joy of the children's lives by telling them stories. One day, Prince Edward (who, by the way, is always known in the family circle by his seventh Christian name, David) burst into the guest's room, accompanied by his brother Prince Albert. He made instant demand for a fresh story. The lady pointed out that she was engaged in her toilet, and suggested that he should himself tell his brother a story. This was a novel idea, but it proved acceptable. After a brief pause he began:

“Once upon a time there was an old couple who lived in a little cottage on the edge of a lonely moor. They were poor, oh! so poor, they hadn't had anything to eat for a day and a half. The man heard his wife moaning. ‘What's the matter with you, my dear?’ he asked. ‘I'm so hungry,’ she replied, ‘I hardly know what to do.’ ‘Very well,’ said her husband, ‘I'll see to it.’ So he got up, rang the bell for the footman, and,

when he came in, ordered him immediately to bring a plate of bread-and-butter."

There is something delightful beyond the power of trained art in this childish incongruity of ringing a bell in the room of a lonely cottage and instanter appears a footman, probably powdered, who straightway from the unknown recesses produces a plate of bread-and-butter, and so averts imminent starvation.

*August 20.*

Lord Rosebery possesses many precious pictures. Perhaps the one most prized is the portrait of George Washington. When as Premier he resided at 10, Downing Street, he had it removed from Berkeley Square and hung in the dining-room. It has an interesting history. The work of Gilbert Stuart, it is one of Washington's two portraits now existing painted from life. It was done upon the commission of Lord Shelburne, and dates about the year 1796. When in 1805 Lord Shelburne died, his pictures were sold by auction, and this now priceless portrait brought £540. It is known in art circles as the Lansdowne portrait, Lord Shelburne having become Marquis of Lansdowne before his death. The purchaser presently became bankrupt, and Washington was again in the market.

How greatly the picture had, in a comparatively brief space of time, increased in value is shown by the fact that it now brought 2,000 guineas, being disposed of by a lottery, for which 40 tickets were issued at the price of 50 guineas each. It was won by Mr. Delawarr Lewis, at one time Member for Devonport. When he died, the picture was again for sale, and Lord Rosebery bought it—but not for 2,000 guineas. It is a picture as well as a portrait, showing Washington standing by an arm-chair from which he has apparently risen, his black coat and velvet breeches, with lace ruffles at the neck and



silver buckles on the shoes, standing out well against the dark velvet with which the chair is draped.

August 24.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., wrote to me the other day: "I am puzzled to know to which biography you refer in your note in the current issue of *Cornhill*. Two years ago I published the last word about myself. Do you mean that one called *The Herkomers* or the very early one of 22 years ago printed only for private circulation, a fragmentary and imperfect biography? If you have not got *The Herkomers*, may I send you the two volumes?"

It was the earlier work, printed for private circulation more than 20 years ago, of which Herkomer sent me a copy, which I had in mind when writing the passage in *Sixty Years in the Wilderness* which caught the painter's eye.

It was so excellent that I made haste to accept the new and larger edition. I find in it one of the best works of biography published for some years. Written with charming frankness, it recalls and graphically records the early struggles of a man of genius. Herkomer's fame as a portrait painter is in all the chief picture galleries. The best portraits he ever produced are word pictures of himself and his father, whose reality glows with increasing force in the pages of his two volumes. We come to know intimately the young ambitious pupil-painter cultivating art on a little oatmeal porridge or an unvaried regimen of potatoes. Whilst longing for the fleshpots of Southampton or Bavaria, he, determined above all things not to poach on the scanty purse of his parents, grudged the spending of a penny on himself.

When still a youth, he was distraught between rival calls from art and music. He modestly believed he would have excelled in either, but finally determined to

live by his brush. He rather fancied himself as an actor. In 1889 he wrote a musical play, produced it on the stage built in the grounds of his house at Bushey, and, following some modern examples, was actor and manager too. Among other stage accessories, I remember the moon, the like of which was never seen on sea or land, a worthy rival of the one that rules the sky by night.

It was in this year, looking at some pictures on private view day, I was accosted by a stranger who addressed me with puzzling familiarity indicative of old acquaintance. I looked round, but did not recognise him. As he went on talking his voice grew familiar, and I boldly guessed it was Herkomer. In order to assume the part self-allotted in his play at Bushey, he had sacrificed a picturesque beard and moustache that appropriately framed an interesting face. It was at the performance of the play that I was privileged to see and speak to his father, a man scarcely less original and gifted than the son. The loving companionship existing between the two is an idyll that lends enduring charm to the book.

*August 27.*

In several obituary notices respecting Andrew Lang, reference is made to the remarkable speed with which he turned out what was in the main exquisitely constructed work. For nearly thirty years he was a colleague of mine on what was at that period one of the most influential and widely circulated London morning papers. It was the habit of the editor to meet his staff at four o'clock in the afternoon in his office in Bouverie Street. The purposes of the gathering was to select topics for leaders to appear on the following morning, and allot the subjects to various writers. It was no infrequent thing to find Lang sitting at the table with an open book at his left hand, in his right a pen. The editor, who rather plumed himself on his conversational

gifts, was accustomed to discuss a variety of current topics, members of the staff here and there getting in a word. All the while, Lang quickly turning over the leaves of the book he was reviewing, went on writing, occasionally contributing a pointed sentence to the conversation. He had usually finished his work by the time the conference closed, and sauntered off to his club.

He was dining in town ten days before his death, and seemed in his usual state of health. At the table conversation chanced to turn to the probabilities of future life.

"My ideal of heaven," Lang said with his lackadaisical tone and manner, "is a place where I should always find a good wicket and never exceed the age of twenty-four."

September 14.

A cable message announces that Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, has arrived at Honolulu, homeward bound from Australia to resume his mission at Washington. It is not the first time he has visited this out-of-the-way island. Twenty-nine years ago he and I started on a long journey. I was going round the world; he had arranged a visit to the United States which resulted in the publication five years later of his classical work on *The American Commonwealth*. We did not voyage on the same ship, nor start within the same week. But we made a tryst which should have brought us together at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. He was on the spot first, and when on arrival I made inquiry, an envelope was handed to me. It contained Bryce's visiting card, on which was written, "Gone to Honolulu; back in three weeks." Before the three weeks were over I was nearing the shores of Japan and we did not forgather till our return to London for the opening of the session of 1884.

A great deal has happened in those 29 years, more

particularly to Bryce. At the opening of that period he was a Private Member of the House of Commons, having sat four years for the Tower Hamlets. He ranged himself below the gangway on the Liberal side, giving no sign of the brilliant career since steadily run. He found his chance in 1886, when the disruption of the Liberal Party, following on the unfurling of the Home Rule flag, narrowed Gladstone's area of choice in filling up grievous gaps in his Ministry. He made the Member for the Tower Hamlets Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When in 1892 he returned for his last term of Premiership, Bryce was promoted to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office whose chief attraction is that it carries with it a seat in the Cabinet. On the reconstruction of the Ministry consequent on the retirement of Gladstone, Bryce was made President of the Board of Trade. It was in 1907 that he was sent to Washington as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. The appointment created some surprise, but it has been amply justified.

It is characteristic of Bryce that having earned a brief holiday he, instead of repairing to London as is the Ambassador's wont, went all the way to Australia lured by the attraction of a yet unvisited country. It was the same spirit that carried him off to South Africa, where he arrived a couple of years before war broke out. He was not married when he paid his first visit to Honolulu. Six years later he found in his wife a travelling mate of equal energy. Whilst he was still in Parliament, whether in office or opposition, they always spent the recess far afield in foreign lands. In earlier life Bryce was an enterprising and indefatigable Alpine climber, his achievements being recognised by his election to the presidency of the Alpine Club, which he held for two years.

## CHAPTER XII

*October 20.*

A MAN of culture, a writer of polished style, an after-dinner speaker of rare excellence, a delightful companion, Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, drew round him a social circle of the best London could provide. He was fortunate in the occupation of Dorchester House, which has only two or three equals for the reception of large assemblies of guests. Never so happy as when performing the functions of a host, whether in the form of dinner parties or evening receptions with supper sumptuously served in a marquee he had erected for this purpose in the garden, the fêtes at Dorchester House were among the principal and the most popular events of successive London seasons.

After long residence here in the enjoyment of everything the heart of man could desire, Whitelaw Reid's eyes wistfully turned homewards. He meant to turn his steps thither in March next. To-day his body is borne across the Atlantic in a British battleship, a final honour worthily paid to a great and good man. Since the time of Lowell, the United States have always sent us their best in the way of an ambassador. They varied in talent and in personal characteristics. Each was distinguished above his countrymen. In the list no name shines more brightly than that of Whitelaw Reid.

It was his crowning honour that he was the architect and builder of his own supreme good fortune. Beginning life as a country schoolmaster, he drifted into journalism. Forty-four years ago he joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*, at the time edited by Horace Greely.

Eventually he became editor and proprietor of the paper, and a power in the United States. It was in his editorial capacity that I first became personally acquainted with him. Something I had written caught his favouring glance, and for many years I was a contributor to the *Tribune*.

A short time before he was called to undertake ambassadorial duties, Whitelaw Reid spent some of his surplus hundred thousand dollars in building his soul a lordly pleasure house within convenient distance from New York. He bought a wooded hillside, and having placed his house in the most favourable position, left the land very much as he found it, with the addition of some carriage drives and winding pathways. Ophir Farm, it was modestly called. In its stately proportions it was curiously familiar by reason of resemblance to Windsor Castle. During my last visit to the United States I was a guest at Ophir Farm, and have pleasant memories of being driven by the host through the woods in a pony carriage, listening to his charming talk. By his death England and the United States have lost a link that strongly bound them in amity. By comparison it is a poor thing, to me a poignant circumstance, that I have lost a staunch friend of more than thirty years.

October 24.

Prolongation of life cannot reasonably be looked for in the case of a man who has seen his eighty-fourth birthday. It happened that the death of Lord Peel, one of the greatest Speakers of modern times, closely followed upon a period of brisk rehabilitation of health and strength. Apparently fading away last spring, he, as the days lengthened, had a marvellous recovery. I have before me a letter from him dated from Scotland, exactly two months ago. He speaks with keen pleasure of the loveliness of the surrounding country, of the fit-

ness of the grouse, and of the delight of fishing in the salmon river that ran through the grounds of the house where he was a guest. The miracle of resuscitation was only temporary. Shortly after his return from the North he broke down, and resignedly repaired to his Bedfordshire home with the knowledge that he would never leave it, save for his final habitation.

“ I was so glad to have been with him through the last days,” one who watched by his bedside writes. “ His gentleness and courage never faltered. He passed quietly into the next life, and we felt thankful for the rest that had come to him. It was very sad to see a strong man in full possession of every faculty suffer.”

Within a few years of his quitting the Chair of the House of Commons, Lord Peel suffered a change in personal appearance that at first glance left him unrecognisable. His full growth of glossy black hair suddenly, swiftly, turned white, only a few scattered locks surviving the change. To the majority of people with whom he came in contact he conveyed the impression of being a proud, coldly reserved man, a little difficult to get on with. That was simply the cloak for a warm, kindly heart, put on by a modesty that sometimes took the extreme form of shyness. Those privileged to know him intimately enjoyed the companionship of a man of the highest intellectual capacity, with keen sympathy for everything that was simple and true.

To the succession of Speakers following on the retirement of Mr. Brand, Arthur Peel added a varied individuality that won the prize of the confidence and esteem of the most critical assembly in the world. The case has been fairly stated in the assertion that Peel ruled the House of Commons by awe, Gully by law, and Lowther, the present occupant of the Chair, by common sense. What is certainly true is that in varied manner, by divers methods, these three men maintained the highest traditions of their lofty position.

Peel's accession to the Chair of the House of Commons was one of those happy accidents that add romance to public affairs. When, in 1884, Brand retired, Gladstone, at the time Premier, invited Goschen to succeed him. Those accustomed to attribute guile to Gladstone's most artless ways suspected he was not absolutely single-minded in his choice. That Goschen would have made an admirable Speaker everyone with knowledge of his Parliamentary career admitted. Beyond that he was at this epoch becoming a little difficult for an enterprising Liberal Premier to manage. If he could be snugly ensconced in the Chair, difficulties dimly foreseen but not yet developed might be avoided. This forecast was abundantly verified in the course of the next three years, through which Goschen drifted into a Conservative Cabinet, saving Lord Salisbury's Government from crumbling to pieces after the desertion of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lured by the splendid bait, Goschen was willing to swallow it. After consultation with his medical adviser, he was fain to recognise the irreparable disqualification of faulty eyesight. Gladstone then turned his thoughts upon Campbell-Bannerman. Whilst holding him in reserve, he took the opportunity of paying a compliment to the son of his old chief, Sir Robert Peel. Entering Parliament as far back as the year 1865, Arthur Peel had already held minor places in successive Ministries. When Gladstone formed his epoch-making Ministry of 1880-5, he placed him at the Home Office as Under-Secretary. After a brief incumbency, cheered by the colleagueship of Sir William Harcourt, he was compelled to retire on the score of ill-health. It appeared that, if not his Parliamentary career, his official life, had terminated. If he could not stand the strain of an Under-Secretaryship, surely the burden of the duties of the Chair would be intolerable. The Speakership was accordingly offered to him, and to everybody's astonish-



ment, not least that of his distinguished patron, it was accepted.

So modest was Arthur Peel's demeanour whilst yet a Private Member, so retiring his disposition, that his personality was unknown to considerably more than one-half the assembly who, on February 26, 1884, elected him Speaker. They were not long left in doubt or ignorance of his quality. In accordance with immemorial custom, having been conducted to the Chair, by his proposer and seconder, the Premier and Mr. Whitbread, the Speaker-elect, standing on the steps, addressed the House. His predecessors, following traditional lines, had been accustomed to deliver a course of sonorous commonplaces, concluding by placing their best services at the disposal of the House and praying for its generous support. Mr. Speaker Peel, turning upon his audience a stately figure crowned by refined, handsome countenance, from which flashed the light of brilliant eyes, electrified it by a brief speech thrilled with passion, its sentences fashioned in form of loftiest eloquence. At this earliest moment he assumed absolute command over the House and maintained it till, amid a scene of profound emotion, he bade it farewell.

*December 28.*

After the fierce fight for the Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt retired to a condition of obscurity in strong contrast with the blaze of notoriety through which he lived during the preceding four months. In this country it was generally taken for granted that with his defeat his career was closed, and that little more would be heard of him. The last mail brought me a letter from Washington in which the writer, intimately acquainted equally with Roosevelt's temperament and the trend of public opinion in the United States, takes quite a different view of things. He believes that when, four years hence there is another struggle for the Presidential chair,

Roosevelt will be brought forward as a candidate for a reunited Republican Party and will win. The subjoined letter shows he was mistaken.

*From Mr. Roosevelt*

THE OUTLOOK, NEW YORK.  
December 18, 1912.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I was glad to receive your letter and the enclosure, which really interested me. I was also both amused and interested with the enclosure about President-elect Wilson.

Indeed, I remember well your visit to the White House and thoroughly enjoyed it.

As for my own political future, I think the general English estimate of which you tell me is right. I hated to get into this fight at all, but I did not see how to avoid it; and having gone in there was nothing to do but to put it through. It was very bitter for me to see the Republican Party, when I had put it back on the Abraham Lincoln basis, in three years turned over to a combination of big financiers and unscrupulous political bosses. What the future of the Progressive Party will be, nobody can say, but I am very confident that our principles in some shape or other will triumph. At present, however, I do not see how the Party can triumph under me; but I have to continue to take a certain interest in it until a new man of sufficient power comes along.

Give my warm regards to Lady Lucy, your amanuensis, and with all good wishes,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

During a visit to Washington in the first term of Roosevelt's Presidency I was privileged to see a good deal of him in private. Sitting at his hospitable table at the White House with a small company, including the French Minister at Washington (one of the greatest

living authorities on Shakespeare) and a much travelled American of whom it was not quite determined by his friends whether he more intimately knew Abe Lincoln or was more fondly conversant with Cicero, the Rough Rider in whom foreign nations early came to recognise a statesman of highest rank revealed the scholar versed alike in ancient and modern literature. In its variety, grasp of subject, out-of-the-way knowledge, and its evidence of marvellous memory, Roosevelt's table-talk reminded me more of Gladstone's than of any man I know. The mystery was how and when the President of the United States found time for the voluminous, multifarious reading that formed an appreciative portion of his daily life. I gathered that the secret lay in using up odd ten minutes and quarters of an hour, with occasional awakening at three o'clock in the morning, to find a book fortuitously by his bedside.

Early in the course of conversation Roosevelt startled me by quoting Solomon Pell, the solicitor who plays a casual part in the history of Mr. Pickwick. From Pell to Pliny is a far cry. The President was equal to both. It must not be supposed from this rough manner of telling the story, that either Pliny or Pell were obtrusively dragged into the conversation, whether by head or by heels. References served to illustrate a turn in the conversation, and were followed by others equally happy. Keenly observant, a swift and accurate judge of character, he had a way of shrewdly summing up the qualities of a public man. Of the German Emperor he remarked, "If he had been born an American citizen, on however low a social scale, he would have come to be boss of his ward."

Conversation turning upon the condition of things in Cuba, at the moment profoundly disturbed, the travelled American contributed a thrilling reminiscence. Thirty years ago, visiting San Domingo in official capacity, he was taken in hand by a newly-appointed native Minister,

who undertook to show him round. Passing a prominent building, the guide pointed to a doorway, and remarked, as indifferently as if he were indicating the name of a street, "That is where our last Emperor was shot."

In the course of his sojourn in the island, the American came upon an aged man held in high esteem by the community because he had been witness of a quite exceptional number of revolutions and lived to tell the tale.

"How many have you seen?" the visitor asked.

"Forty-two," the patriarch promptly replied.

It appears that when a boy the old man had seen Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette carried to the guillotine. Emigrating to San Domingo, the tale of revolutions rapidly ran up till they exceeded forty.

## CHAPTER XIII

January 11, 1913.

*From the Japanese Ambassador*

JAPANESE EMBASSY, LONDON.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

Pray accept my sincere thanks for your very kind letter. I should have liked to see you both and say good-bye personally before I leave London, but the time at my disposal being very short indeed, I much regret that I shall be unable to do so, as I start to-morrow.

I am very sorry to leave this country where I and my wife have been very fortunate in making very good friends, yourselves among others, but I have to do so as they say that they want my services at home. My only hope now is that I may be allowed to come here again some day. In any case let me say *Au revoir*.

With the kindest remembrances and assuring you that my wife and I shall fondly cherish the memory of the great kindness of you both,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

T. KATO.

*From Watts-Dunton*

THE PINES, 11, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.

February 21, 1913.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I have read with much interest Miss Mélland's account of Howell as a boy. I will return you her letter on Monday.

Howell was always a source of wonderment to Rossetti, Swinburne, Burne-Jones, Morris and Ruskin.

He was a genius *manqué*—a most marvellous man. I could fill volumes of anecdotes about him in connection with Whistler, Swinburne and the rest. I introduce him as a minor character in *Aylwin*, in the section "Haroun-al-Raschid, the Painter"—page 195 and the following pages.

This gives me an opportunity of sending you a copy of that novel for your acceptance. It still circulates widely in its cheap form in *The World's Classics*.

I have always lamented that political affairs have kept you from following up your work in pure literature, such as *Gideon Fleyce*, etc.

I am a constant reader of your writings in the *Observer* and elsewhere.

Let me congratulate you upon the success of *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*. I should know your writings anywhere by your incomparable style.

With kindest regards,

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

C. WATTS-DUNTON.

I frequently met the Howell here referred to at dinner with Doetch, Managing Director of the Rio Tinto Mine. He was a remarkable man, with wide and varied knowledge of the world and all that therein is. Doetch entrusted him with large sums of money, for which he bought works by "Old Masters." On the sale of Doetch's property following on his death these, recognised as copies by nameless hands, fetched a few pounds each.

March 15, 1913.

The death of Mark Rutherford reveals a measure of recognition of genius carefully concealed during his lifetime. Knowing something of his temperament, modest to the point of shyness, one can understand the astonishment of the author of *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* supposing it were possible for him to read the eulogies showered upon him by many newspapers. Without

knowing at the time that he had a gifted son, I was on terms of close acquaintance with the novelist's father, whose family name was White. When some time in the last century I first entered the House of Commons, Old White, as he was called, was principal doorkeeper. He was something more, being to a certain extent founder of those articles descriptive of the personal aspect of the House which now form an indispensable column in all well-conducted daily and weekly papers.

In those days, when newspaper writers were regarded with suspicion and dislike in Parliamentary circles, it was rather a dangerous enterprise for the doorkeeper of the House of Commons to indulge in literary tendencies taking this particular turn. Of course, his contribution was anonymous. But such secrets are hard to keep. Kept it must have been, or White would not have been permitted to retain his chair till the period of pensioned retirement. I remember with what frequency he was to be seen standing behind the chair of the Sergeant-at-Arms, more especially when debate took a lively turn. He was, I knew later, in search of "copy." None of his successors at the door take similar interest in events going on at the other side of it.

March 17, 1913.

Looking through some old letters, I came upon the last one received from Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer. Writing from 174, Buckingham Palace Road, May 30, 1910, he says :

" I am exceedingly sorry, but I fear that even for the third time the fates decree me to miss one of your charming luncheon parties. I leave Portsmouth in the *Terra Nova* on the 8th prox., and arrive at Cardiff on the 10th. I cannot say precisely where I shall be at your luncheon hour on the 9th. I think somewhere in the region of Land's End. With real sorrow, I am, yours sincerely, R. SCOTT."

On that June day he watched Land's End fading from sight, all unknowing he would never look upon it again.

*March 29, 1913.*

The death of Lady Dorothy Nevill removes from London society one of its most remarkable, most interesting, and most popular members. Physically, intellectually, and by reason of her closely intimate connection with the principal personages who have lived in English history during the past sixty years, she gracefully and cheerfully occupied a unique position. In spite of her advanced years, of which she made no secret, she was almost up to the last a marvel of health and strength. Little more than two months ago I sat next to her at one of the little luncheons it was her delight to give at her house in Charles Street. She lacked nothing of accustomed gaiety and keen interest in whatever was going forward, more particularly in the political world. The only sign of age far beyond the limit of the Psalmist was one which Gladstone at the period of his retirement from public life sorrowfully admitted troubled him. She was just a little deaf. Otherwise her eyes lost nothing of their brightness, nor her smile its charm.

In one of the memorial articles which appeared in the newspapers on Tuesday Lady Dorothy was spoken of as "the last of London ladies who maintained the customs and traditions of a salon." This, I think, is a misapprehension. Lady Dorothy never entertained on the numerical scale associated with a salon, such as that over which Lady Palmerston presided. She did not even launch forth to the extent of an ordinary dinner party. Through the season she gave luncheon parties, at which the number, including the hostess and her daughter, rarely exceeded ten, and was more commonly eight. It was said of a lady still living, who up to a recent date was one of the most assiduous of London hostesses, that if Judas Iscariot were passing through London you



would be sure to find him at Lady ——'s dinner table. Lady Dorothy had an equally keen eye for celebrities, the latest lion of the hour being usually found at her luncheon parties.

The most famous group was composed of Lord Randolph Churchill, Drummond Wolff, John Gorst, and Arthur Balfour when he could be caught, a feat more difficult than the capture of his colleagues. During the Parliamentary sessions of the early 'eighties, when the Fourth Party was in the making, rarely a Sunday passed that did not find them lunching with Lady Dorothy. She told me that on one Sunday Drummond Wolff arrived full of a project for founding the Primrose League. He was mercilessly chaffed by Lord Randolph Churchill and John Gorst, who on further reflection came to perceive in his scheme what has proved to be a potent electioneering agency.

*March 30, 1913.*

The still young Parliament has already heard put forward the perennial question about the existence of the " grille " in the Ladies' Gallery. The matter and the questioner were promptly dismissed by one of the Premier's sententious replies, setting forth the familiar fact that among the persons directly concerned there is divided opinion as to the convenience and desirability of removing or retaining the obstruction. There is another peculiarity special to the Ladies' Gallery of which less is heard in public, a reticence compensated for by scornful words uttered in private. On entering the Gallery the first object that strikes the eye is a large card hung on the wall displaying the single word " Silence ! " Why should this peremptory, insulting injunction be specially flaunted in the Ladies' Gallery ? It is not repeated in the galleries opposite where men congregate.

Nor is this all. Withdrawing from the Gallery to the

tea-room at the back of it, ladies approaching the fireplace observe boldly carved above it the brusque command, "Get understanding." It need hardly be said that the insolent command, with its implied suggestion of a condition of mental density more or less nearly approaching imbecility, is reserved exclusively for women-kind. As one who calls my attention to this evidence of man's supercilious assumption of natural superiority over the other sex observes, the quotation from Proverbs is not to be found within sight of any part of the House where Members sit, whether above or below the gangway.

"And yet," as my correspondent observes, "how much greater is the necessity."

April 2, 1913.

George Russell has a story about the Duke of Wellington which will not be found in any of the biographies. He told it at dinner last night in the loud voice which commands the attention of the table and is generally worth it.

Many years ago there was published a work that had some vogue, called *The Lady's Companion to Her Flower Garden*. The authoress, Mrs. Loudon, was an accomplished lady, who wrote, not only on floriculture, but on arboriculture and landscape gardening, illustrating what she wrote.

In one of her works she desired to insert a sketch of the "Waterloo Beeches" at Strathfieldsaye—a picturesque clump planted to commemorate our deliverance from the Corsican tyrant. Accordingly, she wrote to the Duke of Wellington requesting leave to sketch the beeches, signing herself in her usual form, "J. Loudon." The Duke, who, in spite of extreme age and eyesight not quite so clear as it had once been, insisted on doing all his own correspondence, replied as follows:

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London. The Bishop is quite at

liberty to make a sketch of the breeches which the Duke wore at Waterloo, if they can be found. But the Duke is not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches he generally wears."

*The Member for Sark*

April 5, 1913.

DEAR SIR,

The periodical delight which I share on Wednesdays with all other decent people is at present just a little impaired by my inability to identify one of Toby's most constant and conspicuous aphorists. Could you therefore very kindly favour me with one line explaining who "Sark" is, and why? I am ashamed of troubling you, but of five friends to whom I have applied for this information, three did not know, and the two others mentioned different persons.

In extenuation of the liberty I have taken, I could plead that I am not an *absolute* stranger. Though you would hardly recollect the face, I was Private Secretary to Sir James Fergusson when he was Governor of Bombay, and well remember the brief visit you and Mrs. Lucy paid to His Excellency at Parel.

The above letter is a sample of a constant stream of inquiries. They were so numerous that I had a slip printed with the following guarded reply: "Toby, M.P., regrets that as he is not the sole possessor of the secret of the identity of the Member for Sark he is not authorised to disclose it."

Forwarding a copy of this in response to a communication from a lady in Boston, U.S.A., I received a note containing indignant quotation of Betsy Prig's retort to Mrs. Gamp when, as her custom was of an afternoon, she cited a remark by Mrs. Harris:

"I don't believe there's no sich person."

Perhaps she was right.

On his return from a visit to the Isle of Sark, Frank Lockwood told me that on a ceremonial call upon the

Bailiff his attention was drawn to a large engraving of the House of Commons hanging on the wall.

"So glad to see you," said the Bailiff, drawing him up to it. "Now I shall know who is the Member for Sark we read of weekly in the diary of 'Toby, M.P.' Show me where he sits."

*April 9, 1913.*

One of the staidest, not to say the most stately, clubs in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall is just now shaken to its centre by a strange incident. One day of last week a gentleman of military caste entered the hall, and was passing through when challenged by the porter, to whom he was a stranger.

"Ha," he said, "you don't recognise me, I see, and I don't wonder. I have been in India for the last seven years, and though I have kept up my subscription to the club I haven't in the meanwhile been in London. I am Sir James Clarkson."

That name will serve, though the one given belonged to a well-known man in the Indian Civil Service. The hall porter expressing his pleasure at the return of the wanderer, Sir James passed on, depositing hat and stick in the appointed place, and entered the reading-room. After a while he went out. Returning in an hour's time, he said to the porter:

"I have been doing some shopping in Bond Street. A man will presently come with a parcel and ask for me. Call me out. You will find me in the reading-room."

The messenger duly arrived, and asked for Sir James Clarkson.

"Yes, he is in," said the hall porter. "I will tell him you are here." The message delivered, Sir James came out cheque-book in hand. "Brought your bill?" he asked, recognising in the messenger the shopkeeper himself. The document produced, Sir James stood at the desk in the porter's box, wrote a cheque, and handed

it to the jeweller, who departed, leaving the parcel with the baronet. It contained a diamond ring and a bracelet, in value amounting to several hundred pounds.

Shortly after the baronet left the club, and the next thing in connection with the incident was an animated account given by the Bond Street jeweller of further personal experience. He had nothing in the way of carelessness to reproach himself with. Before making up the parcel he ascertained from the usual sources of information that Sir James Clarkson was a man of high position on service in India, and a member of this exclusive club. His customer, in the course of conversation, mentioned that he was home on brief leave, with temporary headquarters at the club. He had brought the parcel himself, not intending to part with it until he had the money in hand. The hall porter's recognition of his customer as Sir James Clarkson, who was found at home in the club, established his bona-fides. Nevertheless, by way of relieving anything in the form of fleeting anxiety, he asked his banker at once to present the crossed cheque for payment.

This was done, and it was promptly endorsed "no account." The police are anxiously in search of the baronet and his precious parcel. Up to to-day the quest has been fruitless. Sir James has not revisited his old club.

*April 13, 1913.*

A member of the staff at one of the principal public offices tells me an instructive story illustrative of the predominance of red tape in this twentieth century. The other day he had the misfortune to break off the castor from one of the legs of his office chair. It seemed a simple thing to have the carpenter in and the defect remedied. My friend is, however, too old a public servant to be led astray by the alluring simplicity of the obvious course of procedure. He knew by experience the nice distinction officially established between various

states of damage suffered by a chair. If one were actually broken down and a salaried servant of the State thereby precluded from attending to his business, the affair would be dealt with as a matter of urgency. Probably within a week, certainly within ten days, the proper number of documents having been duly signed, initialed, and docketed, the chair would be mended.

A castor off a leg is quite another affair. It involved infinitely more research among divers departments, and no one could say when the transaction would close with the appearance of the carpenter on the scene. The Clerk, a man of resource of whom more will be heard hereafter, was equal to the occasion. With the assistance of a stalwart colleague, he broke off the leg of the chair, and in an almost incredibly short time was comfortably resealed.

*April 14.*

*From Lord Hampden*

30, LENNOX GARDENS, S.W.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

I was very pleased to have your letter and I can say with truth that there is no one who reads what you write about men and things political with more pleasure than I do. Many thanks for your good wishes.

Many years, alas! have passed since the division on Mr. G.'s first Home Rule Bill. I remember meeting you shortly afterwards, when I think you were of the opinion that I had gone wrong and that Mr. G. would win.

The victory for this policy seems farther off than ever. But I suppose we shall see a Unionist Government in power; and, if so, they may perhaps deal with Irish government.

With good wishes,

Believe me,  
Yours truly,  
HAMPDEN.

I accidentally come across this old letter and quote it as recalling a historic incident.

Lord Hampden (Mr. Brand) was Speaker of the House of Commons when Mr. G. introduced his first Home Rule Bill. His term of office was made memorable by action taken on the occasion when, in the session of 1881, the Irish Members through a continuous sitting of 41 hours fought a motion for the introduction of a Coercion Bill. Rising early on the morning of the third day, the Speaker declared the debate closed and forthwith put the question. As was written at the time, "Never since Cromwell entered the House at the head of his men-at-arms had regular Parliamentary procedure been subjected to this swift, arbitrary cutting-off by the mandate of a single man."

April 20, 1913.

During the long reign of Queen Victoria, the *Court Circular*, a unique and intensely interesting daily newspaper, had the advantage of Her Majesty's personal editorship. It is not a thing common people can buy at the bookstall for the humble penny, or even the reckless twopence. Though its circulation is wider than any newspaper in the world, it has no advertisements. Nobody ever saw a copy of the *Court Circular* in print on its own paper. There exists, indeed, from day to day only a single number in MS., which, having been seriously considered by the Sovereign and, it is said, frequently amended by the Royal hand, is telegraphed to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and through that high department communicated to the London Press, who find honourable position for it on the leader page.

In Queen Victoria's time it usually opened with the intelligence that "the Queen drove (or walked) out yesterday," accompanied by such and such privileged persons. Then there were particulars of the guests at the Queen's dinner party, the notification of arrival of newly-accredited Ministers from foreign States, or newly-made knights who, duly introduced, knelt to receive the accolade, and were subsequently entertained at a cold

luncheon, served in a back parlour, and presided over by some member of the household.

I understand that his present Majesty does not devote to the editing of the *Court Circular* the labour and attention bestowed upon it by his grandmother, and to some extent by his father. The matter is left in the capable and sympathetic hands of the Queen. Failing that duty, King George succeeds throughout the season in furnishing abundant items for its news columns. The British workman, jealous for the limitation of his eight hours' work per day, may be inclined to resent the amount of labour his Sovereign manages to accomplish within the 24 hours. For a long period after the death of the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria withdrew into strictest seclusion, grudgingly delegating to her eldest son such public duties as were absolutely unavoidable. Edward, Prince of Wales, took kindly to the work, and when he came to the Throne extended its area. But he was already advanced in years, and his marvellously sustained health was beginning to fail.

King George, young in years, breezy with physical energy nurtured on board ship, has been throughout the past season tireless in activity. In this combined pleasure and duty, he was encouraged, almost invariably accompanied, by the Queen, to whose personal initiation was due the happy thought of the Buckingham Palace garden party, given in the last fortnight of the season to the school teachers.

May 10, 1913.

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 further back than a hundred years. It was not, he averred, universal, even with the cultured class, in the Early Victorian era. 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 Heap, 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 on 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 note of it 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 was a well-known borough Member, now retired, who was handicapped from his birth by the letter "h" commencing both his Christian name and his surname. Wilfrid Lawson used to say that in infancy he narrowly escaped being 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 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.

## CHAPTER XIV

May 31.

TO-NIGHT Lord Crewe seized the first opportunity presented by the reassembling of the Lords to pay a graceful tribute to the memory of Lord Ashbourne, whose sudden death shocked, although it can hardly be said surprised, a wide circle of friends. As the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had something to say on the subject from the Front Opposition Bench, remarked, the most active years of the life of the Irish Lord Chancellor were those spent on the Front Opposition Bench of the House of Commons.

In my *Diary of the Disraelian Parliament* I wrote of Mr. Gibson, as he then was, under date February 19, 1877 :

“Gibson, the newly-appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, took his seat on the Treasury Bench to-night, beaming with happiness, in charge of the Irish Judicature Bill. He has been in Parliament only for two sessions, and his advancement might be regarded as unduly rapid. In truth, although he is glad enough to accept office, the balance of obligation is on the part of the Government. He is an excellent lawyer, was born in Ireland, has a mellifluous voice, just softened by the real Dublin brogue, speaks fluently, is conciliatory in manner, popular with his countrymen, acceptable to the House, and, though only 40 years of age, his active life has dowered him with a wealth of snow-white hair, an outward and visible sign of matured experience and dearly-bought wisdom for which most men have to wait till their strength be but labour and sorrow.”

*June 9, 1913.*

When on Monday night Balfour followed the Prime Minister in his touching tribute to the memory of George Wyndham, news of whose sudden death in Paris reached the House as it assembled for debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, he was visibly moved by emotion. Between the two men there had for twenty years existed the closest intimacy. Wyndham commenced his official career by acting as the private secretary of the then Leader of the Opposition. Whilst the two were inseparable in town during the session, Balfour was accustomed, year after year, to spend either the Whitsun or the Easter recess at the Wiltshire residence of his colleague's father.

This state of things lent an acutely painful touch to the episode in the life of George Wyndham that suddenly interrupted, and, as it turned out, finally shattered a career which, at one time, seemed bounded only by the Premiership. When, during his Chief Secretaryship, Ulster savagely turned upon George Wyndham, whom it suspected of Home Rule tendencies, and demanded his dismissal, Balfour allowed this course to be taken. The brilliant Chief Secretary, who had already done great service to Ireland by carrying through the Land Purchase Act, with which his name will ever be associated, passed out of office, and spent the remainder of his public life under a cloud that effectually damped his ancient ardour.

There were particular circumstances connected with the episode. What happened during the Parliamentary recess of 1904 may be briefly stated. A number of Irish Members, under the leadership of that undoubted Unionist Lord Dunraven, met in council, and devised a scheme of Home Rule, which they judiciously styled Devolution. That the Chief Secretary was taken into their confidence, and displayed a friendly interest in a movement designed to bring peace and increasing pros-

perity to Ireland, was not denied. It was equally an open secret that Lord Dudley, the Lord Lieutenant, and Sir Antony (not yet Lord) MacDonnell, the Irish Under-Secretary, were in the same position. The Prime Minister, an exceedingly wary bird, as Tariff Reformers learned in their early campaign, kept in the background. But it is not credible, certainly it was not believed in the House of Commons, that he was ignorant of what was going on in Dublin. Yet when disclosure came, and angry Ulster threatened revolt, it was the Chief Secretary who was dropped to the wolves, Lord Dudley and Sir Antony MacDonnell being left undisturbed in their respective offices.

In the session of 1903, when what proved to be the apex of George Wyndham's Parliamentary career was reached by his successful piloting of the Land Purchase Bill to the haven of the Statute Book, a curious story was current within the inner circle of his friends. It stated how the shower of congratulations which at this epoch drenched him was varied by a note written by a colleague on the Dublin staff of the Irish Office, advising him to retire from office whilst still at the height of success and popularity. He was warned that if, disregarding this advice, he stayed on for another ten years all he had done for Ireland, and for the Ministry of which he was a member, would be forgotten, and he might drift into a dilemma that would possibly permanently wreck his career. The Chief Secretary made confident reply that he had in contemplation other, even greater, work for Ireland, and till it was accomplished he would, at any personal risk, stick to his post.

His colleague, so the story ran, endorsed his chief's letter, "Wyndham's a lost man," and put it away in the recesses of his desk. Well within the limit of the time named, the soothsayer found his ominous prediction fulfilled to the letter.

*June 10, 1913.*

The new American Ambassador, Mr. Page, made his bow to a London audience at a dinner given to him last night by the Pilgrims. The gathering, as usual under these auspices, included many of the best-known men in politics, literature, the Army, and the Navy. Departing from the custom of his predecessors, varying indeed from the common habit of his countrymen, Dr. Page read his speech from manuscript. To see him wetting his thumb, and diligently turning over page after page, detracted something from the success of an oration whose sterling worth was more fully appreciated when read in the morning papers.

The new ambassador remains lodged in an hotel on the lookout for a private residence conformable with the dignity of his high office, and compatible with the modest salary one of the richest countries in the world pays to its diplomatic representatives abroad. It is only millionaires like the lamented Whitelaw Reid who can rent Dorchester House, and live up to its capabilities in the way of dispensing princely hospitality.

The curious condition of affairs created by the American republic at a time when it was a comparatively modestly endowed community was wittily put by Mr. Choate, Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessor in the office of envoy. After a dinner party, when the departing guests were bidding each other good-night, one casually asked Mr. Choate if he were going home.

"Home!" he cried, in tone of pained surprise, "I am the American Minister. I have no home."

*June 11, 1913.*

John Scott-Montagu (Lord Montagu of Beaulieu), long known in the House of Commons as the champion motor-carist, having succeeded to a peerage, continues to devote himself to the interests of his favourite form of locomotion. During a recent visit to Ireland, he took with him a

costly motor-car embodying all the latest improvements of the still youthful industry. He modestly thought he would rather cut a dash in the sister country, and was to the full extent gratified as far as Dublin was concerned. On a tour westward he came to a 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. The landlord was equal to the occasion. Conducting the Englishman to his vehicle, he quizzically regarded it, and observed :

“ Bedad, it’s 40 years since I had at me door an outside car of that build.”

Whatever a presumptuous Englishman might think or expect, there is nothing new to Skibbereen.

*June 21, 1913.*

There was something tragic in the suddenness of the death of the Marquis of Northampton. Less than a fortnight ago I met him at the King’s birthday banquet given in Downing Street by the Prime Minister. He walked a little stiffly, but in his Territorial military uniform, crossed by the blue ribbon of the Garter, he seemed in fine form, and was certainly in high spirits. He told me he had long suffered from arthritis, but was presently going to a little-known watering-place in the north of Italy, and meant to be “ back in time to vote for the Home Rule Bill ” in the House of Lords. That was on Tuesday, the 3rd instant. Last Friday he left London full of hope, arrived at Acqui on Saturday night, and within 20 minutes died in his chair of heart failure.

As Lord William Compton he was for a dozen years a familiar figure in the House of Commons. A stout Liberal, with tendencies in the direction of Radicalism, he did not change principles when he succeeded to the marquisate and its vast possessions. Whilst sitting as

Member for Barnsley, he championed the cause of the Yorkshire miners.

A part of the family estate was represented by acres of houses in Clerkenwell and Canonbury. Coming into possession, Lord Northampton, personally visiting his tenants, found a considerable proportion steeped in the misery of slum life. He forthwith set to work to improve the condition of their dwellings, and left whole streets of courts the cleaner and more wholesome for his intervention.

His exemplar was the Lord Shaftesbury of mid-Victorian times. He succeeded him as president of the Sunday School Union, and, having larger means and fuller opportunities, he did even more good among the poor than was accomplished by the philanthropic earl.

*July 12, 1913.*

The cutting-off of Alfred Lyttelton is a loss, not only to his Party, but to the House of Commons. His qualities were less showy in character than the former Irish Secretary, but more substantial in foundation. As Asquith said, in the singularly fine tribute paid to the memory of a political opponent, a personal friend of more than 30 years' standing, he, of all men of this generation, came nearest to the ideal of manhood every English father would like to see his son aspire to and, if possible, attain.

The personal esteem felt for Lyttelton on both sides was testified in striking manner during delivery of this brief address. Personal and public sorrow were deepened by the suddenness of the blow, and the certainty from the first that it could not have other than a fatal termination. So far back as Tuesday in last week Asquith, in conversation with Balfour, declared that the case was hopeless, adding that those to whom he was most dear prayed that the struggle might not be prolonged. There is no doubt that the famous cricketer's end was accelerated by an

accident met with in the beloved playing field, to which he had temporarily returned. The surgeons who operated upon him found that, apart from the accident, his physical condition was such that he could barely have lived out the year.

*July 20, 1913.*

Arthur Balfour, taking advantage of his much-prized deliverance from official bonds, has gone off on holiday, leaving Parliament still sitting with more than a fortnight's dull work ahead of it. Never a day since he confounded the mutineers of his Party in the House of Commons by suddenly announcing his resignation of office has he regretted his decision. During a considerable portion of his Ministerial career Disraeli was in office but not in power. Balfour, freed from the trammels and drudgery of office, is to-day not less powerful in the councils of the nation than he was whilst Prime Minister. Whenever his old friends get into the more profound depths of difficulty, they, instead of turning to their nominal leader, cry aloud to their former chief, "Come over and help us." When the Opposition was faced for a second time with the Home Rule Bill, its rejection was moved, not by Bonar Law, but by Balfour. The speech made by him on that occasion was by general consent one of the ablest and most statesmanlike delivered through a long succession of oratorical successes.

Like Gladstone, Balfour has the natural gift, priceless to Prime Ministers, of temporarily laying aside the cares of the day when he has completed his appointed task. Overweighted with access of Ministerial cares, exhausted by delivery of an epoch-making speech in the House of Commons, Gladstone used to walk home in the early morning to Downing Street, take some light refreshment provided by his watchful wife, glance over a volume something less heavy than a Blue Book, get into bed and straightway drop off to dreamless sleep.



“ I always sleep seven hours,” he once said to me. “ I should like eight and I could do with ten.” Balfour is an equally good sleeper.

A difference in personal habits is marked by a tendency to “ take it out ” in the mornings. On Balfour’s week-end country visits he rarely appears on the scene long before the luncheon hour. Of course, such indulgence was not possible whilst he was Prime Minister or actively leading the Opposition. But when he gets off to the links at North Berwick, whither he intends to repair when he returns after a month’s holiday on the Continent, he habitually permits himself this recreation.

Amongst other pre-eminent claims to the Premiership, Asquith also enjoys the faculty of seizing opportunity to throw aside the cares of State. Like Balfour, he is a frequent week-ender, a determined diner-out, and a golfer. Another resource of mental diversion he finds in a game of bridge. In the darkest days of his fight for Law and Order in Ireland, the late W. E. Forster used to seek Nephenthe in a game at whist, which according to the testimony of his partners he played very badly. Asquith plays bridge, as he does all other things to which he puts his hand, exceedingly well.

July 21, 1913.

Publication of the will of Lord Ashbourne reveals a domestic difficulty long known to a circle of friends. Disposing of a personal estate of £92,000 the first Baron Ashbourne practically disinherits his eldest son, who succeeds to the title. He bequeaths to him a sum of £800, supplemented by his gold watch and chain with seal, his signet ring, two silver claret jugs, his silver or plated wine coolers, such two silver cups as the testator’s wife may select for him, and his engraving of the *Mayflower*. These marks of personal affection, especially the engraving, will doubtless be cherished by the heir apparent. For the rest, Lord Ashbourne bequeaths £45,000 upon trust

to pay the income therefrom to his wife during widowhood, the ultimate residue of his estate going to his second son, Edward, whom he named as one of the executors of his will.

Differences between father and eldest son arose mainly from political reasons. Whilst the father, like some other Irish barristers, made fame and fortune by attaching himself to the Conservative Party, the son became an extreme Nationalist, carrying his patriotic principles so far as to array himself in garb understood to be Early Irish. The new peer, who has made his home in England, has written a book, and dabbles in periodical journalism.

July 23, 1913.

There is a familiar verse, attributed to Thackeray, in which the difficulty of rhyming with Timbuctoo is successfully grappled with. It runs thus :

Once there was a cassowary  
On the plains of Timbuctoo ;  
There he ate his missionary,  
Bible, prayer-book, hymn-book, too.

Looking through a private collection of Browning's autograph manuscripts I came upon a scrap of paper containing the following verse :

Ah, massa ! such a fiery 'oss  
As him I rode to Timbuctoo !  
He would not suit a quiet boss !  
Him kick, him rear, and him buck, too !

It is odd that the novelist and the poet should apparently without each other's knowledge have both wrestled with this rhyming. Both effusions being undated, it is not possible to determine which first grappled with the difficulty.

July 23, 1913.

Early in the year a profound sensation was created by news of the wreck of the Caister life-boat, the *Beau-*

*champ*, out on a noble errand of rescue. Of the crew not less than nine were drowned. I was privileged to provide a lifeboat of the latest type and build to take her place on what is one of the most dangerous stations on the British coast. To-day my wife and I went down to Caister to see the boat launched. We were accompanied by Lady Selborne, who had graciously consented to name the boat. The job is not so easy as it seems. At the first attempt the Countess, who stood on an elevated platform, was not successful in smashing the bottle, which rebounded from the boat's bow. But she had come to christen the boat and was not to be put off. She took the bottle by the neck, and, breaking it against the stem of the new boat, deluged it with wine, wishing good-luck to the *Nancy Lucy*, the vast crowd on the beach heartily cheering.

By contrast with the fearful night when the *Beauchamp* was wrecked, the weather was perfect. The sun shone brightly upon the lake-like sea and the yellow sands. The "shores" were taken away from the lifeboat and the burly crew, placing themselves against her sides, soon had her on the move gliding smoothly to the water's edge. The crew scrambling on board, the shore warp was let go, and the *Nancy Lucy* took to water as gracefully as a seabird. Sail was got up fore and aft, and she sped away merrily amid lusty cheers, and the singing of the National Anthem.

## CHAPTER XV

*From Lord Esher*

THE ROMAN CAMP, CALLANDER, N.B.

September 24, 1913.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

You understand that as Keeper of the King's Archives I have no authority to publish or edit anything except by the King's command. I may say, however, that I think you somewhat exaggerate the value, from the strictly historic point of view, of the letters written by the Leader of the House of Commons for the time being to the Sovereign from the Treasury Bench.

Before the "cursed era" of that daily press of which you have all your life been a conspicuous ornament, the narrative accounts of the proceedings of Parliament sent to the Sovereign by the Prime Minister or his 1st Lieutenant were of considerable interest and value. The reporters' gallery, however, took the wind out of the sails of the politician entrusted with this duty, and it is not at all unlikely that the analysis of "Toby, M.P.," may prove hereafter to be a more unbiased account of Parliamentary proceedings than that of the temporary Leader of the House.

If, of course, your suggestion is intended to cover the confidential letters of the Prime Minister to the Sovereign upon other matters, there is no likelihood of a further instalment of these being published for many years to come. The reasons for this reticence you will easily understand.

Yours sincerely,  
ESHES.

October 30, 1913.

With reference to my article on "Fanny Burney at Norbury Park" published in the current issue of the

*Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. Leverton Harris sends me some interesting, hitherto unpublished, personal notes. Mr. Harris is resident at Camilla Lacey, which stands on the site, and encloses portions, of Camilla Cottage, built by Fanny Burney with the money forthcoming from the publication of *Camilla*. Here the young novelist became Madame D'Arblay, and spent the greater portion of her married life. Mr. Harris has devoutly collected personal relics, which are for the most part stored in a room formerly part of the original structure. In the *Cornhill* article, note is taken of the fact that when at last, almost literally worn to death, Fanny Burney retired from service at Court, Queen Charlotte bestowed upon what was left of her frail servitor a yearly pension of £100. Her husband, General D'Arblay, was left penniless when driven from his ancestral home by the French Revolution. Her biographers, and other commentators upon her life, assumed that, with the exception of her literary earnings, this poor pittance was the sole resource of the household.

Mr. Harris writes: "I have seen her ledger account at Hoare's Bank. She was paid £200 a year English pension and after D'Arblay's death a similar sum as French pension—rather a curious circumstance in those days."

Mr. Harris further writes: "I have bound loosely in marbled paper the corrected printed proofs both of *Camilla* and *Cecilia*. Both are corrected by her own hand, very carefully and studiously, every punctuation made in its right place. The *Evelina* manuscript is mostly written on the back of letters received from her father, Dr. Burney." The novelist seems to have been undetermined about the title for her work. Mr. Harris tells me that *Cecilia* was originally written *Albinia*. So carefully is the name obliterated that it is decipherable only in one or two places.

I further noted in the manuscript that whilst *Evelina*

was fairly written out with comparatively few emendations, *Camilla* is scored heavily with corrections not always improvements. This tendency, marking painstaking effort to better a style originally charming in its simplicity, ended, as we know, in the hopeless pedantry of literary manner that made almost unreadable Fanny Burney's biography of her father. Mr. Harris tells me that this multiplication of corrections was largely due to the circumstance that in the course of writing the author changed the names of some of her characters.

Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, was for some years one of Fanny Burney's most intimate friends. Mr. Harris has accordingly added to his collection a curious and rare book entitled, *The Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi written in her Eightieth Year*. They were addressed to an actor named Conway, who eventually drowned himself. He was 24 years of age at the time his octogenarian admirer daily wrote to him.

December 4, 1913.

One of the treasures of Knole not shown to visitors is a collection of letters which, if they might be published, would afford interesting glimpses of life at the Court of Queen Victoria in the middle of the last century. In the early years of the Queen's reign Lord Sackville, first Baron of the name, was appointed Gentleman Usher. He became in succession Groom of the Privy Chamber and Groom-in-Waiting. In this latter capacity he saw much of the Queen, who admitted him to terms of unusual intimacy.

Being at Windsor or Osborne, he wrote daily letters to his wife, in which he gave minute reports of his conversations with the Queen. He brought to Her Majesty all the gossip of the hour, gathered in various circles of the Court, some not lacking in piquancy.

In spite of her seclusion, perhaps because of it, Queen Victoria displayed keen interest in all that went on

within the Court and on its outer fringes. The weakness was hereditary, being strongly marked in the case of the good King George whom Peter Pindar satirised. It was in measure developed in Edward Prince of Wales, who was never so happy as when making up a quarrel or a match among his friends. It was said at the time that when the Duke of Sutherland went to Windsor Castle to hand over the insignia of his father's Knighthood of the Garter, the unusually prolonged interview was occasioned by the desire of the Queen to be posted up in the fullest and latest details of the family quarrel just then rending the Sutherland household.

*December 5.*

When Gladstone dined with us at Ashley Gardens in accordance with his expressed desire to meet the *Punch* staff, Tenniel was of course asked to join the party. He replied in the following letter. I was able to overcome his scruples. He came, and Mr. Gladstone's friendly reception was marked.

10, PORTSDOWN ROAD, MAIDA HILL.

MY DEAR HENRY LUCY,

Forgive me for not writing sooner. There is a hitch.

Of course, I need hardly tell you that I should only be too delighted in accepting your very kind invitation for the 26th, but doubts have arisen in my mind as to whether my presence on the occasion would be particularly gratifying to the G.O.M. I fancy he is rather tender on the score of ridicule—glorification is quite another matter—and seeing that my pictures for some time past have represented him as the "Double-headed Janus," Mr. Micawber, Betsy Prig and other equally distinguished characters, I think it quite possible that he may not have liked it, especially as coming from one who has "eaten salt" at his own table.

At any rate, I don't care to run the chance of being snubbed, and that being so, I am afraid I must very

regretfully forgo the pleasure I should otherwise have had in making one of the party at your "festive board."

With kindest regards and much thanks,

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN TENNIEL.

*December 6.*

A notable feature in Christie's of late has been the neglect of mediocre pictures and the run upon fine impressions of rare etchings. During the past year this has been especially the case with works of Meryon. The finer examples of his work are as rare as the great auk's eggs. One was sold lately at the King Street Galleries for £125. I believe another was secured for the Gallery at Cardiff. I have chanced to come upon a catalogue of Meryon's works, giving all the information dear to the heart of the collector—particulars of the different "states," their condition, and the fluctuation of value, as declared in the records of the auction room. It is interesting reading, and curious. The original edition is now out of print, and a copy was recently sold at Christie's for three times its published value. I hear there has been a limited reissue of increased value since it is prefaced by a life of Meryon. It is very short, some 20 or 30 pages. But it is more interesting than many novels, and as sad as one of Daudet's.

Meryon died 45 years ago in a madhouse at Charenton, with heart broken and brain diseased, but with a great work fulfilled. He sold for pence works now bought for hundreds of pounds. The anonymous biographer hunted about through Paris to pick up and piece together the shreds that make up his biography. He found the shabby, dilapidated street in which the artist lived, and where madness came to rescue him from starvation. A brother etcher paid him a last visit, and took one of the few authentic portraits we have. Then the biographer



went to the madhouse and saw the doctor. The doctor remembered the patient as a man who was always writing incoherent memorials. He sent for the portfolio of No. 643. No. 643 was Meryon.

*December 7, 1913.*

Lloyd George's land campaign inevitably provokes comparison with Chamberlain's progress through the country twenty-eight years ago, carrying the fiery cross of what is known in history as the Unauthorised Programme. The points of attack are identical, and the style of oratory—known in these times by a new adjective, "Limehouse"—is curiously similar. Any speech on the land question delivered by Chamberlain in 1885 might be delivered by Lloyd George to-day at Holloway or elsewhere. Only two points of difference are discernible. One is that some of Chamberlain's phrases were more vitriolic in their effect than any Lloyd George has yet coined. Though powerful and picturesque, he has not done anything quite so taking as Chamberlain's description of noble lords "who toil not, neither do they spin," or of his stern demand that the landlords should state "what ransom they were prepared to pay" for continued possession of their palaces, their parks and their moors.

However, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is still a comparatively newcomer to the war-path Chamberlain marked out for himself, to the horror and alarm of the classes who to-day recognise in him the ideal of a statesman. Another point of difference is that, while Chamberlain has at subsequent stages of his career, in connection with old-age pensions for example, contented himself with creating discontent among the masses suffering under the influence denounced, Lloyd George makes definite practical suggestion of reform which he undertakes to carry out by legislation at a named period of time.

Whilst historical parallels between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Chamberlain are obvious and familiar, another, which I have not anywhere seen noted, is almost equally striking. There was about the elder Pitt much of the spirit common to the two. Pitt was the first statesman to recognise the right of the people to have a dominant part in the government of their own country. Such a gospel, preached at the opening of the reign of George III, created a sensation by comparison with which the indignation excited by Chamberlain's Unauthorised Programme and Lloyd George's excursion to Limehouse were mild ebullitions of dismay.

When Pitt, to the pained surprise of the populace, accepted a peerage, noble lords were so terrified at the effect his speeches delivered in their House would have upon the public that they took pains to prevent their circulation. When Chatham rose to speak, they enforced the order against the presence of strangers in the House by driving them out. Even Members of the other House standing below the Bar were compelled to withdraw. It should be said to the credit of the present generation that the Opposition journals, so far from attempting to burke Lloyd George's damaging attacks, report his speeches verbatim. It requires much courage on their part thus to disseminate the arguments and illustrations with which his last address on the land question was illuminated. But the instinct of the news vendor overcomes the prejudice of the partisan.

*December 8.*

Lord Brassey's resignation of the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, held for a period little exceeding a year, causes some surprise. It seemed an ideal post for him and was certainly accepted with effusion when offered by the Prime Minister.

One special qualification for the post possessed by Earl Brassey is that he is a wealthy man. In early

days the Lord Wardenship was amongst the highest and most honourable that might be held by a subject. In Pitt's time it was also a post of profit. Lord Rosebery in his monograph on Pitt states that as Lord Warden he had an annual salary charged on the Civil List of £4,000 with a further contribution from the Army Votes of £280. There were deductions on account of duties and salaries to subordinate officers amounting to £1,300 a year, leaving net receipts for the Lord Warden closely approaching £3,000. There pertained to the office casual pickings arising from the sales of lost anchors, cables and other jetsam.

These perquisites, in addition to residence at Walmer Castle, constitute now the sole recompense of the Lord Warden. They are so immaterial that their existence was forgotten when W. H. Smith accepted the office. Not recognising in it a place of profit under the Crown he did not contemplate resigning his seat as a preliminary to offering himself for re-election in accordance with the statute. The first intimation of the necessity imposed upon him reached him on the Treasury Bench, where the Speaker observed him seated on the day following his acceptance of the post. The First Lord of the Treasury, on receiving a hint, abruptly withdrew, conscious that, having actually taken part in the proceedings of the House of Commons at question time, he had incurred dire penalties.

Lord Palmerston, more wary or better advised, promptly resigned his seat on accepting the Lord Wardenship. At the banquet given at Dover on the day of his installation he, explaining the delay in the acceptance of the office, remarked: "Although the salary has disappeared, there are in the Patent, as those who heard it read this morning must remember, certain words about flotsam and jetsam and similar matter which imply some possibility of profit. Consequently, the acceptance of office necessarily vacated my seat in the House of Commons."

*December 10.*

The last time I visited Washington I was shown a gigantic case, six feet high by four feet wide, standing in the east portico of the Capitol. It has a curious history illustrating the thoroughness with which Americans celebrate monumental dates. In the centennial year of the Republic a Boston lady, one Mrs. Deems, set to work to obtain the autograph and the photograph of every public man and every woman prominently known who were alive in the happy year. She began with General Grant, who displayed quite unusual enthusiasm. He not only wrote his name in the album and added his photograph, but undertook to secure similar interesting records from all his colleagues in the Cabinet.

This done, Mrs. Deems found her patriotic task easy. Through long weeks she sat day by day in the old hall of the House of Representatives, with her album on a table near her. Senators and representatives passing by were invited to care for posterity by signing the book, and if they were good-looking, adding their photographs. They were all good-looking and the volume visibly swelled. In addition to members of both Houses of the Legislature she obtained the autograph of members of the Diplomatic Corps resident at Washington. Outside the Parliamentary field she hunted up novelists, artists, sculptors, lawyers, everyone whose names, spoken in the streets or written in the newspapers, had a familiar sound. She had an iron safe specially made to hold her gigantic parchment album. On the 4th of July, 1876, she, in the presence of witnesses, solemnly deposited the album in the safe, having first enclosed it in an airtight copper case. The safe was locked up, and Mrs. Deems, presenting the precious though bulky parcel to the nation, left it in the custody of the authorities of the Capitol.

When the guardians of the Capitol recovered their breath they discovered themselves in an embarrassing

situation. Here was a gigantic safe blocking the way wherever it was temporarily located. No authority had been given for leaving it there, and, if there had been, there was no convenient place in which to hide it. Mrs. Deems was communicated with and cordially invited to take away her treasure. She generously declined, protesting that she had presented it to her country, and would not be mean enough to withdraw the gift. An attempt was made to induce Congress to pass a resolution accepting the safe and its contents. At the time this was brought forward there was a new House sitting. Many old members whose names were enshrined in the album were no longer returned. The new Congress would have nothing to do with the safe. Neither would Mrs. Deems. So there it stands to this day.

*December 11.*

WALLINGTON, CAMBO, MORPETH.

*December 10, 1913.*

DEAR SIR HENRY LUCY,

I was much pleased by your allusion in the London letter. I remember Kate Terry's exquisite performance as if it was yesterday. Some years ago, when her daughter was acting Gloria in a play of Bernard Shaw's, we sat near her in the stalls, and I had a good deal of talk with her about her Windsor Castle performance. What an admirable artiste she was, and what a fine woman in mind and form. I am glad to hear you are pleasantly occupied. I could not possibly be better suited with my work than I am. It is the greatest comfort to old age there is.

Pray give my kindest remembrances to Lady Lucy and believe me,

Ever yours truly,

G. TREVELYAN.

The "allusion" referred to in the above letter was the playing of Kate Terry in the part of Arthur in *King John* at a command performance at Windsor Castle in Queen Victoria's time. "The little girl who acted Arthur did

wonders," Macaulay wrote. Sir George Trevelyan, who saw her play about the same time, adds in a comment on this criticism chronicled in his biography of his uncle, " It is almost worth while to be past middle life in order to have seen Kate Terry in Arthur."

December 12.

Mr. Munro's installation as Lord Advocate recalls a curious anomaly in the titular designation of the Law Officers of the Crown. It is an ancient distinction that, whilst the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General for England are always knighted, the Lord Advocate, filling an analogous position in respect to Scotland, and the Attorney-General for Ireland are both made Privy Councillors. As for the Solicitors-General of Scotland and Ireland, they in respect of titles share a common neglect.

When in 1873 Vernon Harcourt and Henry James were, respectively, raised to the dignity of Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, they demurred to acceptance of the accustomed knighthood. Stern, unbending Radicals, they regarded with unconquerable distaste the prospect of being set apart from their fellows by the mark of knighthood. Harcourt went the length of seeing Gladstone on the subject, and endeavouring to induce him to approve a variation of the ordinary course.

It was a new sensation for the Premier, long accustomed to be pestered directly and indirectly for knight-hoods. To have two rising, middle-aged young men, not only begging to be let off acceptance of the honour, but capable of arguing with ingenuity and force to show that the dignity and the post were not inseparable, was a novel experience. He could not deny himself the pleasure of arguing the matter out. But he ended as he began, by insisting that the newly-appointed Law Officers must, as their predecessors used, submit to the accolade. *Facilis descensus*. The Solicitor-General of

that day in time became Lord James of Hereford, whilst his colleague, the Attorney-General, bore with dignified uncomplaining the titular burden laid upon him on crossing the threshold of a Ministerial career.

In connection with these two learned Knights there lingers at the Herald's Office a story which even at this time of day makes Garter King-at-Arms forlornly shake his head. Shortly after they had knelt before the Queen and risen up Knights, they received from Garter King a bill of fees amounting to a considerable sum. This they agreed in positively declining to pay. Garter King persisting, the Attorney-General politely offered to call upon him and discuss the matter. As nothing else seemed forthcoming, this proposal was accepted and a very interesting conversation followed.

"You charge me all this," said the Attorney-General in his most convincing manner, waving the long bill of particulars, "and, if you'll excuse me saying so, I don't see where you come in at all. At Her Majesty's command I went down to Windsor. I did not have the pleasure of seeing you, or of being comforted by the sight of your tabard. As for myself, I was dressed in ordinary morning attire; was conducted to the Queen's presence, knelt, received the accolade, made due obeisance, and withdrew. Whereupon, you appear on the scene and attempt to charge me for all kinds of things."

In the end Garter King-at-Arms, descending from his high estate, made a compromise, accepting from the two Law Officers a sum smaller than had ever in similar circumstances been entered in his august account-books. It is probable the precedent was not established in the case of successors to the Law Officers. It might be worth inquiring into by the next newcomers.

*December 13, 1913.*

Depew, on one of his not infrequent visits to London, was to have lunched to-day at Ashley Gardens. A

special messenger brought the subjoined letter. Great disappointment. His sparkling talk ensures the success of any social party he may join.

CARLTON HOTEL, PALL MALL, LONDON.

DEAR HENRY LUCY,

A very unexpected and imperative affair will deprive me of the pleasure of being at your luncheon to-day. The vivid recollection I cherish of these notable gatherings of yours make my regrets very keen. They have always been among the most agreeable of my memories of hospitable London.

With regards to Mrs. Lucy,

Yours,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

In his own country, where it is said babes were born babbling speeches to the assembled attendants, Chauncey Depew is recognised as the champion of after-dinner speakers, a reputation maintained by frequent attendance at public dinners in London.



## CHAPTER XVI

*December 15, 1913.*

A PIQUANT incident following close upon the defeat of Lord Rosebery's Administration in 1895 attracted much attention at the time. Within a few hours of the announcement that Lord Rosebery had placed his resignation and that of his colleagues in the hands of the Queen, Lord Salisbury's private secretary called at the residence of Campbell-Bannerman and demanded instant delivery of the seals of the War Office. "C.-B." bluntly declined to be a party to such a transaction, and the discomfited messenger withdrew.

"C.-B." told me at the time he believed this extraordinary procedure was due to apprehension on the part of the new Premier that he, "C.-B.," intended to nominate Redvers Buller to the command of the British Army in place of the Duke of Cambridge, compulsorily retired on the very day that saw the defeat of the Liberal Government on the cordite question. Although retiring from office it would be competent for the Secretary of State for War, so long as the seals of office were in his possession, to make such appointment. If he relinquished them, his power was gone. Hence Lord Salisbury's sudden activity.

Reading the *Life of Lord North*, an illuminating page of constitutional history, I find a precedent for procedure later denounced as unheard-of. In 1783, Fox, coming into power by coalition with his ancient enemy North, introduced a Bill reforming the Government of India, still under domination of a trading company.

George III violently opposed it. Passed through the Commons, it was upon His Majesty's direct initiative thrown out by the Lords. At one o'clock in the morning following the day on which the result of the division was announced, Lord North was awakened in his bed by news that a messenger desired to see him on a matter of urgent importance. Admitted to the chamber, the messenger explained that he arrived with an order from His Majesty commanding Lord North to return his seal of office before noon. A similar summons was served upon Fox, who, not accustomed to being in bed at so early an hour, received it at the card table at White's.

In connection with this same episode, I find another precedent that may be of use at the present political crisis hurtling round the Home Rule Bill. That great authority on constitutional law, Lord Halsbury, has voiced the avowed desire of the Orangemen that the King shall settle the Ulster question by refusing assent to the Home Rule Bill when it comes before him under the operation of the Parliament Act. What George III would have done in present circumstances is sufficiently plain by what he did in connection with the obnoxious India Bill. On the eve of the division in the Lords he gave a private audience to Earl Temple, a leader of the Opposition, authorising him to declare that "whosoever voted for the India Bill was not only not His Majesty's friend but would be considered by him as an enemy."

"If," he added, "these words are not strong enough, Earl Temple may use whatever others he deems stronger and more to the purpose."

The result of this gracious message was immediately effective. The India Bill passed the Commons by a majority of two to one. The Lords threw it out on the second reading.

Sir Edward Carson, a practised drafter of legal documents, might make something out of this Royal

*December 17.*

An interesting book might be written about the private clubs of London whose names are not to be found in the ordinary list. One of the best-known, the Eighty Club, is political. Like the Cobden Club, it has no local habitation, and does not descend to the frivolity of providing dinners. For many years the Cobden Club ate its annual dinner at Greenwich. After dinner there was some brisk speaking. It was at one of these festivals that Chamberlain, alluding to the incoming of Lord Salisbury, as the result of a chance division in the Commons, pinned on to him and his colleagues the withering label, "The Stop-Gap Government." The Fox Club is a somewhat similar institution, inasmuch as it has no clubhouse. Once a year the members meet at Brook's, where they dine and drink in solemn silence to the memory of the statesman whose memory they keep green.

There was once, and may be still, a club called The Knights who dined at Simpson's in the Strand. Every man at the table was for the time being a knight, and was so addressed under pain of fine—a feeble sort of humour this, such as the conies might be expected to indulge in, supposing they formed clubs.

A club in the city had its birth on the Stock Exchange, and calls itself the Put and Call Club. It might just as well call itself the Contango and Backwardation Club, that serving equally as an excuse for meeting at brief intervals at one or other of the famous hostelries of the city, where the turtle soup is irreproachable and the champagne of prime vintage. There is the Thirteen Club, membership being strictly limited to that number. They sit down to dinner thirteen strong, contriving, if possible, to pass under a ladder on the way. They choose Friday for their day of meeting, cross knives, spill salt, and do all kinds of things reputed to be unlucky, and yet live and thrive.

After the General Election of 1892 a new club was

formed called The Articles. It consisted of 39 members, among the earliest being Lord Rosebery, Sir Charles Russell, Frank Lockwood, and nearly a score of the younger Radical section of Members of the House of Commons. They met at the National Liberal Club once a fortnight, dined and discussed the affairs of the nation. Another association—to call it a club would seem irreverent—is The Souls. This is a small and very select gathering of both sexes. Profound secrecy is maintained as to the proceedings. It is understood that The Souls never do anything so sordid as dining, at least not in their corporate capacity. Like the Freemasons they have a secret sign, though as they are all personally acquainted it is not of practical use. Arthur Balfour was at one time a Soul. The growing cares of State have drawn him away, and since he became Leader of the House of Commons he has ceased to perform the actual functions of membership—whatever they may be.

Another club of a different class, which has also vanished from the scene, was the Amphitryon. This was inaugurated in a quiet street off Piccadilly, where ladies and gentlemen duly admitted might have the best-cooked viands and the rarest vintage wines at the highest prices. It was quite the thing to belong to it, and to talk afterwards of how much you were charged for a particular dish.

All its arrangements were severely simple. The common dining-room was reminiscent of a comfortable kitchen. There was, it is true, a Louis XVI room upstairs, where I once dined, one of a small party got together by Harry Chaplin. My neighbour at the table, a great City financier, told me a heart-breaking story of the latest charges in the public dining-room. Amongst the dishes served to a party of four was asparagus. When the bill came in the item was found priced at 15s. A tot of old brandy, dimly discernible at the

bottom of a large goblet, was half-a-crown. I expect these would be quite reasonable charges compared with those prevalent in the splendour of the Louis XVI room.

*December 20.*

It should be said that the trotting out of what are called Irish "bulls" was a custom by no means confined to the Nationalists. I recall one or two from the stockyard of Ulster Members worthy of Sir Pat O'Brien in his prime. When Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1892 was to the fore, Captain Craig declared that "The naked sword is drawn for the fight, and never again will the black-smoke of the Nationalist tar-barrels drift on the Home Rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." The spirit of prophecy was at fault, but the mixing of metaphors is sublime.

It was another Craig, also an Ulster Member and still with us, who in debate on the Irish Labourers' Bill, remarked: "If this Bill passes, I see before the Irish labourer a future from which he has for too many years past been kept out." Whilst "bulls" are scarce in the House of Commons, it is the more pleasing to hear them roaring in pastures beyond Westminster. Mr. Larkin, revisiting Dublin and addressing a crowd from one of the windows of Liberty Hall, noted that the English trades delegates had shown themselves hostile to the Transport Union.

"But," proudly boasted its founder, "our union can stand solid on its own bottom."

By odd coincidence Austen Chamberlain, of all men, speaking at Manchester the same night, unconsciously, undesignedly came in competition with the Irishman in this particular game. "The sands are running out," he said, "and unless the Prime Minister acts quickly, events may take the reins out of his hands." This hint of the desirability, not to say the necessity, of arresting the running out of the sands by judicious handling of

the reins is good. Perhaps because it is briefer, I should be inclined to give the palm to Mr. Stanley Wilson, M.P., who, making the best of the small Unionist majority that gave him a seat at Holderness, said: "We managed by a short head to dam the flowing tide."

*December 22.*

Among Parliamentary privileges exceptionally cherished just now is the understanding that no civil or criminal action for libel may be based upon words spoken in the House of Commons. A leading case to which Balfour was involuntarily a party seems to have confirmed the understanding.

In the course of debate in which he took part when Chief Secretary, he spoke disrespectfully of a midwife in the South of Ireland. The lady's friends rallied round her and guaranteed her funds to cover the expenses of a civil action for damages brought against the Chief Secretary. Had the case come before a Cork jury, inevitable if it went to the Assizes it would have proved a profitable transaction for the plaintiff. Balfour appealed to a higher court, on the ground that the words spoken in Parliamentary debate are privileged. The court sustained this view and the trial was set aside. During the discreditable campaign of slander that formed a prominent feature of last session, indication of confidence in the alleged state of security has been made in various asides. Members insinuating slander have been invited to repeat their charges on the public platform outside Palace Yard. Some have boasted of readiness to take that course.

In view of the prevalence of what Asquith sarcastically describes as "the new style," it may be useful to recall an opinion communicated to me at the time of the Balfour incident by a high judicial authority. He believed that in spite of the ruling of the court the position of a Member of Parliament in the matter of libel

is not impregnable. He is quite safe, not only as far as words spoken in the House are concerned. He is not responsible for their publication in the newspapers, nor their subsequent appearance in *Hansard*. *Hansard*, however, when it was an independent publication, was accustomed to send to each Member a report of his speech, leaving to him the option of revision. If the proof were not returned within a few days, it was assumed that no correction was desired, and the speech went down to posterity in the form in which it was handed in by the reporter. When a Member revised his speech, the fact was intimated by a star.

Herein the distinction in the matter of legal liability might be established. A Member having voluntarily revised his speech had, according to the authority quoted, by the fresh and independent action taken outside the House of Commons, incurred a liability he would otherwise have escaped. An action would lie against him, not for the speech delivered in Parliament, but for the publication of the libel, under his revision and upon his authority, in a widely circulated periodical.

*December 23.*

A private collection of historical manuscripts and autograph letters I have been privileged to look through contains three letters from Queen Anne written to Lord Godolphin. They were formerly in the possession of Dr. Webster, who represented Aberdeen City in the Parliament of 1880. In one, dated "Hampton Court, Tuesday, between four and five o'clock," the Queen makes anxious inquiry about the removal, at the instance of Lord Westmorland, of certain persons from the Cinque Ports.

"For God's sake," she says, with regal disregard for full stops, "tell me your mind freely, for I would not err in anything, whenever I do, it will be my misfortune,

but shall never be my fault, and as long as I live it shall be my endeavour to make my country and my friends easy, and though those that come after me may be more capable of so great a trust as it has pleased God to put into my poor hands, I am sure they can never discharge it more faithfully than her that is sincerely your humble servant."

Another letter of quite different character is from Wordsworth, and bears date, Rydal Mount, April 27, 1815.

" You mentioned *Guy Mannering* in your last. I have read it. I cannot say that I was disappointed, for there is a considerable talent displayed in the performance, and much of that sort of knowledge with which the author's mind is richly stored. But the adventures are, I think, not well chosen or invented, and they are still worse put together, and the characters, with the exception of Meg Merrilies, excite little attention."

This is interesting as contemporary criticism by an eminent hand of the *Waverley Novels*, just then beginning to enchain public attention.

December 26.

From Mr. Phelps

Mr. Phelps, having concluded his term of office as American Minister at this Court, left Liverpool for New York.

BURLINGTON CRESCENT.

DEAR MR. LUCY,

Thanks for the pleasant words in your note and your article. I take the *Tribune* solely for its London Letters, not believing in its politics. And I did not fail to read with interest and satisfaction all yours while you were filling Smalley's place. The *Tribune* is the only American paper that gives us any satisfactory English correspondence.

Among all the friends we remember so pleasantly in



England, we have never forgotten Mrs. Lucy and yourself. I fear I may never cross the Atlantic again. I am so wretched a traveller and so much confined at home. But I hope some day to see you in this country, and to renew here the old friendship.

Pray present to Mrs. Lucy and accept for yourself all the good wishes from both of us that belong to the Xmas time, which I hope will be merry and happy at your fireside. And believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

E. J. PHELPS.

*December 28.*

The death of Viscount Cross places at Asquith's disposal an ex-Ministerial pension of £2,000 a year. This is a rare stroke of luck. For full forty years it has happened that this rich patronage fell to the lot of Conservative Premiers, with the result that the list has been made up almost exclusively from the class which, as in the case of Hans Breitmann, Providence has most richly "blessed with teapots and spoons." The pensions are divided under two heads, one authorising payment of £2,000 a year, the other of £1,200.

A vacancy occurring in 1897, whilst the Unionists were in power, Lord Cross, being at the time Secretary of State for India, drawing a salary of £5,000 a year, could not benefit by it. He was fortunate enough, however, to secure promise of the reversion. When in 1892 the Liberals came in, Lord Salisbury, among the final acts of his administration, bestowed the pension, and Lord Cross enjoyed it up to the day of his death. The interval covering a period of twenty-one years, it followed that a grateful nation was privileged to contribute a lump sum of £42,000 in recognition of his services, this, of course, in supplement to a salary paid quarterly through the many years he was in office.

The fact that he should have applied for the pension brought sweet wonder to the eyes of politicians of the

day. A preliminary qualification for enjoying eleemosynary aid is that the applicant shall make a statutory declaration affirming that assistance is necessary to enable him to maintain a position compatible with the dignity of his former Ministerial office. It was understood at the time that Lord Cross, though not a millionaire, was well able to maintain the state of a country gentleman. The circumstances will lend special interest to disclosure of his monetary position forthcoming when his will is proved.<sup>1</sup>

A startling surprise fell upon the public when, sixteen years ago, upon the death of Villiers, his personal estate was proved at the value of £354,687. For more than thirty years he had been drawing a pension of £1,200 a year from the taxpayer. The incident created such a scandal that suggestion was made in the House of Commons that once a year, or at least triennially, recipients of political pensions should be required to renew their statutory declaration as to the state of their private resources.

<sup>1</sup> The will admitted personalty amounting to £91,617.

## CHAPTER XVII

*From Lord Newton*

LYME PARK, DISLEY,  
January 5, 1914.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

Many thanks for your letter. I am extremely glad you like the book (*The Life and Letters of Lord Lyons*), and wish that you could have dealt with it, instead of most of the reviewers, who have missed the really important points, as is not infrequently their habit.

The secret attempt of Clarendon to persuade Bismarck to disarm had never been made public before. It is an incident which is singularly appropriate to the present agitation, but no one, with the exception of yourself, has hitherto had the sense to draw attention to it in the Press, and natural modesty has restrained me from doing so.

As you were in Paris in 1869, you must have read Lord Lyons's letters with much interest. I think that they give an extraordinary clear picture of the state of France during the final days of the second Empire. Unfortunately, there was so little of a personal or gossiping character about his correspondence that I was unable to make the book as palatable to the ordinary reader as I should have liked.

Many thanks for sending me the Press extract. I had not seen it.

Yours sincerely,  
NEWTON.

January 24, 1914.

One of the few historical houses left within the London area has just changed hands. It is known as Pitt House and stands boldly on the very summit of Hampstead Heath. A hundred and fifty years ago it was North

End, the property of a gentleman otherwise unknown to fame. When Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was approaching his last illness he tendered to the great statesman the use of his house, an offer gratefully accepted. Thither Chatham, worn out by the successive obstinacy of the Hanoverian kings, the rivalry of a group of statesmen, and, not least, the wearying attacks of gout, repaired. Hence the modern name of the house. During his residence at North End the old warrior-statesman was afflicted by profound melancholia.

Day after day he sat in solitude in a little room on the top of North End, with his head resting on his hands. He could not endure the presence of any person, not even that of his wife, partner of a prolonged union that had partaken more of the character of the meetings of lovers than of ordinary marriage.

He carried his yearning for solitude to the extent that he would not permit a servant to enter the room with his meals. He had an opening made in the wall, closed by a sliding door. When the frugal food was brought up it was placed on an outer shelf. Chatham withdrew the slide, took it in, and when he had finished returned the plate, shut the slide, and went back to his forlorn position at the table.

At the close of long years spent in the service of the State, in the course of which he rescued England from the degradation into which she was drifting under Hanoverian kings, making her once more the arbitress of Europe, nothing was ever seen or heard of so pathetic as this lonely man in his small attic room. I was shown over it to-day. It remains as it was in Chatham's time, the hatch in the wall recalling the touch of a vanished hand.

*January 25.*

*The Times* has scored the success of the silly season by starting a correspondence about ghosts. The topic is of engrossing interest, and one wonders it has not before

been selected. Lunching to-day at Hampton Court with one of the tenants with famous names who add fresh charm to the old Palace and its garden, conversation turned to *The Times* correspondence.

The fact that Hampton Court, in addition to its historic vine, also has its ghosts was proudly established. Twenty years ago there was a scare in the place, arising from the fact that two of the most reputable ladies having suites of rooms in the Palace had seen and heard a visitant whom by her dress and partly-concealed face they recognised from a portrait as Catherine Howard, one of Henry VIII's wives, who for a while before she lost her head was lodged at Hampton Court. When seen on two separate occasions Queen Catherine was standing by the great staircase wringing her hands and piteously sobbing.

A more familiar ghost is that of another of King Henry's wives, Jane Seymour. From time to time, even to this day, is heard in the Palace the sound of a spinning wheel. No spinning wheel is on view, and in the particular quarter whence the unmistakable sound is heard there was formerly no chamber that might contain one. The noise seemed to come from behind a dead wall. So persistent were the assertions anent this mysterious noise, that authority was obtained for piercing the wall. Discovery was made that it bricked up a small room, in which stood a spinning wheel. Old plans of the building showed that this hitherto unsuspected room had been the private apartment of Queen Jane.

I tell these stories as they were breathlessly told me. They are in their surroundings at least more picturesque than some contributed by correspondents of *The Times*.

*From an Old-Time Publisher*

THE OLD HOUSE, FARNHAM ROYAL,

January 27, 1914.

MY DEAR LUCY,

For many weeks I have lain on a bed of sickness, but I cannot refrain from sending you a line to tell you

that during my long illness I know of nothing that has given me more pleasure than hearing your *Sixty Years in the Wilderness* read to me by my nurse. It brings before my mind people I have known from the very beginning. Sixty must be your whole life, for surely you cannot be more than that? If I live till the 14th February I shall begin my 85th year. I am slowly recovering from a bad attack of neuralgia or something like it in the head, and have gone through great suffering, chiefly from the oddest and most strange dreams that have worried me night and day. Thank God I am free from them now. They tell me I am in a fair way to get back to my old self. But alas! what can I expect? I cannot read for more than a few minutes and this is about the longest scribble I have been able to write.

I hope you will pardon my writing to you,

Yours very truly,

E. MARSTON.

January 30, 1914.

Amid preparations for a fresh plunge into the Antarctic regions in command of the *Endurance*, Shackleton wrote :

*The Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition*

4, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

January 29, 1914.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Many thanks for yours of the 25th instant, which I have only just received owing to absence.

I shall be very glad to come to luncheon on Thursday the 26th February. I have only one fear in accepting, that is that some urgent matter might call me to the Continent at any moment, but I would know this within three days before the day. Might I accept under these conditions, as I should much like to see you again?

With kindest regards,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. H. SHACKLETON.

February 14.

John Tenniel's oldest and closest friends can hardly affect regret at learning that the end is stated to be very near. During the last few days he has occasionally relapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Happily he suffers no pain. Among his treasured possessions is a copy of a playbill of *Not So Bad As We Seem*, produced at Devonshire House on May 16, 1851, before Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the cream of London Society. It was written in aid of the endowment fund of the Guild of Literature and Art, from which Charles Dickens and Bulwer Lytton hoped so much and gained so little. The fact that Tenniel was one of the actors on this historic occasion helps us to realise the long tenure of his life. He played the modest part of Hodge, servant to Sir Geoffrey Thornsides, a gentleman of good family and estate, represented on the stage by burly Mark Lemon, at that time editor of *Punch*.

Rarely has a playbill contained so many familiar names. Charles Dickens, in addition to being stage manager, played the part of Lord Wilmot, a young man "at the head of the mode," to quote the quaint language of the bill, "more than a century earlier than the presentation of the play."

Douglas Jerrold, another *Punch* man, was a young gentleman from the City, friend and double to Lord Wilmot. John Forster, admirably named Hardman, was a rising Member of Parliament. Wilkie Collins was valet to Lord Wilmot, Frank Stone was the Duke of Middlesex, and Augustus Egg, A.R.A., was a Grub Street author and pamphleteer. Of these and others who helped to make the success of the piece, only John Tenniel survives.

*From the Speaker*

SPEAKER'S HOUSE.

February 15.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have read with interest your "Cross Bench" article in to-day's *Observer*. Have you not made a slip

in the ante-penultimate sentence? "The Lords may, doubtless will, again throw out the Bill."

If that should happen, by the strange paradox of the Parliament Act the Bill becomes law as it stands. The piquancy of the whole situation is that H.M. Government, although very anxious to amend the Home Rule Bill, cannot do so under the Parliament Act. They are caught in their own trap. All they can do is to implore the Lords to amend it. In order to do so, the Lords must pass the second reading of the Bill, i.e. accept the principle of Home Rule against which they have struggled for 28 years, but, nevertheless, they must pass it in order to avoid civil war.

The whole position is in a great muddle, due to the hard-and-fast limitation of the Parliament Act.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES W. LOWTHER.

February 18.

It was in 1860, in the plenitude of his fame and the prime of his power, that Thackeray began to edit the *Cornhill Magazine*. In an autograph letter in a private collection I find an interesting, and in its way a pathetic, glimpse of earlier hankering after the editorial chair. The letter is dated March 10, 1842, and is addressed to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who at that time were projecting a new foreign review.

"If you have a new editor," Thackeray writes, "as you will, no doubt, and unless you have a great man like Mr. Carlyle at the head of your undertaking, please to think of your humble servant, who is very anxious to have a calling and regular occupation of some kind, and who could really, I think, do your duty very well. I know a couple of languages, French and German, and could know Italian in another month (having already a smattering), and if your intention is not to have a pompous review but a smart and lively one, I believe I should make as good an editor as another, being popular, I believe, among my friends, and no wise given to deep



philosophising. Think if you can employ me to any advantage to yourselves. I fancy you might, and should be glad indeed to come to some regular engagement and give up the desultory sort of life it has been my fate, more than my own fault, to follow ever since I have lived by the pen. Ought I to take a postscript to assure you that I can be as grave as another upon occasion? I can show you performances of mine quite as solemn as need be. What I mean is this, that I can appreciate grave things very soundly I believe, and know that the Titmarsh style is only occasionally fitted to review writing. Pardon all this egotism."

At this date Thackeray was in his 31st year, with *Vanity Fair* yet to write. Probably, had he succeeded in gaining the position earnestly sought in this letter, the world would have been poorer for lack of that great novel, and the others that followed its success.

February 28.

A quaint termination of the business of the sitting of the House of Commons arose to-day in connection with the Standing Order which forbids entrance upon controversial business after 11 o'clock p.m. An amendment to the Opposition resolution having been moved from the Ministerial side, the Speaker put the question in the usual form. The resolution opened with the phrase: "That this House considers—" "The question I have to put," said the Speaker, "is to leave out all words after 'That' in order to add these words—" Then he read the amendment it was proposed to substitute for the resolution. The result of a division gave assent to the proposal. All words after "That" being accordingly omitted, the monosyllable stood alone. Motion was next made to add the amendment. But it being after 11 o'clock the Speaker pointed out that under the Standing Order no further division could take place, and the House forth-

with adjourned, leaving its journals enriched by addition of the word "That" descriptive of the accomplished business of the day.

March 4.

When yesterday afternoon Captain Guest, Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, properly arrayed, stood at the Bar of the House charged with delivery of a message from the King acknowledging the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, did Sir George Robertson, being seated in his place, keep his hat on his head or did he remove it?

This important question occupied much of the precious time of the Mother of Parliaments during the remainder of the sitting.

Difficulty arose in connection with misunderstanding on a point of etiquette. It is the general impression, more especially among newcomers, that when a message from the Sovereign is brought down and read at the end of the Table, Members must listen with heads uncovered. There was a time when I shared that opinion, a mistake unregretted, since it brought a charming letter from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, provoked by a reference made to him in a sketch of a day's proceedings in the House. From Grosvenor Place, February 12, 1896, he wrote:

"MY DEAR LUCY,

"That I should be able to catch you out! I thought you knew everything about Parliamentary practice. You speak of me as 'forgetting' to take my hat off when the Speaker read the Speech. On the contrary, I kept it on purposely, maintaining the traditional rule, which has always been that Members uncovered to hear a direct message from the Sovereign but never to hear a message read at second-hand from the Chair. When I first came into the House this distinction was universally observed. It was observed to the end by Northcote, Lowe, Mr. G. Hartington, and all the *vieille école*. If I

am the last survivor of the true faith and practice, I am proud of the fact.

“It is not worth taking notice of, and please don't correct or alter anything. But if you see me on another occasion with my hat on, remember it is high principle and not slackness. As I said I am real glad to catch you out.”

The episode was useful as determining afresh a point of etiquette occasionally perplexing. The Speaker quoted from a ruling given by Mr. Speaker Brand in the spring of 1882, wherein it is laid down that any message direct from the Crown, and read to the House from the Chair, shall be received by Members with bared heads. He specially excluded from the rule answer from the Sovereign to an Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne such as that the Treasurer of the Household brought down yesterday. To this Mr. Lowther added the particular set forth by C.-B. in the letter quoted, that the rule does not apply to cases where the Speaker reads the Speech from the Throne. Nevertheless, when this was done at the opening of the present session, Members, animated by a vague feeling of loyalty, with one accord removed their hats.

There is another procedure of ordinary occurrence liable in at least equal measure to lead to misapprehension. Amongst the rules for preserving order in debate, a copy of which Ronald McNeill, by the way of object lesson, last session flung at the head of the First Lord of the Admiralty (Winston Churchill), is one directing that no Member shall pass between the Chair and an honourable gentleman addressing it. A breach of this rule is always marked by angry shouts of “Order!” It is little known that it does not apply to other than the two front benches below the gangway. The intention is to prevent the rudeness of temporarily intercepting the view between the Speaker in the Chair and the gentleman on his legs. Benches behind the two front ones being

raised above the level of the floor, a Member passing to or from his place crossing the line of communication between them and the Chair is understood not to offend.

I remember a striking case illustrating the puzzlement of this rule. One night, the Unionists then in Opposition, Akers Douglas, their Chief Whip, rising from the front bench, strolled towards the door. On the way he passed between the Chair and John Dillon on his legs addressing the Speaker from the corner of the third bench below the gangway. Immediately there was a roar of cries of "Order! Order!"

Akers Douglas, halting, turned round and, surveying the scene, deliberately strolled back, reseated himself on the front bench, and, rising again, went out as before. Assuming that the Chief Whip knew what he was about, purists of procedure maintained judicious silence. They were well advised. Dillon being raised three steps above the level of the floor, Akers Douglas, in passing between him and the Chair, had not interrupted the line of view.

## CHAPTER XVIII

March 5, 1914.

MOST of Tenniel's old colleagues at the *Punch* table were present in the chapel attached to the mortuary of the crematorium at Golder's Green when his coffin, flower-laden, was to-day carried in. Among the wreaths was one sent from Bouverie Street. It was the third time in the space of a few years I had been present at the last service paid to an old comrade. The first was Sir William Agnew, head of the proprietary firm; the second, Linley Sambourne; now, dear old Tenniel. It is a remarkable coincidence, not noted as far as I have seen in the newspaper tributes to the memory of the great cartoonist, that three of *Punch's* most popular artists, Phil May, Linley Sambourne and John Tenniel, died on a Wednesday, Mr. *Punch's* weekly dinner day.

Of the passing away of the first two news came before dinner. Tenniel died whilst the table he loved so well, at which he regularly sat on Wednesday nights for fifty years, was still spread. But his passing away was so characteristically quiet and peaceful that its accomplishment was not noted for some hours after the journey was completed. "They thought him sleeping when he died."

It has been an abiding pleasure to me, since I know it gave exceptional pleasure to him, that I chanced to be instrumental in obtaining for him the titular honour, the gazetting of which was received with public acclaim. It was such an obvious thing that it needed only pointing out to have it done. Yet I am bound to say the first effort was unsuccessful. In July, 1891, I wrote a private

letter to the Chief Whip of Lord Salisbury's Government, then in power, suggesting that the approaching Jubilee of *Punch* would be an appropriate occasion for the Crown to pay a compliment to the veteran artist. On July 27, Akers Douglas wrote from Downing Street :

" I have delayed any answer to yours of the 21st, hoping I might be able to see my chief on the subject. I have not been able to do so as yet, and therefore all I can say is that it would be a great pleasure to me to urge on the first opportunity the claims of Mr. John Tenniel."

Whether the matter was brought under the notice of Lord Salisbury or not, I do not know. Certainly the opportunity of doing a popular and gracious thing was missed. Within twelve months a General Election brought Gladstone into office. I sent Harcourt a copy of my letter to the Conservative Whip, asking him to bring the matter personally under the notice of the new Premier. He replied in a letter expressing warm approval of the suggestion.

Through an exceptionally long life, brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, it is safe to assert that Tenniel never made an enemy. His friends mustered in troops, the more attached being those admitted to the closest intimacy. In the wider circle outside Bouverie Street his name was perhaps as familiar as any written in the English tongue. Through fifty years it was his mission to shoot folly as it flew, to strike at fraud and corruption, to touch with delicate though firm hand the political problems of the hour. The task he accomplished with unflinching fancy and delightful humour, which never degenerated into coarseness or was lacking in dignity.

*March 7.*

In the literary remains of Signor Crispi I find preserved a chatty account of a visit paid by the Italian statesman to Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruh. He tells how one

day at luncheon the Princess went up to her husband and deftly adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear.

"For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ever to the same side."

It is a curious point of resemblance between two of the greatest men living at the same time in European history that the peculiarity here noted by Bismarck as attached to himself also beset Gladstone. Often in critical epochs in the House of Commons, as he stood at the Table adding to the record of momentous speeches, I have watched his necktie slowly but surely creeping round. Its course was towards the left side, and when he resumed his seat, after an energetic speech that had encroached far upon the second hour, his black necktie would be found ominously knotted under his left ear, a circumstance commented upon with rude humour by flippant Members on the opposite benches.

*March 14.*

For fully a session after Lloyd George was raised to Ministerial rank, he enjoyed a marked degree of popularity in Conservative circles. It was expressed in the House of Lords one night when he stood within the rail enclosing the steps of the Throne, a place reserved for Privy Councillors. A noble lord coming in from dinner, catching sight of him, made his way up to the astonished President of the Board of Trade and publicly shook hands with him.

"After all, George Lloyd," he said, "you are not a bad fellow. Always thought you were, but begin to see you're not. Quite contr'y—rather a nice fellow. Good-night, George Lloyd," and, wringing his hand again, his lordship found his way back to his seat.

This, perhaps not fluently but accurately, described the feeling in Conservative quarters. Expecting a fire-

brand that would set property and other desirable things alight, they found a courteous, capable Minister, who averted strikes, and otherwise comported himself decently. The friendly attitude did not survive the terrible Death Duties Budget. Since the date of its introduction Lloyd George has been personally pursued by the rancorous personal animosity that once assailed Chamberlain.

The parallel between the cases of the author of the Unauthorised Programme and the begetter of the Budget of 1910 was marked in dramatic fashion in the course of debate last night upon a vote of censure upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved from the Opposition Benches and supported by the fullest muster of their forces. One of the charges of the indictment was that in his platform speeches he had defamed the dukes for the part one of their order had taken in the clearance of the Highlands of Scotland. In support of the statement challenged, Lloyd George read a scathing passage of lofty eloquence in which the people of the glens were pictured as "driven from the land that had belonged to their ancestors, turned out homeless and forlorn, exposed to the inclemency of the winter season, left to perish on the hill sides, or to swell the full flood of misery and destitution in the cities to which they were driven for refuge."

"Who said that?" asked an indiscreet Conservative.

Lloyd George's answer was brief but effective. Austen Chamberlain, seated on the Front Opposition Bench, knew it was coming.

"The right hon. Member for West Birmingham," he replied, amid a tumultuous roar of cheering from the Ministerial Benches.

The most amusing part of a lively speech was a passage in which Lloyd George recalled phrases which, thirty years ago, were flung by good Conservatives at the man who, since he went over to help them, has become their idol in measure threatening the former



supremacy of Disraeli. Lord Salisbury likened Chamberlain to Jack Cade. Another called him "an unscrupulous demagogue." A third described him as "weeping crocodile tears for electioneering purposes." To complete the parallel, one Tory Minister, in the course of his speech, remarked that Chamberlain had "spoken with customary inaccuracy." Another deplored "his habitual incapacity for being accurate."

Remembering the pinnacle to which the "unscrupulous demagogue" who, thirty years ago, "set class against class" was subsequently raised in the temple of Toryism, Lloyd George may not be without hope in bearing to-day the burden of slander and personal abuse shifted to his shoulders by the same hands.

Oddly enough, Chamberlain was himself unwittingly responsible for this dialectic foray. In 1885, at which time the Member for West Birmingham was the risen hope of militant, unbending Radicalism, I published a selection of his speeches, many of them delivered in support of "The Unauthorised Programme," a flaming torch he in that year carried through the country. He not only read and corrected the proofs, but contributed to the volume an excellent portrait of himself with his autograph and the date, "Octr. 1885." Unfortunately for him, this justified the description of the book as an "Authorised Edition," and deprived him later on of resort to the device, not unfamiliar to statesmen confronted by awkward passages in early speeches, of denying the accuracy of the report.

When he found salvation in the Conservative camp, becoming the chief champion of its political views and principles, his speeches of the "Unauthorised Programme" period were disinterred with the disturbing effect of persistent Banquos at the festive board of Macbeth. A copy of the '85 speeches was rooted out from the obscurity of the Library in the House of Commons and was, as a Member familiar with its contents

told me, "almost thumbed to death." Whenever Chamberlain rose from the side of his new colleagues, Arthur Balfour and Walter Long, to descant on Free Trade and Protection, the House of Lords, Education, or Landlords, passages were read from speeches delivered in 1885 which shattered his novel position with a thoroughness not to be excelled by other than the colleague of John Bright in the representation of Birmingham.

The subjoined letter from Lloyd George, in acknowledgment of a copy of the "Authorised Edition," indicates the source of his stinging quotations.

TREASURY CHAMBERS, WHITEHALL, S.W.

July 17, 1913.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Many thanks for your welcome and most opportune gift. I was very anxious to secure a copy of Joe's '84 and '85 speeches, in my opinion the greatest he ever delivered. I read some of them this morning, and I find that they just supply that pungent truculence which I am sure you will admit my speeches sadly lack, especially in my treatment of the land question.

Will you allow me to take this opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the chivalrous way in which you have stood by the Attorney-General and myself throughout the whole of this wretched Marconi business. In fact, the whole staff of *Punch* have behaved in a manner which is worthy of the finest traditions of their paper.

With kindest regards to Lady Lucy and yourself,

Ever sincerely,

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

March 17, 1914.

Since his escapade on succeeding to the earldom, when, escorted by two other heirs of peerages, he attempted to resume his seat in the House of Commons, Lord Selborne has made steady advance in public life. After 1895, when he first held office as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, a place has been found for him in every

Conservative Government that has had its turn. In 1900 he became First Lord of the Admiralty, with a seat in the Cabinet. When five years later the tide was evidently turning, and the Balfour Ministry drawing to a close, he was provided with the important post of Governor of the Transvaal and High Commissioner for South Africa. On the formation of the Coalition Government this year he was made President of the Board of Agriculture. On the eve of his departure for South Africa he wrote :

MY DEAR LUCY,

In case I do not see you before I go, I want to thank you for your constant kindness and friendliness, recently, and for twenty years past.

With our united warm good wishes to Mrs. Lucy and yourself,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

SELBORNE.

*April 11.*

When Cecil Rhodes was under examination before the Royal Commission on the Jameson Raid, he daily provided a sensation much appreciated by the public. Punctually at half-past one the servant brought in his luncheon and served it at the table by which he sat. It was characteristically simple but substantial. A towering plate of sandwiches and a foaming tankard of stout completed the meal.

I fancy Rhodes, who had a keen sense of humour, found added flavour for his sandwiches, fuller zest for his stout, in the consciousness of the Commissioners looking on and, like Milton's sheep, not being fed. He certainly made the most of the conjunction of eating and suffering cross-examination. When a particularly awkward question was put to him, it usually happened that he chanced to have his mouth full, and there followed a brief pause whilst he thought the matter over.

Looking over Wraxall's *Historic and Posthumous Memoirs*, I lighted upon an even more startling account of stout being publicly taken in high places. The Speaker of the Parliament elected in 1780 was one Cornwall, Member for Winchelsea. Wraxall relates how during the sittings in the House tankards of stout were brought in rapid succession, handed to the Speaker in the Chair, and drunk with obvious relish. Supply was drawn from Bellamy's, the famous refreshment house in Old Palace Yard, at the time sole resort of the Lords and Commons when they hungered or thirsted.

The Chronicler slyly hints that after the sixth tankard had been emptied the effect on the Speaker was "a certain inconvenience." The habit was so notorious that it was touched upon in the *Rolliad*.

Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,  
In vain he looks for pity to the clock,  
In vain the power of strengthening porter tries,  
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.

The mind shrinks appalled from the vision of Mr. Lowther sitting in the Chair of the present House of Commons, brushing aside his wig in order more conveniently to carry a foaming tankard of stout to his expectant lips.

April 18, 1914.

The Excise authorities are much interested in the reported appearance in a northern suburb of London of a new opportunity for refreshments. Every Sunday morning, during the time public-houses are closed, a four-wheeler stands at a certain spot, apparently waiting for a fare. In the course of the morning it has many, and the journeys are short. A man gets in, and the four-wheeler moves at a gentle pace up the street. The fare lifts the cushion of the front seat, places sixpence in a slot, a lid draws back, and there is "a go" of whisky,

with tumbler and glass of water. The morning worshipper takes his drink, replaces the cushion, gets out, and the four-wheeler waits for another customer.

April 20, 1914.

A brief yachting trip in the Mediterranean leaves engraven on the memory a scene witnessed in a little town within sight of the spot where Messina lies engulfed by the latest eruption of Mount Etna. The day was one of the many *festas* that lighten labour in sunny Italy. Just outside the church whence townfolk streamed after Mass was a man publicly drawing teeth to the accompaniment of a lusty barrel organ. For the pursuit of his learned avocation a small booth had been erected under whose cover stood a platform. Gaily coloured flags decked the platform and served as drapery for the table upon which some forbidding implements understood to be indispensable to the art of dentistry were displayed. On the platform stood a tall, stout, grey-faced man wearing a tightly buttoned frock-coat with a workmanlike blue apron tied round his spacious waist. On his right was a lady smartly dressed in crimson velvet, crowned by a purple-hued straw hat over which floated a yellow feather.

On his left a brigand ground a barrel organ. In front of the platform were a couple of lusty attendants, whose duties became clear whenever a patient presented himself. Conducting him to a seat on the platform, one seizing him by the arms, the other by the legs, the doctor drew his head between his knees; the lady handed to the operator a selection of steel instruments; the organ set up a loud tune; the doctor with a flourish produced from the open mouth a tooth and triumphantly displayed it to the crowd, who greeted it with respectful interest, the patient making his way back among them.

April 22, 1914.

A couple of nights ago Arthur Balfour dined with us at Ashley Gardens. When I was chatting with him in the drawing-room after dinner, the conversation turned on Asquith's daughter Elizabeth (now the Princess Bibesco). He had recently met her and was greatly struck by her capacity, wonderful, he said, in a child just entering on her teens.

"If she were in this room," he added, looking round at the company, including some notable folk, "she would in time eventually lead the conversation—not by pushing her way to the front, but as a matter of course."

I thought I might tell Asquith of this. The evening post brought the following letter :

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, S.W.

April 22, 1914.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I cannot thank you enough for your letter. It will be a *bonne bouche* for her mother, which she will always treasure.

Ever yours,  
H. H. A.

April 25.

The circumstances under which the late Viscount Cross drew, over a space of twenty-two years, a political pension of £2,000 was to-day made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry. Charles Price asked the Prime Minister what are the terms of the declaration made by an ex-Cabinet Minister before he may receive a political pension; whether his attention has been directed to the fact that the amount of the personal estate of the late Lord Cross has been sworn at £91,617; whether, in these circumstances, the payment of a pension is contrary to the condition on which such pensions are tenable; and, if so, whether he will take steps to recover the sum of £40,760 which has been drawn by Lord Cross.

A further question brought to light another remarkable case. It is that of a noble lord who held a minor office in the last Unionist Government, and, on the ground of lack of means, applied for and obtained a second-class political pension amounting to £1,200 a year. The interrogation set forth the names of not less than 11 salaried offices as chairman or director of public companies held by the noble lord, who is also inheritor of considerable estates in Scotland. Demand was made that his name should be removed from the list of pensioners.

Restitution is obviously the simplest way of at least partly making atonement in these cases. The reply of the Prime Minister leaves little hope that the taxpayer will obtain this tardy justice.

It is a grim fact that the Old Age Pensions Act, a priceless boon to the labouring classes, which these noble lords did their best to withhold, contains a clause whereby a pensioner who draws even five shillings by misrepresentation, either tacit or declared, is liable to a prosecution upon a criminal charge, and being convicted, is sent to prison.

*From Edmund Smedley Yates*

*April 29, 1914.*

DEAR SIR HENRY LUCY,

In the *Cornhill* it has been my custom of late to turn first to *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*. The contribution this month includes matter of the greatest interest to me. In the twenty years that have elapsed since my father's death I have read much gossip about him, some of it kindly, much of it the reverse. But none of the matter has been so deeply sympathetic, so altogether charming as the contribution from your pen. Wherefore I hope you will pardon this line of appreciation.

Yours very truly,

EDMUND SMEDLEY YATES.

## CHAPTER XIX

*April 30.*

MINISTERS are using up slack time after a storm to get on with Bills of second-rate importance. This arrangement affords a majority of Members opportunity of extending their holiday. It also provides opening for back bench Members, shouldered aside during big debates, to catch the Speaker's eye. Those who, rightly or wrongly, feel aggrieved at habitual failure in this endeavour may be cheered by the reflection that there is at least no abnormal physical bar to achievement of their purpose.

Time was when the Speaker of the day was distinguished by possession of the most determined squint ever seen on sea or land. This was Sir John Trevor, Speaker in the only Parliament with which James II embarrassed himself. According to contemporary record, much difficulty arose in consequence of the Speaker's infirmity. Occasionally two Members arose, one from either side of the House, each confident that he had caught the Speaker's eye. The influence of the infirmity seemed to have affected the directness of Sir John Trevor's moral eyesight. Again elected Speaker in the first Parliament of William III, he, squinting round, inadvertently it is to be hoped, become involved in a case of bribery, was removed from the Chair and expelled from the House.

*May 1, 1914.*

An old friend of Phil May's gives me some personal notes respecting his early life. He says that two years



of it were chiefly devoted to eking out a poor living by what is known as penny-a-lining. He attended inquests, ran after fire-engines in order to describe conflagrations, and found a real good time in connection with Labour strikes at the docks. He had no direct connection with the London papers, being in the service of a well-known "liner," since dead. He used his name at the head of his copy and received two-thirds of the money it brought. "The accounts," his old friend significantly adds, "were always collected at newspaper offices by his colleague."

This condition of affairs must relate to a period before Phil May emigrated to New South Wales, and in Sydney discovered that his true vocation was in connection with the pencil, not the pen. After he returned to England, bringing with him specimens of his drawings in the Sydney paper he had served, he had no lack of work paid for at a rate compared with which a penny a line was poverty.

I knew him only as a colleague on the *Punch* staff at the height of his fame, in the fullest affluence of an income that made it possible for him to indulge in a passion for buying bundles of half-a-crown cigars and giving them away by the handful. Another of his devices for getting rid of superfluous cash was to hire a hansom cab by the hour, payment of the accumulated fee being supplemented by a handsome tip to the driver. With cabs hanging about every doorway in search of fares it would have been an easy and a much cheaper thing to dismiss one when he looked in for a call at Romano's, the Savage Club, or other of his nightly resorts, calls which frequently extended over the hour. Phil had no sympathy with economies of that kind. He liked to know that his cab was waiting for him at the door ready to drive him round the corner to another Fleet Street bar or late night club, and, his pockets being at the moment full of money, he indulged in the fancy.

Quite another unsuspected disciple of the noble art of

penny-a-lining, of which I myself was at one time a poor practitioner, is to-day the most widely possessed and wealthiest of newspaper proprietors. When I first met him at the dinner-table of a mutual friend, he had already made his mark with the production of his earliest enterprise in daily journalism.

He graciously told me he had long desired to make my acquaintance, since at one period, dating not many years back, I had been the object of his ardent envy.

"At that time," he said, "I lived down Brixton way and made a precarious living by flimsying news paragraphs and personally delivering copies at the newspaper offices. Sometimes they were used in full, occasionally they were ruthlessly cut down to a few lines; often they went direct to the waste-paper basket. Opening my *Daily News* throughout the Parliamentary session, I found morning after morning a whole column, sometimes a column and a half, over your signature, and dolefully thought of our different positions. You wrote as much as you thought proper and no sub-editorial blue pencil cut it short. My daily fate, working perhaps equally as hard, was such as I have described it."

However, my noble friend has since managed to strike what may be regarded as an average between us.

May 22, 1914.

Eight weeks ago to-day the Duke of Argyll lunched with us, as he frequently did. I noticed with concern that he was quieter in manner than usual. I little thought it was the last time I should look upon his bright, kindly face, or feel the pressure of his friendly hand. Once he roused himself from unwonted lethargy. The change was due to an impulse, irresistible with him, of doing a kindly action. He thought his hostess was still showing signs of weakness after prolonged illness, and it occurred to him that a change of air and scene, with opportunity for complete rest, would be an admirable tonic. Accord-

ingly, he at once arranged for us a visit at Easter to his charming *chalet* hidden in the pine woods and overlooking the sea at Hardelot, not far from Boulogne. It was his intention to be there in order to play the part of host. Just before Easter a slight indisposition on the part of Princess Louise prevented his leaving her, and he accordingly accompanied her Royal Highness on a visit to the Isle of Wight. But his *chalet*, with its servants, its motor-car, all its comforts and luxuries, were placed unreservedly at the disposal of his guests, arrangements being completed in letter after letter written by the Duke with his own hand, solicitous for their comfort.

Close alliance with the reigning Royal House has its disadvantages. It debars one so honoured from taking part in public affairs for which he might be specially qualified. The late Duke took a keen interest in politics. Had he chanced to fill the position occupied by his father, he would doubtless have taken an equally prominent part in them. As Marquis of Lorne he sat for many years in the House of Commons, and when he succeeded to the dukedom was a pretty constant attendant in the House of Lords. But he took no part in political debate in either House, and habitually refrained from Party divisions. Thus barred out from avenues attractive to his class, he turned his attention chiefly to literature, in which he was deeply read, and to which he made occasional contribution, chiefly to the magazines. Otherwise he filled up his time by going about doing good.

He was never deaf to a call for assistance to a public charity, while his private benefactions were unknown to his intimate relations, forgotten by himself, but remembered in many a poor home. There never was a man more unaffectedly unconcerned for the advantages pertaining to lofty rank and ancient lineage. He could, if necessary, assert the dignity of the Duke of Argyll. Such occasion rarely arose, and he was content to go his

way, simple in manner, equally friendly in speech with high or low, and, in later years, unconcerned for the latest cut or fashion of men's clothes. Once he came to luncheon in Ashley Gardens with his trousers tucked inside the top of his boots. The streets were muddy and as he wanted to walk this seemed a convenient arrangement. One of the guests, a young lady from the country, thought dukes always dressed like that when they went out to lunch. A later instance of his unconventional manner was forthcoming last Christmas. Desiring to make little presents to old friends, he loosely packed up, in a battered box that had once contained envelopes, a couple of relics from his ancestral possession, Iona, and, walking over to Ashley Gardens, left them with the hall-porter.

The subjoined undated letter was, I gather from allusions in it, written some three years ago. It is interesting as showing the Duke's playful spirit, and his audacity in rhyming. It will be observed that when he cannot find a rhyme for Toby he invents a new word; also a pun which needs pondering over before its point is caught.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

Thanks for kindly good wishes. They were so nearly couched in rhyme that they excite me into that phase of fever, so forgive me sending repayment in like measure :

My dear Sir Henry, may you too see  
 All good compatible with Lucy,  
 Which meant a Pike, a fish to fancy  
 Only when fried by Lady Nancy.  
 She who is now the flower de Luces  
 Well-known where'er our English use is  
 To bar each Wednesday's Tediumphoby  
 By pondering o'er a page of Toby.  
 His hair now straight on end is fretted  
 By fear of being coronetted.  
 Benighted, peeraged, and betruncheoned,  
 What care we if we still be luncheoned

By him and her who heal all bruises ?  
With them all's gained and no one loses,  
For Commons' wars find happy truces  
And foes are friends at lunch with Lucys.

Pray forgive in consideration of happy New Year's Time.

Yours very truly,  
ARGYLL.

Among the most vivid recollections of an interesting life cherished by the Duke and related in conversation, one related to Garibaldi's visit to London. The Liberator was homed by the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, where the Marquis of Lorne, at the time a youth of nineteen, was spending a holiday. One of the items in the programme prepared for the reception of Garibaldi was to drive through the teeming districts on the south side of the Thames. Returning by Westminster bridge a sudden movement in the densely packed throng shouldered the open barouche, in which the little Marquis sat facing the great man, on to the foot-path right against the balustrade of the bridge. Had this not been strong enough to resist the shock, carriage, horses, the hope of Italy and the future Duke of Argyll would have gone over into the river. The Duke remembered how Garibaldi, sensible of the peril of the situation, sat unmoved, quietly awaiting what seemed certain doom.

The Duke, who in submission to family traditions began his political life as a Liberal, followed the example of his father by going over to the other side when Gladstone brought in his first Home Rule Bill. Liberal finance developed in the direction of increase of the death duties widened the ground of separation. Upon his accession to the dukedom he found it impossible to take up his residence in the famed family castle at Inveraray. He was fortunate in finding a tenant in one of his brothers, who married a lady with dowry sufficient to keep up its ancient state. As for the head

of the family, he settled down in a modest habitation two miles farther down the Loch, formerly occupied by a sheriff substitute. He had a passion for building, and gradually enlarged the cottage till it became a comparatively roomy residence suitable for the reception of a few intimate friends.

He, the principal chieftain in Scotland, heir to the lordship of what a hundred years ago was the biggest estate north of the Tweed, had no shooting or fishing to offer his guests. These luxuries, held cheaply by American immigrants or wealthy retired commercial men from England, were transferred with the leases of various portions of the estate. He told me that the existing state of things, of which he cheerily made the best, was due directly to the burden of death duties. He had availed himself of a provision whereby a certain proportion of the tax was to be met by deferred payment. He looked forward to the day when the estate would be disencumbered. He did not live to see it.

*May 25.*

I made the acquaintance of Sir Arthur Paget 36 years ago upon a homeward passage across the Atlantic. He was at that time a Captain in the Scots Guards, possibly not dreaming that in course of his career he would come to be Commander of the Forces in Ireland, a central figure in a politico-military episode that for a while shook the country, and threatened to break up a Ministry. Among other passengers sitting at the Captain's table was Sir George Campbell, M.P., a pragmatist Scotsman who proved afresh the familiar fact that men who have made high reputations in India often prove utter failures in the House of Commons.

Sir George, who had a hard grating voice, was familiar at question-time in the House of Commons during the Premiership of Lord Salisbury. One day he asked David Plunket (afterwards Lord Rathmore), at the time

First Commissioner of Works, whether he was responsible for certain "fearful creatures" represented by stone carvings of birds and beasts placed by way of ornamentation on the new staircases in Westminster Hall.

"No, sir," said the First Commissioner, smilingly regarding the angular, grotesque figure of the querist, "I am not responsible for fearful creatures in Westminster Hall, or in this House either."

A good-humoured little gibe that convulsed the House with merriment.

The last glimpse I caught of Sir George as I went aboard the steamer at New York, he was seated on a case of goods on the wharf, holding forth to a circle of reporters interviewing him. A meeting like this made amends for much. Often the House of Commons rudely declined to hear continuation of his many speeches, and here were representatives of the Press of the United States hungry for his simplest words. So he produced them at considerable length, hopping aboard the steamer just as the wharf gangway was being withdrawn.

It happened that the company at the Captain's table on the American liner found poor Sir George an insufferable bore, indicating their feelings with quite House of Commons manner. Captain Paget was particularly impatient with him, a feeling marked by a little incident that took place on the last night of our gathering at the dinner-table before reaching Liverpool. Paget brought from his cabin a case of liqueurs, and when coffee went round, invited the Captain and the guests seated near him, to join in a farewell glass. He made a pointed exception from the genial invitation in the case of Sir George Campbell.

*May 28.*

The community of the blind have cause for thankfulness in a grave misfortune that smote another. The blight of blindness falling upon him whilst in full course of a strenuous career, turned the attention of Arthur

Pearson to the case of fellow-sufferers, with the magnificent result of the amelioration of their lot made possible by the remarkable response of the public to his appeal for funds necessary for printing and distribution of Braille books. Pearson's career would make an interesting supplementary chapter to Smiles' *Self Help*. He got his first chance by winning a prize offered by the late Sir George Newnes in a competitive trial. It consisted of a salaried situation in the Newnes establishment, to be bestowed upon the writer of the best paper upon some topic of current public interest.

Young Pearson, once installed in the office, rapidly made his way to the managership. After a few years' service he considered himself worthy of a salary considerably in advance of that allotted to him. Sir George Newnes demurring to the demand, he quitted the staff, setting up in business on his own account.

His first, almost immediate, success was the establishment of a weekly magazine, still running. Next, boldly coming into competition with the *Daily Mail*, he started the *Daily Express*. In due course he possessed himself of the *Standard* and but for accidental premature disclosure of his plans would have bought up *The Times*. In the midst of the direction of these varied important enterprises a cloud of darkness, long ominously deepening, closed over him, and he became almost totally blind. Some men of less courage and of feebler capacity would have sunk under the terrible deprivation. In establishing St. Dunstan's, the home for the blind, Arthur Pearson found the noblest work of a strenuous life.

May 29, 1914.

From James Knowles

QUEEN ANNE'S LODGE, ST. JAMES'S PARK, S.W.

MY DEAR LUCY,

It is long since my vanity has received a worse snub than your proposal to write for the *Nineteenth*



*Century* anonymously. You obviously are perfectly unaware of the work of my life, which I had vainly and fondly hoped the world in some small degree understood, viz. signed writing.

And here in my own parish, among my own familiar friends and neighbours, is one who is no more aware of it than the babe unborn.

However, I send my revenge herewith, for I present you with my printed catalogue of the first 50 volumes, and straitly charge you to read the first page of it.

Then you will understand how I feel at being wounded in the house of a friend.

Yours always,  
JAMES KNOWLES.

May 30, 1914.

It is a grim coincidence that at the very time Parnell's labours for Home Rule reach the stage of fruition there should appear through the agency of his widow what she calls *His Love Story and Political Life*. Oddly enough, in avowing the authorship, she writes herself down "Katherine O'Shea," adding in explanatory brackets "Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell."

Everyone is agreed that the work is indecorous in its disclosures of the private life and confidential letters of a man one of whose most striking characteristics was an almost fanatical reserve. It should be admitted that in order to arrive at that judgment everyone must have read the book. It is almost brutal in the frankness of its revelations, more particularly to the discredit of Parnell's following in the House of Commons, and of Gladstone, who sacrificed place and power, shattering the Liberal Party at a blow, in order to serve the national cause of which Parnell was the embodiment and the leader. According to Mrs. Parnell, her husband was accustomed to refer to the Liberal Statesman as the "Grand Old Spider," and to the Irish Nationalist Party in the House of Commons as "my rabble."

In one curious important particular there is no exaggeration in her delineation of the conduct of the Irish Parliamentary Leader. He kept his colleagues at arm's length with an uncompromising roughness not excelled by the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Germany in their dealings with subordinates. At one stage he is represented as saying to his "Queenie," "I could never keep my rabble together if I were not above the human weakness of apology. Never explain. Never apologise."

Personal recollection of a striking incident bears out this revelation of character. One night in the early 'eighties an important debate on Irish affairs raised by the Parnellites occupied the sitting. Their leader was conspicuously absent. Chancing to be in the Lobby about eleven o'clock I saw him enter by the Members' staircase opening from Palace Yard. He stopped to converse with me for some five minutes, and then passed on, not into the House, but towards the library.

Immediately he was out of sight, Dick Power, the popular Irish Whip, asked me if I could tell him whether Parnell intended to take part in the debate. It struck me as a remarkable thing that the Whip of the Party, chargeable with direction of its affairs, should not only have not been made aware in advance of the Leader's intention in respect of the debate, but that he should refrain from the natural course of going up and asking him what he intended to do.

## CHAPTER XX

June 23.

GLAD to see J. M. Le Sage's name in Birthday Honours List. Sent a line of congratulation.

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

June 24.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Nothing has given me greater pleasure than your charming letter of friendship and appreciation. The personal esteem of a master journalist like yourself ranks far above ordinary congratulations. I offer you my sincere wishes that you may live long to enjoy your distinguished position as a foremost writer—not only as "Toby, M.P.," but as the chief political writer of the day.

I have a vivid recollection of that historic occasion when we were at Paray-le-Monial. I know I had to carry a long candle in one hand and a rather heavy bag in the other. It was after the Pilgrimage that I went direct to Rome and had a private audience with Pius IX. I am sure the double event ought to have made me a very much better man than I am.

I hope you will always allow me to subscribe myself as

Your admiring friend,

JOHN M. LE SAGE.

My earliest acquaintance with Le Sage of the *Daily Telegraph* goes back as far as the 'seventies in the last century, when we joined in the Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, he representing his paper and I the *Daily News*. I remember he beat me to the ground on the way out. He was an old stager at journalistic enterprises of this

kind. Mine was a 'prentice hand. Whenever the train stopped at a station boasting a telegraph office, he hopped out of the carriage and dispatched to Peterborough Court a message, long or short, describing the progress of the Pilgrims. I never thought of such a thing. However, we got on a level footing when it came to sending by post detailed account of the dramatic proceedings.

*From Lord Curzon*

TAPLOW.

July 21.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Neither have I in any degree lost the old feelings of interest of which you have just given so warm and flattering a demonstration. I do not think that had I been strong enough to go back to the House of Commons I should ever have qualified for the lead.

I am content with milder ambitions and yet even now I do not quite subscribe to your word irrevocable! Public life has many surprises.<sup>1</sup>

With many thanks and happy memories of earlier times,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

CURZON.

*From Mr. Lloyd George*

TREASURY CHAMBERS.

August 24.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am thoroughly in accord with your article. The Committee of Afforestation was appointed by me. I have always been strongly in favour of reafforesting the wastes in the country. Had this been done 20 or 30 years ago we should not now be faced with the imminent danger of having our collieries closed for lack of

<sup>1</sup> Here is one. In September 1922, Lord Curzon, after a considerable absence from public life owing to ill-health, suddenly reappeared at the Foreign Office and proceeding to Paris met the French Premier, M. Poincaré, and succeeded in giving a favourable turn to Near Eastern affairs fast drifting into war.

props. I put the question of afforestation into the forefront of my Land Programme, and at the time was heartily laughed at for the Quixotic character of my proposals. You will all discover in good time that I am a much more practical person than I am sometimes assumed to be!

With kindest regards to Lady Lucy and yourself, and will you please convey the same to Lord Welby.

Ever sincerely,  
D. LLOYD GEORGE.

This letter was addressed to the New Forest, where my wife and I were staying with Lord Welby.

*From Lord Haldane*

28, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.  
August 25.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Thank you for your kind letter. The organisation of the Expeditionary Force, the Territorial Army, and of their horses and transport arrangements have all turned out as was hoped, after five years of work at them.

This has been an anxious time, and it is so at this moment.

I have had Earl Grey living here through the last four weeks and he is here now.

Yours sincerely,  
HALDANE.

You were always a firm supporter while others doubted. I have been and am grateful.

August 26.

*From Lord Fisher*

LANGHAM HOUSE, HAM COMMON.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

A great joy to me to get your letter this morning and its much appreciated enclosure. On Thursday, July 30—five days before war was declared by England against Germany—I got an urgent message from Winston to lunch *tête-à-tête* with him that day. I did and after-

wards I had a momentous talk with Arthur James Balfour, M.P. I got so violently hot from gesticulatory athletics that coming down later I got a bad chill and a severe attack of pleurisy—pulse, 126 ; temperature, 103; respirations, 26. Sir Frederick, Sir Bertrand Dawson, and a splendid local doctor, assisted by the magnificentest nurse (produced by Sir B. Dawson), pulled me through in a week.<sup>1</sup>

I give you this little digression to explain why I don't come up by the next train and see you and dear Lady Lucy, to whom my love!

I am in close touch with Winston. He has been splendid for three things :

1. Giving Jellicoe command of the Fleet.
2. Mobilising before War.
3. Buying the two Turkish Dreadnoughts.

Had I been First Sea Lord, I should have shot two British Admirals, as I think a court-martial is a tedious and dirty evasion of responsibility. However, that is a minor point. But where are the fellows, my dear friend, headed by Beresford and mutinous Admirals, who saw in every German tramp guns and powder and trained gunners who would sweep British commerce off the sea? Not a German merchant ship is on any ocean and German cruisers are fleeing for their lives. They ought to be at the bottom of the sea but for the British Admirals who being Court sycophants got employed. D—n 'em! I suppose the hereditary "snob" in Winston overcame him—a taint of Marlborough.

Heaven bless you. We are going to come out on top!

Yours till the Angels smile on us,

FISHER.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Winston Churchill doubtless refers to this incident in his book on the War wherein he writes :

"Lord Fisher used to come from time to time to the Admiralty, and I watched him narrowly to judge his physical strength and mental alertness. There seemed no doubt about either. On one occasion, when inveighing against some one whom he thought obstructive, he became so convulsed with fury that it seemed that every nerve and blood vessel in his body would be ruptured. However, they stood the strain magnificently, and he left me with the impression of a terrific engine of mental and physical power burning and throbbing in that aged frame."

HUTHÉ.

September 20, 1914.

Motored from Whitethorn to tea with the Markhams at their charming cottage beyond the railway station. Find they are turning it into a hospital providing fifty beds for wounded Canadians. This sacrifice and devotion is a common practice at this dark and anxious time, when the first fruits of the war are being brought home in crowds. Talking about its ultimate issue, I told Markham my belief that within twelve months the Kaiser would be chased from Berlin and Germany would proclaim itself a Republic.

"I'll make a mem. of that in my diary," he said. "Meanwhile, as Asquith said in happier times, we'll wait and see."<sup>1</sup>

*From Sir Herbert Maxwell*

MONREITH.

November 19.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am neither enough in the mode nor near enough to London to see the *Observer* often; but your thoughtful card made me send for a copy of that journal for the roth and I thank you for your kindly reference to my lost son. The Flowers o' the Forest are falling fast, and the outlook for old blighters like myself is sorely overcast; but we shall not flinch under the sacrifice if it leads to ridding the world for a century or two of the malignant growth of militarism.

You are a prodigy! The chemical constituents of the water flowing under your bridges never change; yet week by week and year by year you contrive to give it a fresh sparkle and a novel flavour. I often think that you must be more impressed than any one, except a Roman Catholic confessor, with the perennial sameness of human nature. Every new M.P. arrives in Westminster with a lively sense of being the most exalted

<sup>1</sup> Following his example, I recorded the prophecy in my diary. I was too sanguine in respect of the time fixed upon. The prophecy was not fulfilled till four years had passed.

being in his own constituency ; and you, from the main-top, have watched the process of disillusion upon thousands of individuals. It is well for us all that there is so little gall in your ink.

Yours for auld lang syne,  
HERBERT MAXWELL.

December 5, 1914.

The following letter from me prominently appears in *The Times* to-day. It may have some value as a record of a remarkable and much criticised policy of the War Office popularly attributed to the initiation of Lord Kitchener :

“ Agur, the son of Jakeh (quoted in the *Book of Proverbs*), found three things too wonderful for him—yea, four he knew not. Had he lived in this day, he would have found a fifth. The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, are not to the simple-minded man more marvellous than is the way of the Censor in his dealings with news from the seat of war.

“ It is illustrated afresh in the publication of Sir John French's last dispatch. This masterly document takes the form of a diary of the operations on the far-flung battle line in Flanders. The first entry is made on October 3, the final one on November 2. Even for the civilian this terse record of skilful generalship and dauntless courage is of profound interest. Much more keenly, because more intelligently, will it be studied by military men at home and abroad. But why, in the name of common sense, should the earlier entries have been held over for nearly two months, the end of the story for four weeks ?

“ The official explanation will, of course, be the stereotyped one that in the public interest it is not desirable that the enemy should have early information of events—in which, by the way, they prominently shared, and of whose trend they (or those among them who survive) have for weeks brooded over with saddened recollection. There need be no indecent hurry in the matter. Sup-



## CHAPTER XXI

*April 23, 1915.*

By one of the anomalies of life in the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a comparatively scanty audience for the momentous speech delivered by him this afternoon. This was probably due to the circumstance that the resolution upon which it was based was moved by an extreme party man on the Opposition side, and was a thinly disguised vote of censure upon the Government, alleging criminal failure to provide sufficiency of munitions of war. Upon those who were present the speech made a profound impression. Passages in it intimated that Lloyd George, in his irresistible Celtic manner, had "got at" the secret, taciturn Secretary of State for War (Lord Kitchener), and convinced him of the desirability of just for once taking the nation into his confidence upon matters that vitally affect not only its welfare but its safety.

"I am giving these particulars," said Lloyd George, "after consultation with Lord Kitchener, and with his full authority."

The result of the bold experiment upon the House of Commons was so happy that it may possibly be repeated throughout subsequent developments of the campaign. Briefly to summarise, it disclosed the magnitude of the task laid upon the Government, showed that they are fully alive to their responsibilities, and have for months been engaged in grappling with the difficulties besetting them. Facts and figures set forth by the Chancellor revealed for the first time the enormity of the operations going forward night and day in the field

of France and Flanders. After eight months of war, the " contemptible little army " that excited the derision of the Kaiser has been increased sixfold, a force fully equipped and adequately supplied with ammunition, every vacancy created by German shot or shell refilled.

As to ammunition, the demand has far exceeded the most lavish estimate. In a single sentence the Chancellor realised the fact. During the fortnight of fighting in and around Neuve Chapelle almost as much ammunition was, he said, expended by our artillery as during the whole of the two and three-quarter years of the Boer war. Not only has the demand been fully supplied, but there remains an adequate reserve. This has been established and even maintained in view of the stupendous increase in consumption. Taking the figure 20 as representing the output in September, it had gone up to 90 in October. In December it was 156, in January 186, in February 256, last month it ran up to 388, and there is no doubt that in this month of April the increase will correspond with the measure monthly attained. Not only is this unexpected, unparalleled demand on the part of our own army being fully met. Assistance is being liberally given to our Allies.

*April 24.*

No personal event of the war has more sharply struck public imagination than the death in the trenches of Gladstone's grandson, William Gladstone, the owner of Hawarden. As yet little known throughout the country, he had by his modesty, his clear honesty of purpose, and his natural capacity become a prime favourite on both sides of the House of Commons. It was a curious thing that when starting for the front he was possessed by the conviction that he would " come back to Lochaber no more." The last time I saw him was in the Lobby of the House of Commons on the night before he started. Gripping my hand with his great

fist as he said good-bye, he wistfully replied to wishes of good luck and speedy return, "I don't think I shall ever come back."

I have since heard from various quarters that he made the same remark when bidding other friends farewell.

*April 30.*

The complete rehabilitation of Lloyd George in the confidence and esteem of the House of Commons has been testified to afresh by the reception accorded this week to his Bill amending the Defence of the Realm Act. As the Leader of the Opposition remarked, it is probably the most drastic measure ever submitted to the House of Commons. Briefly described, it proposes to organise the industrial resources of the nation on a war footing. It carries the principle of martial law into teeming factories and workshops. Yet, after the Chancellor of the Exchequer's exposition of its clauses and his plea for the necessity of enacting them, the Bill not only passed without opposition, but procedure was so hastened that the three stages of Committee, Report and Third Reading were agreed to in little more than an hour of a single sitting.

In view of the situation to-day, the Marconi affair, which twelve months ago engrossed the attention of the House, seems a feverish dream. The opportunity of hitting a political opponent below the belt was irresistible to an active and noisy section of the Opposition, with whom the name of Lloyd George was anathema. Questions about the Marconi affair nightly flooded the House of Commons. Votes of censure were proposed and finally a Committee of Inquiry was appointed, at whose bar stood the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General, Rufus Isaacs.

It seemed that their political careers, heretofore unbrokenly brilliant, had received an irrecoverable shock.

When, on a vacancy occurring in the highest seat on the judicial bench, there was a prospect of the ordinary course of promotion taking effect and the Attorney-General succeeding, there was an outburst of angry protest to which the implacable Premier characteristically turned a deaf ear. Sir Rufus Isaacs became Lord Chief Justice, and, talk of "the Marconi scandal" ceasing like morning mists dispersed by the rising sun, he is already accepted as worthily sustaining the high traditions of his supreme office. As for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is no exaggeration to say that, even in an administration several members of which have in special degree won the confidence of the public, he is personally the most popular.

*May 1.*

The gloom of conversation round the ravages of the war is temporarily lifted by a story told by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a night adventure. Returning to his home by a well-known Surrey golf links, night fell. Lloyd George gave instructions to the chauffeur to light up. As the process took some time, he got out of the car and went round to the back to see if all was right with the rear lamp. At the same moment, having unobserved resumed his seat, the chauffeur, concluding that his fare was inside, started off at full speed with intent to make up for lost time. In vain the Chancellor followed breathlessly shouting at the top of his voice. It was a windy night, and unfortunately the wind was in the wrong direction for his purpose. The unheeding chauffeur and the car disappeared in the distance. It was an awkward situation, home being five miles distant. Evidently the only way to reach it was on foot.

Plodding along he was cheered by the sight of a building fairly well lit up in front. He recognised it as the County Lunatic Asylum. Surely here he would get a lift. In response to his summons at the front door, the hall porter made his appearance, and sharply inquired the

object of his call. Lloyd George explained, and asked for assistance to complete his journey home. The porter shook his head and prepared to close the door.

"But," said the wayfarer, "I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Yes, yes," said the porter gruffly. "We've got six of 'em inside. You go out to the gate, turn to the left and you'll get home before morning."

There being no visible appeal from this judgment, the Chancellor recommenced his journey, and had not gone far when, to his delight, he saw his car returning. The chauffeur, reaching home and opening the car door, found he had lost his passenger, and in a state of amazed trepidation went back in search of him.

*May 3.*

As anticipated, the Academy Banquet which should have been held last Saturday in anticipation of the opening of the show at Burlington House did not take place. Another course of dinners that customarily loom large in the programme of the London season will also be intermitted. These are the banquets given by the Benchers of Inns of Court on what are known as "grand nights." The treasurer for the year is authorised to invite as guests about a dozen eminent persons. A special attraction of these symposia is found in the fact that, whilst the fare is liberal and the wine superb, there are no speeches. It is felt that, in existing circumstances, it would be unbecoming to be banqueting whilst our gallant army is hourly fighting for the safety of the country. Grand night dinners will accordingly be forgone this year, to the disappointment of the various treasurers whose prized privilege as host is sacrificed. The late King, whilst still Prince of Wales, invariably attended one or other of these dinners, a practice followed by his present Majesty. It was intended that H.R.H. Prince Edward should have made his *début* this

year at one of the Inns of Court. The occasion has been deferred till happier times.

*May 14.*

In conversation with a hospital nurse home on brief leave from the front, I heard of an incident that brings into lurid light the almost incredible brutality that underlies boasted German Kultur. Shortly after the outbreak of the war the lady—daughter-in-law of a famous General who took a prominent part during the Boer War in saving South Africa for the Empire—volunteered for service in the hospitals. This she has, at great personal cost of comfort and convenience, performed for many months.

Just before leaving the base hospital for a brief but necessary interval of change, she had under her charge a badly wounded German officer. For three days and three nights, with brief snatches of sleep and food, she watched by the bedside of her intermittently unconscious patient. Largely owing to her tireless care, supplemented by the service of British surgeons, the officer on the third day displayed marked signs of recovery. With a bright smile and cheery voice the nurse congratulated him. The man—it would be unfair to the majority of dumb animals to call him a brute—recognising her nationality from her speech, deliberately and forcibly spat in her face.

The story lightly told, without apparent resentment, the nurse proceeded to dwell with beaming pleasure upon the bearing and conduct of British soldiers who fell to her care. They were, she said, patient beyond belief, grateful for the slightest attention, cheery at the worst turns of their illness, anxious only to get well again at the earliest possible moment, so that they might rejoin their comrades in the firing line. They rarely alluded to privations suffered in the performance of work in the trenches. One incidentally mentioned that night after night in winter time, standing nearly up to his knees in water, when

occasion came for him to move about he had to break the ice that imprisoned his legs.

They were unanimous upon two points. One was the excellence and abundance of the food supplied, the other the certainty that, as they put it, the Germans would in the end be "utterly smashed." Also, without being able to say why or wherefore, they all believe the end of the war is not far off.

*May 15.*

The idea of a Coalition Government, which Disraeli truly described as repugnant to British taste, has been received alike in the House of Commons and the country with more approval than might have been expected. It cannot be said that, save with a single exception, the present Government will gain in personal weight by contemplated changes. The presence of Arthur Balfour on the Treasury Bench will undoubtedly be a notable accession of strength to an already individually and exceptionally strong Government. Apart from that, taking man for man, there is nothing to be gained by the substitution in Ministerial office of members of the Opposition in both Houses whose names are currently mentioned to the displacement of certain Ministers. Some, including Balfour, were members of the Administration which, after a long term of office, found themselves faced by the outbreak of war in the Transvaal, and mismanaged it in a fashion that dismally proved nothing had been learned in high places since the days of the Crimean War.

What will be gained—and this anticipation is at the root of public approval of the premeditated step—is that at this hour of national peril we shall have at the head of affairs a Government representing the varied, normally divergent, views of political parties throughout the country. Since the war began, thanks to the patriotic conduct of the Leaders of the Opposition in both Houses, this happy condition of affairs has practically

prevailed. Except in one or two London newspapers party faction has been dumb. Ex-Ministers, notably Balfour and Austen Chamberlain, have personally associated themselves with the working of Departments of State. On the whole, it is well that this desirable state of things should be regularised and that by sharing office with its present incumbents the Opposition should accept responsibility as well as power.

May 16.

Prone to petulance in petty matters, the House of Commons is capable of displaying superb calm at grave crises. When on Monday it reassembled after week-end recess, it was conscious of the fact that in the interval a stupendous event had happened. The *Lusitania*, nearing home with 1,900 souls on board, was treacherously smitten by a torpedo fired by a German submarine and sent to the bottom, with more than 1,100 innocent and hapless civilians—men, women and children. Since the Germans first invaded Belgium they have worked hard and successfully in educating the civilised world in the art of frightfulness. The report of the Bryce Committee, just issued, testifies to the thoroughness of their capacity in this respect. But there was something in this wholesale murder on the sea off Kinsale that struck jaded imagination with exceptional force.

It was reasonably expected that righteous passion would find expression at the first opportunity presented by the reassembling of Parliament. The Order Paper, indeed, bristled with angry questions, chiefly addressed to the Prime Minister. He quietly replied with the announcement that a Court of Inquiry, over which Lord Mersey had consented to preside, would be appointed. Pending issue of its report it would, he suggested, be well not to discuss the matter.

For a moment the House held its breath and stared round distractedly. A Court of Inquiry with an eminent jurist



in the chair! What was there to inquire about? Did, or did not, a German submarine, without note of warning, torpedo the *Lusitania*, sink the ship, and drown 1,100 people? Or was it a frenzied dream that would be dissipated at the first touch of official inquiry?

At first sight the proposal seemed as incongruous as if the Prime Minister, called in to succour a population suffering from earthquake, had prescribed a pill. It is not thus the United States, in proportion less concerned with the act of piracy, dealt with it. After due, but not prolonged, deliberation a diplomatic note was dispatched to Berlin vindicating the rights of neutrals on the high seas, and firmly demanding that they should be respected.

May 28, 1915.

General Ian Hamilton, Commander of the British Military Forces at the Dardanelles, has seen more fighting than most soldiers alive to-day. Joining his father's old regiment 42 years ago, he was just in time to take part in the Afghan War. Eight years later he was at Majuba, where he was shot through the wrist. The result, practically disabling his right hand, seemed to close his military career. Hamilton was not the man to be turned aside by a disqualification of that character. If his right hand were paralysed, he had his left that might be trained to hold a sword and fire a pistol. When the first Boer War was over he went back to India, resuming his military duties as if nothing had happened. "Always in luck," as he says (cheerily forgetting Majuba), he was coming home on leave from India, when, at Suez, he heard of the outbreak of war in the Soudan. His old regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, were already in the field. Hamilton caught them up at Wady Halfa and, left-handed, fought with distinction that won for him the coveted D.S.O. Once more returning to India, he, now in command of a brigade, went through the Chitral Expedition and the Tirah Campaign.

As Commandant of the Hythe School of Musketry, he became a neighbour of mine in country quarters and honoured me with his friendship. Spare in build, almost frail looking, it was difficult to realise what privations he had gone through, what gallant deeds he had done. When the second Boer War burst forth, he was not to be kept in snug and salaried quarters at home. He went out with the earliest Expeditionary Force, was attached to the staff of Sir George White, and took a prominent part in the defence of Ladysmith. Later he commanded the column on the flank of Lord Roberts' Army on the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. On the way he fought ten general actions and captured five towns. Since Majuba he seemed to bear a charmed life, never again being hit either by sword or bullet. His splendid generalship, slowly overcoming the natural and artificial difficulties of invading the Dardanelles, just now excites the admiration of the world, and is the pride of his comrades, old and new.

*May 29.*

A notable sign of the times appears in an advertisement which reached me this week from a London tradesman who describes himself as "A Livery Outfitter." He points out that owing to the large number of footmen who have responded to the call to the Colours, and the consequent difficulty in procuring this class of servants, "many of the nobility and gentry are temporarily replacing them with parlourmaids." Rising to the height of the occasion, he has designed a uniform suitable for the emergency, and submits a sketch. It is based on an idea that may have been suggested by study of the mermaid who is half fish and half woman. The sketch of the enterprising tailor presents a figure half woman and half man. A narrow skirt pendent from the waist is feminine. A jacket buttoned across a striped waistcoat surmounted by a stand-up

collar and a black necktie are decidedly masculine. As a matter of taste, it seems doubtful whether the new uniform will supersede the neatness of the ordinary parlourmaid's frock and cap.

Revolution in the matter of employment of women extends far beyond the radius of domestic establishments. She is everywhere superseding men, notably in shops. At the big stores, women are found behind the counters, where they certainly seem more at home than did the strapping young men they replace. These, or some of them, have gone to the war, and employers are properly disinclined to replace them by others who ought to be at the front. The principle of the substitution of female labour for male is carried further. Formerly boys were engaged at the pay desks. To-day young girls fill their places, and, as far as observation goes, are equally efficient.

Another unwonted place where women are found instead of men is the lift. At the Army and Navy Stores, the largest emporium of its kind in the country, the idea of the livery outfitter and his uniform for parlourmaids has been anticipated. The lift girls are attired in a neat, becoming uniform, which, whilst distinctive, does not clash with the femininity of their ordinary attire. In many City offices women are taking the place of men acting as clerks. I hear that the Bank of England have within the last few months engaged no less than 350 women in that capacity.

## CHAPTER XXII

*June 1.*

ONE result of the Cabinet changes has been the vacation of two out of the three residences provided by the State for Ministers. Lloyd George's trim housemaids will no longer flout what has hitherto been regarded as a fundamental principle of the British Constitution by opening the door to callers at No. 11, Downing Street, in place of butler or footman. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has already moved bag and baggage into a smaller office assigned to the service of the newly-created Minister of Munitions.

It seems incongruous, looking down the list whereon the salaries of heads of the great spending departments are tabulated, to find the Secretary of State for War drawing £5,000 a year and the First Lord of the Admiralty £4,500. The discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that the latter has a furnished house, rent and rate free, with coals and gas thrown in. By his retirement from the Admiralty and acceptance of the Duchy of Lancaster, Churchill sacrifices more than the £2,500 a year, which is the difference in the respective salaries of the two offices. Admiralty House, with the privileges mentioned, was worth at least the odd £500.

Another fitting consequent on the Ministerial upheaval is that of Lord Fisher from his official residence at Charing Cross. This is part of the building created in connection with Admiralty Arch and the new Admiralty offices. The interior is not conveniently constructed, and is somewhat gloomy in atmosphere, everything

being sacrificed to the grandeur of a marble staircase rising from the hall to the dwelling rooms above. But it is a convenient town residence, where during his term of office the First Sea Lord made it a daily practice to be at home to some of his private friends and official colleagues at the luncheon hour. It is significant of the confidence with which Lord Fisher last autumn returned to official life that he thereupon sold his cottage at Ham Common, his only private residence.

June 12.

I have been privileged to see a home letter, not yet published, from an officer on board one of the destroyers that avenged the torpedoing of the *Recruit* by sinking the two German boats responsible for the action. After a modest but graphic account of the chase, the capture, and destruction of the enemy submarines, the writer adds a passage that brings into strong light the different manner and method of British seamen towards a beaten foe.

“After five minutes of concentrated fire,” he writes, “one enemy boat sank with a loud fizzle; the other burst into flames fore and aft. We ceased fire and closed to pick up survivors. There were none on board the remaining ship, but about a mile and a half astern we came across the crews in the water. We picked up forty-six all told, of whom five died from exhaustion. One had bullet wounds on him, showing he had been shot on his own ship.” (With characteristic delicacy the British officer refrained from commenting on this gruesome incident and its obvious cause.) “We picked up an officer and twelve men in the last stage of collapse. But they recovered except in the case of one man. The officer later in the morning told me that when they found the game was up they ordered their men overboard, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to blow their ship up.

“ Our men were like children as soon as it was all over. They gave the Germans their clothes, gave them tea, eggs, bacon and cigarettes. They did everything they could to make them get over the shock. While we were picking up the blighters, my first lieutenant, seeing a German officer in the water just on the point of drowning, went in after him and rescued him. One German sailor hauled on board said, ‘ It’s a shame to pick us up only to shoot us later.’ An officer refused to take a drink until a doctor had tasted it. He thought it must contain poison. When the first lieutenant visited one of the saved, made comfortable on the mess deck, lying on a locker wrapped in blankets, and asked him how he was getting on, he put out his tongue and made a rude remark. Five minutes later he had an attack of ague, and the doctor suggested he should be taken into the engine-room to be thoroughly warmed. So four of our sailors lifted him up and carried him off. As soon as he appeared on the upper deck, he yelled, cried and fought like a maniac. He thought we were going to throw him overboard for having been impertinent.”

Only once does the narrative strike a note of righteous indignation. It is heard in the concluding sentence of the thrilling story. “ Had we known that the Germans had left an officer and two of our men prisoners in one of their boats they knew would be shelled by us, I think I would have steered through the whole crowd in the water and churned them with the propellers.”

*June 18.*

The Art Gallery of the Council Chamber of Guildhall is to-day enriched by the addition of a marble bust of Chamberlain, commissioned by the Corporation. Failing the special work of the sculptor, the designed purpose might have been fulfilled by placing in the Gallery a bust of William Pitt. The facial resemblance between

the two statesmen when viewed in profile is remarkable. In the corridor approaching the central Lobby of the House of Commons there is a life-size figure of Pitt striking in its resemblance. At the foot of the staircase at Knole there is, or in the late tenant's time there was, a contemporary bust which, probably due to a particular pose of the head, was even more startlingly like the famous Colonial Secretary. When, as occasionally happened, Chamberlain's attention was called to the circumstance he affected annoyance. I fancy he was, as he might well be, rather proud of the coincidence.

*June 20.*

The success of the War Loan exceeds the most exalted dreams of avarice on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In his most sanguine mood McKenna expected to raise £500,000,000, a sum in excess of any similar financial effort recorded in the history of nations. The amount actually applied for by the public was £570,000,000, this not including a sum of £15,000,000 subscribed through the Post Office. As this last medium will remain open for some time, there is little doubt that a total of £600,000,000 will be placed at the disposal of the Government for the purposes of the war. It is a stupendous sum, but with the daily expenditure steadily creeping up beyond the rate of three million pounds a day it will all be gone within the course of a few months. The fact that not less than 547,000 persons applied for allotments in the Post Office is not the least satisfactory feature in the transaction, showing as it does the wideness of the class of contributors.

*June 24.*

In expounding the War Loan scheme, the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to be drawn aside to indicate lines in the Budget Bill he will in the course of the next few

weeks be called upon to submit. There is, however, no doubt that in supplement of the colossal borrowing powers now in full operation it will be necessary to impose considerable fresh taxation. With the regular screwing up in progress during the last three years, suddenly accelerated by war expenditure at the rate of three million sterling a day, it is difficult to see in what fresh direction the Chancellor will look. Lloyd George's recent experience in the attempt to raise a few millions by increased taxation on drink is not encouraging. The conjecture most in favour is that something in the nature of a last straw will be put upon the back of that beast of burden, the income tax payer. It is confidently reckoned that the income tax, now standing at the long time unparalleled figure of half-a-crown in the pound, will be doubled, with corresponding increase of super tax.

This will be hard lines upon men of moderate fixed income or the struggling professional man. With the cost of living increasing and the scope of business decreasing, a final blow will be dealt when his hardly-earned sovereign is reduced in value to 15s., the odd five shillings, in addition to miscellaneous imposts of rates and taxes, being appropriated by the income tax collector.

Sympathy for this class of citizen leaves little to be expended upon another branch liable to super tax. But like the lot of the policeman sympathetically hymned by W. S. Gilbert, theirs "is not a happy one." A friend in the lamentable position of receipt of an income of nine thousand a year confides to me attendant particulars. In the national financial year 1913-14, under the then current rate of income tax and super tax, he paid to the State a tribute of £675. In the present year, with income tax at half-a-crown in the pound, and super tax raised accordingly, he will be mulct to the amount of £1,737 10s., equal to nearly one-fifth of his total income. A simple sum in arithmetic will show the amount of taxation from this single impost he will be called



upon to pay next year should income tax, as gloomily anticipated, be fixed at the rate of five shillings in the pound.

[In 1918 income tax was raised to six shillings in the pound.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 25.

MY DEAR AGNEW,

The Government have decided to bring in a Bill extending the duration of the present Parliament by a year.

The opening of a new session early in February next seems an appropriate occasion for me to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds. I have represented *Mr. Punch* in nine memorable Parliaments, covering a service of 34 years. I have not lost a particle of interest in the familiar scene, nor am I tired of writing about it. But I am not disposed to linger superfluous on the stage, and should like to withdraw at a time when, as I have constant testimony, the little play is in fullest measure of its popularity at home and among the English-speaking race over the seas.

The present session will, with occasional brief recesses, last through the winter. I will, as heretofore, attend the sittings on behalf of *Punch*. I also propose to write a last chapter of my long story in the number appearing in the week covering the opening day of the new session. Thereafter I will ask you to provide a substitute. I do not anticipate that you will meet with any difficulty. As the history of more than sixty years has shown, no man is indispensable on the staff of *Punch*. I and my little puppet-show—Toby, M.P., the Member for Sark, and the rest of it—will disappear. But you will find a choice of men who can revive *Essence of Parliament* as Shirley Brooks fashioned it, and as my immediate predecessor, Tom Taylor, brightened it.

It is by way of assistance to the quest that I take this earliest opportunity of notifying my retirement.

Through its duration I shall preserve a feeling of loyal affection for my old Master, *Mr. Punch*, and cherish tender memories of my comrades—notably including

your father and uncle—in a circle of which I am the sole survivor.

With kindest regards for yourself,  
I remain, my dear Agnew,  
Yours faithfully,  
HENRY LUCY.

June 28, 1915.

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am so sorry on all grounds, public and private, to know from you that the time will soon come round when you will be saying good-bye to *Mr. Punch*. Indeed we shall all be sorry, for we have come to regard "Toby, M.P.," as a permanent institution. But I am not writing to grumble at the decision to which you have come—far from it—rather thanks are due from me, and I render them most cordially, for your extreme thoughtfulness in giving us such timely notice of your resignation. I agree with you that in this world no one is indispensable, but I can assure you it will be no easy matter for us to find a substitute for work requiring so much knowledge, tact, delicacy and humour. I shall, of course, take counsel with O.S., and try to rid myself of the sad thought that you are soon going to leave us. I shall tell him to treat the information in confidence, as you desire it so.

Believe me, dear Lucy,  
Yours ever,  
PHIL. L. AGNEW.

June 29.

After an experience of seven weeks it may be said that the experiment of a Coalition Government has proved a decided success. The expedient, as a much-quoted tag truly says, is not popular. That the Prime Minister shared the prejudice was disclosed a couple of weeks ago in a curt reply to a question suggesting the arrangement. The idea, Asquith said, had not entered his mind, and he did not believe its realisation would be acceptable to

the public. Within a fortnight he startled the House of Commons and the country by announcing that negotiations were in progress with the Leader of the Opposition with the object of sharing the responsibility of government.

Thus Benedick, when he said he would die a bachelor, never thought he would live to be married.

Coalition was made easier by the fact that it had to a certain extent been an actuality for a period of ten months. Immediately on the outbreak of war the Leaders of the Opposition buried the hatchet of party and patriotically devoted themselves to the service of the country under Asquith's leadership. Here was the substance of Coalition. The form was obviously undesirable. Right honourable gentlemen and noble lords on the Front Opposition Bench in both Houses were what Lord Halsbury might describe as "a sort of" sleeping partners. They were privily consulted at critical epochs and to that extent had their share of responsibility without concomitant power. Reconstruction of the Ministry did away with this anomaly. Party politics rigidly tabooed, it was possible for a Liberal Government to avail itself of the collaboration of picked men from the opposite camp, thus appreciably strengthening the original structure of Imperial government.

The arrangement was difficult, even dangerous. As earlier experiments in the same direction have shown, the fabric was liable to crumble away at touch of individual ambition or personal prejudice. Success has been obtained by a total absence of such manifestations.

*From Mr. Balfour*

ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL.

July 26, 1915.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I do not think that, as a rule, congratulatory letters on one's birthday, especially when that birthday is the sixty-seventh, are things to be grateful for; but

assuredly I would not on any account have missed the kind note you have been good enough to send me.

Of the men whom you and I knew at the beginning of the thirty-five years of which you speak, how many are there still (more or less) in public life? Beach, Lansdowne, Chaplin—I can think of no more. And how many careers have begun, culminated, and ended within that period?

These, however, are reflections which, though inevitable, are not very profitable; and I will content myself with again thanking you and Lady Lucy for your most kind good wishes.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

## CHAPTER XXIII

*September 23.*

A CABLE from Tokio announces the death of the Marquis Inouyé, joint founder of the modern sea-girt Empire which to-day ranks as one of the great Powers. On a visit to Japan in the mid-'eighties I made an acquaintance with him which blossomed into lasting friendship. Although Foreign Minister, he was known at that time as plain "Mr."—the title Marquis being later imported to be conferred upon him and his colleague, Ito, who at the time of my visit filled the Ministerial post analogous to our Home Secretary. The Foreign Secretary one day told me the romantic story of his early life, bald reference to which is made in some of the obituary notices. Born in the Samurai class, he and Ito were in the retinue of the Prince of Chosin, a hot-headed chieftain in revolt against the Tycoon, who was paltering with the foreigner, bartering treaties which opened avenues to the sacred soil of Japan. England, with its ubiquitous fleet, was the leading actor in this infamy. The young Samurai, putting their heads together, devised a little plan. They would 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 and the United States look out.

In the guise of common sailors, they crossed to Shanghai, whence they believed they could take passage for England. Arrived there, they shipped before the mast on board the *Pegasus*, bound for London. They had stowed away a sum of 50 dollars, which the wily bo'sun determined to make his own. Strange games of cards

were played in the fore-castle, in which they were invited to join. If they refused, they were thrashed; if they played, they lost their money. When the *Pegasus* reached the London docks, their sole stock of money was three dollars. As soon as the ship was safely moored the crew left her, hurrying off to home or other haunts. The runaways had nowhere to go, and, as they discovered on making inspection, had nothing to eat. Inouyé volunteered to go ashore and buy some food. He had no knowledge of prices or the value of the *yen* in foreign parts. Finding a baker's shop open he entered, took up a loaf, and placed the three dollars on the counter, expecting that the baker would render him full change.

"He swept all three into the till," Inouyé said, a tinge of bitter recollection saddening his smile.

The rest of the story is part of the history of Japan. Brief residence in London convinced them of the inviolability of British naval force. Returning home, again working out their passage as common seamen, they advised their Prince to give up a hopeless struggle. When in due time, under a Mikado restored to ancient Imperial state, they became members of the Government, they abandoned all notion of conquering England, determining as far as possible to imitate her. In a marvellously short time they revolutionised the kingdom, introducing railways, telegraphs, a postal service, a thorough system of education, and, finally, a Legislative Assembly based on the model of the House of Commons. Ito was assassinated in the Korea. Inouyé lived to see the country he had long served stride into the front line of nations.

September 24.

The lengthening columns of the Roll of Honour, published daily in the newspapers, form a chapter in the history of the war whose sadness no victory by land or sea can assuage. Every entry, whether recording the

death of distinguished officers or obscure privates, is a tragedy blighting a home. The very multitude of names of killed, wounded or missing does something to blunt the sharpness of sympathy. Death on the battlefield has become so much a matter of course as to deprive it of some of its terrors. Private correspondence telling of what is happening in the home circle of old friends is more effective in throwing a lurid light on the misery which the deliberately conceived, long-prepared plan of a single man has brought upon unoffending humanity.

A single post brings me three letters moist with a woman's tears. One from the widow of a Colonial Governor, whose memory is kept green in Australia and Capetown, tells how her daughter's young husband, only recently married, was killed in action. Her nephew, a Colonel in the Guards, who gave up a high position at the War Office to get into the fighting line, was wounded and taken prisoner in his first battle. For nearly four months he has lain on his back in a military hospital at Frankfort, helpless, suffering, far removed from the tender touch of the hand of wife or mother. The lady's only son, successor to his father's well-earned peerage, has been at the front since early in August and has hitherto been scatheless. Only a mother's heart knows the terror of apprehension of what a day may bring forth.

The second letter is from the wife of a well-known General, who won the V.C. by a memorable deed in the Boer War. He is now at the front, and fighting by his side is his young son. It happened that a fortnight ago both were named in the same dispatch, a proud moment for wife and mother who may any day hear other news. Her latest is that her sister's husband was killed at Neuve Chapelle. The third letter is from a lady nursing her husband, who, leading his brigade into a fight, was suddenly assailed by a hurricane of shells from a hidden battery. The brigade was nearly annihilated and the

General so grievously wounded that there is grave doubt whether his distinguished career is not closed.

*September 26.*

Lloyd George is strongly inclined to cultivate the employment of women in the development of the work he has taken in hand in the Munitions Department. There are certain processes in connection with the making of shells in furthering which women can be as useful as they have been for generations in cotton mills. Incidentally, this new impetus to engage women for work outside the domestic circle has brought fresh trouble to home life, where the servant question has during the last ten or twelve years grown increasingly dominant. A lady tells me that a housemaid who has been in her service for many years, and who was apparently comfortable in her well-appointed quarters, yesterday surprised her by giving the statutory "month's notice." On inquiry she found the girl had obtained a situation in one of the shell factories. The weekly wage was attractively liberal, though probably as it did not include living expenses it was not appreciably in advance of what she had been receiving. But, as she explained, she was not thinking about money. She was one of a considerable number of girls in her own station of life who had met together and talked the matter over. Moved by Lloyd George's impassioned appeals, they made up their minds to help their country, and found no difficulty in obtaining engagements at a shell factory.

This is a movement which, once started, is likely to spread throughout the country, to the embarrassment of heads of households already at their wits' end to find servants. During the last ten months the ranks of butlers, footmen, coachmen, chauffeurs, and valets have been depleted in an extraordinary degree. Now the servant girls are going.



November 19.

*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre.* Winston Churchill, descendant of the great Captain of Queen Anne's reign, throwing up his Cabinet position as First Lord of the Admiralty, has gone off to the front in Flanders. His career compels comparison with that of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. Both were meteoric, their flight, after the manner of meteors, being brief. Both were interrupted with startling suddenness by the announcement of resignation of office. Lord Randolph, sorely handicapped by ill-health, never recovered from the self-inflicted blow. Winston, if he survives the dangers of war—perils he will certainly not shirk—will be heard of again in the House of Commons.

In taking active service in the field he is returning to his first love. Twenty years ago, on a visit to Guisachan, then the Scottish home of the late Lord Tweedmouth and his wife, Lord Randolph Churchill's sister, the house party included Lady Randolph. One morning at breakfast she showed me a letter the mail had brought her from her son, Winston, then at Sandhurst. It was a most dutiful epistle, humbly begging his mother's permission to go out to Cuba and take part in the little war at that time going on in the island. It concluded with the expression of the hope that his mother would not offer any objection to a course dear to his heart. Then came the postscript, characteristically brief and to the point. "I start for Cuba on Saturday."

This he did, seeing some fighting that whetted his appetite for more. He subsequently served in India and with his regiment in Egypt. He went out early to South Africa when the Boer War began to look serious. His dramatic escape from prison was one of the most striking personal incidents of the war.

November 20.

The transformation of the Star and Garter Hotel which crowns the summit of Richmond Hill is a note-

worthy incident arising out of the war. Well within the memory of the present generation, this famous hostelry was one of the most popular in suburban London. The property has been acquired by the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute, who have presented it to the Queen for the purposes of a hospital for paralysed and otherwise permanently disabled soldiers.

This gracious act has a special appropriateness. The greater part of the Queen's girlhood was spent at White Lodge, in close neighbourhood with the Star and Garter. There her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, lived, the latter devoting her time to the comfort and consolation of those in trouble and distress. Her Royal Highness was president and active manager of an institution of voluntary workers and generous donors who provided clothing for a class of the community gently reared who had fallen upon evil times.

The last time I was at the Star and Garter was on the invitation of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) to lunch there. I remember a large desolate dining-room, of which we were the only occupants, engrossing the sole attention of a solitary waiter. Decadence had already set in. After luncheon we, by appointment, paid a visit to White Lodge, of whose royal mistress Mrs. Craigie was a special favourite. We found the Duchess in an underground apartment busily engaged, with the assistance of the daughter who is now Queen of England, in superintending the making up of parcels of suitable clothing for desirable recipients.

The fundamental rule of the companionship, which included some of the best-known ladies in the land, was that once a year a member should dispatch to White Lodge, the Imperial Institute, or other headquarters two articles of clothing.

I had not been in the presence of the energetic Duchess ten minutes before I found myself enrolled in full membership and pledged to make the annual dual tribute.

I meanly proposed to send a pair of shoes, or a pair of trousers, pleading that a pair meant two. The Duchess would have no trifling of that kind, and up to the time of her lamented death, which brought sadness to many humble households, the annual contribution was duly made. Queen Mary, affectionately loyal to the memory of her mother, has since, amid all the cares and duties of royal state, personally filled her place in the management of the society.

*November 21.*

Another historic hostelry doomed to desertion is the Trafalgar Hotel on the river front at Greenwich. Famed for its whitebait dinners, it for nearly four-score years was patronised by the Conservative Government, the Liberal Ministry of the day dining in turn at the neighbouring Ship. Lord Randolph Churchill told me a charming story thereanent. In the plenitude of their power in the Parliament of 1880-85, the Fourth Party gravely adopted a custom of the regularised political parties of which it was a microcosm. On the eve of a new session it is customary for members of the Ministerial and Front Opposition Benches to meet at dinner under the presidency of their respective leaders. By courtesy of the Prime Minister, a copy of the Speech from the Throne is on such occasions provided for the Opposition. On the night before the opening of the session of 1881 Lord Randolph, like his esteemed friend and supposititious leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, entertained his little party at dinner. They agreed that they were at a disadvantage in deciding on their line of policy, inasmuch as they had not before them a copy of the Queen's Speech. Lord Randolph accordingly wrote a formal letter addressed to Lord Richard Grosvenor, the Ministerial Whip, asking him to be so good as to favour him and his colleagues with a copy of the document.

In the previous year, the date of their birth, they

adopted another custom pertaining to Parliamentary Opposition. At the close of the session they went down to the Ship and had their whitebait dinner, creating a precedent by inviting an outsider. This was Labouchere, Bradlaugh's standard-bearer, whom they had been fighting hand-to-hand throughout a turbulent session. He made a fifth at the convivial party, the others being Lord Randolph, Drummond Wolff, John Gorst, and the First Lord of the Admiralty in the present Coalition Government, Arthur Balfour.

*November 24, 1915.*

Whilst the authorities with increasing vigilance condemn London to a condition of Cimmerian darkness, people walking in the streets at night, dodging the perils of the roadway along which the taxi-cabs and motor-omnibuses flash apparently faster than ever, look up with marvel to find the injunction glaringly disregarded. As soon as daylight fades, the sky all over London is illuminated by searchlights. Passing along Pall Mall at seven o'clock last night, I saw four broad beams of concentrated electric light sweeping the sky from as many bases of operation. Following the ranges of the shaft, it was observed to fade into nothingness when it reached the skyline. But to begin with, about the height of flats and other lofty buildings, it was more vivid than any dozen ordinary street lamps, any row of shops whose lights are sternly doused by direction of the Home Office. Whilst the searchlights do not reach the height at which the Zeppelin on its visit lurks, a blaze of light below reveals to watchers in the skies where London lies. To the uninstructed mind it appears that no conceivable device could be more useful to the German airmen on the prowl for opportunity to commit wholesale murder.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*January 1, 1916.*

THE Marquis of Crewe holds an exceptional position in Parliamentary history. For the first time in half a century a Liberal Leader of the House of Lords finds himself with a majority at his back. Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery, Lord Ripon and, up to the spring of the present year, Lord Crewe occupied the invidious position of nominally leading the House whilst habitually being routed by a majority seated on the Opposition Benches. It was a situation Lord Granville faced with the gaiety of heart and suavity of manner that were his high possessions. There was nothing more delightful than to watch a fencing match between him and the master of legions, Lord Salisbury. In irony and the coining of stinging phrases each foeman was worthy of the other's steel. Disraeli went to the Lords at a time when the weight of advancing years had begun to tell with depressing effect. But he, too, had bouts across the Table with the smiling Leader of scant Opposition forces that illumined a dull atmosphere.

Lord Crewe's earliest experience as Leader partly covered a period when Lloyd George's famous Budget aroused resentment that found unparalleled issue in the Lords throwing out a Money Bill. It also fell to his lot to attempt to carry the torn flag of Home Rule through an implacably hostile House. He faced supernal difficulties with a courage and courtesy that won for him that personal esteem without which no Leader can achieve success in either House. Still new to his post, afflicted by innate modesty that made him doubtful of his own

capabilities, he was occasionally a little hesitating in manner. With growing confidence in himself he has attained a measure of success that will stand comparison with any of his immediate predecessors in the Leadership.

Rare combination of statesman and poet, his speeches have a high literary flavour. Contrary to common custom, they are perhaps better to read than to hear spoken. To the acoustical imperfections of the Chamber Lord Crewe adds hesitating manner and intonation, wringing his hands as if all were lost save the honour of addressing their Lordships. Under the more favourable circumstances of the day this little mannerism is disappearing. His hearers sometimes think that a refreshing variation on his courtly manner and speech might be an occasional snap, such as those Lord Salisbury was prone to administer, and from which neither Lord Granville nor the Earl of Rosebery absolutely abstained.

*From Sir George Adam Smith (whose name appears  
in the New Year Honours List)*

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

January 4, 1916.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

My warm thanks for Lady Lucy's and your own generous congratulations. If you are right, my dear mother would have rejoiced in the honours that have come to her sons. I always thought that this acknowledgment ignored ministers of my Church even when they were Principals of Universities; but it has pleased the King otherwise. I am very glad for my dear father's sake, and still more for my eldest son's, the real knight of our family, who laid down his life at Loos on 25th September last charging at the head of his platoon on the German trenches. He was 2nd Lieut. in 2nd Batt. Gordon Highlanders. Our second boy is in Egypt—called Dunlop after his Uncle—with his regiment the 33rd Punjabs.

It has always been a keen regret with me not to have met Lady Lucy and yourself again. But my visits to

London are always just for a day or two on University business. Next time I come, however, I must try to see you, and I'll give you notice.

I have followed all your long and brilliant career of service to the Press and to the public with keen delight. There are few weeks that I have not read something of yours, enjoyed and admired it.

I address this to the House of Commons, as the address you wrote from, for aught I know, may have been a holiday one.

Pray give my warmest regards and best wishes for the New Year to Lady Lucy.

Yours very sincerely,  
GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

*January 8, 1916.*

Oddly enough, the member of the Unionist Party in the Cabinet who personally has gained influence and popularity since a Coalition Government was formed is Bonar Law. Four years ago, grudgingly admitted to a seat on the Treasury Bench with the credentials of an Under-Secretaryship, he characteristically sought a modest place at the extreme end of the row of Ministers. In course of time he was elected as Leader of the Party in Opposition upon a principle not unfamiliar in the history of Presidential elections in the United States. He was not the chosen candidate of the Party, whose suffrages were divided between Walter Long and Austen Chamberlain. As insistence upon these two gentlemen going to the poll threatened to split the Party, Bonar Law, an outsider least likely to bring about that calamity, was placed in the chair of the Leader. It was at the time understood that the elevation was merely temporary, and did not establish a claim to the Premiership when the Conservatives came into their own again.

At the outset the new Leader, not strong enough to dictate, followed the noisy section of the Party in both Houses, who lost no opportunity of denouncing Asquith's

Government and habitually conspired to trip it up by the strategy of a snap division. In one of his earliest speeches Bonar Law publicly announced that the Government must not expect any mercy from him. The episode was comically reminiscent of the curate in *The Private Secretary*, who in moments of desperation announced to his tormentors that if they didn't mind he would "give them a good hard knock."

True to his deliberately-adopted policy, the newly-appointed Leader of the Opposition scolded his way through the session to the delight of the Willoughby de Broke class, though not to the maintenance of the traditional dignity and authority of his office. In later years experience and clearer intuition of the feelings of the House to some extent modified this mannerism. In the new position of affairs which brings him into collegueship with the men he was accustomed, ferrule in hand, to correct, it has naturally disappeared. This leaves untrammelled the clear thinker and lucid speaker, a man capable of taking an unbiased view of situations as they present themselves. His brief accession to the Leadership of the House in the temporary absence of Asquith, engaged in conference with French Ministers in Paris, did more to establish his reputation than anything achieved since he succeeded Arthur Balfour in the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

January 10, 1916.

The murder of many of the innocent passengers and helpless crew on board the *Persia*, news of which came as a New Year message to a shocked world, is by comparison with the great work accomplished with the *Lusitania* quite a moderate bit of carnage. To a wide community of all classes of the English people it struck a note of special horror, since the earliest news included among the victims Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Like Lord Brougham, he, happily still alive, will in due course



have the opportunity of reading his own obituaries. Unlike Lord Brougham, he will find the task invariably pleasant.

John Scott—by that name he was upon accession to the peerage known to his intimates as he had been known whilst still a commoner—has a multitude of friends and, as far as I know, only one enemy. Breezy as a boy in manner, he is an exceedingly shrewd and successful man of business. Although he succeeded to a rich heritage of acres and one of the most beautiful residences in the South of England, there was comparatively small cash revenue from an encumbered estate. Feeling the necessity of increasing it, he started a weekly illustrated paper devoted to the then new enterprise of motoring. With the growth of a fashion to which he contributed perhaps more than any other man, his paper prospered till it has become a valuable property.

John Scott was among the first to see the possibilities of the newcomer in the field of road locomotion. He drove his car himself, and was so intimately acquainted with its mechanism that no form of accident embarrassed him. I took my first ride in a motor-car seated by his side. One Sunday morning he rattled up with his car to call on a friend entertaining a week-end party up the river. He cheerily proposed to take any who wanted "to go for a ride." It is a striking example of the apprehension with which the new engine was in those days regarded by the public that only two volunteered. The other was a retired Admiral, a Member of the House of Commons, who had for more than 40 years gone down to the sea in ships in all sorts of weather, and was not to be deterred from taking a presumably dangerous voyage in a new class of vessel. Chance acquaintance thus made ripened into an intimacy of friendship with John Scott that has grown closer through a score of years.

*January 12, 1916.*

Among officers missing after one of the fights round Ypres last November was Lieut. King-Harman, of the Coldstream Guards. For months nothing was heard of him, his friends and relatives cherishing the hope that he, whether wounded or unhurt, was a prisoner somewhere in Germany. That hope has perished. It is now certain that he fills a nameless grave somewhere near the spot where he fell. His story is typical of thousands of tragedies enacted during a war inflicted upon the nation by the wanton wickedness of a single man. I refer to it, chancing to have personal acquaintance with the officer. He was a grandson of Colonel King-Harman, a prominent figure in the Parliament that saw Lord Salisbury supported by Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, and a company of Dissident Liberals. Newly appointed to the Irish Chief Secretaryship, Balfour introduced a fresh custom. Declining to be made the butt of irritating questions addressed to him by the Parnellites, he appointed Colonel King-Harman, then representing Thanet, to read the replies prepared at the Irish Office. This he imperturbably did amid howls from the Parnellites and cries of "Balfour! Balfour!"

*January 18, 1916.*

Lord Devonport is also among the Economists. The other day he made a speech which attracted much attention, demonstrating how the current excess of imports over exports, a fatal flaw in national finance, is due to the consumption of luxuries, and how calamity may be averted by abstention from their use. On this subject I have been favoured with an illuminating letter from a lady whose well-managed household is the envy of womankind.

"I see," she writes, "that my old friend Lord Devonport has been talking learnedly about the urgent necessity of practising economy in war-time. I should

like to see him in my kitchen explaining to the girls that wilful waste leads to increased imports and the consequent disarrangement of the balance of national finance. It is in the kitchen that the battle for economy must be fought, at least to begin with. Even the best of servants have a natural disposition to be wasteful. They regard carefulness in small matters on the part of a mistress as shabby measures, to be counteracted by generous lavishness when she is out of sight and hearing.

“ With long and varied experience of domestic servants, I have noticed a singular unity of practice of wastefulness in little things. For example, they never quite finish a loaf of bread, leaving crusts and odd slices to fill up the bread-pan. When inconveniently stuffed, they empty the contents in the dustbin. The same with soap. If you venture to look in the scullery you will be sure to find four or five remnants melting round a new piece just put out. If they cook by a gas stove having fire-rings of various sizes they invariably boil an egg on the largest. When cooking vegetables with the gas full on and the pan boiling over, instead of lowering the gas they pull the pan on one side. Such was their sensible practice when cooking at a coal fire, and what is sense for a coal range is surely sense for a gas stove.

“ We are ready enough to practise economy on the dining-room floor. What we want is co-operation in the kitchen.”

January 20, 1916.

There has just turned up an interesting autograph letter from Charles Dickens, not to be found in Forster's *Life*. It conveys instructions to H. K. Browne (“ Phiz ”) for illustrations of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. These show the infinite pains Dickens took in all that related to his work, and his business-like methods of getting it well done.

“ I have,” he writes, “ a notion of finishing the book with an apostrophe to Tom Pinch, playing the organ. I shall break off the last chapter suddenly, and find Tom at his

organ, a few years afterwards. . . . So the frontispiece is Tom at his organ with a pensive face ; and any little indications of his history rising out of it, and floating round about it, that you please ; Tom as interesting and amiable as possible." As vignette for the title page he suggests : " The fingerpost at the end of the lane, which has been so often mentioned. You can either have Tom Pinch waiting with John Westlock and his boxes, as at the opening of the book ; or Mr. Pecksniff blandly receiving a new pupil from the coach (perhaps this will be better) and by no means forgetting the premium in his welcome of the Young Gentleman."

Two other subjects for the artist are thus minutely and graphically described : (1) The room in the Temple. Mrs. Lupin, with Mary in her charge, stands a little way behind old Martin's chair. . . . The old man, in a transport of burning indignation, rises from his chair, and uplifting his stick, knocks the good Pecksniff down. . . . Lettering : " Warm reception of Mr. Pecksniff by his venerable friend." (2) Miss Charity Pecksniff on the bridal morning. The bridal breakfast is set out in Todger's drawing-room. . . . They have waited a long time for Moddle. Moddle has not appeared. The strong-minded woman has expressed a hope that nothing has happened to him ; the daughters of the strong-minded woman (who are bridesmaids) here offer consolation of an aggravating nature. A knock is heard at the door. It is not Moddle, but a letter from him. The bride opens it, reads it, shrieks, and swoons. Some of the company catch it up, and crowd about each other, and read it over one another's shoulders. Moddle writes that he can't help it—that he loves another—that he is wretched for life—and has that morning sailed from Gravesend for Van Dieman's Land. Lettering : " The nuptials of Miss Pecksniff receive a temporary check."

Those who possess the Chapman and Hall edition of Dickens in which the illustrations of " Phiz " to *Martin*

*Chuzzlewit* appeared, will be interested to look up how these directions were carried out. They will find all the pictures. The artist adopted the author's preferential alternative for the vignette, which, by the way, does not appear on the title page but midway in the second chapter.

February 3, 1916.

One of the most dramatic incidents of the war is the death of Sir Robert Filmer. Taking part with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, in repulsing a night attack on the trenches, he dropped his eye-glasses. At daybreak he crawled out and went in search of the indispensable companion. A sniper catching sight of him shot him dead.

Sir Robert was the head of one of the oldest families in Kent, inheritor of one of the earliest baronetcies in England. Few men were better known in the country or more liked. During the summer time he was accustomed to entertain at East Sutton week-end parties at which gathered well-known people from London. The hall at East Sutton bears many testimonies to the antiquity of the Filmer race. Among them stand suits of armour in which, as far back as Plantagenet times, Filmers rode forth to battle. Sir Robert, tenth baronet, went out on the same errand by ordinary railway train, crossing the Channel in a steamer.

Among other pursuits of a wealthy country gentleman, he, when I first knew him some ten years ago, was owner of a racing stud. Five years later he retired from the turf. With every advantage of life at his command, he, the last of an ancient race, gave up all and went to the front to fight for his country, losing his life in search of his eye-glasses.

February 15, 1916.

In to-day's issue of *Punch* appears the last chapter of "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," a serial published session by session through 35 years.

Business done. Toby, M.P.'s.

By the last post I received the following letter from the Speaker, evidently written from his Chair whilst the House of Commons was sitting :

*From the Speaker*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.  
February 15, 1916.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have been reading your *vale* in *Punch* to-night. I am indeed sorry to think that your diary has come to an end, for it has afforded me much entertainment during the whole of my Parliamentary career, almost contemporary with your own. I should like to offer you my sincere thanks for the pleasure you have given me and bear testimony to the unvarying spirit of fairplay which has distinguished your record. May I add my best wishes for the continued health and prosperity of "Toby, M.P.," in the tenure of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Yours sincerely,  
JAMES W. LOWTHER.

*From the Chief Whip*

12, DOWNING STREET, S.W.  
February 17, 1916.

DEAR TOBY,

You may have applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not seem to have received your application, and you may appeal to me to move the writ for Berkshire, but I cannot conscientiously do it. If I were to make so unpopular a motion, the House would unanimously vote me down. So, if you must stop chronicling our proceedings, please be content to remain as a silent Member, coming and going as you will.

We shall all miss your joyous bark. Do not altogether deprive us of your ever welcome presence.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN W. GULLAND.

*From Lord Hugh Cecil*

20, ARLINGTON STREET, S.W.  
February 20, 1916.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have just been reading your charming article in the *Observer* and must send you a line. I do not know whether it should be of congratulation or condolence—of sympathy, at any rate—on finishing so brilliant a chapter in your life. The historian of the future will, I think, seek for light on the inner life of the House of Commons, and its movements of opinion, in the diary of “Toby, M.P.” I am afraid he will be the historian of a decline and fall. But if you have from day to day watched the Mother of Parliaments growing feebler till at last she is bullied, not only by her masterful servant the Cabinet, but even by her companion the Press and her vulgar acquaintances the Labour Conference, you at least cheered the old lady’s declining years by gaiety and good humour. If you cannot say with Grattan, “I watched by its cradle; I followed its bier,” you can claim to have enlivened the bedside of a sick Parliament and made it laugh in its bath-chair at your jokes.

Please remember me to Lady Lucy, who is, I trust, better in health than when I last heard.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,  
HUGH CECIL.

*From Herbert Gladstone*

4, CLEVELAND SQUARE, S.W.  
February 20, 1916.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I am one of the small and rapidly diminishing band of men who entered the House of Commons in 1880. But few of that band shared with me the pleasure and profit of looking up to “Toby, M.P.,” in more ways than one, for an unbroken period of 30 years.

Your retirement starts in my mind a flood of reminiscence. The arena you have is to me holy ground, and in a flash I recall in long perspective the eye and the hand which pictured and interpreted my father with such rare skill, insight and humour for so many years. You have

seen three generations of the family and I alone survive to bear witness. So for past and present I must need add in sincere and grateful spirit my congratulatory regrets to the shower which is so deservedly descending on you.

It is appropriate that I write in the little dining-room here familiar to you and to so many of our old friends, mostly now the "ghosts of the House of Commons."

"Toby" never bit without good cause, and, indeed, perhaps his chief title to establish fame has been shown in his punitive power when he neither barked nor bit.

With our continued and kindest regards to Lady Lucy and yourself,

Most truly yours,  
H. GLADSTONE.

On his death Lord Armitstead bequeathed his house in Cleveland Square to Herbert Gladstone. During the Parliamentary session he was accustomed to give frequent dinners in "the little dining-room" where this letter was written.

*From Lord Haldane*

28, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER.  
February 20, 1916.

MY DEAR LUCY,

It was with much regret that I learned the news that we should no longer have your record of life in Parliament.

You have indeed been a prominent figure in our public affairs, and a courageous and just-minded critic. And how we shall all miss you! But I hope not altogether, for then a force would have disappeared from among us.

You and Lady Lucy must have your rest, but we may hope not the less to see you among us.

For myself I shall never forget the chivalry with which from time to time you fought the battle for a not very popular figure engaged in a desperate attempt to reform from its foundations the British Army.

Yours very sincerely,  
HALDANE.



## CHAPTER XXV

*March 6, 1916.*

BEFORE the outbreak of war directed attention elsewhere, a serious topic of political gossip was an alleged rivalry between Lloyd George and Winston Churchill in a struggle for reversion to the Premiership. Occasionally the story was varied in the direction of representing them as secretly plotting to displace Asquith. In either version it was merely a fable. It was, however, significant of the disposition to see in the two comparatively young statesmen possible Prime Ministers. Since these speculations were current the situation has undergone essential change. Three years ago betting was pretty even on the result of an assumed race. To-day Winston Churchill has fallen out of the running, whilst Lloyd George has forged ahead with surprising strides.

Since the present session opened he has advanced by leaps and bounds in the favour alike of Parliament and the public. Supreme as a debater and platform speaker, he has shown that he is more than a master of words. He is a man of deeds. His capacity as an administrator was revealed at the outset of the war by his skilful management of Treasury business which, according to common consent, averted financial panic. He has had a sustained triumph as Minister of Munitions, by sheer hard work and able management rescuing the country from a position of imminent peril. Now, when Ireland suddenly comes to the front, momentarily proving the crux of Ministerial difficulty, it is to him his colleagues "unanimously," as Asquith emphatically repeated, turn for

help. He is, in short, the utility man of the Government, the Ministerial marine ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere and do anything. Not the least surprising and important feature of the situation is that he has won the confidence, and is encouraged by the good wishes, of both political parties.

*March 18, 1916.*

The death of Lord Ronald Gower closes a remarkable career. Younger son of the second Duke of Sutherland, grandson of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, he was born in Stafford House. In turn he spent his boyhood there and at other of his father's historic mansions, Trentham and Dunrobin. At one or the other he met most people worth knowing, including Disraeli and Garibaldi. For seven years he sat in the House of Commons. But the place, its associations, and its work, had no attraction for him. Retiring on the dissolution of the memorable Parliament elected in 1868, he made no effort to return. His taste was artistic and literary. Having money and leisure, he formed a large collection of what have been called "articles of bigotry and virtue." Temperamentally restless, he was ever on the wing. The last time I met him was at the Towers of Silence in Bombay, where we watched the black line of vultures circling the top of the tower swoop down with hoarse cries and rustle of mighty wings to feast on the meal spread for them by the white-clad corpse bearers.

Lord Ronald wrote many books, the most notorious being his narrative of his acquaintance with Disraeli, with jottings of talks with the great man at Hughenden, where he paid many visits. He retired to spend the evening of his days in an old-fashioned cottage in Kent where he stored his art treasures. Here misfortune swooped down upon him with the suddenness, swiftness, and rapacity of the waiting vultures peering down from the Towers of Silence. By the treachery of a friend he

lost all his money, and from a condition of opulence was reduced to a state of penury.

It was something of a shock to read in obituary notices that he had entered upon his 71st year. I always thought of him as a young man, as he was when I first made his acquaintance.

*From the Governor-General of South Africa*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

March 25, 1916.

MY DEAR TOBY,

As an old colleague in the House for some thirty years, I must write you a line to express my great regret that—as I see from my *Punch*—you are resigning your seat.

I observe that you say that the Member for Sark is also resigning. During all these thirty years, though you often talked and wrote about him, I never saw him, and you never introduced me to him. Was his name Harris?

Your Parliamentary Essence was an astonishing record—like yourself, ever fresh and vigorous, and as much so at the end as at the beginning. We shall all miss it much.

I have found my job very interesting—never a dull moment—sometimes even a little too exciting. Nevertheless, responsibility is of the salt of life; and war, rebellion, civil war, campaigns in German South-West, and now German East, General Election, political crises, the difficulties arising from racial feeling and inter-racial bitterness, add greatly to the interest of living, and give little interval for repose.

Things political here will not quiet down until after the war is brought to a successful conclusion. I hope that after that disturbing—greatly disturbing—element is removed, a better feeling may spring up, and that the bitterness which now exists between the two sections of the Dutch may gradually disappear. But it will take time, and probably meanwhile something afresh will arise to throw South Africa into the melting-pot again.

We are all very fond of the country—and Her Excellency and my daughters take a considerable part in all that is going on.

A lady wrote to "Her Ex." the other day, and said that her "kindness was a bye-word in South Africa," and would she therefore help in something.

My boy has just gone home after a visit to us on leaving Eton, to go to Sandhurst with a view to a commission in the Coldstream Guards. He is keen to go to the front, but he won't be 19 till the end of November, and we have a hope—a very faint one—that the war may be over before that.

My wife desires to be very warmly remembered to you both.

Yours very sincerely,  
BUXTON.

*March 25, 1916.*

Book publishers, like newspaper proprietors, have been hard hit by the restrictions of the import of papermaking material imposed by the Board of Trade. One tells me that an immediate consequence was that the price of manufactured stock was straightway doubled. Coming at a time when the book market, like all others unconnected with warlike supplies, is in an exceptionally weak state, it is a heavy blow. Its effect will to some extent be lessened by an understanding among the trade to issue all books at net prices. For many years the public have been able to buy for 4s. 6d. a book published at the nominal price of 6s. It was a transparent device for attracting custom, to a large extent abandoned during the last two or three years. But it pleased the public and still left a margin of profit for the bookseller. It may be expected henceforth to disappear. Another custom sanctified by age was for a publisher receiving an order for a dozen copies of a book to throw in an odd volume, making thirteen to the dozen. This will be discontinued, a clear loss of profit to the bookseller.

*March 27, 1916.*

Looking in for dinner at the Reform Club last night, I happened upon a novel scene. Gone from the dining-room were the waiters in knee-breeches, silken stockings, silver-buckled shoes, some of whom I have known for more than a quarter of a century. In their places tripped about waitresses in neat costumes of black frocks, white aprons, and coquettish caps. This was a development of the scheme of substituting wherever possible the service of women to the displacement of the more highly paid men. I hear that the system has been adopted by the neighbouring Athenæum Club, where aprons have hitherto been in evidence only when worn by such members as are bishops. Whilst regretting the shelving of men who have grown old in the service of the club and now find themselves suddenly cast adrift, I confess the change is a pleasant one, likely to prove permanent even after the return of peace renders nugatory the compelling motive of economy.

The fashion is in evidence in all quarters where men were wont to be employed. At the Army and Navy Stores, not only do girls serve the lifts formerly in charge of able-bodied men, but they form the large majority of those serving behind the counter. In the banks women clerks predominate. At the railway stations they collect tickets, and more appropriately do the dusting and cleaning of carriages inside and out which before the war found occupation for tens of thousands of men. In street traffic they act as tram and bus conductors and are gradually ousting the chauffeur from his seat on the driving box.

I have not seen in London women going the rounds of disestablished postmen. In country quarters with which I am familiar the outside service, rigorously diminished in the matter of delivery of letters, is performed by girls. In town that long-established, most useful institution known as Boy Messengers may now be more accurately described by the use of the feminine term.

In the majority of cases where shopmen, clerks, railwaymen, and postmen have volunteered for the front their employers patriotically pledged themselves to reinstate them in their former positions on returning after the war. What, then, is to be done with the women who have found a new and more highly paid vocation heretofore closed to them?

March 31, 1916.

Succession to a throne for a while occupied by King Edward VII was a trial of character and capacity exceptionally severe. That George V has triumphantly passed through it is the highest guerdon of praise. In many respects he inherits the characteristics of his Royal Father. Equally simple in manner, considerate, courteous, genial, he is endowed with the same high sense of public duty, and with capacity for meeting calls upon him howsoever persistent. In these arduous days His Majesty is one of the busiest men in the country. The British workman, who jealously guards immunity of limit of an eight-hours day, is by comparison a half-timer. Since the war broke out His Majesty has personally associated himself with its varied developments. He has more than once visited the Army in the trenches of Flanders, and has by his presence cheered the Grand Fleet keeping monotonous watch and ward over the boasted German Navy lurking in the neighbourhood of Kiel.

Apart from personal inconvenience, these voyages in winter weather have not been without a disquieting touch of danger, indicated last week by the torpedoing of a Channel steamer within sight of port. A German submarine is no respecter of persons. A torpedo which chanced to hit a vessel with the King of England on board would spread more joy through Germany than if the stricken vessel were another *Lusitania*. A Zepelin flying overhead might with equal safety to itself

achieve the same end. Disregarding these perils, common to all who go down to the sea in ships carrying the British flag, our Sailor King went his way across the Channel and up the North Sea as if bent on holiday trips in peace time.

In addition to these notable expeditions, reviving traditions of the personal presence of English Kings in battle camps on foreign soil, His Majesty has tirelessly devoted himself to daily communication with the sick and wounded. All Court celebrations which have their appointed time and seasons in days of peace have been intermitted. For nearly two years there has been no reception at Buckingham Palace of the representatives of foreign Powers, among whom, it is true, there is an unparalleled diminution of eligible guests. As for drawing-rooms, balls, concerts, levées, and garden parties, no one at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle has had time to even think of them. His Majesty and the Queen, who during the life of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, had long apprenticeship in the business of going about doing good, find time to assist in the never-ceasing efforts made by the home-staying public to soothe the lot of the gallant fellows fighting for them by land and sea, and to bind up the wounds of those who have fallen in the fray.

*April 1, 1916.*

Since the publication in *Punch* of the final chapter of "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," every post has brought me batches of letters from all sorts and conditions of men (and some women) making unexpected revelation of the affectionate regard in which the record was held in British households. The foreign post, now in, brings a letter from a popular member of Asquith's Ministry before it was merged in the Coalition, who, immediately on the outbreak of war, went out to the front and has been there fighting ever since. As it expresses the

general tone of the correspondence, I may perhaps be permitted to quote a passage: "A number of *Punch* I have just seen contains the most depressing news since the beginning of the war. The daily parade state of Parliament will only show, it is true, a diminution in effective strength of two, 'Toby, M.P.,' and the 'Member for Sark.' But what a loss, an irremediable loss, to the House! And at the very moment when absentees depend almost entirely on those two distinguished representatives for the real essence of what is going on and when 'Toby's' welcome bark, heard the world over, produces a comfortable glowing feeling in the mind of those that hear it that after all they are not so far from home."

*April 2, 1916.*

In recent years the legislative functions of the Private Member have been sorely curtailed. In current conditions he has no "day" and therefore no incentive to construct Bills or frame Resolutions. Every hour of the session is allotted to what is known in Parliamentary jargon as "Public business." Here again the Private Member finds his individual importance nullified. Formerly, if he did not come to the front with impossible Bills or unworkable Resolutions, his vote on division was a valuable asset, its possession causing him to be courted by the Whips. Now a division is of the rarest occurrence, and when insisted upon by a fractious minority the position of the Government is so impregnable that a vote here and there is of no account. Discipline is relaxed. Supervision is non-existent. The Private Member is a negligible quantity. He may come down to the House at any hour he pleases, go home when he likes, or stay away altogether, no one in authority taking heed. He would really feel obliged if, strolling listlessly out of the Lobby, a Whip were to interpose with sharp inquiry whither he was going, and stern injunction to



be back before a certain hour at which a division was expected to take place. The doorway once sentinelled by relays of implacable Whips is unguarded. The Private Member may go whither and when he listeth.

*April 5, 1916.*

The few Members of the present House of Commons who heard Hicks Beach expound his Budget of 1900, a surprisingly small proportion, will remember the sensation created when he declared his belief that in raising the rate of income tax to a shilling it reached a level from which in all probability it would never descend. The prophecy was doubtless apologetic in purpose. For the first time—with one exception—since the tax was invented it was levied at the rate of a shilling. There had been a long period of lower charges. Some who heard the Chancellor's statement preserved a pleased memory of times when income tax stood at twopence. This Elysian state of things was established in the first year of Disraeli's Government following on the election of 1874, and was repeated in the following session. For a succession of years it varied between a minimum of threepence and a maximum of sevenpence. Sir Michael going to the Treasury in 1895 felt himself obliged to maintain the eightpenny rate established by Harcourt in the previous year.

His forecast of a shilling rate was more than fulfilled within twelve months of its utterance. In the session of 1901, in order to meet the expenses of the Boer War, income tax went up to what was at the time regarded as the crushing figure of 1s. 2d. in the £. By comparison with a total yield of a 5s. tax to-day it is interesting to note that sixteen years ago a shilling tax yielded a revenue of £27,500,000.

On Tuesday the House of Commons heard proposal to make a 5s. income tax with sublime equanimity that strikingly contrasts with the emotion displayed upon

hearing from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the shilling rate had come to stay. The House was more deeply stirred by proposal to tax the railway traveller. The money is necessary to carry on the war to its appointed and inevitable conclusion. It will therefore be forthcoming without protest or complaint, and when the war chest approaches emptiness it will be refilled. That was the significance of the situation, the moral of the largest demand on the purse of the taxpayer ever made since Budgets began.

The reception accorded when the Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted the proposal has not been varied during subsequent debate. The immediate, instinctive objection to the proposed railway passenger tax has been accentuated, and will probably have effect on the final form of the Budget. For the rest, with the exception of a shriek from William O'Brien denouncing fresh injustice to Ireland, an ebullition promptly answered by expression of his countrymen of favourable opinion of the Budget as a whole, there was no damaging criticism. Even proposed imposition of a match tax, a device that proved fatal to Lowe's historic Budget, was received with equanimity.

M'Kenna's speech, a marvel of lucidity, telling everything within the space of an hour, marked a striking revolution in a particular field of Parliamentary procedure. Whilst dealing with unexampled magnitude of figures in revenue and expenditure, it was the briefest Budget speech on record. Beginning without exordium, it finished without a peroration. It was Gladstone who set an example, long observed, of making Budget night the occasion of a prolonged swelling flood of eloquence. One year he beat his own record by speaking for five hours. It is not everyone that can bend the bow of Ulysses. Other Chancellors of the Exchequer emulating his wealth of words produced a condition of boredom on the part of the audience.

*April 12, 1916.*

Walking home along the Mall, a little after eleven o'clock last night, I happened upon a picturesque sight. A corporal's guard of khaki-clad men with rifles on their shoulders advanced at quick-march. There was nothing unusual about that, as men in khaki, whether singly, in groups, or in battalions, throng the streets throughout the live-long day. What struck the eye was the fact that the non-commissioned officer in charge of the little troop swung in his right hand a lantern from the centre of which dimly shone a tallow candle. The men formed the guard proceeding to undertake night duty at St. James's Palace. Through the centuries since the time of Henry VIII, who brought thither his bride, Anne Boleyn, whose initials joined with his, "H.A.," are to this day traceable over the chimney-piece in the Presence Chamber, this corporal's guard has nightly set forth on its mission. In Tudor times gas was not known in the Mall, much less electric-light. Hence the lantern with a tallow dip, which with the greatest war the world has ever known raging in Flanders, Italy and the Dardanelles, still twinkles its way to St. James's Palace.

*April 20, 1916.*

Much sympathy is felt with a young peer as popular in the House of Lords as he was in the Commons before, like Bottom, he was translated. When he left Oxford, ever eager to learn, and passionately attached to any school of mechanics, he entered his name on the labour sheet of the L. and S. W. Railway, working with the more brawny men who people the shops at Nine Elms. His object was to become an expert engine-driver. In course of time he accomplished his desire. One of his cherished relaxations in after life was to run a S.W. train bound for the coast.

Hereby hangs a doleful tale. One morning he received a visit from a perennially needy ne'er-do-well

kinsman, who represented himself as being more than usually near the verge of ruin. An immediate advance of £100 was the only way of preventing his toppling over. His lordship had not at the moment £100 to spare. But his generous heart could not resist this appeal. He raised the money and gave it to his visitor. Next morning he had a letter from the railway manager informing him that a special train had been ordered to run down to Southampton in the afternoon and if he liked he might drive it. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the journey brilliantly accomplished. Arrived at the station the driver thought he would like to see his passenger. Strolling casually by the coach, he beheld his needy kinsman accompanied by a rouged female *en route* for a little trip to Paris.

April 22, 1916.

Swinburne was especially proud of his collection of books, which filled some rooms in the home he shared with Watts-Dunton at Putney. He estimated its number at a minimum of 3,000 volumes. Some shelves were filled by first editions of English authors, including Thackeray, Shelley, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Lamb, Coleridge, Rossetti, and a full collection of his own works. Others were loaded with French literature, of which he was a loving student. Additional value was given to the library by the fact that a considerable portion of the volumes were gifts from the authors, bearing autograph inscriptions. Minor poets, including the late Alfred Austen and Sir Edwin Arnold, dutifully presented the master with copies of their effusions. Arnold, for example, sent a copy of his epic *Hades* with the inscription on the fly-leaf, "For the author of *Hertha*, from the writer, September 10th, '76." The Rossettis were regular donors of their successive works. When he died, Swinburne bequeathed his prized property to Watts-Dunton. That gentleman's executors have decided to

offer the collection for sale. It will be submitted to auction somewhere about the middle of June, the disposal occupying three days.

*April 28, 1916.*

A collection of relics of the Brontë family being prepared for public sale shows to what length hero worship may be carried. Among the items is Emily Brontë's toilet comb, solemnly certified to have been "used by her on the day of her death, with some of the teeth burnt or broken away." Another lot is an oak chair from Top Withims, Haworth, known to readers of Emily Brontë as Wuthering Heights. It is accompanied by a letter written on behalf of the widow of the original possessor, stating that "the Misses Brontë used often to come and see them, and had sat in the chair"—whether both together or in succession deponent sayeth not. A choice lot, enriched by the inevitable letter attesting their genuineness, are "a kitchen table from Haworth Vicarage, and a china tea-pot, with pewter lid, used in the kitchen."

There may be some justification for the enthusiasm that would invest these homely objects with a measure of sacredness. But when we come to a "lock of the hair of the Revd. F. Brontë, his spectacles, and a pair of his white clergyman's bands," we are certainly in the realm of bathos. The reverend gentleman was a surly, selfish recluse, who gave neither sympathy nor encouragement to his gifted daughters. Worse still is the offer of their brother's "walking stick of knotted wood," accompanied by a framed certificate that "the stick was given by Patrick Brontë to J. Briggs in the parlour of Black Bull Inn at Haworth"—probably for a pot of beer. Patrick Brontë was a drunken, dissolute reprobate, who gave years of pain and tribulation to his sisters. If he were still alive, his walking stick of knotted wood might be put to better deserved purpose than being submitted to auction in a London sale-room.

*April 30, 1916*

Progress of the war has brought strange things to pass in the House of Commons. This week has witnessed accumulation of novelty. At one sitting the House heard of an attempted invasion of Ireland, of outbreak of rebellion in Dublin, of the bombardment of Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and of a flight of Zeppelins hovering over the Eastern Counties dropping bombs by the way. These are portentous doings. They have been appropriately capped on two successive days by spectacle of the Prime Minister "spying strangers." Hitherto exercise of this privilege has been reserved to Private Members bent on making themselves more than usually obnoxious. What lawyers call a leading case was the action of Mr. Biggar, who, having a private grudge against Mr. Chaplin, "spied strangers" as soon as that gentleman rose to deliver a carefully prepared speech, with the incidental consequence of turning the Prince of Wales out of the Peers' Gallery, whither he had come with intent to hear his friend's oration.

Like other designedly disorderly conduct of the militant Irish Members, this freak led to a useful reform of procedure. In Mr. Biggar's day the House was absolutely at the mercy of a single Member. A musty Standing Order decreed that straightway on notice being taken of the presence of strangers the Speaker should order the galleries to be cleared. It is a curious example of the patchwork structure of the older rules that govern Parliamentary procedure that the Ladies' Gallery was not subjected to this particular Standing Order. When it was placed on the Journals of the House a special gallery for the accommodation of ladies attending debate was non-existent, even undreamt of. Accordingly, when in recent times the House has been cleared on the spying of strangers, ladies who chanced to be in the Gallery have enjoyed, exclusively among the public, the privilege of being present at a secret session.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the House having resolved for purposes in connection with the war to hold secret sittings, this anomaly was brusquely dealt with. On both occasions the Press Gallery and the galleries over the clock at the other end of the House were open as usual, occupants remaining till, at the proper moment, the Prime Minister's roving glance "spied strangers." On neither day was the Ladies' Gallery opened. Whence, it follows, no difficulty arose as to clearing them. The House of Lords, which also sat with closed doors, does not include in its Rules of Procedure one authorising the practice of spying strangers. The Lord Great Chamberlain rising to the height of the occasion, issued an edict closing the Peereses' Galleries that flank either side of the Chamber, the Press Gallery, the steps of the Throne, the Bar and other parts of the House to which strangers are in ordinary circumstances admitted. With pardonable pride he told a listening Senate how, in order to complete the seal of secrecy, he had caused diligent search for peccant strangers to be made in all the underground passages of the premises, "even the cellars."

*May 1, 1916.*

At a time when his country is fighting for its life and liberty, with Ireland in rebellion and a Ministerial crisis imminent, the veteran fighter, best known as Sir Michael Hicks Beach, turned his face to the wall and died. Since he became Earl St. Aldwyn he took no active part in the Parliamentary arena, with which for more than half a century his name was prominently connected. He was, however, up to the last a constant attendant at meetings of the House of Lords, and occasionally took part in full-dress debate. Only a few weeks ago I chanced to walk behind him along the Westminster Abbey passage to the House of Lords, and was struck by his upright figure and his powerful stride, neither testifying to the fact that he was verging on his 80th year. He was

not of the class of statesmen whose names loom large on the page of history. But through a long career he succeeded in gaining, and holding, the esteem of both political parties.

At one time he was in the running for the Premiership. This happened in 1898, when Lord Salisbury's term of office seemed drawing to a close. As his successor, Arthur Balfour was first favourite with the Party. Failing him by any chance, the man on the Treasury Bench whom all sections would have hailed with satisfaction was Hicks Beach. Diaries and correspondence of that date which may in due course come to light will afford interesting testimony to the drift of daily talk on the matter. What good Conservatives most feared was the ultimate supremacy of their new ally, Joseph Chamberlain. Against that contingency Hicks Beach was regarded as a barrier.

"If," they used to say in the confidence of the smoking-room and elsewhere, "anything were to happen to Arthur Balfour, Joe would be inevitable only for Hicks-Beach."

This was a fresh bond between the upright, stiff-backed, uncompromising Conservative country gentleman and the Party whose best instincts and habits he worthily represented. As things turned out, Balfour succeeded to the Premiership and held it at his pleasure. The only rivalry he suffered at the hands of Chamberlain was in the matter of the latter winning the almost idolatrous esteem of the Tory Party.

*May 3, 1916.*

The kindest thing that may be said of Lord Clanricarde, whose death is announced to-day, is that he was a lunatic. The fevered fancy of a reckless romancist never conceived for the hero of his story a more remarkable character. With the blood of Canning in his veins—his mother was daughter of the great statesman who moulded



Gladstone's character in youthful manhood—he was heir to a peerage and a large fortune. His name first became notorious as an Irish landlord. Possessed of vast property, he harried his tenants with remorseless cruelty, exceeding anything recorded of the worst type of landlord. The constant marvel during the reign of the Land League was that he was not shot as were others of his class. This was doubtless due to the circumstance that he was an habitual absentee and was not to be intimidated by the occasional murder of his agents on the spot. In regular receipt of a large income, his personal disbursement was limited to a few hundreds a year. His only expenditure occasionally approaching lavishness was on the purchase of pictures, of which the strange creature was an excellent judge and a fond admirer.

He rarely visited the House of Lords. I never saw him skulk in and take his seat on a back bench below the gangway without impression of the idea that he had evaded payment at the door, and that chronic discontent with life was temporarily mollified by the saving of sixpence. His usual—indeed, in all probability, his only—suit of clothes was most prominently composed of a coat which 30 or 40 years ago had been green in colour. Owing to the patches, probably his own handiwork, it had become almost as many coloured as Joseph's. His trousers were much the worse for wear about the ankles. His general appearance suggested that a hot bath might be regarded as a necessity rather than a luxury. He led a lonely life, devoted exclusively to avoiding expenditure on trifles.

## CHAPTER XXVI

*May 4, 1916.*

WHILE questions in the House of Commons were going forward this afternoon, Birrell entered from behind the Speaker's Chair. The House, always alert to personal incidents, observed that, instead of taking his seat on the Treasury Bench, he passed on, dropping to the stool of resignation, if not of repentance—the corner seat of the bench immediately behind Ministers.

A quick movement and a low murmur passed along the crowded benches. Here was another resignation by a Cabinet Minister, leaving the harassed Premier the difficult task of finding a new Irish Secretary.

Birrell's speech in announcing his resignation was short, dignified, in a passage here and there eloquent with the charm of genuine feeling voiced in simplest language. Such an one was the description of his drive for the last time from Phoenix Park through familiar streets of Dublin, "reviewing the smoking ruins of a great portion of Sackville Street when I was surrounded by my own." At this point it seemed as if emotion, against which he bravely struggled, would gain the mastery, and bring the speech to abrupt conclusion. Amid a low cheer of sympathy he recovered himself and went on to the end.

The House of Commons is always at its best on such occasions, and did not now fall below the level. Asquith, who spoke with answering emotion, bore testimony to the regard and affection in which the retiring Minister was held by his colleagues. John Redmond chivalrously insisted upon sharing responsibility for the mistake,

frankly owned, of underrating the danger of the situation created by the Sinn Fein fraternity.

Carson, admitting that he had been in conflict with the Chief Secretary ever since he went to Ireland, bore generous testimony to his honesty of purpose, earnestly hoping that the latest episode in his career might not in the slightest degree interfere with his political activities in the future. These things said and done, the Parliamentary report adds: "Mr. Bonar Law presented a Bill to amend the British North America Act, 1867."

Thus does the Mother of Parliaments, having indulged in a flood of sentiment, put her damp pocket-handkerchief in her pocket and get on with business.

Whilst personally popular with all sections of party in the House of Commons, it must be said that Birrell's exceptionally long tenancy of the Irish Office has not varied from the characteristics of failure common to a long line of predecessors. Whilst he won the full collaboration of the Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, some of Redmond's followers did not deprive themselves of the privilege of adverse criticism. They complained of frequent absence from Dublin, to which they attributed alleged lack of knowledge of Irish affairs. On the other hand, as admitted, the Unionists found themselves in continuous conflict with a Minister whom they regarded as excessive in his complacency towards the Redmondites. His style of speech, bubbling with humour, flashing with wit, which added a new word to the English language, worked against him.

"It is all very well," growled a Member on one of the benches opposite, after listening to a sparkling speech through which the Chief Secretary had charmed a crowded House into laughter and cheers, "but you can't birrell about Ireland."

When, the other day, a man, by way of attracting public attention to a cause he had at heart, dropped down to the floor from the Strangers' Gallery, the Chief

Secretary, turning to a colleague on the Treasury Bench, remarked : " I never knew a man find his feet on the floor of the House of Commons so quickly." Birrell never firmly found his feet at the Irish Office, and it may be safely assumed that in shaking its dust from off his feet he goes his way gladly, conscious that, as Carson said, he ungrudgingly " did his best."

*June 3, 1916.*

Nothing is more remarkable in modern politics than the conquest achieved by Lloyd George over the prejudice and antipathies of the Conservative Party. Time was, not far remote, when they were accustomed to turn upon him their full artillery. In their estimation he occupied a place once filled by Joseph Chamberlain. They have not yet come round to the practice of adulation with which they later addressed the once feared and hated author of the " Unauthorised Programme " of 1885. But they are on the way. If, in forming a Coalition Cabinet, Asquith counted upon silencing the Opposition Press, he has been disappointed. The powerful group of newspapers which, under the control and guidance of a single man, harassed at every step a Government charged with the grave task of conducting the fiercest, most far-reaching war the world has suffered, did not abate one jot of its venom because in attacking Asquith they struck at their old Leaders, Arthur Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and Bonar Law.

Only one exception was made to the general attack. It was in favour of the extreme Radical, Church destroyer, landlord assailant, plotter against the supremacy of the House of Lords, the Minister who in his Budget made elaborate, determined effort to bring land to bear its fair share in national taxation. This unexpected, unnatural tendency has displayed itself in the encouraging welcome given from the quarter alluded to, to Lloyd George in his new post as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

*June 10.*

There is a general impression that although Lord Fisher has severed his official connection with the Government he remains a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, giving it the advantage of his long experience and rare administrative genius. I regret to learn that this is not the case. He is not consulted on any matter by the Government. He was in the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons when Winston Churchill, freshly home from the trenches, startled the House, and, perhaps not without design, seriously annoyed Balfour, by suggesting that the great sailor-strategist should be recalled to take the helm at the Admiralty. There was much speculation at the time as to whether Lord Fisher had been made acquainted with this intention. He tells me he heard of it for the first time when his former Chief at the Admiralty spoke. He did not add information as to what he thought of the proposal.

*June 17, 1916.*

In spite of an impetuous manner, Lord Fisher has in relation to important matters a useful gift of reticence. When Winston Churchill, having resigned the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, made a statement in the House of Commons as to circumstances governing his decision, he made pointed allusion to his breach with the First Sea Lord. The next day the House of Lords was crowded in anticipation of a piquant rejoinder. In a couple of dignified sentences Lord Fisher declined at a period of national peril to indulge in personal controversy. The only sign of annoyance he showed in reference to this incident was in recalling the fact that one of the newspapers, commending his brevity, said his remarks did not extend beyond a hundred words.

"They were only ninety-eight," said Lord Fisher, sharply corrective.

Lunching with him to-day, he made only one reference to the sudden cutting off of his connection with the

Admiralty which, amid national applause, he had been invited to resume.

“ Like Moses,” he said, “ laboriously leading the children of Israel through the wilderness, I, working for many years, brought the Navy up to a condition in which it has been able to hold the German Grand Fleet in check, and maintain for England and her Allies the broad highway of the sea. But you remember it was Joshua, not Moses, who captained the tribes of Israel across Jordan into the Promised Land. I shall not be in control at the Admiralty when the ordained end comes and British ships irreparably smash the German Fleet.”

“ Who will be Joshua ? ” I asked.

“ Jellicoe,” he shortly answered.

*June 18, 1916.*

With few exceptions the biographical notices of Lord Kitchener that have flooded the papers since his tragic death describe him as an austere man going his lonely way regardless of other people. That was the impression he gave to all who came in contact with him in his official life. But there were two sides to his character. I had the good fortune to meet him when he was unrecognisable in the personal manner attributed to him. One afternoon in the summer of 1914 he—unexpected, I fancy—dropped in to tea with Lady Jersey at Osterley Park. He was in England on short leave from Egypt and contemplated early return, a project abandoned on the eve of its accomplishment by summons to the post of Secretary of State for War. He sat next to the hostess in the spacious drawing-room where tea was served, and chatted in the gayest spirits. Throughout a prolonged visit there was no trace of that aloofness verging on moroseness generally deplored.

He spoke to me freely about the House of Lords, for which sacred institution he had something approaching amused contempt. At that time he had not broken silence in the Chamber, and had no intention of doing so.

He was, he said, a busy man and had no time to waste. Accordingly, his attendance on the House since he had been admitted within its circle was infrequent.

This attitude was accentuated during his subsequent term of service at the War Office. There were occasions when circumstances impelled him not only to be present but to make a speech. He made his attendance and his remarks equally brief. Notification of his intention to speak brought together a full muster of Peers, eager to obtain information from the highest source upon a current crisis. They were uniformly disappointed. In rapid, level voice the War Minister read his typed pages. When he brought the reading to a close and abruptly resumed his seat the audience discovered that he had added nothing to the information gleaned through the week from the censored columns of the newspapers. Having performed an uncongenial duty, Lord Kitchener, remembering he had work on hand, left the House.

This happened once to the pained amazement of that other War Lord, Viscount Midleton, who, as Mr. St. John Brodrick, was for a while responsible for the calamitous direction of the Boer War. It had been publicly announced that he would follow Lord Kitchener, and he could not conceive a man so careless of the opportunity of profiting by counsel as to run away when he rose.

By a not inexplicable coincidence Lord Fisher is equally insensible to the attractions of what he has been known privily to describe as "The Talking Shop." Whilst First Sea Lord he was rarely found on the Ministerial Bench, and never took part in ordered debate.

*From Sir Herbert Maxwell*

MONREITH, WIGTOWNSHIRE.

*June 19, 1916.*

DEAR LUCY,

Until I lighted upon that jingle in your fascinating pages last week, I had no notion that I had attained a place among the Minor Poets. In common with Milton

and other bards of renown, I received an early check to ambition in that line. I had composed some very tender verses addressed to the temporary Queen of my Affections, wherein I invited her into a garden and described what she would see there. I had the hardihood to read them to a friend, whose blighting criticism consigned the poem to oblivion and quenched the Spirit of my Muse. For, when I came to the stanza :

The *Pensée* next, which English maids  
Call Heart's-ease—innocent translation,  
As if each thought that springs and fades  
Were *but a source* of jubilation.

"Butter sauce!" he exclaimed. "What's that got to do in there?"

But now that I behold myself, for the first time, in living print, in a live and lively book—I begin to think I have missed my vocation.

Alas! it is not with Homer that I am most in tune now; but with the Latin poet (I forget which) who moaned: *O mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos.*

What times we had! And how I love to recall those symposia round Lady Lucy's Tablecloth.

*Vive, vale,*

HERBERT MAXWELL.

June 24, 1916.

The stars in their courses have fought against Sir Ernest Shackleton in his renewed attempt to master the mysteries of the Antarctic regions. Since the *Endeavour*, carefully equipped, manned by a picked crew, hopefully set forth on her voyage, misfortune has dogged her wayfaring, culminating in the ice-grip that finally wrecked her. Whilst the sturdy little ship was docked in London everything went well. Abundant money was forthcoming to make fullest provision for the safety and comfort of officers and crew. Shackleton himself was the idol of London society. On a July afternoon in 1914, just before the *Endeavour*, amid enthusiastic cheers, slipped her moorings in the dock, the Commander held aboard a farewell reception. Royalty was among the



crowd that included the best-known folk in London society. The demonstration appeared at the moment a forecast of the absorbing interest with which his adventure would be followed.

The first blow fell when the *Endeavour*, on her way to the South Pole, put in at Cowes to await a parting visit from the King. War with Germany was declared, and every thought was centred upon its start and the possibilities of its future course. The *Endeavour*, its men and its mission, if not absolutely forgotten, ceased to command public attention. Shackleton, realising the inevitable situation, felt himself from the outset unsustainable by the consciousness of national interest that had cheered his former voyage.

There was one narrow circle where, in spite of the commanding interest of the war, day and night thoughts were bent upon the explorers temporarily lost amid the ice and snow that preserve the perennial solitude of the South Pole. Writing to me last April, Lady Shackleton said: "I don't mean to grumble when everyone is suffering. But I have not heard anything of or from Ernest since December 4th, 1914. The suspense is at times hard to bear." The glad tidings flashed from the Falkland Islands has removed personal anxiety. But there remains weighing upon the spirits of all indirectly connected with the expedition a vision of the men marooned in an ice-bound bay, fighting with cold and hunger, waiting for the rescue in search of which their captain made a perilous voyage.

June 28, 1916.

A striking feature in the war on the western front is the disproportionate number of British officers killed or disabled. Every morning brings a fresh list numbered by the hundred. One day this week the toll exceeded 600. The explanation is obvious. The officers, bravest among the brave, are ever in the front when fighting

is to the fore, cheering their men on by the lure of glorious example. Every name in this long list represents a home suddenly smitten with grief at irreparable loss. The aggregate is appalling. Only personal knowledge of individual cases makes possible approach to realisation of what the holocaust means.

The truth sears the heart of a wide circle of friends upon news of the death of Major Congreve of the Rifle Brigade. Although standing thus high in rank, with the charmed letters D.S.O. after his name, " Billy," as his friends knew him, was only 25. He went out to the front as soon as the trumpet sounded. Bearing what seemed a charmed life, he was in the thick of any fighting going on in his neighbourhood. He won the Military Cross, was made Chevalier of the *Légion d'honneur*, and narrowly missed the Victoria Cross, which his father, one of the heroes of the Boer War, has modestly worn for 17 years. [The V.C. was bestowed some months after his death.] He was recommended for it for a gallant feat in which, practically single-handed, he at St. Eloi took prisoners two officers and 72 men. In default of the Cross he was awarded the D.S.O. Last month he seemed to near the apex of good fortune. He was gazetted brevet-major and married the beautiful daughter of Cyril Maude. After a short honeymoon he returned to the front, and last Friday was killed, in sight of his sorrowing men.

His requiem is sung in simple words by his commanding officer, writing to the darkened home :

" His loss to me is irreparable, and the Army in him loses one of its very best soldiers and by far the most promising officer I have ever known. Young, almost boyish in appearance, he possessed qualities which, generally, are only to be found in men of much riper years and of far greater experience. He was unsurpassed in bravery, and was distinguished by the highest standards of duty which guided him. Had he lived but a

few months longer he must inevitably have attained to the command of a brigade. Under his modesty and gentleness he possessed great strength of character."

It is a splendid story, but infinitely sad.

June 29, 1916.

Through a long course of years I have been accustomed to relieve the tedium of close attendance on Parliamentary debate by jotting down particulars of "bulls" occasionally putting in an appearance in the Westminster China Shop. I find that I was not alone in the diversion. A member of the present Cabinet writes: "I noticed a magazine article of yours not long ago, in which you gave instances of mixed metaphors and other blunders you had recorded in the House of Commons. When I was a Private Member, from the enforced leisure of the back benches, where I sat as a very regular attendant, I made notes from time to time of such things, and ultimately turned them into an article for the *Spectator*. I have given up collecting them now for many years past, but I remember one which perhaps some day you may care to quote. I think it is the best of the series. Mr. Llewellyn, whom you may remember as a Unionist Member—I think from Somersetshire or thereabouts—was speaking, when a man on our side disagreed with something he had said, and expressed his dissent.

"Ah!" said Llewellyn, "the honourable Member may shake his head at that, but he can't shake mine."

And you will remember Cathcart Wason's famous remark, which, however, I do not think was quoted in your article, "I am much too old a bird to rise to that fly."

I add a couple of fresh entries from my own notes. In one of the debates on the Bradlaugh question, which disturbed the House of Commons in the session of 1880, Beresford Hope complained, "A mine has been sprung upon us whilst as yet we are only half-hatched chickens."

The last affirmation was a reference to the fact that the turmoil began in the earliest days of a newly-elected Parliament. Sir Henry Kimber, who for many years sat in the House of Commons as Member for Wandsworth, the most populous constituency in the kingdom, was a persevering advocate of redistribution. In one of his speeches he warned the Government that redistribution is "one of those thorny questions which, if not properly handled, is apt to tread on somebody's toes."

June 30, 1916.

Like the waiter who spent a rare holiday by going to help a friend serving a dinner, the managers of London theatres eagerly seize a night off in order to be present at the first representation of a new play at another house. Such opportunities are infrequent. It happened this week that, a private performance of a novel piece at His Majesty's Theatre being fixed for an afternoon on which there was no matinée, the curtain rose before a notable cluster of stars in the theatrical firmament. Among others in the stalls and boxes were Ellen Terry, Sir Charles Wyndham and the lady who was Mary Moore, Sir John Hare, Lady Tree, Mrs. Kendal, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Martin Harvey. The occasion was the presentation of *Macbeth* through the medium of the kinema. Last January Sir Herbert Tree crossed the Atlantic with intent of preparing the necessary films. Los Angeles, a town in California, has for the last three years enjoyed a novel turn of prosperity by film-making. Preparation of the marvellous series of living pictures now on view at His Majesty's Theatre occupied hundreds of artists and artisans for a period of nearly three months.

Writing home to a friend, Tree said: "We stage *Macbeth* as never *Macbeth* was staged. Real battles at night, real castles on the mountain side, real moat and drawbridge, and water underneath the drawbridge."

The result has been a triumph of picturesque realism. Tree takes the part of Macbeth, Miss Constance Collier that of Lady Macbeth. In pose, action, and facial expression neither was ever more thrilling when in the flesh they trod the stage. Behind and around them are vistas of scenery too vast in space for an ordinary stage, peopled with men and women on foot and on horseback, within the castle or afield. The effect of troops of horses filling the air with dust as they gallop at top speed, Macduff's army moving under the pilfered branches of Birnam Wood, the tumultuous attack on the castle of the usurper, is unsurpassed.

In the interval of fifteen minutes, that gives welcome pause to the exciting drama, one of the actor-managers in the stalls told me a cat story which I urged him to send to the *Spectator*, whose grandmotherly heart warms towards more or less apochryphal stories of almost human instinct in cats, dogs, and other animals. He, however, insisted that this is a true story. For some years he has homed a large black cat, whose prescience as to the popularity or otherwise of a new play goes beyond anything possessed by the shrewdest critic. Its method of indicating its view is simple. If a new piece about to be staged by its host is going to be a success it remains at home and purrs content. If the play is foredoomed to failure it disappears, returning only when the piece is necessarily withdrawn. Where it goes in the meantime no man knoweth nor woman either. On coming to town recently for a brief season the manager was cheered by a telegram announcing that the cat was staying at home, evidently without intention of disappearing. That was good news for his latest adventure, encouragement abundantly justified by the event.

July 1, 1916.

“When in doubt play trumps” is an axiom familiar to whist players since the days of Mrs. Battle. When

in difficulty play Lloyd George, is an analogous rule established under the Premiership of Mr. Asquith. In personal interest, in dramatic turns, his Parliamentary career has only one parallel, a parallel not yet completed to the point of its final stage.

Something more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since he, not without an eye to extending on a broader basis a solicitor's business established in the comparative obscurity of Carnarvon, settled in London as representative of his native town. He did not hurry about making his mark in the House of Commons. Like a wise man, he was content during the first two sessions to sit below the gangway on the Opposition side, studying from a lower form the ways of the new school into which he had made his way. He broke silence in the succeeding Parliament elected in 1892, with Gladstone, supported by a perilously small majority, commissioned to make a second effort to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland. He spoke once or twice on that measure and on some others. But the Thames placidly ebbed and flowed by the terrace of the House, unapprehensive of being set on fire by the modest-mannered, quietly-spoken Welshman.

Upon some Members of the House, who chanced to accompany Lord Rosebery to a memorable muster of the Liberal Party held in Cardiff in the early 'nineties, revelation was suddenly flashed as to the potentiality of the young Member. Late in the afternoon of a sitting in the big hall filled to meet Lord Rosebery, at the time unconscious of the contingency of retirement to a lonely furrow, Lloyd George appeared upon the platform, and was greeted by a hearty cheer. It was plain on the instant that, though as yet obscure among the crowd on the back benches in the House of Commons, he was a prophet in his own country. In a speech of simple, genuine eloquence he wrought his audience up to a pitch of enthusiasm not attained even under the witchery of

Lord Rosebery's speech. Freed from the still unfamiliar restrictions of the House of Commons, he was a man transformed. Back in the land of his fathers he stood in the midst of his brethren. Visitors from Westminster sat amazed at the new light cast upon a casual acquaintance.

*July 15, 1916.*

The succession of Lloyd George to the War Ministry has been greeted in France with an outburst of enthusiastic applause. The Press recognise in the appointment fresh determination on the part of England vigorously to carry on the war to its inevitable end. As one leading Paris paper said, "the authority given to Lloyd George will be employed without weakness and without delay. All obstacles in his way will be broken down."

Incidentally the construction of the Ministry, of which this new departure is the prominent feature, supplies a striking example of the force of democracy. Here we have a Welsh country solicitor advanced to the position of head of the Army, with a scion of one of the oldest and most powerful peerages in the United Kingdom in subordinate office under him. If 20 years ago the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, one of the Whips in a dominant Unionist Government that viewed the Member for Carnarvon with personal dislike and patriotic suspicion, had in a nightmare dream seen a picture of himself at the War Office in the position of Under-Secretary with Lloyd George as his chief, he would for a time have been excessively careful as to the condiments of his evening meal. Happily Lord Derby, in addition to being a man of patriotic purpose, is one of common sense, absolutely free from personal vanity. It is safe to predict that the strangely mated colleagues will get on wonderfully well together, a condition of affairs that will give the last touch of charm to the situation.

It was Joseph Chamberlain who, probably unconsciously, certainly undesignedly, was instrumental in providing the Carnarvon solicitor with that turn in the tide of affairs which, promptly and courageously followed, led to fortune. With the towering figure of Gladstone laid low in Westminster Abbey, Chamberlain's supremacy as a debater was unquestioned in the House of Commons. Harcourt occasionally tried a bout with his former colleague (to the bitter end his personal friend), but did not do much damage. From the day the one-time rising hope of stern, unbending Radicalism took his seat on the Treasury Bench, a Cabinet colleague of Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour and others with whom in former days he strenuously fought, Lloyd George marked him for his own. When he first entered the lists lookers-on were irresistibly reminded of David stepping forth to encounter Goliath. Interest deepened, and varied estimation altered as time after time the encounter was renewed. Chamberlain, a born fighter, was not long in recognising that here was a foeman worthy of his steel. At the outset as scornfully supercilious as Goliath at first sight of David, he presently paid to his assailant a measure of personal attention that raised the Member for Carnarvon to a premier place in the fighting forces of debate.

When, as a result of the General Election of 1905, Campbell-Bannerman was called upon to form a Ministry, Lloyd George's inclusion was inevitable. In accordance with long-established custom a Private Member who had so far distinguished himself in Opposition as to establish a claim to a seat on the Treasury Bench, would be rewarded by an Under-Secretaryship, or, at best, by appointment to the Financial Secretaryship, that jumping-off board from which a succession of men have reached the highest level of Cabinet rank. Gladstone, boldly but happily, broke the rule when at a bound he made Asquith Home Secretary with a seat in



the Cabinet. Campbell-Bannerman, not less accurately foresighted, forthwith made the Member for Carnarvon a Cabinet Minister, head of the important Department of the Board of Trade. For the rest of the story, is it not written in the chronicles of a statesman who, having established popular favour, and won personal renown in one quest, when called to it in an hour of emergency has with equal success undertaken the duties of another ?

## CHAPTER XXVII

*July 22, 1916.*

DINING last night at the Savoy Hotel, one of a small party assembled to celebrate a wedding interesting in theatrical circles, I was struck by the appearance of the dinner hall. Except that at small tables here and there khaki uniforms were displayed, there was no sign of the circumstance that the country is in a state of war, one result being that whilst in most cases income has been reduced, the price of necessaries of life has increased, making economy imperative. I have not seen in the same place in piping times of peace a more crowded or more animated scene. Every table was allotted, whilst an overflow meeting was held in the adjoining saloon. I suppose the same scene is presented every night in varied degree in other popular resorts of the same class. It may reasonably be expected to be impossible to reproduce it in hungry Vienna and starving Berlin.

Whilst the restaurants thus show no falling off in custom on account of the war, the leading West-End clubs continue to find themselves in a difficult position. Not only has the cost of maintenance increased in measure approaching 75 per cent., but revenue has fallen off owing to the war drafts on members, and the almost total cessation of the ordinary flood of candidates for admission. Economy has been effected in most of the clubs by the substitution of women waitresses for men. Also, what is known as a war-tax has been imposed upon luncheon and dinner bills. These devices are inadequate to meet the necessities of the situation.

One of the oldest and best-known clubs at a general

meeting approved the proposal that, during the war and for six months after, the election of members should be made by the committee instead of by ballot of members. In former days the club was notable for rather free use of the black ball when new members were put up. The committee feel that this is not a time for cultivating exclusiveness. In order to attract new members, the example set by a neighbouring, equally famous, club will be followed. New members will be given the option of paying the entrance fee in four annual instalments, whilst anyone elected after the 1st July in any year will be required to pay only one half-year's subscription. Time was when an aspirant to membership of this club had to wait for years before his name was put up for ballot, and then had no reasonable assurance that he would not be blackballed. The war has *changé tout cela*.

July 23, 1916.

I hear a pretty story which has the advantage of being true. Two ladies met at Charing Cross Station awaiting the arrival of a train from Folkestone bringing officers and men on short leave from the front. They were not personally acquainted, but, drawn together by knowledge that each was awaiting the return of her husband, they fell into friendly conversation.

"What is your husband's regiment?" one asked the other.

"The Inns of Court," was the reply.

"Colonel, I suppose?" was the sweet response.

"No, he's a private."

"Oh," said the inquirer, suddenly freezing in manner, "I think the train is coming, I will go on." And on she went, with a little nod of dismissal to her newly-made acquaintance. It happened that her husband was colonel in a crack regiment, and she felt herself compromised, worse still compromising him, by friendly chat

with a person who, though curiously well-dressed and well-bred in manner, was the wife of a private.

On the train pulling up, two men descended, one in the khaki uniform of a private soldier, the crimson band on the cap of the other denoting his rank as a staff officer. The ranker greeting his wife walked down the station towards a smart motor-car in waiting. The officer and his wife overtook them.

"I have to thank you, Lord ——," he said, "for the great service you did me yesterday."

"Oh, it was nothing," said the private, smiling. "You may do me a good turn some day."

"Lord ——!" gasped the officer's wife, looking at her husband with a puzzled air.

When the private soldier and his wife drove off in their car, the officer had the opportunity of explaining that the private soldier had been a well-known Member of the House of Commons who lately succeeded to an earldom.

I may add that since this little episode he has, on the invitation of Mr. Asquith, become the head of an important Ministerial department, with a seat in the Cabinet. Soon after the war broke out he, declining a proffered commission, joined the Inns of Court regiment as a full private, and has since, in that capacity, taken his turn of work in the trenches.

*August 5, 1916.*

When the civilised world comes to settle accounts with Germany at Berlin, a generous nation may be expected to forget much and to forgive more. One prolonged episode of the war we cannot forget and should not forgive. It is the treatment of our gallant but, for the time, helpless soldiers penned in German prison camps. Details of the cowardly barbarities inflicted upon them at Wittenberg were set forth in a report published on Government authority last April. In conversation with a

wounded prisoner of war he confirms the official report by record of personal experience. The moderation of the tone of his narrative adds considerably to its effect. He told me how a batch of prisoners, many grievously wounded, were, on their arrival at Wittenberg, met at the station by a crowd of men and women armed with big sticks, the more advanced in kultur having possessed themselves of bars of iron. Through a living lane considerably made for them the prisoners ran the gauntlet, none escaping the blows rained upon them. Arrived at the camp breathless and bleeding they were set upon by their gaolers, who robbed them of every little comfort they had managed to bring with them.

During their stay in the camp the food was horrible. A mysterious compound called soup was carried half a mile from the cook-house, arriving at the hospital full of dust and dirt. Among the starving English the strongest got their share and the weakest went without. Few beds were provided, such as there were being allotted each to three men. The rest slept upon the bare floor. When typhus inevitably broke out, the gaolers, led by the Governor and the doctors, fled, leaving the dead unattended, the dying foodless. After murderous delay wooden shoots were attached to the outer barriers and food of the customary kind was shot down. Out of a population of sixteen to seventeen thousand there were on the average 100 deaths a day.

These things would be incredible if told about born savages. They and much else of the same kind were deliberately done by the Germans.

*August 12, 1916.*

Asquith's injunction "wait and see," unpremeditatedly repeated in reply to supplementary questions in the House of Commons, has passed into common use. In respect of it history with not infrequent habit repeats itself. A parallel case is recorded in that invaluable adjunct to the

public record of the close of the 18th century, *The Granville Private Correspondence*, edited by Castalia Countess Granville. In the course of a speech delivered in the House of Commons in the session of 1802 Mr. Addington, the Premier, oracularly declared :

"To doubt is to decide."

The phrase greatly tickled the fancy of the House, and when reported was equally popular with the clubs and the general public. Canning, even more prone than Silas Wegg to drop into poetry, wrote a screed of six verses, which he sent to the first Earl Granville. I quote one.

Freed from the wig he was wont to wear,  
Hark what bold truths his lips declare,  
"To doubt is to decide."  
The wondering Senate pricks its ears,  
And deems the daring phrase it hears,  
To nonsense near allied.

For succeeding months the catchword was adapted to varied circumstances by the smaller wits of the day.

*August 20, 1916.*

There is a general disposition, dating back earlier than the days when Charles Dickens pictured the doings of the Circumlocution Office, to deride our departments of State on their business habits. A correspondent forwards me an official document which suggests that, probably under the chastening influence of the war, they are bucking up. It appears that on November 16, 1913, the secretary of a charitable institution in Kent made application to the Board of Agriculture for authority to carry out certain alterations in its structure. He has just received a communication from the Secretary of the Board acknowledging the three-year-old communication, and informing him that "the work shall be put in hand as soon as practicable."

But there is an indispensable preliminary. There is

2s. to pay. It is for "copy of an extract from the certificate of redemption." This is made on paper. If the secretary is particular in such matters and if the funds of the institution will run to it, a copy on parchment may be supplied, for which 5s. will be charged. In either case, it is peremptorily added, "the amount of this account must be paid before the work can be put in hand. Postage stamps cannot be received." This last notification is underlined, the secretary being further advised that "remittances should be made by cheque or by postal or money order, payable to the Board of Agriculture, not to any individual by name, and crossed 'Bank of England.'" The temptation to send a cheque for 2s. crossed "Bank of England" seems irresistible.

Another true story illustrates the conscientious minuteness with which the War Office at this world's crisis discharges its comparatively minor duties. A doctor in Bristol was officially engaged to examine the condition of a wounded man sent home from the front and report upon the possibilities of his being again fit for military service. He replied that having had an arm amputated the man was permanently incapacitated. Back came the searching official inquiry: "How do you know Private — has only one arm?"

"Sir," responded the irate medical man, "I counted it."

*August 26, 1916.*

With the adjournment of Parliament and the lull in political affairs their Majesties, like many of their subjects, have left town. But they do not go further afield than Windsor Castle, an arrangement contrary to the practice of the King's grandmother, Queen Victoria, who was accustomed to post off to Balmoral at a time most convenient to herself without regard to the sitting of Parliament. This habit had public disadvantage, since from time to time it delayed the adjournment by a day or

two, consequent on the necessity of a Minister's journeying to and from the far North for signatures necessary to the appointment of a Royal Commission and the completion of the Speech from the Throne.

Ever since war was declared King George has been in residence at Buckingham Palace, a term varied by occasional visits to the fleet in the North Sea and to the English and French lines at the front. During his too-short reign King Edward spent a considerable portion of the Parliamentary season at Buckingham Palace. Queen Victoria's periods of residence there were brief and far between. Her heart was in the Highlands, the home of her earlier married life. Next to Balmoral she preferred Osborne and even Windsor. For a regulation number of drawing-rooms and concerts, made as brief as possible, she was bound to move into Buckingham Palace. She got away at the earliest opportunity.

She had, in truth, a curious dislike for London. For many years after the death of the Prince Consort she shrank from the long-established custom of opening Parliament in person. When in 1874 Disraeli became Prime Minister, she sacrificed personal feeling in order to bestow upon the statesman who early in his career was the object of profound distrust on the part of the Prince Consort and herself, a special mark of royal favour, repeated during his Premiership. But it cost her an effort. One officially connected with the arrangement for the drive to Westminster told me at the time that Her Majesty was in a highly nervous state throughout the brief journey, and profoundly thankful when it and the ceremony were safely accomplished.

*September 16, 1916.*

The commandeering of the National Liberal Club and the Constitutional Club for use as Government offices has fluttered the doves between Charing Cross and the Embankment. As far as the number of members is



concerned, these clubs, representing the rank and file of the two great political parties, are the most populous in the country. The initial fees and yearly subscriptions are considerably lower than those payable at the elder clubs, the Reform and the Carlton, and the clubs supplied a need that was immediately recognised. Whilst, since the split in the Party consequent on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, the Reform, divided amongst itself, has ceased to be an active factor in political life, its vigorous offspring on the Embankment has sedulously kept the fire of Liberalism burning. Under the active lead of its Chairman, the Marquis of Lincolnshire, perhaps better known by his earlier title, Lord Carrington, the National Liberal Club, by entertaining leading Members of the Party, and eliciting important speeches at critical epochs, exercised considerable influence on the current of political events.

The sudden breaking-up of their home is a serious inconvenience to the multitudinous members, who have been accustomed for years to make constant use of its privileges. Some are inclined to resent eviction as a poor return for loyal services tendered over a series of years. In the ordinary course of the year, clubs of moderate dimensions, such as those in Pall Mall, are accustomed during the month's cleaning to be taken in by neighbours. It will be a hard task to find temporary accommodation for members of the National Liberal Club, especially at a time when the Constitutional §s also turned adrift.

*September 23, 1916.*

**N**ews flashed from the trenches that the granite milestone had been shot by a sniper has the country deeply stirred by an episode in the war as to the fate of the Prime Minister's eldest son. Raymond Asquith is an unfamiliar figure in the public eye. In his private life he has a pretentious, retiring disposition of his mother—Mr. Asquith's first wife, who did not live long

enough to share the blaze of prosperity and popularity into which her husband later strode—he instinctively shrank from anything like competition with his father. Yet, by strange coincidence, when at their common university he closely emulated his father's triumphs. Both won the Craven Scholarship. Both gained first-class honours in *Literæ Humaniores*. Both became President of the Union Society, and both were elected Fellows of All Souls. The son's record is indeed more brilliant than the father's, since he also won the Ireland and the Derby Scholarships, and was within one of carrying off the Hertford.

Admitted to the Bar twelve years ago, Raymond speedily made his mark, establishing a position that laid foundation for the highest attainment. Up to the time of his leaving home for his last journey, he had not entered the political arena, declining various tempting offers of Parliamentary seats. But his appearance in the House of Commons was inevitable. Quite recently he submitted to adoption as Liberal candidate for Derby. Like many another gifted young Englishman, he at the call to arms abandoned the ease of home life and glowing prospects of professional advancement and went out to the front. As eldest son of the Prime Minister, it would have been easy for him to obtain a safe and snug position on the staff. He was, indeed, seconded for staff duties but preferred to take his turn in the trenches. Leading his men in one of the magnificent advances that have marked the battle of the Somme, he fell mortally wounded.

By chance I have during the past 40 years heard the maiden speech in the House of Commons of many inheritors of great Parliamentary names. Among them were Herbert Gladstone, now a Viscount; Stafford Northcote, also raised to the peerage, who after brief experience retired from the political arena; Coningsby Disraeli, Willie Bright, the present Duke of Devonshire,

sometime a Member of the House of Commons, where his uncle sat as Lord Hartington ; Lord Cranborne, son and successor of the Marquis of Salisbury ; his brothers, Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil, the more brilliant of the twain unaccountably retired to the background whilst his brother has steadily advanced to Cabinet rank ; and Winston Churchill, worthy son of a brilliant father.

The appearance on the scene of young Herbert Gladstone and Stafford Northcote's eldest son was marked by a singularly happy circumstance. It was arranged that they should follow one another in debate. Amongst the crowded audience sat attentive their respective fathers, who, rising in due order, with gracious courtesy extolled the effort of the new Members, Gladstone praising Stafford Northcote's son, Northcote perceiving in Herbert Gladstone's speech promise of perpetuation of family renown.

I regret to say that the maiden speech of the Marquis of Salisbury's son and heir made so little impression that I do not recall it. He chiefly lives in House of Commons memory by reason of an answer to a question put to him. In accordance with family arrangement familiar at Hatfield, whilst his father filled the office of Foreign Secretary his son enjoyed the modest salary and the important position of representative of the Foreign Office in the Commons. At a critical period he was asked whether effort had been made to secure a treaty with Japan.

"Great Britain does not ask for treaties," haughtily replied the Under-Secretary, "she grants them."

This amazing indiscretion led to a motion for the adjournment of the House, and an angry debate.

As an addition to this long, perhaps unique, experience, I had looked forward with special interest to the maiden speech of Raymond Asquith, a speech that will never be spoken.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

*From Lord Haldane*

CLOAN, AUCHTERARDER, PERTHSHIRE.  
September 28, 1916.

MY DEAR LUCY,

You are always a thoughtful and kindly friend, and I have read what you enclose with pleasure.

I am not in any way disturbed about my own adventures. The State papers of the last ten years disclose a record, quite diplomatic as well as military, which I should not wish to have altered even if I could. It will interest the uninstructed British public when it can be disclosed. And this will happen before a great while.

It is curious that the men who did most to prepare for this war, Tirpitz, Moltke and Falkenhayn in Germany, and Fisher, Churchill and myself here, are now all six out of it.

Yours sincerely,  
HALDANE.

September 30, 1916.

Lord Brassey presented to the Government of India his world-famed yacht, the *Sunbeam*; for hospital purposes. Another yacht of almost equal renown has in a similar spirit been beneficially disposed of. The Empress Eugénie has given her yacht, the *Thistle*, to the French Government, and it is now doing service as a welcome addition to the French fleet of traders. For many years it has been the solace of the Empress in holiday cruises in the Mediterranean, the English Channel, and on the west coast of Scotland. The yacht was a regular feature in the panorama of Cowes week, where

it occasionally found itself within hail of the Kaiser's big pleasure cruiser. Cowes had no "week" last year, nor had it any last month, a circumstance it owes to the Imperial visitor being now in trouble on the Somme and elsewhere.

I have vivid recollection of a pretty scene which took place at Cowes ten years ago, being one of the last occasions when King Edward paid his annual visit. The yacht on which I was amongst the guests chanced to be anchored close by the *Victoria and Albert*. At a few cables' length distant was the *Thistle*. On a Sunday morning King Edward and Queen Alexandra proceeded after service on the *Victoria and Albert* to pay a farewell visit to the Empress, who was leaving in the afternoon. She received their Majesties standing at the head of the gangway. The Queen greeted her with sisterly salute. The King, baring his head, bowed low and kissed her hand, as he had learned to do when as a youth he first made her acquaintance, she being the consort of a reigning monarch.

On the previous day the Empress, going ashore and walking through the Castle gardens enclosing the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was reminded of a less happy day, precursor of a long period of exile. She came upon Sir John Burgoyne, who 35 years earlier, when she was fleeing from the wrath of revolutionary France, gave her a passage in his yacht, and through a stormy sea brought her safely to the haven of a British port.

October 14, 1916.

The kindly practice of sending game to the hospitals after a day's shooting is faithfully observed this year, as it has been in the two previous autumns whilst the war went forward. It is, however, handicapped by a curious disability. You may, the proverb says, take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink.

Similarly, you may, by taking thought, provide choice game for the wounded soldier in hospital, but you cannot make him eat. Housekeepers know of the curious prejudice domestic servants have against game. Ready enough to avail themselves of the opportunity of sharing the good things served in the dining-room, all kinds of game are absolutely safe in the larder. This is not an individual prejudice met with here and there. It is common to a class owning no blood relationship, living widely apart, under diverse circumstances. It is equally marked in the case of their fathers, brothers, uncles and cousins, who have joined the Army. The monotony of bully beef they do not tire of. But they turn aside with instinctive aversion from a young partridge or a daintily-cooked grouse.

A lady acting as matron for a military hospital in Kent tells me a delightful story in illustration of this inexplicable prejudice. A noble lord sent from a neighbouring park a haunch of venison for the delectation of the wounded patients. The cook was in despair, knowing from experience that the men would not touch venison. In this particular case the objection would be strengthened by the fact that the haunch was approaching the condition approved by the gourmet as "high." The matron, also experienced in the matter, shared the cook's discomfiture. It was a pity to waste a splendid haunch of meat, particularly suitable for convalescents. A happy thought struck her.

"Cook it," she said, "and send it round at dinner without naming the dish. They will think it's mutton and enjoy it accordingly."

Instructions were obeyed, and the matron visited the ward at meal time to see how her innocent ruse had worked. She found the patients all sitting up in bed with their gas masks on. They had evidently noticed what they regarded as a smell familiar in the trenches.

*October 15, 1916.*

A mystery that has for many weeks stirred the course of placid life in one of the Cinque Ports has been solved. A busy seaport in Plantagenet time the little town has the advantage, rare among better-known and more-populous watering places, of having trees verdurous almost down to the water's edge, while pastures and woodland stretch close behind it. Among minor attractions of this pleasant situation is that in due season mushrooms grow in abundance, and, freshly gathered every morning, form a prominent feature in the greengrocer's shop. For the last three weeks the housewife, going forth to buy her stock of mushrooms, shared the surprise and disappointment of Mother Hubbard in quest of the historic bone. Of mushrooms the cupboard—to be precise, the shop—was bare.

Reiterated inquiry explained everything. The town is swarming with men in khaki on their way from Canada to the front. It appears that in Canada the mushroom is a rarity, costing much more than, for example, does the lobster, for which we pay half a crown or three and sixpence, whilst in Halifax prime lobsters are vended for fourpence or sixpence each. Half a crown a pound is the price current for mushrooms in Canada. To find them on sale at eightpence a pound is a rare opportunity not to be trifled with. Accordingly the Canadians, up early in the morning, troop into the greengrocers' and buy up every mushroom on the place. As one said when remonstrated with, "It's the early bird that catches the mushroom."

*October 16, 1916.*

The House of Commons was crowded in every part when the Prime Minister rose to move a new Vote of Credit, the fourth of the year, totalling with nine previous ones what, two years and three months ago, would have been regarded as the fabulous sum of £3,132,000,000. Incidentally, in a speech that was brief as it was busi-

ness-like, rising in a final passage to a height of eloquence that kindled to enthusiasm the listening Senate, Asquith stated that since the outbreak of war Parliament has been asked to sanction by Votes of Credit a sum exceeding the aggregate of national expenditure of the twenty years preceding the war in South Africa.

Apart from national interest of the occasion the House was profoundly touched by the knowledge that, in the interval since it last met, the Prime Minister had been stricken in his own home by a sorrow imposed upon him, as Sir Edward Carson said, "at a time when he was carrying the burden of the suffering of his country in a war for the existence of the Empire." Asquith made no direct reference to a tragedy that saddened the thoughts of his hearers. But there was no mistaking the reference in one of his loftiest and most loudly cheered passages of his speech.

"No one," he protested, "desires to prolong for an unnecessary day the tragic spectacle of bloodshed and destruction. But," he added in faltering voice, "we owe it to those who have given their lives for us in the flower of their youth, in the hope and promise of the future, that their supreme sacrifice shall not be in vain."

The idea underlying this passage, that those who have fallen in the fight are still watching its progress from afar, and have won and hold the right to consideration in its final settlement, found expression in a poem written during the American War by John Hay, poet and statesman. In verse that, over the waste of more than half a century, brings comfort to wounded hearts to-day, he wrote :

In the dream of the Northern poets  
The brave who in battle die  
Fight on in shadowy phalanx,  
In the field of the upper sky.  
No fear for them! In our lower field  
Let us keep our arms unstained:  
That at last we be worthy to stand with them  
On the shining heights they've gained.



*October 20, 1916.*

The war has had far-reaching influence upon the British peerage. Viscount Clive, eldest son of the Earl of Powis, just dead of wounds received at the front, is the 56th heir to a peerage killed since the first gun was fired in Flanders. In the ordinary course of events successions to British peerages are rarely disturbed. When such event happens it is made the subject of wide record and lengthy commentary. Counted by the half-hundred they excite little attention. The fact that so large a proportion of men whose heritage is the best of all things in this life have risked all to fight for their country reflects honour upon a class of whom hard things have been said by others than Joseph Chamberlain. It remains true, as he put it in an unforgettable sentence, our old nobility toil not, neither do they spin. But when the safety of the country is at stake they prove themselves worthy representatives of the barons who bearded King John at Runnymede, or fought at Crecy and Poitiers.

*October 28, 1916.*

Major Redmond, in war-worn khaki and his arm in a sling, has been seen about the House several times this week. It is difficult to identify the Major with our old friend Willie Redmond, the recognised "gamin" of the House of Commons, whose raucous voice was frequently heard interpolating personal remarks upon the ordered speech of an hon. or right hon. gentleman who happened to be on his legs. The gallant Major, as his published letter testifies, is patriotically anxious to set flowing again the tide of recruiting in Ireland. As Mr. Lloyd George says, it is very difficult to retrieve lost opportunity. Two years ago the Irish Nationalist Members, following the example of their Leader, personally undertook the work of a recruiting sergeant, and at the outset met with encouraging success. Then they ran up against the

stone wall of English officialism. What happened would be incredible if it rested solely on the testimony of an Irish Member. It has been confirmed in fullest detail by the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Lloyd George has testified that "some of the stupidities, which almost look like malignities, perpetrated at the beginning of recruiting in Ireland are beyond belief. It really looks as if someone were deliberately discouraging the Irish people from joining the ranks."

What happened came within the period of the administration of the War Office responsible for the equally stupid warning-off from the outskirts of the battlefield of special correspondents. The unprecedented gap in the history of the war was attempted to be bridged by presentations of a bald official description of a great battle several months after it had been fought, carefully eliminating the names of officers, men and regiments who had specially distinguished themselves. The first thing Mr. Asquith did when he temporarily went to the War Office was to remove this ban, with happier results in the way of bringing together in closer bonds of sympathy and affection the public at home and the army in the field. It will be more difficult to redeem unaccountable errors in connection with recruiting in Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George is doing his best, and as an invariable rule his best is exceedingly good. Meanwhile, it is a fresh and exceedingly bitter injustice to Ireland that she should be reproached for slackness in recruiting when the fact is disclosed on unquestioned authority that her earlier efforts to strengthen the battalions that have added splendid chapters to the war story were deliberately frustrated by officialism enthroned in London.

*October 29, 1916.*

A Member of the House of Commons returning from Ireland to Westminster brings a charming story illustrative of the shrewdness of the Irish peasant. For

many years he has been accustomed in the autumn to repair to a busy little port on the west coast in search of sea fishing. He has regularly employed a boatman, hitherto anxiously looking forward to his arrival. On this last visit he was amazed to find the service of his old companion unavailable.

"I am too busy," was the response to his remonstrance. "Got another job."

"What is it?" asked the Englishman. After a pause, Pat replied :

"Well, if you must know, the German Government pay me £5 a week for laying mines outside the port."

The Englishman was equally amazed and indignant. He pointed out the enormity of the crime of an Irishman selling himself to a foreign enemy with whom thousands of his fellow-countrymen were engaged in fierce struggle.

"Whisht," said Pat, a humorous smile lighting up his rugged countenance. "The English Government pay me brother Mike £6 a week for taking them up."

October 30, 1916.

The tragic death of Mudford, the one-time famous editor of the *Standard*, surprises the public with information that a few days ago he was still alive. His story is remarkable. He was one of two journalists drawn from the Press Gallery to assume the editorship of great daily papers on which they had served. Mudford's appointment to the editorship of the *Standard* justified the discovery made by the proprietor of his exceptional ability. At the time of his appointment one of our oldest London papers was drifting into the trough of the sea that during the present year finally overwhelmed it. By degrees Mudford restored it financially and politically to its old position.

A sense of authority and responsibility wrought a marvellous personal change in him. He withdrew into

his shell with increasing persistency. He became the veiled prophet among London editors, who, in sympathy with Delane, dine out habitually, and are on terms of personal intimacy with the leaders of political parties and prominent public men of all other professions. Mudford never lunched or dined out. He neither granted nor sought interviews with political personages. He did not even communicate with them by correspondence, a matter which had some measure of advantage, since his handwriting was almost illegible. The worst sinners in this respect I have personally known, including James Payn and Sir John Robinson of the *Daily News*, really did make an effort to spell out their names. Mudford, signing a letter, just made a straight line where his name ought to have been, further complicating the situation by prefacing it by a hieroglyphy understood to be one, or perhaps two, initial letters.

After his retirement from the editorship of the *Standard*, which took place 15 years ago, he as absolutely disappeared from the ken of old friends as if he had gone to join a late Duke of Portland in the subterranean passages and chambers which his Grace built for himself at Welbeck Abbey. After many years we were startled by news of a tragedy that cut short the life of one whom old and intimate friends were permitted to know as implacably honest, shyly tender-hearted.

November 1, 1916.

When Mr. Toots found an opportunity of entering into conversation with little Paul Dombey, just arrived at Dr. Blimber's, he, after regarding him for some moments, suddenly inquired if he was fond of waistcoats. Paul said, "Yes, sir." "So am I," responded Mr. Toots; and then, having nothing more to say, he (in a manner Dickens would have found common in similar circumstances in Japan) breathed hard.

It is a curious thing—one forgets if it were ever brought prominently to light—that Dickens shared with Mr. Toots the passion for something fine and large in waistcoats. An American lady, paying a visit to London, tells me her mother, who saw a good deal of the great novelist during one of his lecturing tours in the United States, gave an interesting description of his appearance.

“ He brought with him,” she said, “ two velvet waistcoats for full dress, one of vivid green, the other of brilliant crimson. These were ornamented by a profusion of gold watch-chains.”

This was evidently the fashion at the time of which a more familiar illustration is supplied in the case of Dizzy. Everyone knows the description of him, given as he appeared about this period at Lady Blessington’s, his gorgeous waistcoat garlanded with gold chains. In connection with Dickens it is something new. As far as I remember, no reference to it is to be found in Forster’s *Life*. In the beautiful portrait of Dickens in his young prime, painted by Maclise in 1839, the waistcoat plays a secondary part, obscured by the glories of his voluminous neck-scarf, with its double pin connected by a loop of gold chain.

*November 2, 1916.*

Nearly three months after his death the Victoria Cross has been bestowed on the wraith of Major Congreve and will find companionship with one won by his father at Colenso. Instances where father and son have each gained the highest guerdon for which a British soldier strives are exceedingly rare. In the case of General Congreve and his son the event is the more remarkable since the former won his Cross in the effort to save the life of the son of Lord Roberts. As in the case of young Congreve, the Victoria Cross was bestowed upon Lieutenant Roberts after his death. Had Lord Roberts

lived to this day the similarity of circumstances would have drawn closer together the elder warriors.

Bravest of the brave " Billy " Congreve had qualities and capacities beyond that of dauntless valour shared with the privates whose names figure in the glorious list. Although young, and gaining his first experience of active service during the present war, he displayed a singular aptitude in the field. In a letter written to the sorrowing parents, his commanding officer expressed the conviction that had he lived he would have risen to the highest position in the Army. As it was, he lived long enough to obtain in the course of three years the M.C., the D.S.O., and the Victoria Cross, a record I believe unparalleled.

*December 7, 1916.*

The House of Commons had a great surprise in store when it met yesterday afternoon. Questions disposed of, Asquith announced the pending reconstruction of the Ministry, and moved the adjournment till Thursday in order that the process might be carried out. To-day he repaired to Buckingham Palace and placed his resignation in the hands of the King, who, in accepting it, presumably on his advice, sent for Bonar Law, with instructions to form a Ministry. He protesting inability, the task was entrusted to Lloyd George, who is busily engaged in its accomplishment. The disruption of the Coalition Government has been announced with an unexpectedness that equals proclamation of its creation.

*December 12, 1916.*

By its conduct and appearance the House of Commons, meeting after a Ministerial cataclysm for which in respect of suddenness, swiftness, and completeness it would be difficult to find a parallel, justified its reputation for imperturbability. There was a full gathering on both sides, the scene being marked by the stir and movement

indicative of something happening out of the common way. But it was nothing more than follows upon a personal incident such as the "naming" of an unruly Member or the resignation of an individual Minister.

It was, indeed, upon minor personal questions that attention was concentrated. Where in altered Ministerial circumstances Members or groups of Members would now seat themselves was a topic of liveliest concern.

Another personal incident that evoked comment was McKenna's reference to Asquith as "Leader of the Liberal Party." He was sharply interrupted by the correction "Leader of the Opposition." This incident, trivial in itself, is really important as marking a disposition likely to grow as the days pass. It recalls an analogous circumstance in connection with the split of the Liberal Party 31 years ago, which resulted in its wandering in the desert of Opposition for a generation. There was then, as there will grow to be now, controversy as to which wing of the riven Party had the right to assert itself to be the original and only genuine Liberal Party. At the beginning of the split in 1885 the *Daily News*, under its then editorship, attempted to solve the difficulty by describing the contingent that went over to the enemy as "Dissentient Liberals." The name stuck, and was generally accepted in the political controversy of the day, at least by the Opposition to Lord Salisbury's Government. It is ominously coming to the front again. But illogical attempt is made to apply it not to the minority but to the majority who in Parliament and throughout the country stick to the leadership of their old captain.

When, eighteen months ago, Asquith formed a Coalition Government he, with the assent of the leaders of the opposite Party, framed it on strict principles of proportional representation. The consequence inevitably was that Liberals not only held the larger number of seats in the Cabinet but the more important offices

of the State, including the Premiership, the Army, the Navy, and the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, were committed to their charge. The new Premier (Lloyd George), doubtless because freedom of choice in the Liberal fold was forbidden, has gone to the extreme in the opposite direction. Whilst the voting-power of the so-called Unionists in the House of Commons remains at the same figure, their representatives hold the majority of the most important places in the new Government. In a Cabinet of five, to whose absolute direction the conduct of the war and fate of the Empire are committed, whilst one is a Labour Member, three are not only Unionists but belong to the ultra type of the sect.

The wildest fancy exercised a fortnight ago could not have dreamt of the most extreme, or what used in polite circles to be stigmatised as the most dangerous, Radical among British statesmen presiding over a Cabinet so constituted from which he has arbitrarily excluded Arthur Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. An ex-Premier who closely watches from afar the course of public events avows that he is looking forward with keenest interest to Lloyd George's appointment of a new Bishop, or peradventure the promotion of one to the Primacy.

*December 16, 1916.*

That a Coalition Government should collapse in the second year of its existence is not a matter for marvel. Coalition Governments are born with the seeds of fatal disease in their constitution. That the latest should have lived so long is an added tribute to the adroit management of its Chief. The wonder is that in process of reconstruction it is he who is left out in the cold. Less than a month ago Asquith appeared impregnable in possession of power and office. Personal observation extending over nearly half a century testifies that none of his predecessors in the Leadership of the House of



Commons attained the full measure of his ascendancy. Gladstone, Disraeli, Stafford Northcote, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman, and Arthur Balfour were in degree supported by the loyal action of their Party. Asquith gradually won and, till near the end, maintained the goodwill of the Opposition. He captured even the Irish Nationalist Members who, over a period of thirty years, systematically obstructed public business and stubbornly fought the Government of the day, under whatsoever colours it was mustered. For the last ten years, as far as the Irish Nationalists are concerned, peace has reigned at Westminster.

This abnormal state of things was due to inbred courtesy, tireless patience, and singular dexterity on the part of the Premier in getting out of tight places. During two years of the war Asquith tightened his hold upon the admiration and esteem of the House—feelings bordering upon personal affection—by a series of speeches which, in point of moving eloquence, will stand comparison with any in the long record of Parliament. When he first undertook the Premiership his manner was marked by a certain reserve, mistaken at the time for constitutional frigidity. It was really shyness, gradually overcome as he more firmly felt his feet in the position to which he had been called.

Disclosure of his real nature was made before a surprised audience when, in one passage of his speech lamenting the death of his friend and predecessor, Campbell-Bannerman, a faltering voice and tear-dimmed eyes threatened breakdown. His speeches on the war, delivered whether in Parliament or the country—opening with the clarion note of Declaration of War against Germany when, trampling on solemn treaties, Huns marched over the body of Belgium on their way to Paris—reached the highest range of eloquence, modelled on the supreme types of simplicity and sincerity.

One charm of his Parliamentary speeches was their

comparative brevity. Barely did they exceed twenty minutes in delivery. When completed, it was felt no word or sentence that might have added to their cogency was omitted.

This habit of verbal condensation was brightly displayed at question time. It frequently happened that a score of questions on the paper were addressed to the Prime Minister, chiefly by the class of Member awake to the certainty of his name appearing in the Parliamentary Report if it were linked with that of the Leader of the House. The rapidity with which they were disposed of must have awakened mixed feelings in the breasts of colleagues who, earlier or later at this wasteful hour of the sitting, read from manuscript lengthy prize essays laboriously prepared at the office. Mr. Ginnell was the only habitual interrogator who complained of the insufficiency of the Premier's answers. Little more than monosyllabic, they covered the point raised, often with added touch of humour that mollified the acerbity of the question and amused the House.

*December 23, 1916.*

The achievements of the new Prime Minister, as affecting the course of public events, are, at this stage of the existence of his Government, hidden in the womb of the future. He has by initial effort established a revolution in the time-honoured principle of forming Ministries. Hitherto a newly-appointed Premier has limited his range of selection to a well-defined, narrow circle. Cabinet Ministers have, in long course of time, come to establish a claim to succession to office. Having served for a period under, say, Gladstone, or Disraeli, who by an adverse vote has been thrown out of office, when the whirligig of time brings their chief again into power they assume, as a matter of course, that they will be reinstated in their old office or in one of equal importance and emolument. Nor are they often disappointed.

If overlooked, the slight is deeply felt and bitterly resented.

Unembarrassed by former associations, Lloyd George has gone further afield. Bound by the ties of a Coalition Government, he has liberally recognised Unionist claims to a share of the loaves and fishes. There is, indeed, presented under the Leadership of this extreme Radical, of late anathema to good Conservatives, a Ministry in which Unionists are actively in the majority, numbering 33 to 27 Liberals. This is probably a necessity of the situation. Having fully satisfied it, he has indulged in a natural instinct to seek the collaboration of the best workers independent of social position, political influence, or even Parliamentary training. Taking note of men of supreme business capabilities, who have made their mark in private commercial enterprises, he has recruited them to the national service regardless of the fact that they are not even Members of Parliament who have found at Westminster opportunity of forcing them to the front.

The principle of selection is so obviously sound that marvel grows upon reflection on the fact that it is a novelty in English history. In the formation of Conservative Governments, birth and rank have hitherto been prominent considerations in the formation of a Government. These have not been wholly absent from the minds of Liberal Premiers engaged in the task Gladstone once described as the only labour that kept him awake at night. But their chief recruits were found among younger men who have distinguished themselves in the Parliamentary arena. To go outside that is a new departure, upon which Lloyd George has boldly embarked, and, having shown the way, he is certain to find followers among his successors.

The appointment of Sir Edward Carson to the First Lordship of the Admiralty is a quaint illustration of the working of a consecrated system which the exigence of

the hour precludes the Premier from entirely disregarding. The Irish lawyer, having taken a prominent part in the confederacy that resulted in the breakdown of Asquith's Government, had to be provided for in the new one. If the Woolsack were too high for him to climb, one of the Law Offices of the Crown would seem to be his appropriate guerdon. The present Attorney-General, a vigorous Unionist, could not, however, be conveniently got rid of. Accordingly, the learned Member, whose knowledge of sea affairs has been chiefly gained in cross passages of the Irish Channel, is appointed to supreme command of our first line of defence, at a period of dire peril for the Empire!

At a dinner table where the matter was discussed, with engaging frankness, a member of the late Cabinet, now a gentleman at large, explained that it really did not greatly matter. The First Lord of the Admiralty being a civilian, and knowing absolutely nothing of the actual working of the mighty engine committed to his charge, would be only too glad to submit to the guidance and control of the Board of Admiralty, more especially to that of the First Naval Lord, who is generally a man more or less of the standing of Lord Fisher. The present holder of the office being that great sailor's favourite pupil, Sir John Jellicoe, the Navy will be all right.

This is reassuring as far as it goes. But it is a cruel commentary upon our system of Government.

*December 31, 1916.*

Before the war St. James's was the smallest and the prettiest park in London. Besides its exceptional beauty it had historic interest. In the Mall, which one side flanks its full length, Charles I used to play a game resembling golf. Later, on a cold but sunlit day in January, 1649, the King walked for the last time along the Mall, bound for the Banqueting House at Whitehall, out of one of whose windows a scaffold had been erected

guarded by two masked executioners. Early in the present war St. James's Park suffered grievous injury by the drying up of its stream of water that meandered from the front of Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards, and wherein dwelt a colony of rare water birds. It was drained off more than two years ago on the advice of experts, who feared it would attract enemy Zeppelins, talk of which had just begun. It seemed a farcical proceeding when half a mile off the broad Thames rolled onward to the sea. Another precaution taken at the same time was the covering of the roof of Buckingham Palace with a network of steel wire which, it was hoped, might safeguard the building from bombs.

The crowning desecration of the park is the building upon its grassy lawns of wooden huts designed to serve as offices for clerks who have long since broken through the bounds of the War Office. A year ago a large block was erected between the Mall and the dried-up stream. It was reckoned at the time that this would prove adequate to the demand. The hope has proved fallacious. The War Office, always "wanting more," a few months ago commandeered the premises of two of the most populous London clubs. This month it has been found necessary to poach again on St. James's Park. A new hamlet of offices is being built at right angles with the one first completed. So urgent is the demand for room that workmen are engaged in day and night shifts.

It has a curious effect, passing at night from darkened highways and byways into the park, to find a blaze of light flashing to the sky in which Zeppelins may be lurking. But needs must when Lloyd George drives. The War Office wants additional accommodation for its staff and must have it forthwith, at whatever cost or risk.

## INDEX

- Abbey, Edwin, death, 53; pictures, 54; the Coronation of Edward VII, 54
- Aberdeen, Earl of, 78
- Addington, Rt. Hon. H., phrase "To doubt is to decide," 273
- Admiralty, First Lord of the, salary, 72, 207
- Afforestation, Committee of, 189
- Agnew, P. L., letter from Sir H. Lucy, 212; on his retirement from *Punch*, 213.
- Agnew, Sir William, 166
- Agriculture, Board of, dilatoriness, 273
- Alexandra, H. M. Queen, 55; received by the Empress Eugénie, 280
- Amphitryon Club, 149
- Anne, Queen, letters from, 152
- Arabi Pasha, exile in Ceylon, 61; death, 61
- Argyll, Duke of, 179; interest in politics, 180; benefactions, 180; letter from, 181; poem, 181; political views, 182
- Armitstead, Lord, death, 235
- Arnold, Sir Edwin, epic *Hades*, 247
- Articles Club, 149
- Arundel, Earl of, 88
- Ashbourne, Lord, 2; death, 123; will, 130
- Ashley Gardens, 2
- Aspirate, use of the, 121
- Asquith, Rt. Hon. H. H., brevity of his speeches, 2, 293; phrase "Wait and see," 69, 192, 272; Home Rule Bill, 77; recreation, 130; letters from, 175, 194; "spies strangers" in the House of Commons, 249, 250; Coalition Cabinet, 255, 290; tribute to A. Birrell, 253; speech on the Vote of Credit, 283; resignation, 289; character of his administration, 292; of his speeches, 292
- Asquith, Raymond, killed in the war, 276; record at college, 277
- Aston Park, riots, 76
- Athenæum Club, women waitresses, 240
- Attorney-General, work of the, 74
- Austen, Alfred, 247
- Austria, Empress of, personality, 34; appearance, 34
- Autograph letters, collection of, 22
- Balaclava, Charge of the Light Brigade, 31
- Balfour, Earl of, length of his speeches, 2; resignation of the Leadership of the Unionist Party, 62; letters from, 63, 214; member of the Fourth Party, 114, 223; tribute to G. Wyndham, 124; on the Home Rule Bill, 129; recreation, 130; member of the Souls, 149; case against, 151; opinion of Princess Bibesco, 175; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 229; Prime Minister, 251
- Balfour, Colonel Eustace, 30
- Balfour, Lady Frances, 30
- Balfour, Rt. Hon. Gerald, relinquishes his pension, 32
- Bancroft, Lady, 75
- Bancroft, Sir Squire, 75, 263
- Barnum, P. T., 24
- Beaconsfield, Earl of, length of his speeches, 2; Prime Minister, 4, 275; inscription on his monument, 11; novels, 12; phrase "Peace with honour," 69; at Hughenden, 237; waistcoat, 288
- Beauchamp*, life-boat, wrecked, 131
- Bell, Professor, problem to harness electricity to light, 57
- Benchers of Inns of Court, banquets, 200

- Bentinck, Cavendish, 3  
 Beresford, Lord Charles, commanding the Channel Fleet, 12; letter from, 13  
 Bibesco, Princess, 175  
 Biggar, Mr., 249  
 Birmingham, scheme to connect with the Bristol Channel, 66  
 Birrell, Rt. Hon. Augustine, story of, 55; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 253-255; resignation, 253  
 Bismarck, Prince, at Friedrichsruh, 167; necktie, 168  
 Blessington, Lady, correspondence, 80  
 Boer War, 17, 92, 204, 205, 220, 244  
 Boswell, James, *Life of Johnson*, 69  
 Botha, General, 45  
 Bradlaugh, Charles, use of the aspirate, 122  
 Brand, Mr., Speaker, 104, 120; retirement, 105, *see* Hampden  
 Brassey, Earl, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, resignation, 139; gift to India, of the *Sunbeam*, 279  
 Bridgeman, Admiral Sir Francis, commanding the Home Fleet, 7  
 Bristol Channel, scheme to connect with Birmingham, 66  
 British officers, number killed in the war, 260  
 British soldiers, character, 201  
 Brontë family, sale of relics, 248  
 Brooks, Miss Annie, 22  
 Brooks Club, 148  
 Brougham, Lord, phrase "Watch and wait," 69  
 Broughton, Lord, *Recollections of a Long Life*, 69  
 Browne, H. K. (Phiz), instructions from Charles Dickens, 230-232  
 Browning, Robert, lines, 131  
 Bryce Committee, report, 203  
 Bryce, Lord, British Ambassador at Washington, at Honolulu, 100; *The American Commonwealth*, 100; career, 101; travels, 101  
 Buckingham Palace, protection from bombs, 296  
 Buller, General Sir Redvers, 17  
 Burgoyne, Sir John, 280  
 Burney, Fanny, pension, 134; literary works, 134, *see* D'Arblay  
 Burt, Thomas, letter from, 95  
 Bute, Marquis of, 12, 61  
 Buxton, Earl, Governor-General of South Africa, letter from, 238  
 Cabinet Ministers, salaries, 71, 207  
 Campbell, Sir George, 183  
 Campbell-Bannerman, Rt. Hon. Sir H., 29; story of, 63; Prime Minister, 64, 267; seals of office demanded, 146; letter from, 163  
 Canada, price of mushrooms, 282  
 Canning, Rt. Hon. George, verses, 273  
 Capel, Monsignor, 12; death, 60; relations with Cardinal Manning, 60; expelled from the Ministry, 61  
 Cardiff, meeting at, 265  
 Carlton Club, meeting, 62  
 Carrington, Lord, 276, *see* Lincolnshire  
 Carson, Lord, 147; tribute to A. Birrell, 254; First Lord of the Admiralty, 294  
 Cat, story of a, *note*, 264  
 Cavendish, Lord Frederick, murdered, 72  
 Cecil, Lord Hugh, letter from, 234; maiden speech, 278  
 Cecil, Lord Robert, maiden speech, 278  
 Censorship, criticism on, 193; defence of, 194  
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Austen, 150  
 Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Joseph, message to posterity, 43; scheme to connect Birmingham with the Bristol Channel, 66; treatment by Labouchere, 67; speeches on the land question, 138; attacks on, 170; "The Unauthorised Programme," 170, 255; bust of, 209; resemblance to Pitt, 209; popularity with the Tory Party, 251, 255; power of debate, 267  
 Charles I, King, 295  
 Charles II, King, lays the foundation stone of Chelsea Hospital, 92  
 Chatham, Earl of, retires to North End, 157  
 Chelsea Hospital, 92  
 Choate, J. H., 126  
 Chosiz, Prince of, 216

- Christian IX**, King of Denmark, death, 86; trip in the *Tantallon Castle*, 86  
**Churchill**, Lady Randolph, 220  
**Churchill**, Lord Randolph, 56, 62, 78, 220, 222; member of the Fourth Party, 114, 223  
**Churchill**, Rt. Hon. Winston, 78; First Lord of the Admiralty, salary, 72, 207; extract from his book on the war, 191 *note*; serves in the war, 220; resignation, 256; relations with Lord Fisher, 256; maiden speech, 278  
**Civil List of Pensions**, 45  
**Clanricarde**, Lord, death, 251; expenditure, 252; suit of clothes, 252  
**Clarkson**, Sir James, 117  
**Clive**, Lord, 23  
**Clive**, Viscount, killed in the war, 284  
**Clubs of London**, 148; membership, 270; commandeered, 275, 296  
**Coalition Government**, 202, 213, 291  
**Cobden Club**, 148  
**Coercion Bill**, 120  
**Colenso**, battle of, 17  
**Collier**, Miss Constance, 264  
**Collins**, Wilkie, 160  
**Commons**, House of, length of speeches, 2; scenes in, 3-6; Ladies' Gallery, 44, 114, 249; temperature, 64; Journal, 80; points of etiquette, 163-165; the Private Member, 243; "spying strangers," 249; instances of "bulls," 262  
**Compton**, Lord William, 127, *see* Northampton  
**Congreve**, General, Commandant of the Hythe School of Musketry, 17; V.C. conferred, 261, 288  
**Congreve**, Major, killed in the war, 261; awarded the D.S.O., 261; tribute to, 261; V.C. conferred, 288  
**Conrad**, Joseph, letter from, 15; *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, 15, 46; pension, 45  
**Constantinople**, advance on, 5  
**Constitutional Club**, commandeered, 275  
**Cook**, J. P., poisoned, 22  
*Cornhill Magazine*, 134, 161  
**Coronation Day**, 35; cost of, 36; the Royal coach, 36; the chair, 38; preparations, 42  
*Court Circular, The*, 120  
**Cowes**, 280  
**Craig**, Captain, mixed metaphors, 150  
**Craigie**, Mrs., 221, *see* Hobbes  
**Cranborne**, Lord, maiden speech, 278  
**Crawford**, F. Marion, letter from, 10  
**Credit**, Votes of, 282  
**Crewe**, Marquis of, tribute to Lord Ashbourne, 123; Liberal Leader of the House of Lords, 224; character of his speeches, 225  
**Crispi**, Signor, visit to Friedrichsruh, 167  
**Cross**, Viscount, death, 154; pension, 154, 175  
**Currie**, Sir Donald, 86  
**Curzon**, Marquis, 77; letter from, 189; Near-Eastern policy, 189 *note*  
*Daily Express*, the, 185  
*Daily Mail*, the, 185  
*Daily News*, the, 188, 290  
*Daily Telegraph*, the, 188  
**D'Arblay**, General, 134  
**D'Arblay**, Mme., 134, *see* Burney  
**Dawson**, Sir Bertrand, 191  
**Deems**, Mrs., album, 141  
**Defence of the Realm Act**, 198  
**Delane**, John, 287  
**Denison**, Rt. Hon. J. E., Speaker, story of, 51  
**Denmark**, Queen of, trip in the *Tantallon Castle*, 86  
**Depew**, Chauncey M., letter from, 145  
**Derby**, Earl of, 266  
**Derby**, Lord, number of Ministries, 11  
**Devonport**, Lord, on the practice of economy, 229  
**Devonshire**, Duchess of, 1; death, 48  
**Devonshire**, Duke of, 1; death, 48; maiden speech, 277  
**Devonshire House**, 1, 48  
**Dickens**, Charles, *David Copperfield*, 52, 122; letters to M. Beadnell, 52; autograph letter, 80; takes part in *Not So*



- Bad As We Seem*, 160; instructions to Phiz, 230-232; *Dombey and Son*, 287; waist-coats, 288; portrait, 288
- Dilke, Rt. Hon. Sir Charles, 3, 26; return to Parliament, 27-29; characteristics, 28; at Dockett Eddy, 19; sports, 30; death, 30
- Dilke, Lady, 29; death, 30
- Dillon, John, 5, 165
- Discovery*, the, 7
- Disraeli, Rt. Hon. B., 2, *see* Beaconsfield
- Disraeli, Coningsby, maiden speech, 277
- Doetch, managing director of the Rio Tinto Mine, 111
- Dorchester House, reception at, 6, 102
- Douglas, Rt. Hon. Akers, Chief Whip, 165
- Doyle, Sir A. Conan, 17
- Drew, Mrs., diary, 25
- Dudley, Earl of, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 125
- Dunraven, Earl of, scheme of Devolution, 124
- Economy in war time, need for, 229
- Edward I, King, 38
- Edward VI, King, 91
- Edward VII, H.M. King, visit to the *Discovery*, 7; levée, 29; chair for his Coronation, 38; dinner hour, 40; picture of his Coronation, 54; shooting, 55; public duties, 121; at Buckingham Palace, 275; received by the Empress Eugénie, 280
- Egg, Augustus, 160
- Eighty Club, 148
- Election, General, of 1905, 267
- Electricity, harnessed to light, 57
- Elizabeth, Queen, portrait, 90
- Elliot, Miss Maxine, 60
- Elwes, the miser, 23
- Endsavour*, the, 259
- Esher, Viscount, letter from, 133
- Etna, Mount, 174
- Eugénie, Empress, 195; gift of her yacht, 279; at Cowes, 280; receives King Edward, 280
- Eversley, Lord, First Commissioner of Works, 10, 68, *see* Shaw-Lefevre
- Fauntleroy, the banker, executed, 22
- Filmer, Sir Robert, killed in the war, 232
- Fisher, Lord, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, 12; letters from, 19, 59, 190; illness, 191; removes from his official residence, 207; relations with Winston Churchill, 256
- Fishery Conference, 43
- Fog, in London, 26; prose poem on, 27
- Forster, John, 160; *Life of Charles Dickens*, 52, 288
- Forster, Rt. Hon. W. E., 5; recreation, 130
- Fourth Party, whitebait dinner, 223
- Fox, Rt. Hon. C. J., India Bill, 146
- Fox Club, 148
- Fraser, Mrs., 34
- French, Sir John, dispatches, 193-195
- Garibaldi, General, in London, 182
- Gentleman's Magazine*, 82
- George III, King, 139; opposes the India Bill, 147
- George V, H.M. King, cost of his Coronation, 36; chair, 38; dinner hour, 40; skill in shooting, 55; hours of work, 121, 241; characteristics, 241; visits to the Army and Navy, 241, 275; the wounded, 242; at Windsor Castle, 274; at Buckingham Palace, 275
- George, Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd, land campaign, 138; popularity, 168, 199; Budget, 169; letters from, 171, 189; on Munitions of War, 196; night adventure, 199; capacity as an administrator, 236; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 255; speech at Cardiff, 265; Secretary of State for War, 266; power of debate, 267; Secretary to the Board of Trade, 268; Prime Minister, 289, 293; Cabinet, 291; selection of his Ministers, 294
- German boats, sunk, 208
- German officer, brutality, 201

- Germans, treatment of prisoners, 271
- Germany, Crown Prince of, story of, 49
- Ghosts, at Hampton Court, 158
- Gibson, Mr., Attorney-General for Ireland, 123
- Ginnell, Mr., 293
- Gladstone, Mrs., 30, 86
- Gladstone, Herbert, Viscount, letter from, 234; maiden speech, 277
- Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., length of his speeches, 2, 245; Prime Minister, 5; inscription on his monument, 11; on his resumption of office, 25; historic phrase, 69; speech on board the *Tantallon Castle*, 86; power of sleeping, 129; entertained by the *Punch* staff, 136; necktie, 168
- Gladstone, William, characteristics, 197; killed in the war, 197, 276
- Godolphin, Lord, 152
- Gorst, Sir John, member of the Fourth Party, 114, 223
- Goschen, Viscount, 105
- Gough, Viscount, at the battle of Talavera, 93
- Gower, Lord Ronald, death, 237
- Grant, General, 141
- Granville, Castalia, Countess, edits the *Granville Correspondence*, 273
- Granville, Earl, 25, 224
- Granville Private Correspondence*, 273
- Gray's Inn, Grand Night, 51; toasts, 52
- Greenwood, Frederick, 45; founds the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 46; gifts, 47
- Greenwood, Jessy, pension, 45
- Greenwood, Kate, pension, 45
- Grey, Viscount, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, characteristics, 37
- Grossmith, George, death, 74; *The Diary of a Nobody*, 74; gift of mimicry, 75
- Grosvenor, Lord Richard, 222
- Grove, Sir George, 51
- Guest, Capt., Treasurer of the Household, 163
- Gulland, John W., letter from, 233
- Gunfring, effect of, 41
- Haldane, Viscount, letters from, 190, 235, 279
- Hale, William Bayard, *Life of Woodrow Wilson*, 82
- Halsbury, Earl of, 56, 147
- Hamilton, General Sir Ian, 45; career, 204; wins the D.S.O., 204; Commandant of the Hythe School of Musketry, 205; appearance, 205
- Hampden, Viscount, letter from, 119, *see* Brand
- Hampton Court, ghosts, 158
- Hansard*, 152
- Harcourt, Lord, 70
- Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, 56, 267; Attorney-General, 143; cost of knighthood, 144
- Hardelet, 180
- Hare, Sir John, 263
- Harris, Mr. Leverton, 134
- Hartington, Lord, 78, *see* Devonshire
- Harvey, Martin, 263
- Hay, John, poem on the American War, 283
- Herbert, Auberon, 3
- Herkomer, Sir Hubert, letter from, 65; *The Herkomers*, 98; musical play, 99
- Hicks-Beach, Sir M., peerage conferred, 33; Budget, 244; death, 250, *see* St. Aldwyn
- His Majesty's Theatre, presentation of *Macbeth*, 263
- Hobbes, John Oliver, 221, *see* Craige
- Home Rule Bill, 77, 129, 150, 161
- Hope, Beresford, 262
- Howell, Mr., 110
- Hunt, Ward, 13
- Income tax, amount of, 211, 244
- India Bill, 146
- Inouyé, Marquis, death, 216; early life, 216
- Ireland, recruiting in, 284
- Irish "bulls," 150; Labourers' Bill, 150; Members in the House of Commons, suspended, 5; peasant, shrewdness, 285
- Irving, Sir Henry, 75, 84
- Isaacs, Sir Rufus, Attorney-General, 198; Lord Chief Justice, 199
- Ismay, Sir Thomas, 39

- Ito, Marquis, 216; assassinated, 217
- James, Lord, of Hereford, death, 56; Solicitor-General, 143; cost of knighthood, 144
- Jameson Raid, Royal Commission on the, 172
- Japan, Mikado, receives Sir H. Lucy, 93-95; appearance, 94
- Jellicoe, Sir John, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, 295
- Jerrold, Douglas, 160
- Jonson, Ben, 90
- Kato, T., letter from, 110
- Kean, Edmund, 23
- Kendal, Mrs., 263
- Kiel Canal, opening, 86
- Kimber, Sir Henry, 263
- King-Harman, Colonel, 229
- King-Harman, Lieut., missing in the war, 229
- Kitchener, Field-Marshal Earl, 9, 45; Secretary of State for War, 193; criticism on his policy, 193, 196; death, 257; speeches in the House of Lords, 258
- Knights Club, 148
- Knole, 135
- Knowles, James, letter from, 185
- La Bienheureuse, pilgrimage to the shrine of, 87
- Labouchere, Henry, 28, 223; at Florence, 60, 67; marriage, 67; antipathy to Ministers, 67; changes of residence, 68
- Labouchere, Mrs., 68
- Labour Members, entertained by the Speaker, 32
- Ladysmith, siege of, 92
- Land Purchase Act, 124
- Lang, Andrew, 99; death, 100
- Lansdowne, Marquis of, tribute to Lord Ashbourne, 123
- Larkin, Mr., 150
- Lascelles, Viscountess, 48
- Law, Rt. Hon. Bonar, 78; on the success of a speech, 2; policy, 226; declines to form a Ministry, 289
- Layard, Sir Henry, British Minister at Constantinople, 5
- Le Sage, John M., letter from, 188
- Lewis, Delawarr, 97
- Lewis, Sir George, 26
- Li Hung Chang, 35.
- Liberal Party, 290
- Light, electricity harnessed to, 57
- Lincolnshire, Marquis of, 276, see Carrington
- Llandaff, Lord, 56; death, 75; appearance, 76; Home Secretary, 76; on the Maybrick case, 77, see Matthews
- Llewellyn, Mr., 262
- Lockwood, Sir Frank, at Sark, 116; member of the Articles Club, 149
- London, Clubs of, 148; fog, 26; prose poem on, 27; search-lights, 223
- Loudon, Mrs., *The Lady's Companion to Her Flower Garden*, 115
- Louise, H. R. H. Princess, 180
- Lourdes, pilgrimage to, 88
- Lowell, Russell, prose poem on a London fog, 27
- Lowther, Rt. Hon. James W., entertains Labour Members, 32; letters from, 87, 161, 233
- Lowther, William, death, 71
- Lucy, Sir Henry, articles in the *Westminster Gazette*, 7, 12; at "The Pines," 21; knighthood conferred, 21; meeting with Arabi Pasha, 61; *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, 69, 98, 111, 159, 176; attends a levée, 73; articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 82; at Tonbridge, 90; presented to the Mikado, 93-95; tour round the world, 100; *Diary of the Disraelian Parliament*, 123; "Fanny Burney at Norbury Park," 133; articles in the *Observer*, 160, 234; prophecy on the war, 192; criticism on the Censorship, 193; retirement from *Punch*, 212; last chapter of *The Diary of Toby, M.P.*, 232, 242; letters on his retirement, 233-235, 238, 242
- Lucy, Lady, 19, 154, 225; illness, 87
- Lusitania*, the, sunk, 203
- Lyons, Lord, *The Life and Letters of*, 156
- Lytelton, Rt. Hon. Alfred, death, 128; tribute, to 128
- Lytton, Bulwer, 160

- MacDonnell, Lord, 125  
 Maclise, D., portrait, 288  
 Manning, Cardinal relations with  
   Monsignor Capel, 60  
 Marconi affair, 198  
 Markham, Mr., 192  
 Marston, E., letter from, 158  
 Mary, H. R. H. Princess, 48, *see*  
   Lascelles,  
 Mary, H. M. Queen, 121; Corona-  
   tion, 36; story of, 48; at  
   White Lodge, 221; visits the  
   wounded, 242,  
 Matthews, Henry, 56, *see* Llandaff  
 Maude, Cyril, 261  
 Maxwell, Sir Herbert, letters  
   from, 192, 258  
 May, Phil, 166; early life, 177;  
   member of the *Punch* staff, 178  
 Maybrick case, 77  
 M'Kenna, Rt. Hon. Reginald,  
   First Lord of the Admiralty,  
   41; speech on the Budget, 245  
 McNeill, Ronald, 164  
 Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Grand Duke  
   of, 18  
 Melbourne, Lord, story of, 51  
 Merchant Shipping Bill, 4  
 Mersey, Lord, 203  
 Meryon, Charles, etchings, 137;  
   death, 137  
 Messina, 174  
 Middleton, Viscount, 258  
 Ministers, salaries, 71, 207  
 Ministry, reconstruction, 289  
 Montagu, Lord, of Beaulieu, 126;  
   motor-car, 127, 228; on board  
   the *Persia*, 227; characteristics,  
   228, *see* Scott.  
 Moore, Mary, 263  
 Morley, Viscount, 78; phrase  
   " Mending or ending," 69  
 Mudford, W. H., editor of the  
   *Standard*, death, 286  
 Munitions of war, output, 197  
 Munro, Mr., Lord Advocate, 143  
 Mushrooms, 282  
  
 Nancy Lucy, the life-boat, chris-  
   tened, 132  
 Napoleon III, Emperor, 35  
 National Liberal Club, comman-  
   deered, 275  
 Nelson, Lord, hatred of the  
   French, 37  
 Nevill, Lady Dorothy, death,  
   113; luncheon parties, 113  
*New York Tribune*, 102  
  
 Newnes, Sir George, 185  
 Newton, Lord, letter from, 156  
*Nineteenth Century*, the, 185  
 Norfolk, Duke of, pilgrimage to  
   La Bienheureuse, 87  
 North End, 156  
*North, Lord, Life of*, 146  
 Northampton, Marquis of, death,  
   127; political views, 127;  
   President of the Sunday School  
   Union, 128, *see* Compton  
 Northcliffe, Lord, 81  
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, Leader of  
   the House of Commons, 5  
 Northcote, Stafford, maiden  
   speech, 277  
*Not So Bad As We Seem*, playbill,  
   160  
  
 O'Brien, Sir Pat, 150  
 O'Brien, William, 245  
*Observer*, the, 19, 160, 192, 234  
 O'Donnell, Frank Hugh, letter  
   from, 21  
 Old Age Pensions Act, 176  
*Omar Khayyam*, 21  
 Ophir Farm, 103  
  
 Page, W. H., American Amba-  
   sador to London, 126  
 Paget, Sir Arthur, 183, 184  
*Pall Mall Gazette*, founded, 47  
 Palmer, William, 22  
 Palmerston, Lord, Lord Warden  
   of the Cinque Ports, 140  
 Papermaking, import of, restric-  
   tions, 239  
 Parlourmaids, uniform, 205  
 Parnell, C. S., 6; *His Love Story*  
   and *Political Life*, 186  
 Parnell, Mrs., 186  
 Parrot, story of a, 8 *note*  
 Payn, James, illegible writing,  
   287  
 Pearson, Sir Arthur, 184; career,  
   185; establishes St. Dunstan's,  
   185  
*Pearson's Magazine*, 185  
 Peel, Lord, Speaker, 64; death,  
   103; appearance, 104, 106;  
   characteristics, 104; career,  
   105  
 Peel, Sir Robert, inscription on  
   his monument, 11  
*Pegasus*, the, 216  
 Penshurst, 90  
 Pensions, payment of, 154, 175  
*Persia*, the, 227

- Phelps, E. J., American Minister to London, departure, 153  
 Phoenix Park murders, 72  
 Phonograph, address in the, 43  
*Piozzi, Mrs., The Love Letters of*, 135  
 Pitt House, 156  
 Pitt, Rt. Hon. William, peerage conferred, 139; monograph on, 140; resemblance to J. Chamberlain, 209, *see* Chatham  
 Playfair, Lyon, Chairman of Ways and Means, 80  
 Plimsoll, Samuel, Merchant Shipping Bill, 4; suspended, 4  
 Plunket, David, First Commissioner of Works, 183, *see* Rathmore  
 Poor Law Bill, 51  
 Power, Dick, 187  
 Price, Charles, 175  
 Primrose League, 114  
 Prisoners, treatment by the Germans, 271  
*Punch*, "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," last chapter, 232, 242  
 Put and Call Club, 148
- Rathmore, Lord, 183, *see* Plunket  
*Recruit*, the, torpedoed, 208  
 Redmond, John, 78, 253  
 Redmond, Major W., 284  
 Reform Club, 276; women waitresses, 240  
 Reid, Whitelaw, American Ambassador to London, 102; receptions at Dorchester House, 102; joins the staff of the *New York Tribune*, 102; Ophir Farm, 103  
 Rhodes, Cecil, 172  
 Ridley, Sir Matthew White, 77  
 Ripon, Marquis of, 55  
 Rivière, Briton, letter from, 8  
 Roberts, Lieut., death, 17; V.C. conferred, 288  
 Robertson, Sir George, 163  
 Robinson, Sir John, illegible writing, 287  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, reception at Dorchester House, 6; retirement, 106; knowledge of literature, 107; letter from, 108  
 Root, Elihu, letter from, 15  
 Rosebery, Earl of, 78; relations with Labouchere, 68; letter from, 91; collection of pictures, 97; monograph on Pitt, 140; resigns Premiership, 146; member of the Articles Club, 149; at Cardiff, 265  
 Rowton, Lord, 12  
 Royal Academy, Banquet, 200  
 Russell, "Billy," war correspondent, 31  
 Russell, Sir Charles, 77; member of the Articles Club, 149  
 Russell, George, 115  
 Russia, advance on Constantinople, 5  
 Rutherford, Mark, death, 111; *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, 111
- Sackville, Lord, Groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, 135  
 St. Aldwyn, Earl, 250, *see* Hicks-Beach  
 St. Dunstan's, 185  
*St. James's Gazette*, 47  
 St. James's Palace, levée at, 72; night guard, 246  
 St. James's Park, 295  
 Sambourne, Linley, 166  
 San Domingo, number of revolutions, 108  
 Sark, Member for, identity, 116  
 Saunderson, Colonel, story of, 83  
 Savoy Hotel, 269  
 Scott, John, 228, *see* Montagu  
 Scott, Capt. R., 7; last letter, 112  
 Scott, Sir Walter, *Guy Mannering*, 153  
 Selborne, Lady, christens the *Nancy Lucy*, 132  
 Selborne, Lord, 171; President of the Board of Agriculture, 172; letter from, 172  
 Servants, their practice of wastefulness, 230  
 Shackleton, Sir Ernest, interview with the ex-Emperor of Germany, 39; letter from, 159; Antarctic expedition, 259  
 Shackleton, Lady, 260  
 Shaftesbury, Earl of, 128  
 Shaw-Lefevre, Rt. Hon. G. J., 10, *see* Eversley  
 Shelburne, Earl of, 97  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, *Arcadia*, 90; portrait, 90  
 Smith, George, founds the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 46  
 Smith, Sir George Adam, letter from, 225

- Smith, Goldwin, reminiscences, 11  
 Smith, Rt. Hon. W. H., Lord  
   Warden of the Cinque Ports,  
   140  
 Smyth, Dr. Ethel, 195  
 Somme, battle of the, 277  
 Sotheby, sale at, 22  
 Souls, The, 149  
*Spectator*, the, 262, 264  
*Standard*, the, 185, 286  
 Star and Garter Hotel, 220  
 Stoker, Bram, death, 84; secre-  
   tary to Sir Henry Irving, 84  
 Stone, Frank, 160  
 Stuart, Gilbert, portrait, 97  
 Suez Canal, shares, 47  
 Suffragettes, in the House of  
   Commons, 44  
*Sunbeam*, the, 279  
 Sutherland, Duke of, interview  
   with Queen Victoria, 136;  
   receives Garibaldi, 182  
 Swearing, habit of, 51  
 Swinburne, Algernon, 20; col-  
   lection of books, 247
- Talavera, battle of, 93  
*Tantallon Castle*, the, 86  
 Taxation, amount of, 211  
 Taxi-cab, charge for, 75  
 Teck, Duke and Duchess of, at  
   White Lodge, 221  
 Temple, Earl, 147  
 Tenniel, Sir John, letter from,  
   136; illness, 160; playbill,  
   160; death and funeral, 166;  
   friends, 167  
*Terra Nova*, the, 7, 112  
 Terry, Ellen, 263  
 Terry, Kate, 142  
*Teutonic*, the, 39  
 Tewfik Pasha, 61  
 Thackeray, W. M., autograph  
   letters, 81; lines, 131; editor  
   of the *Cornhill*, 161  
 Thirteen Club, 148  
*Thistle*, the, 279  
 Thrale, Mrs., 135, *see* Piozzi  
*Times*, *The*, 31, 88; corre-  
   spondence on ghosts, 157;  
   letter in, 193  
 Tokio, review at, 93  
 Tonbridge, 90  
 "Toots," death, 7; story of, 8  
 Trafalgar Hotel, 222  
 Tree, Sir Herbert Beerbohm, 85,  
   263
- Tree, Lady, 263  
 Trench, Mr., 94  
 Trevelyan, Sir George, letters  
   from, 19, 142  
 Trevor, Sir John, Speaker, result  
   of his squint, 177  
*Tribune*, the, 153  
 Turnour, Sir Edward, 50  
 Turnour, Viscount, 50, *see* Win-  
   terton
- Unionist Party, leadership, 62
- Vandyck, portraits, 90  
 Victoria, H.M. Queen, dinner  
   hour, 40; contradicted by an  
   Admiral, 89; the *Court Cir-  
   cular*, 120; interview with the  
   Duke of Sutherland, 136; dis-  
   like of London, 275; opens  
   Parliament, 275  
*Victoria and Albert*, the, 280  
 Villiers, pension, 155
- Wales, H.R.H. Edward, Prince of,  
   report of his marriage, 18;  
   story of, 96  
 War, the Great, number killed,  
   217-219  
 War Loan, issue of, 210  
 Washington, George, sale of his  
   portrait, 97  
 Wason, Cathcart, 262  
 Waterlow, Sir Sydney, received  
   by the *Mikado*, 93  
 Watts-Dunton, T., letters from,  
   20, 110; *Aylwin*, 111  
 Webster, Dr., 152  
 Welby, Lord, 190  
 Wellington, Duke of, lying-in-  
   state, 93; story of, 115  
 Westminster Abbey, monuments,  
   10; preparations for the Coron-  
   ation, 42  
*Westminster Gazette*, the, articles  
   in, 7, 12  
 Westminster School, privilege, 44  
 Whateley, Archbishop, saying of,  
   60  
 White, doorkeeper of the House of  
   Commons, 112  
 White, Sir George, death, 91;  
   character, 92; defence of Lady-  
   smith, 92; Governor of Chelsea  
   Hospital, 92  
 White, Lady, 92

- White Lodge, 221  
 William II, ex-Kaiser, in London, 18; interview with Sir E. Shackleton, 39; on board the *Teutonic*, 39  
 Wilson, Sir Arthur, 60  
 Wilson, Stanley, "bull," 151  
 Wilson, Woodrow, life of, 81; President, 82; letter from, 83  
 Winterton, Earl, letter from, 49  
 Windsor Castle, 274  
 Wittenberg, prison camp, 271  
 Wolff, Sir H. Drummond, member of the Fourth Party, 114, 223  
 Women, employment of, 206, 219, 240
- Wordsworth, William, letter from, 153  
 Wraxall, Sir N. W., *Historic and Posthumous Memoirs*, 173  
 Wren, Sir Christopher, architect of Chelsea Hospital, 92  
 Wyndham, Sir Charles, 23, 263; serves in the American War, 24  
 Wyndham, Rt. Hon. George, Chief Secretary for Ireland, death, 124; Land Purchase Act, 124; advised to retire, 125
- Yates, Edmund Smedley, letter from, 176  
 Young, Mr., 23

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