Cattell's typescript memoirs, chapters 22 to 30

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CHAPTER XXIV.

JAGDALLAK && THE MASSACRE.

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CHAPTER XXI*

Afe of us rode out Jagdallak and itsneigourhood as far as th bridge with flattened archsover the Surkhab(red water) from its muddy Muddy colour probably due to suspendnd clay* The bridge* also painted redd is called Surkh-pul; a portion of the parapet on the further right side has fallen down*Around, and especially beyond, the country isrugged and very wild*Here we tried to recall the disastrous scenes of January 1842VV; for among the stones under they had been hastily buried on the top of this hill were still lying bones of these unfortunate soldiers;I brought awaythe thighbone of a drummer boy whshad sounded his last post3 those remaining were were afterwards collected and interred*The bone was brought home and placed in the College of sSurgeons museum*

On the 6;a force of 16500 men,Gunners & 44 Regt,Native Cavalry & Sepoys & camp followers,were permitted to quit the cantorment, Kabul. Besieged for 65 days,they escaped through a breach cut by Stewart R,E,into the snow,occupying a day in getting out,with their immence string of baggage animals,pack of fox hounds & a Broadwood grand piano.

For the English had thoroughly settled down in their new cantonments, transplanting their habits,& also their vices. They built houses,& laid out gardens,& surrounded themselves with the luxuries of European life, & sent for wives & children. They rode races & played cricket,went out shooting & fishing;& got up Dramatic entertainments,& when winter came, to the astonishment of the Affghans,skated over the ice. For this,the manly Affghans did not like us the less;but there was something which filled them with intensest hate. The attractions of the women,& their love of intrigue,proved irrisistible;& the Affghans jealous of the honor of their women,were roused with shame to revenge;even men of influence knew themselves to be wronged by inmates of their Zenanas,& complaints were made in vain. So for 2 years the notorious scandal was burning into the heart of the Affghans. (Kaye II 143 Gleig Sale's Brigade).

A day of suffering & confusion, with immence strings of baggage animals, ponies & camels, moving out through the greater portion of the day. Work of plunder soon began; enemy cut down helpless followers seizing what they could & plashing the snow with blood, mid indescribable uproar of bellowings of camels, curses of drivers, laments of Hindus, shrieks of women & cries of children, & the savage yells of triumphant Ghilzais. At night progress was illuminated by the glare of burning cantonments, lighting the sky like a stormy sunset; for miles around where the Affghans had poured in & massacred all who had delayed. Soon all pretence of discipline ceased; to lag behind meant death by Affghan knife or snow; each strove to press to the front, & campfollowers impeded the fighting men. Rearguard under arms since 8 am; attacked on leaving cantonments, they left 50 dead & dying in the snow, & abandoned much baggage & 2 guns. Through road strewn with dead & dying, men, women, & children, & even Sepoy sinking down in the snow, & quietly awaiting death. Through night of horror & sufferings, they reached camp near Bagraine on the right bank of the river at 2 am of the 7 (Kaye II 362).

At dawn followers & baggage even many Sepoys strove to get ahead. Discipline was fast disappearing. Regiments dwindling to skeletons; no longer a retreating army it was a rabble in chaotic flight. Enemy pressing on rear, seizing baggage, capturing guns (mountain guns here lost & 2 horse Artillery soon afterwards). A great mass of men women & children, horses & camels, wallowing in the snow, without shelter fuel or food. Sepoys burnt their caps & accoutrements for temporary warmth, & the sun rose on many stiffened corpses; the survivors anxious only to escape death. Here at Budkhak on the evening of 7 in two days they had only got over 30 miles. One Officer tells how he & 11 others, crowded round hot ashes of a pistol case, & with some bottles of wine tried to keep

off the cold, then huddled together to sleep. (Kaye III 370).
Here Muhamed Akbar Khan appeared with 600 horse. Appealed to, said he had come to protect them against the Ghilzais, & to demand hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad, & to arrest march. He insisted they should stay at Tizin till news came of the evacuation. Countermanding the night march which might have saved them, the General decided to halt & so gave time for the enemy to assemble & block the passes in front. The hostages were handed over, Pottinger in place of Shelton, who refused, Lawrence & Colin Mackenzie whose corps of Jasaljis were now annihilated. One of our Biluchi soldiers describes the force as consisting of Hindu idolators, good Mussalmans like themselves, & whites who have no religion; there appears to have been no Chaplain at Kabul.
On morning of 8 Akbar offered to take over the ladies & children who up to this time had scarce tasted food since leaving Kabul, as hostages for restoration of his own family kept by us in captivity; but their husbands refused, & some declared they would rather shoot their wives (Eyre).
Akbar had promised to send men to clear pass of Ghilzais, & once more the living mass was in motion; some 100 remnant of the 44,50 troopers & a few gunners.
At mouth of Khurd Kabul (defiles), a furtile attempt was made to separate followers from fighting men, which only resulted in delay. Frostbitten, the men had to be lifted on to their horses, only a few remained. Unmolested, they reached a narrow gorge in defile, to find heights crowded by large body of Ghilzais, who mowed down the column; Sepoys benumbed with cold, threw away their arms & were butchered.
The pass runs for 5 miles through precipitous cliffs; so shut in that the wintry sun rarely penetrates its gloomy recesses. Down its centre

centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost had in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow, now again falling, lay consolidated in slippery masses affording no easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream had to be crossed & recrossed 28 times. (Eyre). Into the jaws of this terrible defile, the disorganised column now struggled in fearful confusion. as they went on the pass gradually narrowed, & Ghilzais crowned the heights, & poured down a hot fire. The ladies were in front; here Lady Sale was wounded in the arm; Eyres little boy, strapped on back of a faithful Affghan servant, escaped though the animal falling & throwingthem off. Another gun was now abandoned, ~~with its ammunition~~, its men all slain. The massacre here in Khord Kabul pass was fearful. In vain did Akbar strive to control the hordes of fanatical Ghilzais, splashing through mountain torrent, pent in between walls of pass, now floundering through snow which filled the hollows or banked up beside the stream; the wretched fugitives fell an easy prey to their jezails on the hillside. Baggage & ammunition were abandoned.

Capt Anderson's eldest girl, & Capt Boyd's youngest boy, fell into enemys hands; the girl was recovered on 10 May, & had been kindly treated in a Nawab's house. The women were in camel palklis & on horseback; some in the nightdresses in which they had escaped; Trevor's widow with 7 children, & like others, soon to become Mothers.

At starting each Sepoy had 40 rounds ammunition, & about 60 camel loads per Regt, with 100 spare loads. Now the force had only 3 camel loads in box, & numbers of Sepoys had not a single cartridge in the pouch (Johnson, Kaye II 372).

Only 4 small tents were saved, one for the General, 2 for ladies, one of them sick, & children. An immense munber of wounded wandered about in the falling snow, destitute of shelter, & perished during this dreadful night; groans of misery & distress from all quarters were heartrending.

That evening the column again halted in deep fall of snow; a night of intense suffering. When in the Autumn Pollock's column marched through, Lieut Greenwood 31 says, "We are all struck with utmost astonishment at the almost impregnable defile. The dead lay in heaps in some places they seemed to have been mowed down in whole battalions. Although 8 months had passed, they were preserved in the snow, & their ghastly faces seemed to recall on us for revenge".

On the 9, at early morn, large numbers moved off with most of the followers & had advanced a mile to be recalled; for the General countermanded order to march, as Akbar had offered to supply provisions. He advised our halting till he could arrange for our safe advance, & sent Skinner to propose that ladies & families should be transferred to his protection; he would march down with them in safety to Peshawar, one day in our rear. No longer able to endure the cold & incessant fatigue, they had now to accept his offer. The General therefore sent all ladies with their husbands over to a party of Affghans horsemen who were waiting. Akbar carried the weaker ones across the fords, on his horse, bound up Officers wounds with his own hands, & permitted them to retain their costly baggage. Yet his father, brothers & wives, were retained by us as prisoners in India. With them were sent most of the wounded Officers. Insufficien

Five miles from end to end, shut in by precipituous heights ~~so that sun rarely penetrated its gloomy recesses~~, down the centre of Khord (Kapisa) Kabul dashed a mountain torrent, caged with thick layers of ice, on which the snow lay in slippery masses on which jaded animals got no footing. This

Insufficiently clad, without shelter or servants, they had scarcely tasted food since leaving Kabul; some had just, or were soon to become, Mothers, compelled to ride on jolting camels, panniers, or stumbling baggage ponies, the ladies were thus saved by Akbar, who unable to restrain the tribes. At daybreak the confused mass came ~~dew~~ slowly down a gradual descent of 5 miles to Kabbar-i-Jabbar; after 2 miles ~~came~~ to narrow gorge of Tangli Tariki (Dark pass), through which flowed a small stream between precipituous spurs of two hills, from which enemy poured a destructive fire. The road was choked with dead & dying, bloody naked bodies with dreadful ~~odo~~ odour. A turn in the road allowed enemy to close up, & make a general attack from all sides, with great loss. Sepoys benumbed with cold, threw away their arms, rushing forwards panic stricken in aimless desperation, to swell the disorganised rabble in front, & were slaughtered by Affghan knives.

At Kabbar-i-Jabbar, they halted to wait for rearguard ~~150 RA & 16 1 6 po~~ 5C RA & one 6 pounder gun, some 7C files (25C) of 44 & I5C troopers, all that remained; with still a considerable number of camp followers; one fourth of the force that had left Kabul; Scarce a Sepoy was left, nor any particle of baggage. Akbar hovered on flank, & when appealed to that massacre be stopped & survivors spared, again replied that Ghilzais were beyond control of their own chief; & he, with his small body of only 3CC horse, powerless. He proposed immediate disarmament & our conditional surrender; whereon he would guarantee safe conduct to Peshawar but camp followers must be left to their fate. In Nov /4I the same excuse was made; from Tigin to Gandamak the Ghilzai chiefs were in our camp; yet there was some hard fighting in the passes; the chief could not control the tribes; & as now; the rearguard & cumbrous baggage were the assailed.

The General sadly determined to resume march by night, & without followers, to Jagdallak, 22 miles distant; but he notified Akbar that he would halt at Seh Baba, 7 miles ahead. At 7 pm, no sooner had they begun to move off stealthily, than the followers started up, not to be left behind, & throughout that fearful night, clustered round fighting men & paralysed movement. A bright moonlight night & frosty, snow lying only partially on the ground. Road down bed of nullah, with high walls on either side. For some time they were not molested. After 5 miles descent, came to Haft Kotal, into narrow defile 5 miles long, bed of a stream; foot of descent strewn with ghastly remains of soldiers & followers, who had pushed on in advance of column, their bodies lying bleeding in the path. The heights crowned by enemy pouring down a destructive fire on our rear, where Shelton with a handful of Europeans, heroically repelled attacks, & for a time saved the column. (Kaye II 378).

Akbar had taken a short cut over the hills to Tizin, followed by our few native irregular troopers. Thinking they were taking a wrong direction, Dr Magrath galloped after to ~~reach~~ recal them, & was made prisoner by a Ghilzai chief. In the gorge, followers were hewn down till it became a shambles; dead & dying choked the pass. (Afterwards at Budiabad their horses were taken from them & the men turned adrift).

Remnant reached camp in Tizin valley called Tukia-i-Fakir, at 4 pm; having in two disastrous days lost 12000 men & 16 Officers killed & wounded, But they pushed on through the darkness, towards Jagdallak. By this time most of the Sepoys had perished, some had escaped to the hills, & were encountered by the column of ladies under Akbar. Of Europeans only 120 of the 44 & 25 Artillery remained. The column was still impeded by a large mass of followers, huddling together against the fighting men & affording free scope for Affghan knives.

At midnight they reached Seh-Baba, here road turns sharply to right South, over heights to Jagdallak. The enemy again opened fire on rear, & followers rushed to the front, till some firing ahead drove them back to rear; surging backwards & forwards in wildness of fear, overwhelmed handful of fighting men, blocked road, & presented to Affghan marksmen a dark mass of humanity, that could not escape, even under cover of night. Here Duff the Surgeon General, wounded & lagging behind, was two days later found murdered.

At Seh Baba river, the last gun was abandoned with Dr Carden lashed to it, in hope of saving him; here he was left to his fate. Somewhat ~~later~~-- further on the column was again opposed, & a heavy fire poured in from roadside caves; at Barikab there was a clear stream of water. By daybreak they reached Kattar Singh, 10 miles from Jagdallak, & pushing on descended into Jagdallak valley, the road covered with dead & dying for in the mass every shot told; then along ~~defile~~ bed of stream for I½ miles under a desultory fire to this defile 3 miles long, formidable & gloomy, shut in by lofty precipitous heights, becoming so narrow, that in places the rocks were only 8 ft apart, so that a laden camel passes with difficulty; & at broadest some 30 to 40 ft. The road slopes upwards, & summit was found blocked by strong barriers of (Ilex) oak branches & brushwood intertwined, causing serious delay & confusion; during which Ghilzais collected in force, under withering fire from all quarters, & terrific slaughter, they tried to clear a passage, knife in hand, the enemy rushed in to complete the massacre. Here I2 Officers fell; some 20 others & 45 European soldiers cut their way through the barricade, & struggled on towards Gandamak, strong in energy of desperation. Many brave Officers fell sword in hand, still the number of Officers that escaped, was large in proportion to ~~number~~ that of soldiers. They had ridden good horses; sus-

sustained by moral responsibility; but here 12 of best & bravest found their last resting place ~~[illegible]~~ Brigadier Anquetil.

Advancing ½ mile, no Affghans in sight, they waited for rearguard, who did not come up for 2 hours, having been much molested; enemy watching every opportunity to murder strugglers. Affghans soon appeared on the hills. They had been marching 24 hours consequetively, there was no water here, & they had still 10 miles to go without it, till Jagdallak was reached. Road had been flooded, & was now a mass of ice, hills covered with deep snow. Rushing on with energy, enemy crowned heights, rearguard fought the their way gallantly, keeping fierce crowd from closing in on column, but suffering terribly from their jezails, they made their way at last to where advance had halted.

At 3 pm the skeleton of advance reached Jagdallak, & resolved to make a last stand on ~~a~~ the rocky hill to right, where they took position behind some ruined walls, from which eminence they cheered their comrades in rear, who were obstinately contesting every inch of ground, & a party of some 20 Officers extended themselves in line to show an imposing front. Scarcely had they done so than one of them was struck in the cheek by a ball, & had his jaw broken. The enemy took possession of the opposite commanding hill, & by shot fire drove our men behind the shelter of ~~some~~ the ruined walls: they suffering agonies of thirst & hunger, sought to quench their burning thirst with handfuls of snow which only increased their torments, & hunger with the 3 freshly killed bullocks found amongst camp followers. Behind the ~~walls~~ ruins, they tried to snatch a hasty meal, devouring the raw reeking flesh with savage voracity.

Some Affghan horse approached under Akbar, & Skinner (always intermediary) went again to remonstrate, but had scarcely set out, than firing was resu

resumed:the men had lain down in the snow to snatch a brief repose after a long vigil of 30 hours, when they were disturbed by Affghan volleys. Nightpassed, & food was placed temptingly on the hillside; there was this river flowing beneath, but to approach either meant certain death. Volley after volley drove the weary men to leave their walled enclosure, & a handful of the 44 made a gallant rush, clearing the ground before them. The Affghans thinking the whole force would follow, fled in dismay; but the little party were recalled to rest behind the ruins.

Next morning 12, numerous Ghilzai chiefs flocked in to pay homage to Akbar, & at 9 am a conference was held at which the British Officers & all influential chiefs were present. Day wore on & the Officers found themselves prisoners. Akbar promised to try & restrain the Ghilzais, who flocked in infuriated masses from all the villages between Jagdallak & Jellalabad, & rejecting offers of ransom clamoured for the Feringhis blood; but he found himself helpless. Mohammed Shah Khan, Akbar's father-in-law now offered safe conduct to Jellalabad for 2 lacs of rupees, & in the evening 12 it was arranged.

But immediately firing was heard from our camp; 7pm & night with its attendant horrors approaching, yet the General did not return. Deprived of their leaders, & impatient at delay, & exasperated by deliberate murder of Capt Skinner, riding back from Akbar's camp shot by a Ghilzai soldier, & brought into camp dying; harassed by galling fire from neighbouring heights, spite of frequent sallies of little remnant of the 44; they deemed further stay useless, & resolved to abandon their sick & wounded & cut their way to Jellalabad.

Akabr, bivouacked some 2 miles up valley, requested the General's presence at a conference; also Shelton & Johnson as hostages for evacuation of Jellalabad; they were courteously received & refreshed with food & tea, &

& provided with a tent, & found themselves prisoners. The meal finished, they sat round a blazing fire, & conversed. Akbar promised to send provisions & water to the famishing troops, but none came; he insisted on retaining the Officers as hostages for the evacuation ~~of Jellalabad~~. That night they lain down in their cloaks to enjoy such sleep as only those can know, who have spent such nights of horror. Next morning, conference was resumed. Akbar promised to try & restrain tribes from further massacre & plunder. But petty chiefs of country between Jagdallak & Jellalabad came flocking in, & it was impossible to control savage impulses of hate & vindictiveness, which broke out even in presence of the English Officers. Offers of money were scorned; loudly they clamoured for Feringhis blood; in vain Akbar strove to dissuade them from their horrid purpose. Johnson, who knew their language, heard them conversing; revelling in thought of butchery even more than plunder; hatred overlay avarice. Mahammed Shah Khan, Akbar's father-in-law, knowing their love of money, asked whether they were prepared to pay 2 lacs of rupees for safe conduct to Jellalabad, to which the General assented. As shades of evening I2 were thickening, Mohammed Shah reported everything settled, & remnant would be allowed to proceed tomorrow unmolested, ~~to Jellalabad~~. But immediately, there was a sound of firing from the direction of bivouac, & the troops were again on the move; now reduced to some I2C of the 44 & 25 Artillery. But the teaming rabble of followers again huddled against th fighting men, & the Affghans, taking advantage of the confusion stole in, knife in hand, glutting themselves with plunder, & were in turn bayonetted by our men, fighting bravely on. At noon, I2 Officers better mounted, rode on ahead to try & reach Jellalabad. The country became more open, & the enemy were occupied in plundering the dead, & ceased to molest.

Reaching Surk-ab, the column found the bridge held by Ghilzais, & had to

ford stream under heavy fire, where many fell.

This bridge Sukh Pul was a dilapidated structure of one arch, thrown across the river, according to Persian inscription on neighbouring rock, by Ali Merdan Khan.

Mason 1 p.189.

Morning of the fatal 13 had now dawned, as they approached the plain of Gandamak; 20 Officers, some 50 of the 44, 6 gunners & as many Sepoys, among them about 20 muskets. Daylight revealed their weakness, & enemy assailed with increased fury. The little column had to take up a defensive position on the red hill immediately on left of road, determined to make a last stand & sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Some Affghan horsemen approached from direction of Gandamak; they hailed them; Griffiths, the senior, was invited to ~~come down~~ descend for a conference, & they tried to come to terms. Meanwhile Affghans came up & conversed, but the truce was of short duration. Enraged at attempts made to capture their remaining arms, our men charged down & drove Affghans off the hill; signal for the death struggle. Enemy from opposite heights poured in volley after volley, while others rushed up from below only to be driven back by men now desperate, who at bay now fought like lions. Capt Hamilton, suffering ~~from~~ severly from 2 wounds received at Jagdallak, scarce able to sit on his horse, slew 5 with his own hande, before he too was cut down. At length, the Affghans, seeing that our men had exhausted their ammunition, & were hurling down fragments of rock (some had only 2 rounds left) rushed on them en masse with knives. Against overpowering numbers nothing could avail, & when reduced to about 30, all were slaughtered, except Capt Souter severely wounded in shoulder, & a few privates carried off as prisoners. Souter before leaving Jagdallak, had wound regimental colours round his waist, which were thus preserved. Griffith & his interpreter were carried off to a neighbouring fort.

After the conflict at Jagdallak, some 12 Officers, better mounted than th rest, had pushed on in advance, hoping to escape to Jalalabad. Capts Bell-

Bellew, Collier, Hopkins & Lt Bird, Dr Harper joined by Dr Bryden, who had gone out to treat with Mahamed Khan; got safe to Fatiabad, I6 miles from Jalalabad, the rest had fallen off on the road, or been cut up by struggling Affghans.

Here these 6 deceived by friendly offer of food, halted outside to alley cravings of hunger, which gave villagers time to take arms, & sally forth. Bellew & Birch were at once ~~ex~~ shot down. The rest galloped off, but themselves & their ponies were worn out, & could make little headway against their pursuers.

The first three were overtaken & slain within a few miles of the city; their bodies were recovered by cavalry a few days later. Brydon as we have seen, succeeded in reaching it, solitary remnant of 4500 fighting men & I2000 camp followers who had left Kabul 7 days ago; but frost & snow had destroyed more than Affghan jezails & knives. (See hist parallel Caesar Comment V ch 30, Gauls under Ambiorix; Sabinus prototype of Elphinstone).

Standing on this memorable ~~rock~~ red rocky hill & surveying those heights it is some satisfaction to remember that there those Ghilzais were ignominiously defeated on 8 September following, & only escaped annihilation, as nature of ground prevented a cavalry pursuit. a/

Horsemen were sent out to explore & to bring in any bodies of the dead they could find: hopes too were entertained that some survivors might be concealed or be lying wounded by the wayside. To inform them that succour was at hand, the stillness of night was broken by loud blasts of the bugle, proclaiming to strugglers the vicinity of the British Camp. Profitless efforts; for the few who escaped were captives in the hands of the Affghans. Men wondered whether their fate was less to be deplored

a/ Kaye III 305.

whether their fate was less to be deplored than that of the dead;for it was hard to beleive that they who had butchered thousands like sheep in the passes,would treat with kindness & respect the few who had fallen into their hands. KayeIII 53.

Soldiers who arrived at Budiabad, say 6 of them with Lisson 37 N Infantry at daylight on morning after final struggle at Gandamak,found themselves about I mile on S side of Gandamak,& seeing some Ghilzais coming over edge of hill,they hid in a cave till II am,when their retreat was betrayed by one of their horses neighing. Enemy passing ordered them to come out;on refusal,offered them bread on payment & for 3 nans they gave 46 rupees. Enemy again ordered them out,& they promised to come in evening,when they gave themselves up,& were immediately stripped of money etc, & taken to neighbouring fort,then to another where they found Major Griffiths from which Lisson was sent to Jellalabad.

Capt Souter & Bygrave were alive & with Akbar Feb I9. Souter was struck by a shot, & the colours rolled round his waist,saved him. (Kaye III 4I4).

Perished at Gandamak,

Col Grant AAG Lt Stewart H Art;Capt Hamilton V Cavalry;Capt Collins;Lts Hogg,Cumberland & Swinton;Assistant Surgeon Primrose Hm44;Lt Horsburgh & Dr Metcalfe 5 NI;Capt Reid & Lt Hawtry 37NI;Lt Weaver, Morrison & Cuningham 54NI;Lt Hobhouse HMI3;Capt Hay;Lt Green Art;& Lt Macartney of Shahs Service.] At Gandamak I8 Officers & some 50 men killed Capt Souter & the few remaining 7 or 8 men that were taken alive from the field,detained in an adjoining village of _____ & made over to Mahamed Akbar, & sent to Budiabad arriving on 7 February.

Griffiths tells us that,at daybreak on I3,remnant of force ICC Europeans of all ranks,including 20 Officers,worn out with fatigue & hunger & encumbered with very many wounded,when 4 miles from Gandamak,were sur-

surrounded by large body of enemy, horse & foot. They had only 35 muskets & but little ammunition remaining; finding it impossible to proceed further they took position on hill to left of road, & waved a white cloth to parley with enemy. Firing ceased & a few of them approached. Griffiths went with interpreter to make terms with their cheff, but were hurried off prisoners. When Griffith last saw his party, they were fighting with the Affghans. He was told that waving a lunghi means unconditional surrender; & as our men would not give up their arms, Affghans used force, but were for a time driven off the hill. The few natives with us kept to road, & were plundered by enemy, they were not on hill, so afterwards said Capt Souter, who was brought to village of Tuti, some hours after Major Griffith had been taken there; it is 2 to 3 miles to right of scene of action south. That same evening Griffith & interpreter were taken to the Khans fort 4 to 5 miles further up the hills, where they found 3 or 4 European soldiers, wounded & taken prisoners. Some days after, 5 more were brought in, who had proceeded in advance of our party.

Griffith opened communication with India, hoping to be ransomed. After 20 days imprisonment, Sergt Major Lisson of 37 N I was allowed to go to India. The prisoners consisted of IC, of whom 2 died & Souter was left wounded at Tuti; they moved to Charbagh & on to Budiabad. Retracing our steps in unison with the remnants, we came to the hill of reddish porphyry rock on which they determined to take a last chance. Climbing up the rugged rocky hill, where all soil has long since been washed away, we came to a flattened rocky summit, & found human bones scattered about. Below, flowing along under us, ran the same stream at which they in their burning thirst longed to drink, but to attempt it was death. On the S in the plain were the villages from which streamed the infuriated Ghilzais who had swarmed around to knife them. Selecting a

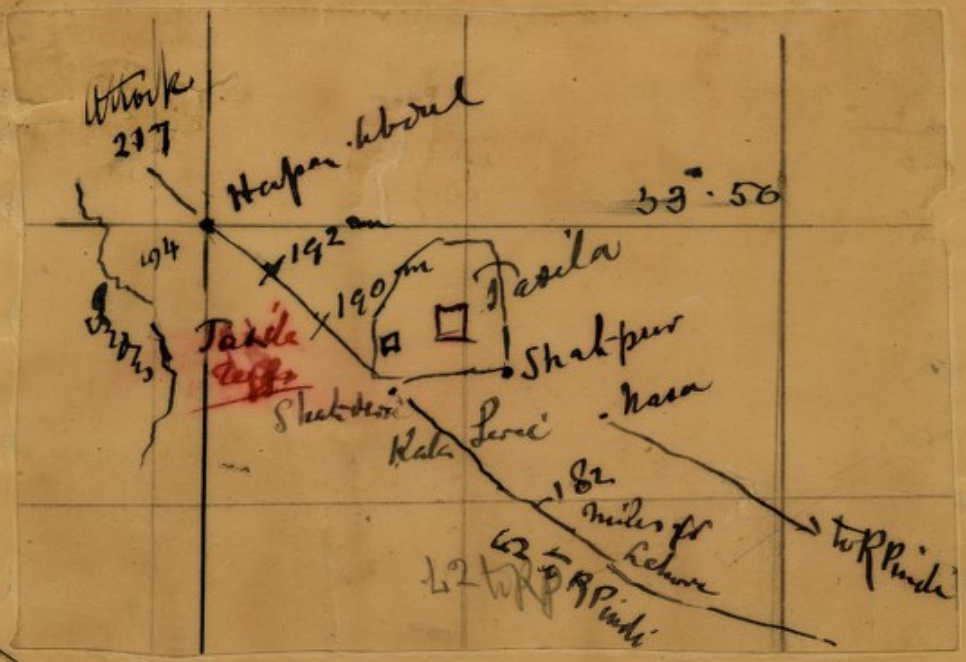
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Reetacing our stepts in unison with they determined to take --

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boys thigh bone as easiest to carry, I brought it home to the College Museum in Lincolns Inn Fields. Here were remains of 20 Officers & 45 men of Gunners & 41st Regt. On slope towards the road, the enemy had on th morning of I3 climbed up with food, & leaving it as temptation, had shot down whoever ventured down to take it; only 37 years ago! Then riding homewards, we searched the hillside for caves in which our men who had hidden were betrayed by a horse.

And then we thought that the avenging army were principally directed to bring back the brazen gates taken from a Hindu temple at Somnauth in Gujerath in I024, 800 years ago, & carried off to a Mosque at Ghuzni. They were brought back & by proclamation of General (Elphinstone) solemnly restored to the temple, "As a glorious trophy of successful war". These gates are now in fort at Agra, & Simpson when sketching them found there was no vestige of Hinduism about their ornamentation. The wood proves to be deodar, not sandal wood. When conveying them through Rajputana Colville ADC to Ellenboro possessed himself of some pieces sawn off gate to pack them more readily for transport, which on examination prove to be also deodar. If the gates were carried off, about which there seems a doubt, they must have been destroyed at sometime, & new ones made of deodar for Mahomeds tomb. (Simpson life I27).


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Hasan abdal
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194
192 m
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Taxila
Shahpur
Taxila
Shahdheri
Kala Lerai
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miles
182
to RP Pindi
42 to RP Pindi
RP 140

CHAPTER XXII

THE DEATH MARCH.

Through failure of Winter rains the Spring crops had failed in the Panjab, while foot and mouth disease had swept off some 30,000 head of cattle in Rawal Pindi district, rendering labour scarce through disappearance of animal transport; the season was sickly for man and beast, and the death rate was abnormally high. This was moreover the year of the great fair at Hardwar, gtaeway of Hari(Vishnu) some ten miles North East of Saharanpur where the Ganges enters the plains through a rocky gorge. Here is a celebrated bathing ghat Hari-ke-charan and temple of Gangadwara where the Charan (footprint) of Vishnu is imprinted on a stone let in the upper wall of the ghat, and is held in special reverence. There are shrines & Temples & dharmsalas(resthousesK on the bank of the deep & rapid river3 ; & the sacred pool Hari- ki- paira for the stream is said to havesprungB from the foot of Vishnu* Here every twelth year is held the Kumbk-mela, a fair at which many thousand people, men, women, and children crowd together, under dangerous insanitary conditions, and originate cholera which they carry to all parts of India. There a case occurred on 24th March and by the end of April, cholera was carried all over the Province; and by the middle of May it had spread from Civil population to the Garrison at Peshawar, and so virulent that of I70 Europeans admitted May -June I2I died. Last year there were 2I5 deaths, but this 26,000.

On I6 May Lytton, desirous of relieving the financial strain, considered in Council, the withdrawal of the army, via Mishui, so as to avoid the Khaiber, and Peshawar valley: but political and

military disadvantages outweighed, and it was referred to the medical chiefs, Kerr-Innis and Brydon. Gough and Macpherson both condemned withdrawal, both on political and sanitary grounds, which moreover will cost great loss of life; but we all wanted to return. So on 31st May the order was issued, for us to retire.

Cholera is reported to be very prevalent, and for some weeks, at many stations between this and Peshawar; knowing that it was approaching along our road to India, and that some regiments had more champagne than they could carry back, I endeavoured to obtain some, but without success.

Cholera to me was an old acquaintance. We had met in London in student days, and again at Devno and Kotlubi in August /54 where so many fatal cases occurred; and in the Crimea: lately too, in India, at Muttra and Simla. There was also another disturbing factor; we had learnt that the road was marked by carcasses of commissariat transport animals, and of Indian servants who had succumbed to the fatigue, and stress, and chill, of the winter. Natives were only allowed one blanket apiece, and suffered terribly: the line of march was marked by bodies of Kahars who fell out through privation and cold, and were torn in pieces by wild beasts, or turned into skeletons by vultures. Camels dropped in hundreds to die by the roadside, to leave skeletons as a direction.

The 1st Col. consisted of X.R.H. (Ld.R.D.Kerr) and I/c battery R.H.A. under Alec. Stewart; with a section of Field Hospl. under Dr.Cornish, which from Jamrood went on to Peshawar.

Di Rose, suffering from typhoid, and Surg.Kelsall, also ill, at Head quarters, were to accompany us.

Native regts marched separately and to each column was attached a section of the Field Hospital. The 1st to retire were the

from Dakka on 30th to Peshawar where they were attacked by Cholera, and again moved into camp. From Gandamack, we were first, column, ~~Cornish being in charge of attached Field Hospital~~, - followed by 2nd Column 4 Bu R B so that on 9th the rearguard, Guides and 45 Sikhs under Tytler, left, winding up the wire. The day temp. was now 110°- 118° in shade and at night, too hot for sleep.

On 1 June we started and passed over the river, under

the H,Q,Camp where the Field Hospl. and the invalids, joined us: Rose had been able to secure 2 bottles of Champagne, which were appropriated and placed in a Dhooli for general emergencies. We marched I7 miles on to Fort Battye, named after the Major who fell at the head of the Guides, 2 months ago, on this side of the Fatiabad village, where Rose was accommodated in a house; with Whartie in charge; the weather has become much warmer; the heat in this valley is often oppressive at this season for Jalalabad, though scarcely I800 ft. below the gorges by which the Kabul river pierces the Siah-Koh range, lies in the centre of a basin, sheltered on all sides from the wind.

Whartie and his party of sick, Di Rose and four others, rested at Fort Battye, in the shelter of a house, but without proper diet; three of the five died on the road, two of Cholera.

Next morning on to Jalalabad, encamping on ground formerly occupied by the Hd.Qrs.camp. The tope stone was still lying where it had been left at the door of Kerr's tent, and I brought it down. We went to visit and sketch the little grave yard under the S.E. wall, where rest Harford and the men lost in the River. The march next day was short, to Ali Boghan, where Sappers have made a road over the hill near the river out of Jalalabad plain. Soon we had two fatal cases of Cholera.

moved down with a later column,

On 4th, at Ali Boghan, Whartie with his sick, when approaching the Camp, noticed an isolated tent unoccupied, which he , thought it a good shelter for Rose, whose dhooly had no sooner been set down inside, than up rushed an attendant, "Sahib ! Here Cholera Hospital, this tent burn in five minutes."

they escaped immediately, and were shown to the house,- only one in this neighbourhood,- where a quarter had been prepared. After visiting the Field Hospital that evening, I determined to try and avoid infected ground; and accompanied Q.M.King at midnight to examine and prepare the site for the next camp, leaving my old comrade Cornish and Field Hospital Staff alongside the troops. The night was dark and still, as we rode slowly under the silent stars, anxious and weary, to Bassawal. We spent the early hours scavenging and preparing the cleanest site we could select, for the ground was cut up with latrine trenches in all directions. The troops arrived soon after ~~we had~~ fresh cases of Cholera, and had to form an intermediate Hospital; for it was fatal to send a suspicious case direct to the horrors of the Cholera tent, with discoloured, groaning men ~~and~~ distorted with spasms terrible to witness. To try and reassure our men, I went round at intervals from tent to tent and spoke to each ~~man~~, and whenever anyone seemed nervous, gave him an opium pill, as I had done at Kothubi in /54. Entering one tent, Sergt.Davis, who had been in the Orderly Room at Muttra, and well educated, with a history I have forgotten and who had been my children's tutor, was leisurely writing at a table next door; I spoke to him; he seemed as well as any of us; ~~and~~ having gone round the tent, as I was leaving, he jumped up and somewhat excitedly asked for a pill, said, he did not feel well, and immediately rushed

away into a nullah. Shortly after, he was sent to Hospital, and later I found him in the Cholera; that evening he died in agony. White, the messman, who, in Muttra used to kill our sheep, and so was called the butcher, a strong ruddy man, was suddenly seized. There were two brothers, the younger a pallid boy who axaggerated a bruise into an excuse for Hospital, especially on Field days, and who had been the first to fall out in the Khaibar; survived, though ill; the other apparently stout and strong, succumbed. Kerr insisted on going with me into Cholera camp, and I could not dissuade him, for he is not by any means well himself; he felt it his duty, and by his calm courage he is setting a splendid example if he does not overtax himself, We found White writhing in agony on the ground, his clothing worn off by cramping convulsions, and his dusky skin covered with sand. Seizing my hand, he dragged me down and asked if this were Cholera; evasively I replied, that if he kept courage he would recover; "Tell me true, is this Cholera?" and I had but to reluctantly reply "It is"; and tried to reassure him; but during the night he succumbed. Dr.Kelsall died during the night also. Next morning we lrft for Dakka, and encamped on the S. of the road between the fort and pass, in a small valley under the hills. Then I went into the Fort to attend Kelsall's funeral but instead, found myself occupied all the afternoon in Hospital where they were short of servants, and other necessaries; of which we had sufficient to supply their wants, and after dark returned to camp to find that a troop had been sent after me, and had not returned. Evidently we had taken different tracks, as I, being alone, had gone straight back
~~under the hi~~

under the hill. Then We entered the pass and encamped on narrow ground on the left of the road under Lundi Kotal, after a short march. Manners Wood knew some of the officers of the IIth Fort above, and asked me if he could get anything for us? I replied "Champagne if possible", and soon after, a box arrived. Several more cases of cholera, and we are on the main road in a narrow defile, not encouraging; and I cannot persuade Kerr that he is running unnecessary risk in his frequent visits to the stricken men. When the case of wine arrived, I was importuned to distribute the two hoarded bottles, everyone felt uncomfortable interiorly, in fact thoroughly depressed; so they were opened. But when Manners Wood returned, he said the IIth could not spare Champagne (and I do not blame them) but had sent a case of brandy. Twenty-two cases of cholera in the last two days, and here I4 more. We went up the gorge on the 8th and past Lundi Kotal Fort; then I took a last look at Ishpola Tope; and we entered the new road, scarped out of rocky walls above the left bank of the river; how different from that tortuous ride in and out of pools among boulders, six months ago! Past the H.Q.Caves and Lala Cheena, and up to Shargai ridge, where we encamp. We have had no fresh case since leaving last camp. In all since reaching Ali Baghan we have lost 38 men in 4 days; besides those of the R.H.A. alongside: it was indeed a gloomy march down. The Khaibar Pass turns out to be only one of the ravines down which torrents pass through the Sulieman Mountains, and these prove to be only a group of disconnected hills each separated by a pass. There are in fact two Khaibar Passes, one facing Jamrood, along which Cavagnari rode, and was turned back by Faiz Muhammed, properly called Shadibaghiari River

Pass; and the other further S., through which the Khaibar, ancient Kophos, river flows after leaving Ali Musjid. Yet in /42, Pollock, doubtful of the fidelity of his Sikhs, sent them up Southern, Jubogi Pass, he himself advancing by Shadibaghiari. We left the heights in better spirits, since last camp below Lundi Kotal we have had no fresh cases; and on IOth encamp at Harri-Singh-ka-Bagh, half way between Jamrood and Peshawar, and dined in the open; we were back in India. But in Afghanistan we have left the bodies of I Officer, I5 N.C.O. and 86 men. Early during dinner I was sent for to a case of cholera in I/C Battery camped in front of us, and returning to finish, found all lights out, in fact had some difficulty in groping my way into camp. It was feared the floods might carry away the bridge of boats over the Indus at Attock, half way to R.Pindi, 5 miles down the main road and we had been ordered to cover this in double marches. The baggage was sent on in the night to Naushera, where we would encamp next day. We marched out at 4 a.m. preceded by Stewart's I/C Battery at 2 a.m. During Mess, Lord R.Kerr had a chit handed to him in a blue envelope. Being engaged at the moment, and as no answer was required, he put it in his helmet, and forgot all about it. Next day soon after sunrise, when it was growing hot, we saw the Artillery encamping about IO miles from Peshawar, on our road to Naushera. Stewart had a tin pail of iced Champagne and soda for us, and asked "are you not going to dismount?" "no:why?" Stewart replied "did not you get an order to camp here"? "no". "Well I know that one was sent to us both, not to go further than this place, and I have been on the look out for your camp equipage." Just then, the sun being very hot, Kerr raised his helmet to cool his head, and saw an envelope inside, "What's this?", he

exclaimed,and, opening it, found an order from the Commandant at Peshawar to camp here. As our baggage had gone on in front, Kerr determined to continue our march, and we rode into a standing camp pitched for returning troops outside the Barracks at Naushahra. We, Officers, went across to the 5 Fusiliers lines in cantonment there and they gave us lunch. The excitement of this race for the bridge with the prospect of reaching home sooner, had no doubt a beneficial effect in contributing to shake off the gloom which had settled on the Regiment. We had been told at the last camp the 5th were still infected and been warned to avoid them; our tired men did not go to their camp some distance back, especially as there was a Cavalry Regiment in Barracks on the opposite side of the road. The Surgeon (Tippetts) was an old Crimean acquaintance, and he told me privately that they had not succeeded in shaking off the Cholera, and in fact he had just lost his Hospital Sergt. I recognised some other old friends across the table; we had last met on the Cape Frontier. After our long ride, lunch was very acceptable, as we had done 35 miles.

At Naushahra there was besides the shrine founded by Shaikh Hakim, a venerated Muhammadan tomb on the river bank, attended by a fakir. In 1869, a Bengal Cav. regiment arrived, and there being no quarters, the Officers had to build houses. Three of them, Capt. Anderson, Lt.W-, and Dr.Palmer, selected this spot as the site. When the fakir found this out, he asked them so to build that they did not interfere with or desecrate the Saint's grave; but finding remonstrance useless, and that the building was being erected immediately over it, and would destroy the grave, the fakir expressed his regret at what they were about to do, and warned them that as surely as

they did so, they would all die violent deaths, and the house would not stand. It was however built and the grave obliterated.

In May /70 Capt.Anderson was killed by an accident at Polo at Peshawar. In the following march Lt.W- was killed by a fall from his horse while hawking near Naushahra: Sir Chas.Gough a brother officer, was present at his death. On 4th Sept /76, a rescue party was at work during a flood at Allahabad, Col.D-and Dr.Palmer in a boat. The latter asked the day of the month and when told said "It is the last day of the year". Asked what he meant, he explained that it was the day of the month on which the fakir had cursed them. Shortly after, the boat was overturned, and the others escaped to the side, saw Dr.P- swimming strongly and apparently quite safe, when he suddenly sank. It was curious that Dr.P-.was tall and strong and could have waded in safety as the water was not up to his chest; yet his body was never recovered.

Sir Charles Gough's recollection, but he was not present, is different and that the accident was on the river, when the boat was upset and the two officers swam ashore; one inquiring how Dr.P- was getting on was answered "All well!" but on reaching the bank, he could see no sign of him, and his body was never recovered, either seized by an alligator, or from camp.

The Pioneer of Sept.5th says:-

"It is with deep regret that we learn that Surgeon Dean Philip Palmer M.D. attached to I8th B. Cav.5 at Allahabad was drowned yesterday whilst boating on the Ganges,

Thus the fakir's warning was fulfilled, and strange to say, that same week a flood in Kabul River overflowed its banks and

carried away the house they had built: completing the fulfilment literally within seven years.

Gough says "I know all about it, the Officers were all in my regiment. When on my way to the front in /78 I went to see the site of the catastrophe; the house was levelled to the ground; all three officers had passed and gone - Nothing was ever seen of the old Fakir again.

A similar accident has occurred at Mellila where the Spanish a few years ago demolished the tomb of a local Marabout to make room for a Fort: and were cursed. In the eight succeeding years five Governors rapidly succeeded one another, which, probably due to climate was unfortunately attributed to supernatural causes consequent on the curse.

Next morning, about 3 a.m., Stewart's Battery, which had marched by night, arrived and dismounted on the road, having got another order from the Commandant at Naushahra, that he was to take up our camp when we marched out, which we did at 4 a,m. The day proved hot, and very close; as we were descending to the river and village of Khairabad, a Sergt's horse dropped a shoe and he had to walk, and now the dhooli bearers began to show symptoms of distress and lagged, which delayed me; we had done 54 miles in the two days, two double marches. Soon after I arrived in camp, half a mile beyond Fort in a pleasant grove of trees under which we enjoyed breakfast, Kerr sent me back to intercept and bury the body of a man of ours who had died in the Fort Hospital; as it was absolutely necessary to avoid the depressing effect of another funeral. On my return, having been some time in the hot sun, whilst at the Hospital I felt giddy

and uncertain of myself, and telling a man to follow and in case of necessity to support me, reached my tent; and sending for Dongie, I told him what to do in the event of my getting worse. Fortunately, ice was coming to meet us, so that, though I could not bear the sun, I was sufficiently recovered to travel in a dhooli the 2 following days. But meantime I was reported dead at Marri, and a Doctor was hurried out from Peshawar. Shortly after, Wright the Surgeon with Rifle Brigade died here from exposure in superintending transports of his across the river. Already we had buried Kellsall at Dakka, Wallace died at Lundi Kotal, and Grey of Cholera, at Peshawar, followed soon after by Surgeon Major Porter.

Attock or Attak, means an obstruction. The fort was built by Akbar in I583 to command the ferry. On the Lahore Gate is inscribed.

"Sir-i-shahan alam shab Akbar
Tuala shah Mulor Allah Akbar."

"Akbar the king of the kings of earth
Great is God, and magnificent is His glory."

A tunnel under the Indus was completed in /62 but found difficult to keep free from water.

Some I5 miles N.E. is Ohind, identified with Embolina, founded by Alexander, which when Hwen Tsang visited it, was 3 miles in circumference. There, Alexander crossed the Indus on the bridge of boats, and there on Hweng's return he lost his Buddist M.S.S., in crossing and had to wait 50 days till fresh copies were procured Sixteen miles beyond, is the celebrated Aornos now Naugram Kanigat,

in N.E. corner of the Uzufzai country, a rocky plateau I mile in circuit and I000 ft high, with fortress on top 500 x 400 ft; the rock stiffly scarped on all sides, with a very rugged ascent by one road cut into the rock.

On the I4th we reached Hassan Abdul, and received orders from Pindi to halt in quarantine till assured that we were free from Cholera. Here the 5th overtook us on our way to Abbotabad, still at this point infected; but they turned off by another road to the left.

On the top of a steep hill here is the shrine of a holy man known to the Sikhs as Panja Sahib, for the imprint of Nanak, their founder's hand, is shown on a tank in the town, one of those of the Dharmsala. Hwen Thsang in 7th century says the tank was sacred to Buddhism as that of the serpent king Elapatra; Muhammedans called it tank of Baba Ekali-rum, In the native city, are ancient ruins which betoken the former importance of this locality. In a small garden close to the native city, tradition shows the tomb of Akbar's favourite wife, under the shade of two large and venerable cyprus trees; we made sketches of the place, According to ignorant natives the tomb of Nur Jehan; a very plain structure in walled garden, with 4 towers at corners, full of trees, amongst them a cypress 50 ft high.

Some 6 miles from here at Shah-dera, we reach the extensive ruins of the city of Takshasila, in 6 groups covering an area of 6 square miles, around which some 55 stupas have been traced. The large mound called Bir, on a rocky eminence close to the modern village of Deri-Shahan, abounds in pottery, and fragments of brick; and here several valuable ancient gems and coins have been found. The site of the citadel is supposed to have been at Hatail, a

fortified apur of the Margala range, still enclosed by ruined walls, and surmounted by a large tower.

Another small fortress, at a little distance, Sir-kap, is connected with the former by a curtain wall. Kacha Kot is a large enclosure, in which were the royal stables, including elephants and cattle. At Baber-Khana we can trace the remains of a large Stupa mentioned by the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim Fa-miam, who was here about B.C.400, and another Hwen-Thsang , who halted here A.D.630 and 643. Among relics discovered here was one of porphyry, beautifully turned on the lathe, containing a crystal figure of a goose, in which was found a leaf of gold stamped with characters in pali. Two miles on route to R.Pindi we pass the village of Wah, where are more ancient ruins, described by Moore as a place with its flowers and holy shrine, interrupted only be dipping wings of birds, in its marble basins filled with pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh, all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquility. (Lalla Rookh p.143)

After our quarantine we resumed the march, and approaching Kala-ka-Serai, 21 miles from R.Pindi, entered the plain near the obelisk with drinking fountain, dedicated to General Nicholson, who in his time was worshipped by some natives as Nikal-singh, and used to find a miscellaneous assemblage of uncouth natives squatted in his compound, "We are Nikkal Seyu's afkirs, come to worship him", and ordered them off, and is even said to have threatened chastisement. Cleveland Sahib was worshipped at Bhaugulpar, Bengal, in /62; he loved the natives and they built him a shrine. In the great temple at Madura is a doorway dedicated to Rous Pieter and

periodically illuminated in his honour; he too is worshipped as a Rishi. J.Lawrence's statue at Lahore receives a regular offering of flowers, and many a puga is offered up before it. These men threw off the arrogance and hauteur, with since the mutiny, hatred and contempt often added, that have characterised our behaviour to natives, associating with them freely to learn their better side.

On the I7th we resumed our march to Jam-Ra-Serai. Kerr addressed the men on the danger of indiscriminate drinking and next day, Wednesday entered Rawal Pindi, having also left so many comrades behind. As we passed his house opposite the Polo ground, General Macpherson was on his verandah, to welcome us and return our salute. The Rifle Brigade following us lost two officers and 45 men from cholera and 6 more from sunstroke. Although in the 5 weeks our loss has been 354 European troops, 74 per thousand.

The medical staff suffered severely; Kellsall er buried at Dakka, Wallace died at Lundi Kotal, Grey and Porter at Peshawar, of Cholera; Wright who came down with 4 R.Bde next column to us died at Attock of exposure seeing sick across the river, in boats, less fortunate than myself.

Henderson saw the men of a regiment who followed shortly after us paraded the day after their arrival, and was astonished to note how fresh and fit they all looked; they had no cholera on the road. Col.Ford, in explanation, said he suffered so little simply from using common sense, in disobedience of positive orders and red tape. Before starting he was told only to halt at the appointed places, and to march only by day. He said he would obey neither order, and risking censure, escaped the heat and the Cholera and

saved his men.

The Indian Government thanked the surviving Medical Officers, most of them by name, for their services, especially during the Cholera times; even those who had been only a few days in Affghanistan or had ridden up and back. Ewatt, following us in this march, remarks that men seemed to age day by day and sleep was impossible; water fit to drink was not to be had. It is remarkable how Officers escaped: one dies attached to a native regiment, and I have his dressing case, still, sold with his effects at R,Pindi. From my experience at Devna and Kotlubi in /54 where men compelled by thirst would scoop up and drink muddy water from puddles in front of the troughs, I think that a supply of pure water on the march, would have saved us if we had occupied noninfected camping grounds.

Never retire in Central Asia, said Seminoff, it is misunderstood by the natives, as a sign of weakness. Our conquest of Central Asia has been costly, but in your practise would have been more so, and much less satisfactory.

There comes the other question, should we annex or absorb Affghanistan? would then a better feeling exist between us and Russia? Such a policy would be costly, but would it be effective? It would not be more costly for our unappreciated efforts at present thrown away: with a forward policy, there would be some gain. Nor could the Affghanst prove less managable than other Frontier tribes: between /49 and /79 we have sent 25 expeditions against tribes on our N.W. frontier. (Marvin Russian advance p.253)

Russians say that if Nadir Shah could march from Askabad to Bokhara on one side, and to Meshed, Herat and Kandahar on the other;

why should not we? Affghanistan, shut up in its barbarism, inbred to the core with fanatical bigotry, and steeped in the pride of nationality; knows it and yet refuses obstinately and suspiciously, the only remedy that can save its decaying constitution from dissolution. (Bellew India to Tigris p.5).

Now that the campaign is over, let us locate it in the great contest for the dominion of the world. Peter the Great adopted the vigorous expansion which has since characterised the Russian oligarchy, and though his will is a later forgery, its projects are being steadily carried out for the conquest of Asia, and through it the conquest of the world. Having absorbed in S.E. especially, a large admixture of Mongol and Turki peoples, known collectively as Tatars; brought into contact with Asia by the disappearance of ancient Aeas, and partaking of its continental climate, European races are in many other respects Asiatic, and the populations are largely intermixed. She therefore the more readily deals with Asiatics.

Who were the Russians? Mongols who had migrated Westwards; their princesmere taxgatherers, paying homage to the Khans of the Golden Horde, as were called those Mongols who had settled on the Volga, because of the splendour of their encampments. Nor could they ascend the throne without authority (jarlikh) received from the Mongol suzerain. When Ivan 3rd succeeded in I463, he threw off his allegiance, and in I478 refused to pay tribute, and put the Mongol envoys to death. Ere long the Moscow prince received the allegeiance of the neighbouring Mongol tribes, and then that of the Khan of the Crimea. Ivan's grandson, the Terrible, assumed the

title of Tzar, and annexed Kazan and Astrakan. In I775 the Crimea was conquered with merciless slaughter of 30.000 Tatars of all ages, and including women and children.

Having many thousands of miles of unoccupied country spacious enough for her requirements for centuries to come, she strives for pure conquest, her chief idea being to obtain revenue from the masses, and to keep them as ignorant as possible.

Her goal is India, to her a land of fabulous wealth. Anyone, says Rawlinson, who traces on the map their movements towards India, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance they bear to the operations of an army opening parallels against a beleagued fortress, and now only the mountainous strip of territory in Affghanistan flanks her advance by the plains of Beluchistan, When Georgia became her vassel, and failing to instigate Persia against us, she began her systematic advance against Khiva, one of the most sacred cities of central Asia. Khive was by tradition secure from invasion till the waters of the Amu Daria, returning to their old bed, should once more wask against the walls of the old capital Kane Urgeneh, N. of Khiva. But in I839, the year of invasion, the river is said to have risen till it reached the ancient walls, and the inhabitants felt that their hour had come, and Russia's. Their winter campaign proved disastrous; but in /42 the Khan, seeing they were in deadly earnest, concluded a treaty. As Russians advanced, forts were established and occupied by Cossachs, who combined agriculture with soldiering, provisioning was made easy.

When in /4I-2 disaster overtook us in Affghanistan, and we had deposed Djt Muhamad and attempted to set up an unpopular puppet,

not next in succession, and the British envoys at Bokhara (Stoddart and Conolly) were put to death by the Amir, who thought he had nothing now to fear from the defeated British, the Russian envoy, Buteneff retired, fearing their fate. But shortly after, when appealed to by Persia for aid against the Turcomans, Russia seixed Adshurada, at mouth of Gulf of Astrabad on Caspian Sea, and despite Persia's appeals to England, has since held it, one of the most valuable strategical ports in Central Asia. Her motive being, that before Asiatics you must never retire; as an Asiatic power herself no doubt it was wise. We on the contrary retire, and leave our allies to the tender mercy of the power, thet be. If in /42 we had held Affghanistan, it would have been as orderly as the Punjab; and again, after Cavagnari's murder we had retained it, and made Cabul our advanced post, who could have objected? But who dare side with the party that retreats?

In "59 the Khakand fort of Julek on the Syr Daria was captured, and rebuilt as Fort Perouski; and in /64 the Khokands lost Hasret-i-Turkestan, and in Oct. /64 the fortress of Khineskent, which garrisoned by IO,000 troops, could not be tolerated close to the new frontier, was captured; the road to Jaskhend the Capital was thus opened, and in June /65 it surrendered. But the Viceroy Lawrence thought thst Russia might prove a safer neighbour then the wild tribes of Central Asia. The Russian Chancellor Gortsakoff, however, thought necessary to deny their intentions of acquiring further dependencies in Central Asia. (Circular 2I Nov. /64).

In /64 Russia seized Samarkand, despite the protests of her Ambassador that she did not intend to retain it, has never restored it to the Amir, a successor of Timur Lang, who became a vassal of

Russia. The place was soon incorporated in the province of Turkestan /67, under a Governor General at Jaskent. Our Government now became alarmed and in /73 Russia undertook not to interfere with Affghanistan, but the frontier on N.E. and N.W. was ambiguously described, and Russia seized the opportunity of occupying Merv, with a large oasis around.

Khiva, with which a treaty had been concluded in /42, was the door of all commercial routes through Central Asia and now Scobeleff, disguised as an Usbeg trader, penetrated the neighbouring oasis, and explored; and /73 Khiva capitulated to General Kauffman.

During the Russo-Turkish war in /78, Russia was ill-pleased at Indian troops being brought into Europe, and after the treaty of San Stefano, made a demonstration against us in India. For some years emissaries of the Tzar had been secretly negociating with the Amir of Affghanistan, who was threatened with displacement by a Russian candidate. Sher Ali yielded, and rejected our overtures with insolence and refused to receive our Embassy. Stolietoff's mission to Kabul in /78 resulted in an alliance, for a joint attack by Russia and Sher Ali, upon India; the result of 7 years intriguing by Kauffman's agents. Simultaneously an emissary was secretly dispatched to India to foment rebellion, and though "a private traveller' deported to Russia.

When the Berlin Congress, by revising the Treaty of San Stefano, had rendered any immediate advance on India impossible, Sher Ali found himeslf treacherously deserted by his new ally; but Stolietoff remained for 5 months at Kabul, acting as his adviser

until he was compelled to fly north with the Russian mission. Yet in /69 and again in /73 Russia had given solemn assurances that Affghanistan should not be interfered with, and that her agents should not visit Kabul. And De Giers in July /78 assured our minister that "no mission had been, or was intended to be, sent to Kabul, either by the Imperial Government, or by General Kauffman". When accounts of the mission were actually appearing in the Russian papers, and further subterfuge was impossible, De Giers informed him, thet everything, political as well as military precautions, we thought of ourselves justified in taking against you, has been stopped." Yet 4 months later although the Russian envoy had been recalled, the mission still remained at Kabul.

When the Treaty of Berlin rendered imperative the retirement of the troops which were gathered to invade India, Grodekoff, chief of Staff, left Samarkhand with Kauffman's permission, and in uniform, rode through Northern Affghanistan to Herat, an escort of Affghan troops being furnished as soon as he had crossed the Russo-Affghan frontier.

At Herat he spent 3 days making a thorough survey of the city, and its fortifications. On returning to Russia he was cordially received by the Tzar, knighted, and promoted.

The governing class or brain of Russia, says Simpson is Aryan, while the mass of the people are Turanian. While therefore their diplomacy is singularly successful in Europe, but in arms the Turanian soldier is inferior to the Aryan, their natural direction of conquest is eastward among the Mongolian races.

Czardom by aid of semi barbarous and Mongol tribes (should be Monjo-gu. Our transliteration came through Jewish fathers, who for Mu-gu-den wrote Mukden, a name unknown to natives and for Manjo wrote Manchu) strives to tyrannise over cultured nationalities and a hideous despotism that corrupts and degrades, extending its tentacles over Europe and Asia in thirst of universal dominion. Since the Mongol invasion of the golden horde in I3th century, Russia has been a pyramid of oppression.

(a) (Colquhoun p.39) (b) Dolgorouki. (b) La Verite sur la Russe.

XXIV

CHAPTER ~~XX~~XIII

Kkanpur

RAWAL PINDI AND HOME

RAWAL. PINDI

We found our Bungalow tenanted, but arranged to camp in my old office, for my family are with the Hon. Mrs. J.P.N. at Marri, where my wife is detained by the death of her baby, but they arrived a few days later and we occupied Appleton's bungalow until ours was vacated; meantime all felt that we required a rest. Opposite are Lord and Lady Anne Kerr, and the R.E. bungalow. Regie Sartorius, our next door neighbour devoted a room to a studio and here we spent some time with water - colours; and he showed me how to make a picture out of our numerous sketches; or we went out painting together. But one day, he threw away a picture only just begun, of Kashmir valley through which the Jhelum flows into India, a failure he said; I went over and looked at it and a sudden inspiration suggested a different effect: The light should I thought, be on the opposite side, so I attempted it, and successfully; it was finished in less time than any other, and I think was my best. That gave me confidence. One morning we were astonished at finding a bed of asparagus full grown! Aloe shoots, some facetious friends had taken the trouble to set them up during the night! In August, I had an attack of fever with so persistent diarhoea that I was sent up to Marri, whither Allsopp, had preceeded me by a few days for a similar cause.

The distance is 19 miles along the plain, then ascent through beautiful pine clad scenery, then another 19, which latter takes 6

hours to 6000 ft altitude. The stages are Barrikoo, Tret and Marri, each 13 miles.

Fortified by a large dose of Chlorydyne, bottle in hand, I went up in Dak, and at the top of the road Allsopp, now recovering, met me and took me to Slade's Bungalow. The doctors wished to suppress my troublesome symptoms, though suspicious of typhoid, but I persuaded them to leave natures safety valve open and give her a chance: so with Tonics, I soon began to improve, just in time to be able to look after Kerr, who followed me up in a few days. Slade's house had now become a Hospital, and for some time, I continued very weak. Hassard, the P.M.O. said I ought not to have let myself fall so low, yet, how could one help it? At this time, Kerr heard that Cholera had attacked the regiment in Pindi, Mrs M'Coy our old nurse was carried off in the married quarters. ~~He~~ did not tell me lest I should have gone down at all hazards or worried at not being there.

These hills lie to E. of R. Pindi and Marri was made a Sanitorium on annexation of the Punjab in 1839. The formation is red sand stone, hightest elevation 7500 ft. The hills are covered with pines, horse chestnuts, sycamore, oak, hawthorne, and Cordia, whose tough substance makes good timber; and below are wild plum, indigo, barberry, juguba, honysuckle &c. Unable to make an excursion I had to depend on what was collected by my servants.

Our host was musical, played the bango, had a good voice; and a friend whose husband was left in the plains came in and made a charming accompanist - so the evenings were soon brightened with song. The Bail battery, ever a favourite because of its chorus, seems so little known that here are the words.

~~Bail Battery~~.

Oh! I love to see the Sepoys with their noble martial tread.
And the sound of Cavalry galloping, it goes right thro' my head.
Sweeter than the sweetest music that ever band hath played.
Is the stately march of the buffalo agoing to parade.

Chorus-

Singing Aiya, Aiya, Aiya, twist your tails and go,
Hathi! Hathi! Hathi! bully fonten Buffalo!
Chal! Chal! Chal!Chal! Chal! Chal!
Hut Terima Chalo!
Oh! that's the way they shout all day, when driving the Buffalo.

See that roughriding bombadier with a poleaxe for a whip,
What a seat upon an elephant! My goodness what a grip,
See the farrier Sergeant's camel halt, as if he knew,
That a shoe had come off the battery Sergt. Major's kangaroo.

Chorus-
Singing Aiya! &c.

Oh! I love to watch the Hathi's with their trunks all in a row,
And then to watch the haughty and highstepping buffalo,
But Oh! I love to see the Sergeants on their flying kangaroos,
As they gallop past the General, and the ladies at Reviews.

Chorus- Singing Aiya &c.

Early in September, we heard of the Kabul Massacre; Cavagnari was a near relative of my old chum Mongomery in the V. D. G.s, and I had known his sisters; and all of us knew Hamilton, Jenkins, and Kelly. Cavaguari seems to have felt that he was going to his doom, for on starting he declared that, should his death place the red line on the Hindu Kush, he didn't mind.

The party had arrived at Kurrum on the 15th July, and next day were met by Affghan Cavalry: as they ascended, Cavagnari pointed out a solitary Magpie to Roberts, but begged him not to mention so ill an omen to his wife.

Yakub had expressly designed Kabul as the residence of the Mission; though he did not actually plan the massacre, he had taken no pains to prevent it, and a Committee of investigation reported him, through connivance, guilty of murder, a sentence confirmed by the Chief Justice. (Roberts, 2, 3, I4.) Brought down to India, he halted at Rawal Pindi, his face impassive in his misfortunes, as when he came in to Gandamack. According to Col. Biddulph, who was in charge of him, Yakub said, his father had been so disgusted with his failure to come to an understanding with the Russians, that, before the war with us, he was quite ready to throw himself into our arms.

Yakhab Khan had been Shere Ali's right-hand man during his last years of struggle for the throne, which regained, the Amir turned against him and even stooped to treachery to punish him. The unfortunate man though deported for suspected complicity in the Massacre has later been exonerated by Roberts who has always been convinced of his innocence; that was the unpremeditated work of fanatical soldiery.

How nobly these native soldiers behave. After all the

(Roberts II, I78.)

Sahibs had fallen, the Affghans offered their lives to the soldiers (Pathans) that remained "The Sahibs are killed; we owe you no enmity; surrender and go in peace." They refused, and the only one that escaped had been sent on a message.

Another force was at once organised, in which the X, R, H, were anxious to take part, but owing to the exhaustion of the last campaign in weakness physically and numerically, the wish was refused. But Coombe and Brabazon were taken on the Staff, and Fisher and Whartie Wilson employed as transport Officers.

As it was necessary for me to remain in the hills a little longer, my family came up at the beginning of September, and we took a bungalow on the angle of the ridge overlooking the road to Kashmir , the cricketfield, and racecourse, a small flat patch that had to be gone round several times. The scenery was lovely, especially as you go out along the road to Dewal,- first Bungalow on to Kashmir,- through forests of Horse-Chestnuts, and Oaks, Sicamores and grand lofty Pines. From Dewal you pass next day into the valley of the Jhelum, to Kohala; and then cross the river into Kashmir a/ There, in I790 there existed a school of learned Pundits, who wrote indifferent Sanscript, but in so beautiful a hand, that their works largely circulated throughout India; they soon, however, became extinct. Meantime one had to be content with painting the scenery and training a hill servant as botanical collector. When able to walk I came across a charming knoll above the polo ground, dotted bright purple with many gentians; pity they are so impatient of cultivation, as to resent being moved.

a/ Leaving Marri at 9-30 and changing tonga pairs every 6 miles, lunch at Kohala, at Dak Bungalow in sight of Jhelum River along to bridge which crosses into Kashmir, take tea at Dalai and on to Garhi for the night. Next day to Uri for lunch and reach Baramoula in evening- I25 miles.

Returning to Pindi, ~~I found~~ Greene the Band Master, Herr Beyer's successor, was so ill with dysentery, that, though the Doctor had sanctioned his going with some of the band to a dance that evening, I kept him in bed. Some 25 years later we met at Southsea, he, Band Master of the R,M,L,I, and so young looking that I supposed him to be his son: He recalled the above to my recollection and told everyone that he owed his life to me.

On leaving Simla, one of our Jhampanis, who had been with us for some seasons, entreated to be taken with us in any capacity; but fearing the change of climate, I would not undertake the risk. Shortly after our arrival at R. Pindi, he astonished us by arriving in the compound and craved to be kept on in any service: he had walked over the hills from Simla! He remained till becoming seriously affected by the climate, for the plains do not agree with these hill men, he much against his will; was sent home: Certainly these servants become attached to us and are very faithful. The one I had been training as a collector in Marri, and the day before we returned home, he brought me a frond of a fern that seemed new, a Polypodium.

He had brought it some distance noticing that it was strange, ~~then~~ as soon as possible, I sent him back to Marri and he brought back the plant he said he had cut it from, and with which it accurately fitted. So it was planted in a gumlah on the verandah with a ticca (label) and meantime the fronds were sent to Kew.

The Mahli is wont to squat in the verandah which here is only a little above the ground; here he digs up and weeds the gumlahs (flowerpots) with his kahari (chisel- like trowel) first removing tickhas (labels) which he replaces indiscriminately, so that the fern tickha found itself in another gumlah. Also he brought a large solid fungus which Dr. Henderson, who was present, and myself, determined to taste; a slice was fried and we found it delicious, but not one of the tennis party would venture to follow our example. It was divided into three parts, for the mess, Henderson and ourselves; ours lasted for two days, after which it became peppery: No doubt this was a Lycoperdon, but not noticed in Roxburg.

Society has lately been convulsed. An officer coming from Marri, passed a well known young lady hurrying down, a little later, a staff officer who said he was returning to his regiment. Next morning rumour spread that a private ceremonial had united the runaways, and that the lady had for the night taken refuge, next door to us, in the Chaplains house. When she found he had been dismissed, she determined not to be left, and started in pursuit. Shortly after a still stranger story came up from Lahore. A Colonel's daughter who some two years ago returned from home, her education finished, had, after paying a number of visits among her girl friends on the eve of marriage, been discovered to be a boy; and having changed her attire accordingly, was now beginning her education afresh on the new lines. Society speculated whether her sisters might not also turn out to be boys. ~~The father claimed return of~~

The father claimed return of the extra premium he had paid all these years for a girl, but the Government refused.

At Pindi we found a medical officer with a handsome and ruddy, but rustic wife, whose brogue was undisguised Celtic; they always appeared together, followed by a couple of dogs, which she controlled with strong language and a whip. They were never at home to visitors which stimulated curiosity; so our youngsters, for a bet, conspired to draw her; and Buldoo, being of the same nationality, undertook to bell the cat. After several ineffectual attempts to gain admission, he, at last bribed the Ayah to take in his card; and waited expectantly; presently there was a rustle behind the chiks, and the husband appeared with the whip, but Buldoo had disapeared. One Sunday after service at church, she lingered to scan the dresses,

[illegible] When on a [illegible] off.

distant Board, he took his wife with him, and though room was scanty in a Dak bungalow, they kept to themselves, secluded: after dinner we two other members of the board, expected at least to be asked to join them at coffee, but were not given a chance of making her acquaintance, no doubt to our irreparable loss. Always shabbily dressed, his underclothing seemed to consist of one flannel shirt; if he could have been persuaded to dine, our boys would have bathed him afterwards.

On return from Marri the 9th Lancers passed through on their way to the front, and Herbert and I went to welcome them. The Shah's (Col. Montgomery) widow and daughter have taken a bungalow in native lines on the racecourse; calling one day later, we heard that Miss Montgomery had gone to Jan. Nicholson's, to meet Joe, as the 9th Lancers were halted for a few days, perhaps to show him a short cut to the Cantonment, but she returned alone- Later events proved that it was a short cut to matrimony.

In this campaign, the Officer in charge of one of the Hospitals, well known for his papers on administration details had spread out his tents over such an inordinate space of ground that the General reported him as impracticable, and that he could not guarantee the safety of the hospitals, and the P.M.O. came to see for himself. The pretentious camp was neatly laid out, but spread over as much space as possible: Streets neatly bordered with whitened stones, with large guide posts at corners to Administration Office &c.&c., and in centre a kanaut which apparently enclosed a latrine, but on closer inspection was marked "Meteorological Office" and inside the solitary presiding genius, a bath thermometer, old and broken. The subordinates were being incessantly drilled with side arms. Next day the impracticable Commander had departed for fresh glories, and his tents were brought together into a compact and secure camp.

When Roberts at Kábul was pondering what to do with the Amir, the latter came in one morning before Roberts was dressed and asked for an interview. Roberts offered his Royal visitor an only chair. He had come to renounce Amir-ship, would rather be a grasscutter in the English camp than Ruler of Affghans; entreated to permit his camping next Roberts till he could go down to India, or wherever the Viceroy might send him. "I placed a tent at his disposal and ordered breakfast for him, but begged him to think matters over rather than decide at once" a [redacted]. Yakoub said his father was disgusted with us after Saijud Mir Madommed's return from Simla in /73, and making overtures to Russia had kept up the intercourse ever since; thus we found Kabul much more Russian than English, Sirdars and Officers arrayed in Russian pattern uniform, Russian money in the treasury, and wares in the bazaars. Yakoub was sent to India, by double marches, on Ist December /79; he arrived in R,Pindi shortly before Xmas, and was accomodated in a bungalow. We went to see his entrance and he had the same expressionless animal face I had noticed at Gandanack.

4/ Life 2:235.

Lyall represents the next Amir, **Abdur** Rahman as speculating on his retaining the kingdom **founded** by Doot Mohammad

Shall I stretch my right hand to the Indus, that
England may fill it with gold;
Shall my left beckon aid from the Oxus? The
Russian blows hot and blows cold.

And the lord of the English writes;"Order and
Justice, and govern with laws".
And the Russian he sneers and says "Patience
And velvet to cover your claws".
And the Kingdoms of Islam are crumbling,
Around me a voice ever rings
Of death and the doom of my country -
Shall I be the last of its kings?

Time passed in social entertainments, ~~secret societies~~.

And we had a delightful picnic down the road on the river over which the new railway bridge was being constructed. and luncheon on an Island in the river; after which the men went down to inspect the high bridge being built to carry the railway north. Meanwhile the ladies prepared tea, but the water we had with us ran short. "Never mind" said Lady Anne, "we can use this Soda-water, they will never know". Some of the ladies pretended to be in fear of an upset, as the boat was leaky and the current strong, so by a little bye play we contrived to keep up a rocking motion homewards, to show that the soda-water was not forgotten. Then Xmas arrived and Lady Anne Kerr was the soul of the festivities. She introduced a barn dance which had to be practiced after dinner at mess; but I was soon bowled out, becoming utterly bewildered in the maze, and unable to distinguish my partner or tell whither one ought to go. On another occasion I mischievously led one of our ladies under a large branch representing misletoe and, to her dignified horror, threatened to kiss her; but it was very harmless fun and caused much and very beneficial laughter. At length early in the new year we had to prepare for leaving. It was

impossible for me to remain, even if I could have withstood another year in India and had to forfeit promotion, and in fact, though we did not know it, I had been already promoted in November although not Gazetted.

At the General's inspection the day before we left, Lady Anne asked my wife to drive with her, and they took up a position on the Jhelum road, sheltered by trees, from which the parade ground slopes upwards to the Fort. After manoeuvres, and before the march past, the Colonel sent to tell them to go up to the flagstaff, but in the attempt, when half way across, they were horrified at seeing the regiment about to galop over them. Donjie called out "Stand still ladies". They thought they would be torn in pieces, but the troops opened out and passed, and they found themselves safe to go on to the upper border of the maidan. Then the Colonel galloped up "Now Mrs. Willie you are baptised in the X.R.H.!"

Having got rid of our local belongings, and refused to part with Penley's water colors, to which I had added some pages of mixed tints; and which later in Halifax were thrown away as too bulky to carry, I parted with my plants, having secured those for home in a wire basket, suspended in the verandah, including the precious root of that new Polypodium. I went to a farewell dinner at the Mess, a melancholy festival, and like all such gatherings very painful;

on the 3rd Feb, but it wore through sadly, and Dongie persuaded me to leave early and cut short useless farewells. Returning home I saw that the residue of the plants in the verandah (privately sold) had not been taken away; and next morning early was awakened by their removal. Bethinking myself of my fern I rushed out to find everything cleared off, fern basket and all, and servants sent off to reclaim the unsold basket. At nine o'clock, half an hour after we were ready and time was up, the servant had not returned so we started and meeting Cornish opposite the Mess, instructed him among other matters, to send on the basket. Kerr crossed to our Bungalow immediately after we had left, too late to say goodbye. Cornish we never saw again: a faithful and true friend as ever I met, he should have come.

MENU 3rd Feb.

Consomme printanier

Puree de pois vert

Le mahseer a la genevoise

Cotellettes de mouton a la reforme

Cailles en chaufroid truffle a la Strasburg boeuf a la Napolitaine

Selle de mouton

les pintades piques au lard

les asperges en branches

Jambonsauti au vin de champagne

Pouding a la queen mab

Glace à la creme dabricot

Glace l'eau aux oranges

is come home with us, but Kerr, in that early transition period of the new non-regimental system, was anxious not to part with both of us at the same time, and he consented to remain for a another year. Then he went down to Bombay on route for home, but instead, was ordered to the Cape and met a glorious death at Majuba. Coming round the hillside with a wounded man in stretcher he appears to have slung the man's rifle over his shoulder bringing him down to the hospital near the farmhouse. Some Boers came round from the opposite side, Cornish waved his handkerchief and shouted "wounded man" probably not in Dutch. 7

They, seeing that he was armed (as they afterwards explained) and not recognising that he was a doctor, immediately shot him: wounded in the liver and bleeding, he was carried down to the Farmhouse above the main road from Newcastle, and died during the night.

The Boers afterwards made the excuse that he was armed. Now in Affghanistan we all carried revolvers, and generally pigsticking lances as well.

Tom Babington, Staff Surgeon, attended him and was with him to the last. He was two years later with me in Halifax and told us the story. His walking stick was brought to Netley and is in the Museum.

The X, R, H, remembered him in their memorial window in the Western end of All Saints Aldershot, and his old father wrote me how grateful he felt at their kindness. Ogilvy at Malta in /8I said"what a glorious death;" little thinking that it would be his own. 6

At Majuba, no one was more surprised than the Boer General, at his success; when the struggle began, he was on the point of retiring, and only the unexpected result produced by some parties of marksmen, who had been sent forward to cover the retreat, led to there being any attack at all.

6. Killed charging at head of his regiment XII Lancers at Diamond Hill, where Chesham's son also fell, his mother would not let him join the X.R.H. as it was abroad, so he went to a regiment which was sho[illegible]outh Africa on service.

Having failed to get some Departmental uniform, made by the Regt. tailor; I had to continue wearing Regimental. Only just before leaving, there arrived the box of printed copies of my Himalayan Ferns compiled some years ago for Miss Baring; but which had taken so long to get set up, owing to repeated corrections, necessitated by native compositors .

Col. Stanton tried to induce us to travel round by Darjiling, where I might have my pick of his collection of Orchids, but time did not admit of so delightful a detour.

We entrained for Khanpur, on 40th of, February, leaving our servants at Amballa who were detained till we wired from our next halt. Herbert's bearer went to change a rupee, but returned to see the train moving; he ran headlong down the platform his eye on us, and so fell forwards when at the end he came to the incline; but we saw him get up, no doubt astonished, but not much hurt.

Arrived at Kanhpur (Krishna's city) my Affghan kukri (knife) dropt out of its sheath unobserved; at the hotel we found that Alexander had just passed through to join the regiment .

The modern town has completely eclipsed ancient Kanoj, and is now a flourishing place; yet it was the scene of most sanguinary struggles, and massacres in the mutiny. For here Nana Dundke Parth

slaughtered us after capitulation, and threw the women and children into the well; within whose enclosure no native is permitted to intrude The English quarter is on right bank of river, completely separated from the native town by parks, gardens, and bungalows.

Capt. Channer, Queen's N. I. son of an old friend, took us round the stations, the ghauts, well in the gardens, and all the memorial places of the mutiny- a painful day- trying to realise those terrible tragedies of overweening confidence and distrust: we spent some time at the ghauts for this was the most attractive spot in those days. Here the Ganges is some 500 yds across in summer, and in rains a mile, with strong and rapid current; navigable up 300 miles to Sukerlet, and 1000 down to mouth; and the traffic is therefore very large. Here the ladies would come, with Ayahs and children, to watch the ferry boat plying to and fro, with a motley cargo of travellers: merchants, fakirs, camels, horses, and bullocks, all crowded together.

In May/57 there were only a few gunners and infantry, 300 strong; and a native force of some 3000 under General Wheeler. News of the outbreak at Mirat and Dilhi caused intense excitement amongst the the natives, but the sepoys were trusted to stand by their officers, and both Collecter and General were sanguine. Did they know of the malicious news as to our intentions, spread abroad to poison the minds of the sepoys? They had a powerful friend in the Maharaja of Bithoor Sirik Daudhn Panth, son of a Brahman, and adopted heir of the late Maharaja Bazi Ras, last Maharatta Peishwa of Puna, who has failed to secure the inheritance of the pension (£80,000 a year) granted to the

Peihwa for support of himself and family, and biding his time, cherished a bitter grudge.

Corpulent, of middle height, with olive complexion, scarcely darker than a Spaniard's , round face, pitted from smallpox, bright beadlike eyes and straight wellcut nose, though sensual mouth; his person would have been attractive, but for the caste marks on his forehead. He seems to have been indolent and sensual, and governed by Azim Oolah. He spoke little English, and had been badly educated; his friend and counsellor ~~Azimoolah~~ spoke English fluently, also French and German; he came to London and made himself conspicuous in the park and in society, and extremely troublesome in public offices, lavished thousands of his Master's money in presents, to gain a hearing in exalted quarters, and returned to Bithoor to pour into the Nana's ear his own malicious version of his costly failure. Paramount whilst treachery and massacre were the means of elevating the Nana to a throne, when later a military leader was required, he was displaced by Tantia Topi.

The Nana was supposed to have £500,000 invested in Government securities, and not till later was it discovered that on redistribution of his property only £30,000 remained to be sacrificed when he should throw off his allegiance.

An officer who was driving back with him praised his turn out. " Not long ago" he said "I had a carriage, and horses better than these which cost me 25,000 rupees, but I had to burn the carriage and sell the horses; for a Sahib and the Mem Sahib were bringing out their sick child to Bithoor for change of air, and I sent my big carriage to meet them. On the road the child died, and as its dead body had been in the

carriage, and as the horses had drawn it, I could never use either again". Nor of course would he disgrace himself by selling his property. "But why not give them away?" "No" "for then the Sahib would hear of it , and his feelings might have been hurt at having caused me such a loss". a/

The Collector, and especially his wife, looked on him as a great friend; of enormous wealth and influence:

On the night of the 20th May, troopers sent emissaries asking the three native regiments to stand by them as the Europeans were about deprive them of horses and arms, and they would be disbanded. The situation became critical and the Collector abandoned his bungalow in the suburbs, and came to live in cantonments.

a/ Martin II 249.

The Officers were ordered to sleep with their men, to promote confidence by trusting their lives to them, and to aid the well-affected; and Wheeler chose two buildings, once a European hospital, to entrench for safety. The ladies, however, went to their bungalows each morning, and returned to sleep in night-quarters in the entrenchment. Men, Officers, women and children, beds and chairs, all mingled together, inside and outside the buildings; some talking even laughing, some frightened, some defiant, others despairing; three guns in front and three in rear, and a trench with parapet, being dug all round.
Asked for assistance the Nana sent 200 cavalry and 400 rifles with two guns, which force was used to guard the magazine full of guns and ammunition, and the treasury in which was upwards of £100,000; a lac of rupees was however brought in for pay of troops, and current expenses. The Nana himself came in from Bithoor 9 miles away, and occupied a house near that abandoned by the collector. The crisis arrived on the 4th June; from disquieting news, the Officers were ordered not to sleep in the lines, and that night the 2nd Cavalry rose with a great shout, set fire to the Quarter-master's house, and mounting, rode to the Commisarriat yard, seized the 36 elephants there, and burnt the Sergeant's house. The Ringleaders went to 1st N.I. and persuaded them to join; Ewart and the officers failed to disuade them, were told to withdraw, and refusing, were forced into the entrenchment. The Insurgents went to the Treasury and

(Shepherds' Outbreak p 175))

and magazines, which the Nana's guard made no pretence of defending; opened the jail and burnt the adjacent public offices and records and marching towards Delhi, were at noon joined by men of the 53 and 56th N.I. The Nana now persuaded them to return and attack the garrison, and placing himself at their head, notified Wheeler on the 7th of his approaching attack. The siege began at 10 a.m. on the 7th, and on the 9th heated shells set fire to the thatched building in which numbers of sick women and wounded men were huddled together, and many were burnt alive. Some 1000 persons were in refuge, 465 of them men. Exposed to fierce heat of sun with scant shelter, continuous cannonade of heavy siege guns, and ceaseless hail of musketry from neighbouring buildings, they repelled all assaults. The only well could not be approached, save at risk of life.

Drummers of the 3rd regiment were charged with removal of dead, and received for daily subsistence a glass of brandy and grain which was steeped in 4 buckets placed in such position that all could help themselves. [1]

By the end of the first week 59 artillery were wounded or killed, and the miseries of hunger and disease were now added. During three weeks siege, 250 bodies were thrown into the well. At night they were laid on the verandah till even such burial was possible.

The daily ration of porridge, split peas and flour, was varied at rare intervals with horse or dog broth, when these animals strayed within reach. The drawing of water from the single well proved a source

[1] Martin II. 258.

a source of peril; even in the dead of night, the creaking of its tackle, drew down a shower of grape.

Mc'Killop was known as Captain of the well; the piteous cries of the children for water, never reached his ears in vain; till after many hairbreadth escapes he was mortally wounded by grape shot, and his last words were an entreaty for someone to get it for a lady to whom he had promised it.

Then the guns got disabled, one lost its muzzle, two had their sides battered in, and a fourth was knocked off its carriage. Some of the garrison were struck down by the sun, others pined away from exposure, hunger or thirst, others went mad. More wretched still was the fate of the wounded, for the medical stores and surgical instruments were destroyed, and death which came too slowly was their only healer. The women who survived were begrimed with dirt, their dresses were in rags, yet they never despaired. They gave the artillerymen their stockings for grape cases; they handed round ammunition to the infantry; and cheered all alike by their uncomplaining spirit and their tender gracious kindness.

The site of the entrenchment marked by stone posts, is on a level plain about a mile from the city eastwards; but all traces of the feeble encircling sand bank have long since been blotted out by the rains. The buildings have dissappeared, but the foundation of the burnt hospital, in centre of enclosure and exposed on all sides, are still traceable.

When in their last extremity he sent Mrs Henry Jacobi, a captured prisoner in the Salvada House outside the city to offer terms

(Thomson's story of Khairpur p 87) (Holmes Mutiny. 234.)

promising on surrender of the entrenchments, safe passage to all; and on the 27th remnants feebly dragged themselves to the Sati Chaura Ghats. (I½ miles by 8a.m.) Europeans laid down their muskets, and took off their coats. Breakfast was laid out as arranged, and 30 straw-thatched boats were waiting. No sooner were all aboard and some had pushed off, than on a signal, the native boatmen sprang out and clambered ashore, leaving fire,(hot cinders) in the thatch, which burst into flames, and two guns before hidden, were run out and and turned on the boats, and a murderous fire opened on them from both banks. The boats were aground, and proved immovable. Sick and wounded were burnt to death, or suffocated by the smoke. The stronger women, child in arms, took to the river, to be shot down or sabred in the stream by mounted troopers, or bayonnetted on reaching land. Some were made captive, and reserved for a worse fate. Men were immediately killed.

The Ghat stands alone on the bank of the broad river; at head of the stairs is a little ruined temple of Siva sheltered by two, now aged, Pipal trees, under whose shadows some of the refugees probably rested on that tragic morning.

During the massacre at the Ghaut, a sowar informed the Nana, - living at an hotel, - that all women and children were exterminated. The Nana sent him with orders to stop the slaughter, for that of women and children was unnecessary, so they were parted from their husbands and made prisoners. (Martins II 381.) Some 200 women were spared by order of the Nana, and dragged back to Kharipur.

Three boats got safe over towards Oudh side, where were two field pieces guarded by troopers and infantry; one was early swamped, and a mile down stream, a second skuttled by round shot, its passengers taken on board the third, which with 50 persons (one a lady) went on some 5 miles followed by 2000 mutineers with two guns along the Oudh bank.

One little girl was saved through devotion of the Ayah who carried it to safety disguised as a native. ~~A few~~ 7 years later ~~ago~~ she became the 2nd wife of a Scottish Baronet.

When the Nana's treachery became apparent, Gen. Wheeler's boat cut cable and dropt down the river, followed by two companies and two guns, but grounded on a sandbank. The natives could not elevate the screw of the large gun, fired grape in bags from the small one, and were dispersed by rifle fire. A storm during the night floated them off, but they were overtaken by boats full of Oudh sepoys and brought back.

The Nana ordered the Mem Sahibs to be separated, and the men shot by the Ist Native Infantry, but the Gillies Pultan (Galliez regiment oldest corps in the service once IXth) refused to shoot Wheeler who had made their Pultan's name great, amd whose son was their Quarter Master, nor the other Sahib-log.- "Put them in prison"! But the Oudh sepoys declared they would kill them all. The prisoners were then made to sit on the ground, and two companies of sepoys were preparing to fire on them, when one of the ladies rushed to her husband, sat down, put her arms round his waist, and declared she would die with him; the others followed her example, and would not go, or be driven away. The Nana ordered them to be separated by force, but they could not pull the Doctor's wife away, and she remained.

Just as the Sepoys were about to fire, the Padre called out to the Nana for leave to read prayers, which was granted; his bands were loosened and he took a small book out of his pocket and read. Then they all shook hands all round, and the Sepoys fired; and as they were not dead, went forward and despatched them with their swords.

After this slaughter, the women and children, 125 in number, "their clothes drenched and torn and mudstained, and dripping with blood, were dragged back to Khanpur": Nine hundred had entered the entrenchments three weeks before - They were first taken to Savada house, outside the city near their entrenchments, and after five days of anguish, they were reinforced by the occupants of the only boat that had escaped down the river; every man of whom was at once dragged out into the compound, where a firing party awaited them. But the women fought to die with their husbands, and one, Mrs. Boys realised her hope - threats and blows were unavailing to drag her away, and at the first volley, both she and her husband fell. The dead bodies, stripped naked, were heaped up in a corner of the compound and by night the jackal, and by day the vultures, devoured them under the eyes of the women.

After this, the women and children, with five men and a boy of fourteen, 122 in number, were conveyed to a small house "Bibigarh" from its having once been occupied by an English Officer with a native mistress, of which no ruins remain, some twenty feet N.W. of the well. A plain building of adobe, of two principal rooms, with flooring of uneven cement, each about twenty feet long, opening from either side

upon a small walled in courtyard in which there was a single Mulsari (Mimosops Elengi) growing. At either end of these rooms was a small apartment, all forming a rectangle of some forty feet by thirty, and all round the little courtyard was a verandah covered by the sloping roof. The Nana was now proclaimed Peishwa, the sacred tilak affixed to his forehead, and he issued a proclamation that the yellow-faced and narrow-minded English had been sent to the infernal regions.

When the fugitives from Fathigurh arrived, the men were separated and shot, except for some reason. Thornhill Collector, Brigd. Goldie, Col. Smith, IO N.I. and another, unmarried who were sent with the women and children to the Segrada Kothi (Salvada House) an enclosed Bungalow with courtyard in centre, originally built as a Zenana. Here cholera broke out, and the men were decoyed out and shot.

The bodies were stripped and heaped up in a corner of the compound of the house, for jackals and vultures to devour, under the eyes of the prisoners.

Tidings of a second defeat of rebels (at Fathipur) in which Bala Sahib was severely wounded, struck terror. Azim Oolah persuaded the Nana that the expedition was to rescue women and children, and if these were killed, it would, as at Jhansi, be abandoned. From long exposures and destitution they were in such a loathsome condition that no sepoy would have polluted himself by touching them. The victims must not escape to give evidence, and so on July 15th. their slaughter was determined.

(Thompson Story p 213)

The fears of persons compromised, were quickened by the discovery that one of the ladies had attempted to communicate with Havelock: The victims must not escape to give evidence, and so on July 15th their slaughter was determined.

The five men and boy of 14 were brought out and shot in the Nana's presence, as he sat outside the Commissariat Godown. He then returned to the Hotel and sent an order to Hosaini Khanum, the slave girl in charge of the Bibi -garh for immediate slaughter of the 200 women and children. But the Cavalry refused, and the Infantry shrank from its execution. At length the 6th N.I. were compelled to enter and fire on the helpless crowd within. But first of all at 6 pm. the drummers of the 6th N.I. were taken out, and removed to a shed where they could see and hear. The Sepoys fired, once wildly at the ceiling, and rushed out refusing such devilish work: One excused himself, his own family had been killed; he did not care.

The order was conveyed to the guard by a slave girl Begum, who had been sent to attend on the prisoners. Her mistress, a courtesan, had been living with the Nana since /50 and is represented to have obtained from him, jewels belonging to the Pushava's widows, valued at £50,000. When the Sepoys refused to obey the order, she fetched 5 men armed with swords, some were Mahammedan butchers from the bazaar, two were villagers. The third broke his sword, and fetching another from the Nana's house (he resided in an Hotel close by) he soon broke that also. Half an hour was spent in the butchery.

During that night the drummers heard incessant groans, and the work had to be completed next morning, for the avenging force were now within 20 miles. At 8 a. m. the sweepers were ordered to throw the bodies into a dry well near the house, and dragged them out mostly by the hair, and then stripped them. Some of the women were still alive and three could speak, praying that for God's sake their sufferings might be put an end to. One half caste, severely wounded in both arms, entreated to be killed; she and two or three others were placed against a bank of the cut by which bullocks draw water; whilst the dead bodies were first thrown down. There were also three children alive playing about the well, the eldest 6 or 7 years old, the youngest was thrown in, and shortly after the other survivors.

Visited on the I7th, the floor of the inner rooms (each 20 ft long) were found an inch deep in blood, the plaster on the walls scored with sword cuts, especially low down and about the corners, where the poor creatures had been hacked to pieces; long tresses of hair, fragments of clothing, children's toys and little shoes were lying about in terrible confusion. There were no inscriptions on the walls, no cry for vengeance, nor reproach for neglect, only two scraps of paper written in pencil, one notes of dates of death of relatives or of progress of seige.- and a bible and prayer book sprinkled with blood at the Litany.

At the well the mangled corpses protruded in ghastly disorder. They were not disturbed, and it was covered over decently, and shortly after built up as one large grave; here within twenty one days were buried women and children and babies new-born, and a number

of the garrison variously estimated, "who" as the inscription over it relates "died hard by, during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments". The numbers are variously estimated, but the well could scarcely have held two hundred.

On the 19th Havelock found Bithoor- 9 miles away- evacuated and the Nana flown. He disappeared:

Many circumstantial stories have been current in the bazaars of the later days of the Nana, one, told by Hindus, but confirmed by Mahommedans, asserted that, accompanied by Asi Oolah, he went to Mecca, and as a special favour, being an infidel, he was permitted to end his days.

Here a large booty was found: Gold dishes some 2 ft in diameter, silver jugs, spittoons of gold and silver, were fished up from the wells. The Sikhs carried off Bagi Rao's state sword, set with magnificent jewels worth £30,000. One ruby of great size and brilliancy, cut so sharply, that the Nana was said to have carried it about his person, to swallow for suicide, was sold for 10,000 rupees.

Azim Oolah had cunningly left abundance of spirits and beer in all directions, and the soldiers half starved, but too excited to care for food, drank eagerly and the scenes that followed must be passed over in silence, for the provocation was terrible.

Havelock condemned the ringleaders to atone, clean up a portion of the blood, still 2 inches deep on the floor; to touch blood being most abhorrent to a native. The first I caught was a Subadar, a high caste Brahman, who tried to resist my order, but a

(Thompsons story of K. p.49)

few lashes from the provost Marshall maie the miscreant do the task. Then he was immediately hanged, and his body buried in a road side ditch.

A large number of natives shared with us our sharp and bitter troubles. Some were killed in entrenchments, several outlived the seige and died at the embarkation, two or three escaped during time of capitulation. A few faithful Ayahs remained, and are believed to have been flung with their mistresses into the well, [illegible]

At Mirat after the terribly cruel sentence had been passed on the Sepoys, who from conscientious scruples had refused to use the greased cartridges and break their "caste", the presiding Officer wrote "those fellows have got IO years apiece, you will hear of no more mutinies". Flippant words that stand out in terrible contrast to the cries of English men and women pleading for mercy. A tyrannical sentence, aggravated by the ignominy of being fettered on parade as felons, adjudged as penalty of what they deemed devotion to religious duty and maintenance of social rights, both of which are united in"caste". Every native Officer - obedient as usual - on this court martial, is said to have been murdered during the outbreak. [4]

Then we went on to Allahabad, leaving our trusty Bhisti at Hattras, nearest station to his home; for some two years he had been wanted at home for his daughter's marriage, but had remained with us throughout

Kushal, served with us throughout; when in /76 Herbert got fever, he volunteered to accompany us as general servant along the Mashobra road, meantime the daughter was waiting to be married on his return home. Again he volunteered to go up the Khaibar, and went safely through the campaign. Good and faithful servant, we brought him down to the station nearest to his home, and years after found we had kept his chits (character on discharge); but he did not intend again taking service. A better and more trustworthy servant never existed: who for us had thus sacrificed his own interests. Certainly we had been fortunate in our native establishments.

[3] Martin II- 385. [4] Martin II, 264.

Their uncomplaining endurance and patient efficiency in the absence of the commonest appliances, are not to be surpassed, and are rarely equalled. Their fidelity evinced towards their distressed masters and mistresses, during the mutiny has been honourably recorded in history Amid covert treachery and covert treason, they were true.

At Allahabad we met Col.Carey R. A., brother of an old friend C.P. Carey R.E., who tried to prove that we British were the lost tribes, for 48 reasons none of them conclusive-(XA) for at home I analysed the pamphlet- we drove round the station and to the gardens, and at night went on to Jabalpur.

During dinner there, hearing that the General's name was H.R. Browne, Mamie and I afterwards went to Government House to enquire. The ladies had retired, but when through the Ayah , we made them realise who we were, they reappeared and after a long talk insisted on our staying for a picnic; my old friend the General was away on inspection.

R.Temple Life II 59.

XA. That myth for instance about the Lial Fail in the Coronation chair, the stone is local red sandstone from Scone, and it, in all probability, was never brought to Scone. See Skene Scott Soc. Antiq.

So next day we had an enjoyable outing to a hill, 6 miles from the cantonment, from which there were beautiful views of the surrounding country. Thence we entrained to Deolali; there were many in hospital, chiefly invalids awaiting passage, and the Medical Officer in charge, shorthanded, asked me to help him which I willingly did. Here I found my old Matron of the Womens' Hospital, Mrs Lepson, who had come down a month ago and was detained by a serious illness: glad to see me, she dragged me with gaunt arm down to her bedside and got me to promise that I would take her home with us, and not leave her to die in India. The huts are of one row of rooms on piles several feet from the ground; One night in ours, I awoke disturbed, and seeing someone walking across the floor, called to my wife that Mamie, our eldest daughter, whom I supposed it to be, was ~~walking~~ about but she found the child to be fast asleep. Next morning we were toli there was an uncanny story connected with this room, and we moved into the next hut, nearer the railway.

Some years ago a ghost persisted in haunting Bombay Castle, near the ramparts. At last a sentry declared that " If I see it, I shall shoot myself"; and he did, whether ghost or trick.(Douglas Round Bombay p. 261) But these appearances seem to be rare in India, and they are certainly more appropriate in the congenial gloom of an old fireside with mysterious curtains.

We drove over to Nasick, where there are some small temples and the Nerbudda river flows between a double line of marble platforms on which are many natives bathing in sacred waters. At one temple is a collection of brass bells, of various sizes with a handle figure of

Krisna; we brought some back; here brass work flourishes.

On River Godaveri, streets very narrow, people picturesque; cross bridge to Panhauti temple dedicated to Rama, finely carved, standing in centre of great court with quarters for priests inside. The river 80 yards broad lined for 400 yards on both sides with flights of steps. Part of town on right bank, on three hills on left is Panchavati suberb. From the bridge the scene is artistic with the many natives bathing, dressing and undressing along the marble terraces, the temples on the right and in the centre, and the variety of color and tone is remarkable. It made a good picture water colors. We brought home a supply of the brilliant beetle (Buprastis) for presents, more beautiful in ornamentation that the later sequin designs. I have heard of country-men who after spending their lives in Southern India, and retired to find the home climate unbearable, and in their long absence, without friends or acquaintances, have returned to spend the rest of their days. It is not therefore impossible for us to live there, yet ordinarily there is no second generation; an impossible country for Europeans to dwell in; should we not learn from the natives, and adopt imitate their mode of life? eat less animal food, and strive to accommodate ourselves to their experience, the result of a training of thousands of years? An old friend, who had served abroad for some 18 years in the tropics, for his daughter's sake came home, and felt miserable, the climate worried with rheumatism; his friends were dead, and he went back to a station which he had commanded, where he would find friends and be free from rheumatism. But after two trials he sold his bungalow & came home to die.

On the I6 March we entrained for Bombay and crossed the Ghaunts, and embarked on board the Malabar in the roadstead. Mrs Leeson died in the train and her husband went ashore to bury her. We found Durham on board; he had brought down the fern basket, which was kept carefully in the hospital.

India, farewell! whose various races we have compelled to live in harmony, whose people we rule, but have not as yet learnt more than to live in peace, slumbering in the dreams of ages gone by; the lower classes ground down by the Scroff, and with nothing to live or to hope for. Slumbering for how long? Under a Raj which has no definite religion, and protects all alike, divided mainly into the assertive Mahammadan and the meek Hindu, the one a conqueror who compels allegiance by the sword, and through death goes to paradise, the other who submits to all things, and may one day return as an ox or a snake. Held down by the sword of a people who cannot propagate in the country and therefore can never people it, or occupy it as the dominant race.

According to history, unless the natives are exterminated, they must expel or absorb their conquerors. The Saxons drove the Brit British into the Welch fastnesses; but the Normans amalgamated with the people, and of them only a trace remains. Goths and Franks founded permanent Empires through extermination, but the Saracen Empire in Spai Spain soon tumbled into ruins.

It seems historically certain therefore, that a handful of aliens cannot for ever keep in subjection a large and increasing race, that yearly becomes more intelligent and insistent in their demands for self-government, which pertains to every nation as a natural right.

Mohammadans and Hindus are very religious- one has a definite, and the other a dreamy, pantheistic, faith- both are strict in the observance of their religious duties. The conquering race are of many conflicting religious opinions, which only the few carry into practice, or make any outward show of; too often ostensibly ignore. Their whole effort is to make life in this world enjoyable; no European ever shows the self-abnegation of the fakir.

There has to be considered, that our Muhammadan Empire is extensive, and that many Hindus, mostly intelligent of race, are sacrificing prejudice by crossing the salt water to learn Western ideas, and return to propagate them, and to tell their people that we also are civilised, and are not exploiting their country for material profits through preventing their rulers from decimating them by internecine wars. But we are imbuing them with material, without the superior training in spiritual knowledge.

History seems to point to constant amalgamation of diverse peoples. The tower of Babel scattered the race, lest it should become homogeneous, and dispersed it among fresh surroundings for training in a yet uninhabited world. The Crusades were originated to deliver the Holy Places from the grip of the Saracen, Nobles who disgusted the polished Courtiers at Constantinople by their savage habits, instead brought back Eastern civilization and infused it into the muscular barbarism of the West. They brought back not only a higher culture, but also valuable M.S.S. which otherwise would have fed the Moslem baths furnaces.

They spread enlightenment that otherwise might have been for ever extinguished. Yet little dreamt the Crusaders of what they were accomplishing; and the Holy Places remain in the hands of the Saracen.

Nor can the generation forsee what God's purpose is slowly evolving, not for the workers, but for His ultimate ends in the world. Through all our purposes, a higher power is carrying out its designs.

Empires rise to their zenith and crumble into nationalities as these attain knowledge and self reliance. As the tree at maturity dies down, and saplings take its place, so that there is no abiding City, no permanent Imperialism, whose ambitious title sounds the death knell of Empire. Yet may we ever remember those noble words of Virgil

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, momento;
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos." Aen.VI. 852.

At table we noticed a veiled lady, a governess, who it was discovered next morning to had embarked with measles, which soon appeared among the children, for whom a hospital had to be arranged outside the saloon, and into which I soon had to carry my boy. When nearing the Gulf of Suez one of the lunatics escaped through the latrine port; but, on touching the water struck out for bare life, and was rescued. We passed within good view of Perim, Doedalus of old, Mayoon of the Arabs; in 1513 christened Vera Cruz by Albuquerque, who erected a Cross on its summit; and which we reoccupied in 1857; a vital outpost, 80 miles from Aden, on our road to India.

The Anglo-Indian sees Perim as;

"The lamp far-flashing of Perim's Strait,
Glitters and glows, As the ship goes sweeping
Fast on its course for the exile's gate."

Halfway to Suez we pass Jidda, port of Makka, two camel marches (45 miles) inland; birthplace of Muhammad, and place of pilgrimage where Hadjis obtain remission of sin, and the right to wear a green turban. Here is the Beit-ullah (house of God), the Ka'ba, (cube) a quadrangular Tower, 32ft. high and covered with a black pall, called

"teb-el-ka'ba (shirt), now a rich damask sent annually with great ceremony by the Khedive, The famous Black stone is fixed in outer S.E. corner, at convenient height for being kissed by Hadjis, that at the judgement day, it (the angel) may bear witness in their favour; a small dark mass, a span long and 7 inches in diameter, suggestive of volcanic or meteoric origin, possibly basalt; composed of I2 pieces of various sizes, and shapes, cemented together, and held in a silver setting. On this temple I00,000 mercies descend daily; but towards the end of time,- though ages must elapse before that fatal event- the place will be destroyed by Abyssinians.(

Muhammad found this black stone the most revered of all stones that stood around the sanctuary; at first he recognised the stone of the Sakah, which Allah commanded Moses to institute in Jerusalem as Kiblah (or direction to be faced at prayer), which had the Aksa mosque built round it by Solomon, the famous Kubbat as Sakrah, or Dome of the Rock. Afterwards he was commanded to substitute the Ka'ba stone at Makka as Kiblah. 4/ We are indepted to Burkhardt, and Burton, who, at imminent peril of their lives, penetrated the place for these details. 6/

4/ Burton,III.p I25.)

6/ (Nasr-i-Khusrais, Journey. Pal. Pilgr. Text.Soc. I888, p,278

43, 45. Sale Q'uran, p 89.

Heliogabalus, high priest of the sacred stone, took the name of El Gabal, and is identified by Lenormant with the old Chaldean god of kosmic fire, Gabal who was also god of the Black stone (Gabal-Lemitic means lofty, and implies heights. 9/ ~~p.42.~~)

According to Muhammadans the temple was perverted from pure monotheism to idol-worship, by a statue of Hobal, brought by 'Amr Ibn Lohay from Syria; which Prof. Dozy, followed by Colenso, supposes to be the image of Hobal, or Baal, which, in human form, was worshipped by Israelites in the time of Saul. (Dozy, Israeleten te Mekka, p.I25. Colenso, Pentat.Pt. V, app. p 65.) and which was broken up by Muhammad.

Byzantine writers pointed out the figure in the relief (Εἰκτυπωμα, Sektupoma) of Aphrodite on the Ka'ba F. Lenormant, Lett. Assyriol. II, I26.) According to Muhammad, when Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, she fell at Jidda, and he in Ceylon; after 200 years penitence, Adam was conducted to a mountain near Makka, whence the now reunited pair returned together to Ceylon; the Mt. was then named Arafat. 6/)

Before us loomed the Sinaitic peninsula, equally sacred in our eyes, where, on one- not the most elevated- of its mountains, the Law was delivered to Moses. On our right a narrow gulph, now- from hidden reefs and dangerous currents- difficult of navigation, runs up to Akabah, a place of no importance, except as a halting-stage for pilgrims; once a great emporium, for there stood Ezion-geber, through which passed the wealth of India,- Elath of the Bible-, where Solomon built the navy that traded to Ophir. The Siniatic peninsula; mostly mountains, is waste land and Wadis (Valleys); in the latter some trees

9/ Reville, Rel. sous les Séverès, 242.

6/)(D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. p55.)

and shrubs, Tamarisk, Mimosa, and in the seasons few grasses strive to exist; for water flows from springs on the hills and is soon lost in the sands, Here and there the traveller meets a pool of brackish, stagnant, water, under shelter of some overhanging rock. In the centre of such a district rises the famous mountain group, one summit of which, not the highest, is conjectured to be the holy Mountain, Horeb; at its foot stands the ancient Convent of St. Catherine, and the Wadi Fey-ran, only fertile spot in the whole region.

Procopius tells us that Justinian did not build the Church of the Virgin on summit of Sinai, but a long way below; for it is not possible for a man to pass the night upon the peak, because at night continuous thunderings and other yet more terrible divine manifestations take place which overpower mens' strength and reason."

The inhabitants are Arab; with exception of one small tribe Gebalia, supposed descendants of troops sent by the Emperor Justinian in 6th. cent. to protect the Convent.

In this peninsula of 30,000 square miles of igneous rock, with rare water-holes and no permanent vegetation, and but one narrow valley, Wady Fieran, whose scant herbage must be shared among 5,000 Beduins, the Egptians had but one interest, their yearly expeditions, from I st. to XIXth dynasty, when the Beduins got the upper hand and they came no more- brought back the Turquoise. This they mined at Maghareh, and at neighbouring Serabit, helped the natives to build and maintain a Temple to its presiding deity, calling her Hat-hor, after their own deity at Thebes: according to Petrie, Hat- hor was a Semitic deity, whom the Egyptians accepted, and associated with their own Sop-du.

She became one of the most important in Egyptian the Pantheon, Goddesses
Goddess of love, the beautiful and joy, in later times identified with
Aphroddite s[illegible] by Greeks; her sacred animal was the cow, & she is
herself sometimes so represented
, oftener as a woman with head or ears of a
cow, her characteristic head dress is the disk between the horns.
The Arabians worshipped an upright stone, Nosb, and Prof. Smyth says
that this pillar was a visible embodyment of the Deity which came to be
fashioned into a statue, as a sacred tree, or post, developed into an
image of wood. 4/ Bethel, Jacob's pillar, was set up and oiled,
But the ancient nameof
Beth-el was Beth-On, or house of On, or An; On of Sept. 4/

Arrived off Suez we awaited our turn to enter the Canal, and
meantime coaled, a process always if possible to be avoided. The shore
was unattractive, the prospect of vegetation scanty, and an hours steam
away. On our left stood out boldly the Jebel Attakah, mountain of
deliverance, - and on the E. the vast wall of Sinaitic mountains;
naturally our thoughts turned back to the scene Atakah witnessed at the
Exodus; the Sahara and all that region has dried up, rivers change
their course; but mountains are persistent.

An Irish monk, Fidelis, towards end of 8th. cent. travelled
along the sweetwater canal of Necho and Hadrian, to the Red sea. 6/

In the Canal, a squall caught our bow, and we found ourselves
lying diagonally across, and were for some hours, fixed in both banks;
at Port Said the Gazette came on board, which put me well up in the
list of Brigade Surgeons; an inappropiate title.

4/ (Rel. of Semites. pI86.) (Gen.XXVIII,, I8,& XXXIII,3.
6/ (Beas-ley, 4ist. Soc. Dec. I9 I895.)

Off Alexandria we encountered a storm, which gave us a roll of 40 deg: and made fun of the cabin furniture and the Chaplain's arm; for it required considerable skill to choose the right moment to go outside the saloon: and when the Sky Pilot hurled forward, tried to save himself, he broke his arm. One passenger, a Medical Officer tried to prepare for the worst by diligent attention to his Bible, while others more worldly or mischievous, fished up his skull cap through the skylight. Being the last trooper with the worst cases on board, we had several funerals to tone down our exuberant spirits at thought of home.

There is no more exhilirating sensation, than the feeling of mastery that stirs one as you stand on the forecastle of this big troopship, and watch the enormous wall of water rise in front of you, and next instant see it falling beneath- You come back with difficulty to see that the ship is also oscillating 40 degrees, the utmost with supposed safety.

Measurements taken lately in the Atlantic show that in height waves usually average 30 feet, but in rough weather attain to 40 ~~or~~ even 48 ft. and in storms are often 500-600ft long and last 10 to 11 seconds. We stayed so short a time at Malta that young Gem in the Sussex could not come and see us, being on a C.M.; he had been in my Sunday class at Maritzburg. Two little girls locked themselves in one of the ~~closets~~ lavatories, but found they could not again get the key to turn, so they were prisoners: one of them courageously clambered through the window, about twelve years old. and made her way along the ledge to the next ~~window~~, and astonished us by her pluck and presence of mind; our daughter was then rescued. Fortunately this did not occur till after we had passed

Malta into comparatively smooth water;

At Portsmouth my wife's relations were waiting our arrival and within a day or two our youngest child sickened with measles, and the family had to stay for a while.

I took the invalids to Netley; there was no choice but to continue to wear my old uniform: it would have been better in /73 to have welcomed the inevitable, than to find oneself between two masters but having submitted to higher authority in making no change. One felt like going into the lion's den; but there was a hearty welcome and an invitation to dinner as the old Surgeon Major of the X.R. Hussars, and the last.

The Fernbasket I carried ashore myself and saw it placed on the truck with the light luggage. On returning from Netley the basket could not be found: an offer of reward was placarded, at the Q, Master G's suggestion, along the line of route, as it must have fallen off the load unobserved; but without effect; and as many complaints had been made, but never before by an Officer, Passes would in future be issued to the porters in the dockyard. A month later when our heavy baggage arrived at Aldershot, the first thing we noticed on top of the boxes was this basket; it had stupidly been transferred by someone at the last moment; fortunately the fern root was not dead! I took it to Kew, and later, my old friend Baker, keeper of the Herbarium, told me my plant, which he sent for was a common Himalayan Asplenium and when it was brought in from the gardens, I agreed with him; then from a

drawer he produced the fronds, ~~I had~~ sent home, a Polypodium. This ~~Polypodium~~ awaits another explorer: The Mahli on weeding the gumlahs had as usual removed and then misplaced, the labels & the fern label got into another pot.

During a short leave in town before assuming duty at Aldershot, reporting myself at Marlborough House and attending the Levee where Furgurson was on duty, we had not met since his marriage and exchange to 2nd Life Guards and meeting many friends. At Heyworths was Charley Balders and at Scarletts in Queen's Gate, Benyon was another, In our reminiscences Charley quoted some lines of mine on the road above Gretna Green'

Thou restest on the heathery slope
All sweetly purpled and below
The darker pinetrees waving slow
Murmur thy name

"Yes" I retorted" and how about those expresses that were always due whenever in our morning rides we came to a railway bridge, and you insisted on waiting just to see it pass!" "" In those days Charley was so well up in traintimes, that we called him Bradshaw

Walking with Mrs Wiseman in the Park, a tap on the shoulder with his stick, made me turn to meet our late General Sam, and Lady Browne.

Enclosed.



To

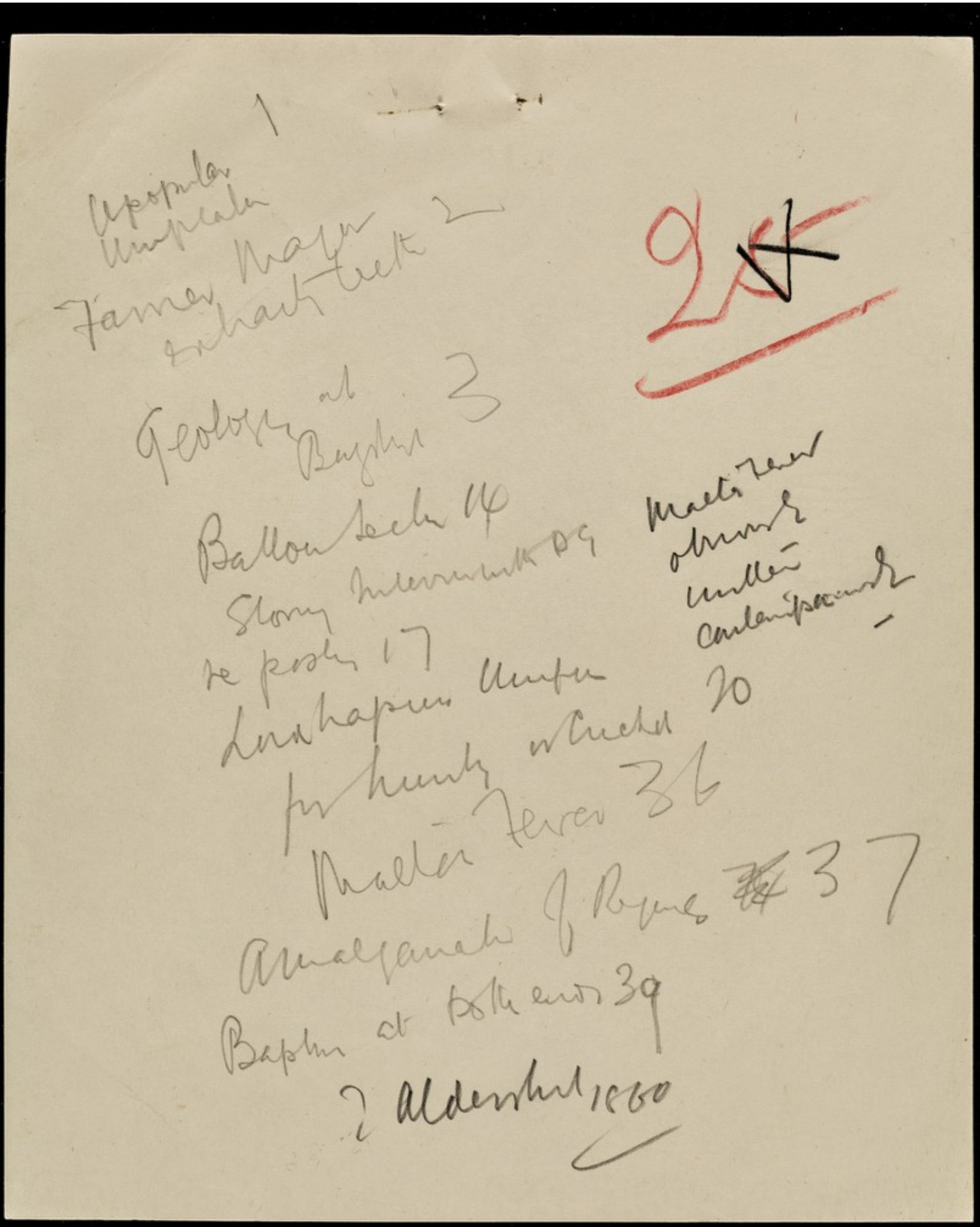
Surg.-Gen. W. Cattell

19 Ashburton Rd

Southsea

Hants

OR OCCUPIER.



VIXX

Ch. XXIX

Aldershot & Malta

CHAP*((* XXIV XXV

ALDERSHOT and MALTA*

XXIV

XXXV

CHAPTER XXIV.

Aldershot, Malta & ~~Canada~~.

Appointed to the Cambridge Hospital, I lived till we could find a house, with the old regt. (V.Bn.Gds.) in the same Barracks, S. Cavalry, where we had lain twenty years ago; now, not one of the lot, except the Quartermaster, since promoted, remains. The old three snuffboxes still appear on the table, mere ornaments now, and the hoof of my old horse Bob ~~now~~ stands there in honour of, under Burton, having led the charge at Balaclava.

The unification system was as strongly disapproved of by the Combatant, as it was disliked by the Medical Officers who,- without warning,- had seen themselves gazetted out of Regiments in which they had hoped to enjoy their service. Much of the dissatisfaction seems, indeed, to have been caused, not by opposition to the new system, which had economy of administration and expense in its favour, but by the suddenness of its introduction. We were not told that, except Muir had carried it by a Coup d'etat, unification would,- as I had been informed, have been relegated to a pigeonhole.

The Colonel asked if the men of a Regt. could not be collected in the same wards, for convenience of visiting them, but this was found to be impracticable for more than one reason. He did not know what medical officer they were under, these were so often changed, but in emergencies the Farrier-Major was resorted to and was

especially good at extracting teeth. An Officer acquaintance whose wife had persuaded him to rent a West-end flat, was glad to let us take over their house: daughter of an accomplished and artistic mother, she had become acquainted with an Eurasian, goodlooking and unscrupulous, who one day at a review, attracted the notice of a spectator of position, whom she followed home and induced her newly married friend to take the Flat, her husband to pay expenses: the keen young soldier who had gone out with us to India, soon had to retire, and try as cab-proprietor to gain a living.

Shortly after Donjie came home, I had a chat with him, fresh from Lucknow looking very fit in his bath, and saying how well he felt. Not many months later in the train from Ipswich to join a shooting party at a country house, his servant found him dead in the carriage. It was a shock to us, one however, only , of a series of friendships suddenly cut short by death.

Early in May, I was received into the Linnean Society at Burlington House, whose library ~~was~~ is most useful; my attention was directed to a new classification of Ferns, in which the fossil forms are grouped; another artificial scheme depending on venation, of which the advantages are not apparent. At Kew we found Baron Clarke, late of Indian Service, who is working up the Ferns of Northern India. Here Affghan Botany is held to be most interesting; meeting ground of Northern, Western and Eastern elements; why had I made so little of the opportunity? And I related my experience of the only time I got out of the plain with Chas. Gough, and crippled by fever, was left behind up in the hills.

We went over to Loosely to see Di Rose's mother, and were glad to meet the widow of the C. Troop Serg.Major, who was drowned in the Cabul River; she is comfortably provided for here as housekeeper. The Hall with a moat along the south front is built of grey stone, most of which Sir Wm. Moore carted from the ruins of Waverley Abbey; here Wriothesly, 2nd Earl of Southampton was imprisoned by Elizabeth. There is a fine entrance hall, and it is full of objects of interest,-portraits of James I, and Anne of Denmark, given by the King, two chairs, with a small picture in copper from Queen Elizabeth, who often stayed here. The muniment room is supposed to contain valuable MSS., and other things worthy of research. It was bought from the Crown by Sir Charles Moore.

In the drawing room, with stained glass windows and a pendant ceiling, is an elaborately carved Elizabethan fireplace; and among pictures of the More and Molyneaux families, a portrait of Anne Boleyn.

These "Bagshot" sands to which Aldershot owes its foundation, overlie the London Clay of the Hampshire basin, and when the floor of a shallow sea that once covered the Eastern counties from Norfolk to the southern coast was uplifted, the sand of its shores was deposited upon the clay. Patches of it remain also at Bagshot (whence its name), Woking, Chobham, etc., and even on Highgate Hill. On it the Pine,- almost alone of trees,- flourishes, mid the Heather which loves to clothe barren wastes with a robe of beauty, and turn them into artistic landscapes; fortunately, what would have been an unproductive surface, has, for the most part, been washed away. Heather provides seed that will remain edible for a year, where other

food for birds is scarce; grouse, especially love it, and gain in flavour.

In the neighbourhood are some beautiful walks and drives, the lanes through the hop-gardens were delightful and when picking began, the ruddy cones of the kilns added novelty to the picture, and either side was enlivened by the influx of Bohemians; strolls amid such scenes have been rare, more often the boundless veldt, or the weary straight and monotonous roads of India; but in younger days before rural England was being improved one remembers the meandering hedgerows pf flowering thorn interspersed with hazels and their welcome nuts, dogwood and bramble with delicious berries, bronzy beech warming to russet, and glorious furze. On the bank beneath were primroses and cowslips, and the sheltered violet, and here and there the rare fragrant Cynopodium denudatum, or in the limestone districts the more finely cut Carum bulbocastanum whose radical leaves disappear at flowering time. Large spaces of common land enclosed to be made arable and productive for the landlord; all replaced by a straight fence of paling and thorn.

We did not realise that all this was at the expense of the rural poor, who hitherto had not depended solely on a wage, but had each a pig, a donkey, a goat, or even a cow, in the common pasture, and a little strip of vegetables in the bends of the road. Of those common's rights he was now robbed, deprived of his auxiliary resources; from a wage earner and producer he sank into a labouring peasant in an enclosed village; one day, when better educated, he will realise that he has been shamefully robbed, and will naturally

turn against the class that reaped the benefit.

One of the heroes of Rorke's Drift, the Rev. Geo. Smith, was quartered in South Camp, and with him two Xulu boys from Natal; he gave us some Grenadilla plants, which were sent to Kew, whence I have been liberally supplied with Ferns, etc.

A Medical Mess was established, and,- strange as it seems,- the first applicant who came to me,as first President,for the post of Messman, was Donnejean, the French Messman we had here in /60, and whom I left in the Regt. in /64. It is always gratifying to be remembered; a formerly Orderly in the XX Hospital, when he left the service got a billet in the Civil Hospital at Farnborough, and hearing of our arrival, came at once to see us, and the children to whom he was much attached.

At Farnham Castle one of our old professors K.C.L. has succeeded Bishop Wilberforce, who however, never resided here. A good rider Sam kept a large stable, he and Lord Granville were riding over from Leatherhead to dine with Fred Leveson-Gower at Holinbury, some fifteen miles; with the spirits of a boy he broke into a canter over the turf, his horse (Carrick Beg, little rock) stumbled, and the Bishop was thrown and died immediately; Granville sent the groom on to announce the news, and the body was conveyed to the nearest place, Abinger Hall. Of the original Castle, 12th cent. destroyed by Henry.III. only the kitchen remains; on top of the old XV cent. keep there is a garden, whence after the long flight of steps have been surmounted, a wide view is obtained, for in the Parliamentary war the old wall had fallen into the keep, and Mew planted the sur-

face with fruit trees which Sumner improved into a garden. Mew was the Bishop who at Sedgemoor lent his carriage horses to drag up King James' artillery and afterwards himself directed their fire. In the park is an avenue of fine elms, and our old friends the tame deer.

Farnham was the great rendesvoux whence the pilgrims started for thehe tomb at Canterbury; coming frosm Normandy and Southampton from Winchester and Sasisbury by the Naroow Way; from Wales and Ireland * Then they ascendedtheHogs Rack and wended their way by welltraced route to Rnigate and into Kent*

After a long sojourn mid the blinding glare of a white tropical landscape, over a wild waste beneath a sky of azure, what repose in those green meadows! through which between grassy banks winds a quiet stream lingering as if loth to leave, in whose placid bosom the alders and grey willows are mirrored. Walking through lanes of hopfields, at one time teaming with life, to the calm and still surroundings of Waverley and Moor Park adjoining, one is struck by the wonderful eye those monks had for picturesque repose.

Moreover the monks always had tanks in which to keep a perpetual supply of fish, and orchards for fruit, gardens to produce not only their own supplies and for the people around them, but as a school of fruit culture for the neighbourhood.

The monks were the best landlords, proclaiming that no man lives for himself, and may not do what he likes with property held for the common good, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof". themselves restrained by rule, they fed all comers, and spite Landseer's picture of Bolton Abbey, themselves lived meagrely, as educated mid an ignorant neighbourhood, they were poineers especi-

ally in agriculture. Around the ruined priories, remnants of their orchards still bear testimony to skill and foresight in this respect. The game and produce were not for their tables, but for guests, and for the sick around, and no wayfarer was ever sent empty away. Now these have the poorhouses, without the instruction.

This Abbey was once very powerful; a youth accused of homicide saught asylum here, being seized and imprisoned by a knight; the monks suspended all services and appealed to the King and Legate. The youth was restored to the Abbot and the violators of Sanctuary appeared at the gate to render satisfaction; before being absolved they were publicly scourged.

The Annales Waverleyensis of these monks are supposed to have suggested Scott's romance. To Moor Park Sir William Temple retired from cares of State, and took as amanuensis, a distant relative, an eccentric, uncouth, and disagreeable young Irishman, who from Kilkenny school went to Dublin, a student so wild and reckless, that he only obtained his degree by special favour; he served for board and £20 a year, and dined at the second table, for in those days, dinner was still served in the Hall, at a common table.

In the kitchen was Hester Johnson, nominally a daughter of the housekeeper, in whom Sir William took such apecial interest, leaving her £1000 at his death, that she was presumed to be a natural child; a pretty dark-eyed girl who waited on Lady Giffard with whom the eccentric but moody Irishman made love, and contracted a lifelong intimacy which has not yet been unravelled. "Little" says Macaulay "did Sir William imagine, that under the coarse exterior of his amanuensis, was couched a genius equally suited to politics and to letters

destined to shake a great kingdom, to stir laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in the servant's hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love which was to be as widely famous as the passion of Petrarch or Abelard. The Secretary was Jonathan Swift; Lady Giffard's waiting maid was poor Stella." The Lodge in which she lived still exists.

When Temple died, Swift went over to Ireland as Chaplain to the Viceroy, and was given a referment in the Irish Church; but of so meagre emolument, that he joined the other party, Whigs; then fancying himself unappreciated, went over to the Tories. In England lately he had gained the affections of Esther Vanhomrigh(Vanessa) a girl of prepossessing appearance, but with few mental gifts; who, like Stella, followed him over to Dublin. Whether he married Stella privately in his garden, after he became Deam of St, Patricks, is doubtful; but both she and Vanessa sacrificed their affections and fame to this stern, gloomy, and irritable genius: Swift was a master of sarcasm,- according to Carlyle, who had renounced it,- the art of the devil; and want of sincerity was exposed in the double life with Stella and Vanessa; yet we may thank him for Gulliver's Travels.

Waverley Abbey, founded by Bishop Giffard, at the dissolution, became the property of the Earl of Southampton, who in a few years, 1543, died without children. It then came to his half-brother Sir Anthony Browne, who died five years afterwards, succeeded by his

son Anthony, who lived to 1592. In 250 years this estate was held by no less than 19 possessors, and passed through eight families, finally in 1831 coming into the hands of a M'NIcholson. The ruins became a quarry. To the same Anthony Brown, at death of his half-brother Fitzwilliam, (whose mother had married Southampton) also in 1538, fell Battel Abbey, and the Priory of Easebourne (Cowdray) in the next county, with other church spoils.

At Battle, Southampton transformed the Abbot's home into a residence, till after a few years he removed to Cowdray* razed the Chapter House and Cloisters to the ground; of the magnificent Church not one stone remained, and its site was converted into a garden which had no use for a Cathedral within it, a double row of yew trees took the place of the Nave.

At Cowdray, first home of the Cistertians in England, Southampton began to build a magnificent mansion, to which Browne added a banqueting hall built with stones from the dismantled Abbey. Here he held a revel which appeared one of the dispossessed Monks of Battel, who, before the assembled guests cursed him and his home for having received and retained the Church lands of Battel and Cowdray,- "a curse of fire and water on his male children and heirs, his house "should come to an end and perish out of the land."

He survived the King one year, dying August 1548, and was

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*1. Priory of Shary Overy, Southwark, made residence for Lords Montague, Bayham Monastery (Lamberhurst) Calesto near Arundel, & Shulbred Abbey near Tunbridge Wells.

*2. Sussex Archaeol. Coll. XVll, P.16.

buried with great pomp at Battel under a splendid altar-tomb he himself had prepared, succeeded by his son, who in 1551 was imprisoned in the Fleet for hearing Mass, and three years later created Lord Montague on the marriage of Phillip and Mary, and made Master of the Horse. He accompanied the embassy of Thirlby, Bishop of Ely to Rome to seek for reconciliation with the Pope, and in 1587 was one of the 43 Judges of Mary Queen of Scots.

Three years,- in August 1591,- after the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth was magnificently entertained by him at Cowdray. He was followed by seven Viscounts in succession. The fourth sold Battel to Sir Thos. Webster; in 1857 it passed to Sir Harry Vane. The fifth Lord is said to have killed a priest, so that he afterwards lived in hiding.

The seventh Lord married a Methodist, and himself becoming one, attempted to hold services in the Chapel, but they were mysteriously interrupted, lights went out, etc., So the old lord died a repentant, leaving a protestant son and heir, eighth Viscount, then abroad, for whose return the Mansion was in 1793, being renovated for residence, when a fire broke out and the house was burnt to the ground; not even the Coronation robe and sword of the Conqueror, or the Roll of Battel Abbey,* brought from there, were saved. Only the bare walls remained, and the refectory roof from Battel perished.

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* Roll of Battel Abbey, inscribed the names of knights who fought at Hastings.
Easebourne Ch. Tomb of Sir A.Browne, Lord Montagie friend of Queen Elizabeth removed from Midhurst.-Figure kneeling with wifes Kane and Magdalen, recumbent.

The heir, aged 22, was at Achaffhausen a week later, and foolishly,- his valet trying by force to stop him,- attempted, with his friend Sidley Burnett, to shoot the falls in a small boat; he actually passed the first fall, and disappeared; news of the fire had not yet reached him. His sister Elizabeth, wife of Stephen Poyntz, succeeded in 1815, and their two sons were drowned at Bognor by the capsize of a boat before their eyes; the title became extinct and thus was the curse fulfilled.

This was the sixth possessor without issue, the next was in South Africa, also childless; the next, eighth, aged 73 divorced his wife and denied paternity of the son; the next heir is in the wilds of America.

The title devolved on a poor friar of Fontainbleau, a distant kinsman, who accepted a dispensation from the Pope and married, but left no children; so the family honours became extinct.

At Poyntz's death in 1843, Cowdray was bought by the sixth Earl of Egmont, whose successor erected a new mansion higher up the Park. Cobbett in his rides says that the ivy had already hidden the ruined stonework, but the brass clock still pointed to the hour when the fire took place. Over the entrance was the arms of Sir A. Browne.

The fortunes of these Egmonts were remarkable too; Richard Percival, 1550-1620, barrister at St. Paul's school in the days of Elizabeth, was through improvidence cut off with a shilling by his father, fled to Spain and after some adventures returned just before the time of the Armada, and was employed to translate some papers in

cipher found in a captured Spanish vessel, containing the first reliable information of the designs of Spain; which translation he personally handed to the Queen, and thus established himself in her favour.

Augustus, the 7th Earl son of grandson of 2nd Earl by 2nd marriage (b.4th Ju.1857), in /97 succeeded his 1st cousin who was nephew of 6th Earl the Admiral, R.N. of a Lt in army,- he became a naval cadet but decamped, and joined merchant shipping before the mast, became an officer and suddenly abandoned the service. Now heir presumptive to the Peerage he joined Metr. Fire Br. and married; next became a porter at Chelsea Town Hall, then went to a Cheshire salt mine, and was sent by friends to S. Africa & in /97 succeeded to title and died childless, 1910 succeeded by his brother in Natal, age 52 also childless,- heir presumptive, Spencer Art, 1st cousin of 7th Earl.*

Spelman, in his History of Sacrilege, shows that the holders of Church lands are doomed to extinction. Of the 630 families to whom they fell in Henry VIII's time, only 14 can be traced, having either died out, or what they acquired through apostacy, has passed to distant hands. Out of some 470 peers who participated in the great sacrilege, few have any children; of forty-one who obtained grants of Abbey lands in Henry's time, only eight have representatives in the male line; they have either died out, or lost their identy by absorption through female branches into other families; among the

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* Cowdray estate sold 1909.10 to Sir Weetman Pearson, created Lord Cowdray.

eight is the Duke of Bedford, yet, strange to say, in 10 generations the eldest son has only three times succeeded his father. The first Earl, John, had but one son, Francis, 2nd Earl, whose eldest son Edward, died without male heirs, in his father's lifetime; the third, Francis, was killed, and his son Edward, 3rd Earl, died childless. His cousin Francis succeeded, followed by his own son William, 5th Earl and 1st Duke. Eventually, owing to failure of direct issue, we find the title passing to a grandson, Francis, who, also dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother John as 6th Duke who was followed by his eldest son Francis.

Another similiar instance is Rievaux Abbey granted 1538 to Thos. Manners, 13th Baron de Ross and 1st Earl of Rutland. On death of second son without issue, Earldom devolved on his brother John, but Barony descended to daughter, who married Sir Wm. Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter. His son dying without issue, it again passed to the Manners' family, to Francis 18th Baron and 6th Earl, created 1616, Baron de Ross; he died without issue male, and the title became extinct; barony devolved on daughter, Catherine, who married George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham, and on her death it passed to her son George, 2nd (and profligate) Duke, who married Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Parliamentary General, who died in debt, and Trustees sold the Abbey site to a Linen Merchant, Sir Chas. Duncombe.

In 1216, John at war with the barons after burning Crowland Abbey, in crossing the Wash from Crosskeys to Fossdyke, was overtaken by the returning tide which overwhelmed the rearguard, carts,

horses, baggage and treasure. Cursing and complaining, John took refuge in Swineshead Abbey and in his rage eat heartily a supper of fruit (pears or peaches), which caused violent fever. Carried in a litter to Sleaforth and Newark Castles, here he succumbed.

A curse is said to attach to the Church lands of Grimblethorpe near Louth, in Lincolnshire, transferred by King John to the Le Angevyns, kinsfolk who came over with the Conquerer, that prevents long continued succession in the male line. After such descent through a long line of knights in 1452 (some 236 years) the first break occurred, and the heiress married Christ. Madayson. A century elapses, and the curse again operates; the heiress marrying Ralph Lomax of Harbrugh Manor; after another century, the heiress marries Henry Walsh of Lincoln, and after 200 years of Walsh's, the lands again devolve on an heiress, who (circa 1895) married Captain M.R.C. Kavangh. In considering the question of sacrilege one should remember that there is Mells Park Somerset, Manor belonging to Abbot of Glastonbury, given to John Horner, said to have been Abbey Steward and lineal ancestor of present owner. *

An officer whom we knew in Natal, married, and, left a widower, has joined the Balloon section, and is said to have become weary of existence on the earth. Our children were greatly interested; running after, and thoroughly enjoying his escapades in the air, specially when he got into difficulties with a fir tree. Our old courtier Chief Mac.Mahon, now again a widower, since he command-

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* N & Q VIII. /07 p 371.

ed the Cavalry here, is settled at Farnboro' with his youngest child, whose mother died soon after her birth. My old friend Charlie B. whi in Dublin left us for India, is also here with his wife, one of the rarest who marry their first love; but he had waited till her husband left her free with an only child an imbecile, who proved to be no impediment. How few such instances are there to mock the instability of human love! I,- engaged to his cousin, through the accident of a snowstorm in the hunting field that drove him to her neighbouring hearth to wile away the hours;; then, supposed to be engaged to another, when a campaign interfered, who ultimately again fell in love at first sight, and happily married, T, who after several entanglements, met a lady with the requisite means, and so married happily.

Emmerson defines Love as "all eye when one is present, all memory when that one has gone".

"But alas! how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long;
And there follows a mist and weeping rain,
Amd life is never the same again.

"Alas how hardly things go right,
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter's day"*.

A Officer attending the Classes here was mained by a premature explosion of dynamite and rode up to Hospital to have the hand dressed;; the first occasion on which the Operating room was required, his name seemed familiar, a nd when he recovered I asked if

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* W.H.Greg. Phantasies.

he had heard of a romance I have related, at Brighton; he said that was his father. Herbert and I went to Uckfield to see my old chum (his god-father), and stayed en route at Brighton; alas! how changed in these twenty years,- the inhabitants we knew are gone, house after house where one dined and danced, seem strange; calling on my old friend in B. Square, we were told that her ladyship was out driving; explanation recalled an incident at Rawal Pindi when Whartie was indignant at his grandfather for marrying again; but he did not mention this the lady's name.

At Winchester Assizes, the usual camp brawls required the attendance of several of my youngsters for some days as evidence, and there were over two hundred patients, so I asked the C/O Commanding the Depot, to lend asststance out of his forty, but he refused, "his Officers were for drill and not for Hospital work"; one of the men however, volunteered. Next morning there was a blizzaed which necessity compelled me to face and by every few paces, turning my back to get breath, I fought my way up to the hospital to find a note from my volunteer, excusing himself as he was in bed with a cold, Late that afternoon I drove home and in the early morning, through having remained so long in wet clothes was sitting up unable to breath from plaurisy. A Medical Board,- spite my remonstrances,- recommedded four months' leave, as neccessary to recover health after long foreign service, and I went to London and spent the next day at the A.M.Office in Whitehall Place with my friend the Surgeon-General, who proposed that we should go to Norway on a fishing expedition. That evening a telegram from home informed me that I was put on half-

pay. In the morning I showed this reproachfully to my friend in the Office, who astonished me by declaring that he knew nothing of it and advised me to at once see the D.G. who said that we Brigade Surgeons were one after another skirking foreign service, he seemed unfamiliar with my case; for when I told him that no such order had been given me, and that the P.M.O. was aware that, I could not have obeyed, but that now I was ready for any service, he replied "Go back and resume duty".

The P.M.O.,- whilst ill in bed, the order for Ashanti came, and who saw me daily, knowing personally of my condition,- would not even mention it. Gentlemanly Fasson, as he was called from his unusually courteous bearing, seemed puzzled how to deal with the Board, but as my orders were direct, I resumed duty in the morning. What was done about the Board, and who signed the order for Half-pay, did not transpire.

Shortly after I was sent to Malta as sanitary Officer under my old friend Jock Mackinnon. The Sound at Southampton being bitterly cold, as I sat shivering at a table in the Saloon, a young girl came up sympathetically and said "So sorry you are sick". This was too much, having never in my life suffered from Mal de mere, my reply was so sharp that she beat a hasty retreat, and did not again appear till landing at the Rock.

But my mind went back to the many storms I had been in, that on the Jason in the Black Sea especially; but most distinct of all was my first, when a boy, crossing from Calais to Dover.

That morning on the ramparts a casual acquantance had carried me off to see some of the silk factories below, which proved so interesting that it was late when we returned; the Courier hurried on to the French Packet, and we had to watch the English,- on which we should have been,- forging well ahead; soon we got into a boisterous cross-current, a carriage on deck had the windows smashed in, and there was general misery. We were landed in small boats; in ours was the Commissioner in charge of Indian mails, who when he too succumbed to the prevalent mal de mere, apologised "for though constantly travelling, never before had he been in such a storm", to me, not realising the danger, the rocking motion was delightful. When close in shore, the boatmen struck, and refused to land us through the surf, under two and sixpence.

At noon the triple peaks of Gib. are in view; beneath a serrated skyline we notice white houses nestling among luxurious vegetation; soon below them the long white low wall that encloses the town, and now we are entering the harbour, presently surrounded by lateen-sail faluches through which comes the Governor's barge which with my old comrade his son Capt.J.P.Napier, has been sent to meet me.

At the Convent, once Fransican, Lord N. gave me much information about the Rock, which in Roman times was known as Calpe, one of the pillars of Hercules. In A.D.710,11 Tarck,- a one-eyed Berber chief landed here at the head of 12000 Moors in his expedition into Spain, whence the place was called Jabal (Mt) Tarck, corrupted into Gibraltar.

After lunch I was driven round, and enjoyed the novel vegetation; there were however, no monkeys, who it seems,- such few as are left,- are kept to themselves in the highest peak, and are even noted in the signalman's returns, whose station is on the El Hacho (faggot) from the pitch torch once used as an alarm, on the central peak. The Northern peak is highest, and on its Western side can be seen the winding path scarped for gunners up to the rock-gun, most elevated of all. Windmill road, the main thoroughfare, is beyond the top of Almeda gardens, passable only by donkeys bearing necessaries to the families out of reach of the market, but from it are many beautiful views. Looking Southward is Ceuta, named from the 7 peaks behind, scene of many a hardfought battle. To this narrow strait came Phoenician traders who, thinking they had reached the ultimate ends of the world, dedicated it to Hercules, and founded Carteia, ruins of which are still visible. The Currents from East . West may often be distinguished by their differ of color; the stronger one from the E* being uppermost.

the herald

To the West are Spanish hills edging the bay and the Queen of Spain's chair, a seat prepared for Philip Vth's wife, to witness the triumphal re-entry of his troops; when we were driven out. O'Hara's ruined tower looms above the Convent; it was early struck by lightning. When made Governor he pressed his fiancée to marry him at once, but Miss Berry, possibly beginning to know him, declined; so he left his money to two ladies here and their families.

The Alameda gardens extend down to the sea wall and form a delightful public park.

Heliotropes and sturdy geraniums abound, and overhead,

sent by the Caliph

Here inA*D*710 Taric crossed from wit A ships

Th

plumbago, Passion flower and Bougainvillea, hang about in festoons of colour. Ricinus and prickly pear, Ixia, Daphne, and Datura form the undergrowth, with masses of Dwarf Fan Palm (Chamaerops humilis) on the Eastern slope and a strange Pistacia.

During tea we had a discussion about uniform which Lord Napier habitually wore; he thought it the most comfortable dress for all purposes; for hunting or an athletic exercise as cricket, I ventured to query.

The Fortress had seven 10 sieges, when. on its recovery by Spain it was infested by Algerian pirates, who after a severe conflict; were repulsed; so well did Spain strengthen the fortifications that it was accounted impregnable. But in 1704 the Governor Diego de Salmas had but 80 soldiers, and a few hundred militia and volunteers, few guns and but little ammunition, when attacked by the combined Dutch and British-Austrian fleet. The nuns of Santa Clara, followed by a crowd of terrified women and children, walked in intercession to the Shrine of the Virgin de Europa but fell into the hands of the enemy just landed at the Mole. The British general, on his own responsibility, hoisted our flag, <u>though the place was captured for Austria</u>, and we kept possession. Since then it has been three times besieged, the last being memorable for lasting 4 years; Each British reg. engaged, now bears on its colours <u>Montis insignia Calpe</u>.

Soon after arrival at Valletta, I met, at Mons. Vertue's a highly cultivated Maltese, whose conversation absorbed the evening; he with his son insisted on escorting me home, and on his card I

found Marquis Testaferrata Ollivier. We became great friends and after I left, corresponded; he was President of the Oeconomico - Agraria del Gruppo, which elected me an active member and later, handed over the terrace gardens to my control; considering the soil which had to be imported, the difficulty in watering, and my local inexperience, it was fortunate that promotion sent me away to Canada.

Malta, according to Diodoris Siculus, was originally Colonised about 1500 B.C. from Tyre, land of palmtrees (Phoenix) called by them Chua (canaan) who worshipped Baal and Ashtaroth, and spoke Hebrew, Hannibal, grace of Baal, is still a common name here. Carthage seized it in B.C.402, Romans 160 years later, and Arabs in 870, from whom Count Roger, the Norman, took it after the conquest of Sicily, and expelled them. In 1516 it passed to the Emperor Chas.Vth, heir to the crown of Arragon who, on 4th of March 1530, granted a charter to the Grand Master of Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, an order founded in middle of the 11th century, to fight against Mussalmans and all others who forsake the true religion; when Acre fell they withdrew to Cyprus and in 1310, took possession of Rhodes, which they fortified as a base of operations by sea. In 1522, Solyman, on a second attack, captured Rhodes, after an obstinate defence, when the Knights took refuge in Italy; in 1560 Chas,V. granted the Knights full jurisdiction over Malta and Gozo, on annual payment of a falcon to the crown, and stipulation that the privileges of Maltese should be maintained. After 23 Grand Masters in succession, Bonaparte in June 1798 seized

the Island, and though amply equipped for defence, the Grand Master surrendered. From French oppression, the Maltese revolted, and from Sept.1798 maintained a state of seige, whilst we, Sicilian, and Portuguese blockaded; the French surrendered on Sept.5th 1780, on 30th May the peace allotted Malta to Britian.

The earliest inhabitants have left sepulchral caves, on Bingemma hills, clusters of rock-hewn tombs in which terra cotta sarcophagi have been found, either Punic or Phoenician. Near the village of Casal-Crendi, the plan of the Hagiar Kim (stones of worship) presents a series of 7 ellipsoid chambers, built next one another, with huge horizontal upright stones that evince great skill in the cutting; in the place of doorposts are three large slabs, each smaller than, and at a little distance from, the one outside it, with holes for fastenings; other slabs have square recesses and shelves, neatly cut out in the solid stone. Some ofthe chambers contain a massive slab, perhaps altar stone, supported on an upright resembling the trunk of a tree; these remarkable rough stone erections well repaid a visit. A mile away at Muaidra is a similiar ruin.

Hagiar Kim, was excavated in 1840, and showed traces of fire, quantities of ashes and bones, fragraments of pottery, lamps, images and a bowl, and a small ornamental altar. There is in Gozo a similiar structure, Torra dei Giganti, a circular tower in polygonal style of Cyclopean architecture, built of large masses of stone "its history lost in the mist of antiquity; close to it human bones have been found". It is

(Clarke, Glimpses of the Old World).

tought to represent the Phoenician temple erected 400 B.C., to Sadambaal and Astoreth (Aphrodite). The larger of these is 119 ft by 75 and a conical stone idol was found there, 1/

Having to visit the Lunatic Asylum I asked Ozanne to accompany me, and we drove 5 miles along an uninteresting road,- for the railway is only in progress,-,to Citta Vecchia (old) built in 16th Cent. the Roman Melita, Medina of the Saracens, and Sicilian Notabile. We visited the place where St. Paul lived in the house of Publius, Chief man of the island, 1/ who, with most of the people were converted during St. Paul's stay of 3 months, and later, on returning from an expedition against the Arabs entered the Ministry and at length became Bishop of the island. The high altar is formed of stones of the house and the service books are very ancient; over one of the side altars is the face of the B.V.Mary whose eyes (and you fancy the face also) gaze at you and seem to follow as you move about, without movement of the head.

The city was built by Arabs as an elevated strong place in centre of the island, and called Medina (Capital) as still by natives though when their Castle on the promontory of St. Elmo formed the nucleus of Valetta it became known as Little Vecchia, ~~the old city~~. When in summer of 1090 Count Roger landed and laid siege to it, the Arabs to avoid storming and a massacre surrendered,- Roger rebuilt it and endowed the Cathedral, and in the Sacristy is his portrait. The houses mostly belong to Maltese nobility; as a summer residence for the temperature is several degrees lower than at Valetta.

1/ (Babylon Manual, p 224), (Acts XXVIII. 7.),

Further on across the valley Verdala Palace, a large square tower, is conspicuous, highest point in the island though only a few hundred feet above the sea level. At its foot is the Boschetto, a garden planted with oranges and lemons, and olives, where the Grand Masters could saunter for half a mile, in the only ~~left~~ shade on the island. By us it was for a long time neglected, and many of the trees were cut down and the ground ploughed up; but since Sir W. Reid's time more care has been taken.

Then we went to the catacombs and with candles explored the underground passages cut in the rock; there are graves on either side, generally two together, with pillowed recesses for the head, there are also smaller ones for children; only dust and bones remain. Here some children once lost themselves, trying to make their way to Valetta, so the Government closed the passage. There is a small Altar in one where Mass was said, but since then the Moors have used the place to live in; according to Caruana, our Antiquarian authority, these Catacombs resemble those in Rome, and are probably Christian.

Close to the city entrance we saw a Roman house some 6ft below the surface; above it were graves of Moors, or Saracens, made after the house had been destroyed; in one room were two fine marble statues, the heads broken off and lost. The entrance is through a porch into the Atrium, out of which small chambers open all round; the roof is supported by pillars; the pavement is tessellated in coloured patterns, and in one corner is a fountain. On a few stones is Arabic writing, inscribed after the house was destroyed.

During some ornamental planting here lately, a few squares of mosaic were dug up, and fortunately noticed by a learned priest who happened to be passing. Careful excavation unearthed remains of this large and well ornamented Villa, with a quantity of glass and pottery.

The Cathedral here was built on site of Publius' house, destroyed by earthquake in 1693 and rebuilt. Returningm we called at San Antonio, where the Governor is at present residing, and made our first acquaintance with its delightful gardens; near the Palace is a large Kolreuteria, to me a novelty, from China.

A Fleet Chaplain has just died, he and another Officer ascended Vesuvius and went up to the Crater, without guides, against warning; they caught fever and both are dead.

When in 1565, the Ex-Master John P. De La Valette, had raised a four months' siege by Turks of Sulieman 11., which checked the Moslem advance westward, he determined to rebuild the Capital, and in 1573 the Church of St. John, at the top of stairs from Grand Harbour, the finest in Malta. A Chapel was assigned to each of the Langues, that of St. Paul, which contains the monument to Gr. M. de Rohans, to the French; of St Catherine to the Italians; of the Magi (Kings of Cologne) to the Germans; of St. James to Castile. Aragon had St. John's, and Auvergne, St. Sebastian, and Provence St. Michael's and St. Carlo was Anglo-Bavarian. In the Oratory Chapel, where novices were instructed, was kept a holy relic, the hand of St John, presented by Sultan Bayazied to Gr.M. Anbusson, brought from Rhodes, enclosed in a gauntlet-shaped monstrance of solid gold, in fromt of which lay a gleaming diamond of great value. Bonaparte

in 1798 tried this on his fat little finger, and sent the monstrance on board for conveyance to France, leaving the relic to the care of Hompasch, last Gr. M. who carried it to Petersburg, where, under Emperor Paul, a vain attempt was made to reconstruct the Knighthood, and other precious stones.

The High Altar is of lapis lazuli, with silver lamps and candlesticks, great bronze eagles and a white marble reredos; the Sanctuary lamps and chain of pure gold, 1840 oz: were carried off by Bonaparte, melted into ingots, and at Cairo converted into (10 sequin) zechinos. In the Crypt beneath are the tombs of 12 of the Grand Masters, including Adam and La Valette, whose Sarcophagi were opened during the visit of Queen Adelaide, exposing their embalmed bodies: (at the feet of the 47th Gd. Master lies the body of his English Secretary, Sir Oliver Starkey).

The ceiling is decorated with panels illustrating the Life of St John, and there are some 400 tombstones in mosaics and enamels. In the costly Chapel of Our Lady of Palermo are entombed forgotten Kings. Napoleon, irritated by the incessant bell-ringing, posted a sentry to fire on any bell-ringer who should appear.

On Corpus Christi, first of several gay festas, we had a fine and most orderly Procession from St. John's, where the celebrated tapestries, woven from designs by Rubens and Poussin, now used only on festas were exposed. They are large pieces 22 and 20 by 6', fourteen of each presented in 1597 by Perellas Grand Master. 1 Annunciation, 4 Evangelists; 2 Incarnation and Adoration of Magi; 3 Entry into

Jerusalem; 4 Last Supper; they are hung round the pillars and at the back of Arches. In the procession were various confraternities, among which that associated with the dead,- in robes with two openings for the eyes,- was a novelty, and the demeanour of the people most reverent.

The Church of San Carlo preserves a holy thorn and the right foot of Lazarus, some bones of the Apostles and of Thomas à Becket. Formerly it had possessed the right hand of the Baptist brought by Justiman from Antioch; from Constantinople it was taken to Rhodes and was brought here by Adam. Encased in gold set with precious stones, it was surrounded by many offerings, one, a large diamond ring, was transferred by Napoleon to his own finger whilst the hand was carried off to Petersburg (Saint Petersburg the Russians would call it as Capital of Holy Russia, though it is really Peter, the Emperor's City), to the Winter Palace, where it is kept in a glass case before the inconostasis, and once a year is carried with great pomp to Gatchina.

Later the new Governor, stripped the Churches of ornaments and auctioned the tapistries of St. John's, but the principal treasures carried off by Napoleon were lost in the Orient, blown up, in Abonkir Bay engulfed like the spoils of Rome. The jewelled poignard presented by Philip of Spain, to la Vallette is however, in the Louvre.

The 1st stone of Valetta was laid Mar.26th 1566 and completed in 4 years, a city built by gentlemen for gentlemen. The knights were great benefactors to the island and Lascaris, who built

Floriana, endowed a public library which was at first a welcome refuge; for now Valletta was very dull, all who could have gone away on leave and the fleet cruising; the library with its 20,000 volumes and reading room with French, English and Italian papers, was a welcome resource.

Napoleon complained of the bells, they are going at all hours from the churches, and in such varied cadence that on enquiry we were told they conveyed news to the people,- not only as to services, but illness or death of a priest, or that someone about to receive the last Sacraments.

The women appear in the streets, Oriental fashion in black silk faldetta, which coquettishly hides their faces. The natives are small, wiry and muscular, thrifty, and without that trace of Arab feature, one would expect from the many Arab words in their language. So industrious are they that every available bit of land is kept under cultivation, and even rocks triturated to form soil, which is so scarce that formerly vessels from Sicily used earth as ballast.

The guardroom is decorated with many pictures on its walls some of great merit, painted by various officers during their enforced seclusion on duty. One life-sized man confronts you, rushing down, at the head of the first flight of stairs, and is so natural that your first impression is to step back and let him pass. Just beyond is a skeleton lying down , then a lady, then more surprises. In fact, every regiment strives to contribute something of its artistic talent as a memento of service on the island.

The only snake known here is Coronella Austri[illegible], not unlike our common adder; though non-venomous it is vicious, bites and holds on, and was probably the species that fastened on the hand of St. Paul. The flora is more allied to the African than European type, and has always been famous; for Cicero mentions cushions tufted with roses, used by Verres; Of local flowers by far the loveliest is the pure white Pancratium, its stamens standing out conspicuous from edge of the tube; supposed by the Greeks an all powerful medicine, whence its name.

The gardens at St. Antonio on the road to Citta Notabile always called Vecchia, were a favourite resort from the dust of the streets. Through a long avenue between high walls into the paved courtyard, the outbuildings covered with Bignonia radicians, we reach delightful shade mid the luscious scent of orange and lemon, hugh butterflies gorgeously brilliant; and the chirping of a thousand cicalas, who keep such admirable time that all are hushed in silence together. A prominent object was the tree with torn pinnated leaves and panicles of creamy whitish flowers, Koelreutera paniculata, after a botanist who wrote on rare plants in 1755, from China,- it belongs to the Sapindaceæ which in India gives us our soap-nut tree, and is elsewhere used to poison fish. Among other strange trees is the fragrant pepper, Schinus molle, not from its softness, but a corruption of its native Peruvian Mulli, the graceful foliage remarkable for an elongated terminal leaflet; and fine Kharoubs , (Ceratonia siliqua), the locust tree with horn-like pods.

A retired Officer lived alone at St. Julians, in a little garden of which his love of flowers had made the most,- whose high walls as often here,- hid an unexpected wealth of bloom. From the roof the glazed entrance passage filled with plants, hung baskets of Goniophlebium and Nephrolepis; as for the drawing room, it was a museum of curios, mostly fragile. Devoted to his flowers, he, on occasion, could relish a joke; at one of the fancy dress balls, he squated inside an innocent-looking stand of plants in a corner, to which an unsuspicious couple would retire; when conversation became too tender, a branch tickled their heads till they moved off; then seizing the first opportunity, he carried off his stand to another corner and patiently awaited developements. Evidently the Indian Kalajagga,- secluded nook for two only,- had not been introduced. His wife and family were at home, and not till many years after,- from one of the daughters did I hear the ghost story attached to the house, or rather a ghost without a story.*

Shortly after the family first entered, one daughter was startled at seeing a lady at the turret window, thought it was her younger sister come up from below, till she found that the girl had not left the garden. A few nights later she again saw the figure near the same place inside the corridor, and noticed that she could see through it; then it dimly faded away. They had no previous history of the house, nor was any legend attached.

Both sisters, on entering the drawing room saw a lady sitting there and went forward to shake hands; the figure faded away. They told their father, he remarked, "Oh, so you've seen it; dont men

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* Lord Lorne has related the story in the Royal Mag.

tion this again," which she thought implied that he also knew; but he ridiculed the idea and enjoined them not to mention it lest their Maltese servants should be alarmed at what was only an illusion. One evening, however, he was startled by piercing shrieks from the girls bedroom, two floors above, and rushing up he found them and the maid clinging together in abject terror. Whilst dressing for a ball, seated in front of a toilet table, each saw the figure of a lady glide noiselessly across the room, and disappear into the opposite wall. The maid who had been dressing their hair, also saw the apparition; all three felt chilled to the bone as though by an Artic wind. The appearance corresponded with that seen by their father, who now admitted to have seen it frequently. In fact, his first experience was startling; sleeping quietly one night, he awoke with a feeling of intense uneasiness; a strange lady entered the room from nowhere, glided across the room and disappeared through the wall, leaving him in a deadly chill. Later on returning home, now alone in the Villa, one night very late, he found both the Maltese servants at the foot of the staircase, very frightened, someone had gone upstairs; quite understanding, he went up to capture the intruder, and of course saw nothing. For some six years, till the girls married and left home, the same appearance was frequent, at odd times and in various rooms, no legend attached to the house, whose previous occupants had also been service people; I afterwards heard the incident from each of the daughters.

At entrance of the Maritine Harbour, opposite Sliena, on an island stands the Lazaretto; here Newman was quarantined, with Hurrell and the two Froudes, and had a strange experience. The central room was very large (48 x 30 ft.) and lofty, its two deep recesses in the walls for windows, made dressing rooms for N. and H. At one end was a small room occupied by the Froudes, and next the opposite the unused hall.

"We were all locked in about 2 a.m. on 17th and 18th; my companions distinctly heard steps in the Hall; at the same time dreamt it was time to get up (expecting to be roused early for a boating expedition); a man,- our attendant I thought,- came and said it was time to get up; certainly I heard footsteps about my bed. Now on the night of 17th our nextdoor neighbour left the Lazaret about 2 a.m. and walked along the external gallery; but the wall between it and our room is ten feet thick. On the 20th (Sunday), I was awakened by a noise in Froude's room, too earthly to be anything else; there were repeated noises at intervals, and it struck me that someone might be taking Froude's things (he sleeps in the window), who was audibly fast asleep; so when it recurred the fourth time, I shouted "Who's there" and sat up ready to spring out; deep silence followed, and waiting a a considerable time, I caught cold; nothing occurred afterwards till we left the Lazaret on 23rd."

Vividly realising the unseen,- or rather that there is an unseen which you cannot see,- Newman says "how can people say what is or is not, natural to evil spirits? What is grotesque manifestation to us, may not be so to them. What do we know about an evil spirit?"

(Letters).

Through Ollivier I became acquainted with several of the Maltese; but, at the club, there was so unreasonable a prejudice against them, that the General as a compliment appointed an extra A.D.C. from the local troops.

Fond of music I had the entree of the Committee box at the Opera, and was thus enable to attend rehearsals At the Theatre Royal an Italian Company filled the spare evenings with lighter pieces all new to me. The Maltese share the Italians love of music, but from what we hear in the streets, their native melodies remind one of the East, such as the common "Meta morna tall Melleha", when we went into the country, in its sad cadences.

One musical family consisted of four daughters, the three elder ones wives of officers away on service, where afternoon tea was enlivened with classical pieces, in which a young Marquis frequently took a part. But one afternoon, just as I was leaving we were disturbed by the entrance of a lanky subultern, the victim of a toothache; he had been unable to find a dentist. They asked him to wait and one should be sent for, so I sat down to wait events and presently found myself helping preparations in the adjoining bedroom. Then the dentist,- a barber,- arrived and duly extracted the tooth.

During summer we dined at the branch club at Sliema, where Col. Travers and others afforded diversion beforehand at water-polo. In the hot season, pleasant days were spent with the Feildings at Salmone, the Governor's palace at head of St. Paul's bay, which lay a our feet, and the General's yacht was a delightful resource for the

sea,- even in its boisterous moments,- is always exhiliration, though unlike St. Paul we did not experience its stormier moods; he was shipwrecked & we landed just opposite. At night the heavens were glorious; as we stood on the balcony, watching the stars and trying with the scene at our feet, to recall their names and imagine with what more intense interest, those storm-driven sailors and S. Paul, must have noted them.

On the road to the City is a chapel of St. Paul near El Mikri which in /79 were discovered the foundations of a Roman Villa in the El Tihana & Bannarart (the Honheir) tenements, whence came the small terra-cotta head, probably of Apollo, in the Library, and also a large stone with several cavities evidently for liquids. The pavements, Stuccos, implements and decorations were all Pompeian. The name of this place means 'St. Paul the Welcome', and it is thought to be the village of Publius, in which St. Paul and his companions were hospitably received in A.D., 58, for all the spots throughout this vast district called ta-Bulos by Arabs, and el-Puales by the natives, are marked with traditional names referable to the shipwreck in St. Paul' Bay close by, of his good treatment by the natives and by Publius, the Lord of the Place. At the Mistra under the promontory of Selnium, nearly opposite to the Selnium rocks, there is a natural cave, having a freshwater spring not much above the sea level; this is supposed to be the place where the Alexandrine ship ran aground and its fore-part sticking fast, remained immovable. // In the Mardia Hill local tradition points out the place where St. Publius Villa stood, and the Chapel of San Guian tal-harab (of the ruins) close by, is the place

where the natives by "kindling a fire refreshed St. Paul and all his companions, because of the rain and of the cold." Many of these ruins were still in existence in the time of old Father Manduca, and of Commendatore Abela who wrote in 1642 on authority of an ancient MS. that the ruins of Publius, the chief man of the island stood here. The vast tenement of Bennarrat now Govt. property, is traditionally considered to be the "possessions of the chief man of the island", πρῶτος τῆς νήσου named Publius; and a freshwater fountain on main road bordering the seashore of St Paul's Bay in the descent towards the Puales gardens, is the fountain of the Apostle which retains still its Syrian appellation of Ghazin-Razal.

This protos was an official designation as appears from two inscriptions in Malta, a Greek and a Latin; in the former a Roman ΚΛΑΚ-κιος is styled by the same title, πρῶτος Μελιτέων and in the Latin subsequently discovered as MEL PRIMUS. There is a church dedicated to St Publius in Floriana.

"Villam hospitalem S. Publii, vicinam rapibus dithalassis, quibus (Act 27) nivis Pauli quassata maris tempestate stetct impacta done sol-veretus a fluctibus, fuisse in clivo ad oriente ae septentriones adversam.")

David came through from Lucknau and went on overland; he asked if we had a polo-ground, and expressed a wish to see it; so after lunch at the Club (old Auberge de Provence) we drove there and spent some time walking all over the land reclaiming from the Marsa, indiferently levelled and tufted rather than turfed, and there was no means of watering; all of which he would like to have remédied. An enthusiast on the game, he had made several polo grounds in India and though he did not mention it then, I heard afterwards that at Lucknau he had also provided the ground with a well.

Smith ... (Caruana, Recent Discoveries p. 90

Smith voyage of St Paul. P 153-243

After reminiscences of regimental doings since we parted, at Rawal Pindi, of course we spoke of Cornish, who had been mortally wounded at Majuba, and he exclaimed "What a glorious death to die". Ten years later he himself fell at the head of his Regiment, (the XIIth Lancers) in the charge to same the guns at Diamond Hill, and was buried beside Fattie's son, whom his mother would not let join the father's old Regiment as it was going to India; the Boer war therefore suddenly took him to South Africa to meet an early death in that same action. David reached home to hear that his father the Earl, had died at Denver where his younger brother had settled; whether the custonary warning of a ghastly drummer announced the event has not been recorded.

Cases of Malta or Rock fever are too frequent, in which Quinine has no effect; different in type to any we had seen in Natal or India, inflamatory with local congestions running a short course often fatal, and generally recurring. The rock below which we see daily being cut with a saw, is soft and, in the poorer houses I noticed that two tubes pierced into it close together, one for the water well the other the latrine, the rock must therefore be infilitrated with sewage, and the water contaminated. The harbours,- specially the Naval,- are being hourly coated with ordure from the shipping; whilst water impurity is probably not the cause, or it would act generally, it engenders receptivity, and liability to attack of any specific organism. This fever has since been traced to goats milk; its micrbe being discovered in 10 per cent of goats on the island. That so few Maltese suffered is due to their invariable use of boiled milk,

a prevention we did not take.

A pure water supply us now being introduced from beyond Citta Vecchia; Mackinnon and I inspected it, walking through the tunnel with a Maltese attendant, whose language, composed of corrupt Italian incorporated with some seventy per cent of Arabic words, we struggled to comprehend. It is said to be partly Phoenician, which is closely allied to the Hebrew.

Outside Valletta is the fine suburb of Floriana, with its large piazza; here are quartered the late 75th, who last year on being affiliated to the Gordon Highlanders, erected a tombstone with this inscription:-

> "Here lies poor old 75th. But under God's protection,
> They'll rise sgain in kilt and hose, a glorious resurrection;
> For by the transformation power of parliamentary laws,
> We go to bed the 75th and rise the Ninety-twas".

So a youngster has joined in the kilt, more appropriate to the scantily inhabited Highlands. This tartan was first worn by the 92nd reg. and dates from 1793 and seems to have first been used for the Northern Fencibles raised by the Fourth Duke, who desirous to have patterns of the 42nd Regt,- plaides with a small yellow stripe properly placed,- from three patterns of it sent by his factor, the Duke chose the present in which when woven the yellow stripes appear square and regular,- and very lively. This Highland dress was formerly looked on as the garb of brigands! Prince Charlie assumed it before Colloden with the tartan, but he only wore the tartan trews, still affected by all Lowlanders in distinction, and thus he rode into Edinburgh. Goerge IV appeared thus (1822) in Edinburgh to please Sir Walter Scott, and at Holyrood in the Throne Room is his colossal portrait by D[illegible] Wilkie.

Beneath the higher part of Valetta is a vast cavern, approached from the Marsamuscetto, the rock cut out into numerous dwellings, to form a subterranean city which is considered unsafe for visitors unless under police escort. Possibly here may be found the direct descendants of the cave dwellers. The Maltese Grottoes excavated in the rock are thought to resemble the Nuraghi of Sardinia.

An article, I think by Doctor Lee, on Anglican Baptisms which appeared at this time, was disturbing, especially in the case of some of our Bishops, remembering what I had learnt at Perth, that Presbyterian Baptisms as then administered, in the name of the 2nd Person only, was invalid. Tait had been baptised in an Edinburgh Drawing-Room by a Presbyterian Minister before that time, and therefore in all probability according to the long prevalent but invalid form, and he consecrated the majority of the branch of Bishops; for it appears there is only One Consecrator, and Dean Green's favourite illustration of the triple cord that is not easily broken, seems to have been devised to cover the case of Barlow. Lee, a member of the Order of Corporate Reunion, was suspected of being one of three Bishops ordained on the high seas by a Jansenist; and when one of them was advertised to preach in his Church (All Saints, Lambeth), he himself appeared in the pulpit. When in 1886, Mossman of Torrington died, after writing a Latin letter to Pope Leo XIII, and being received into the Church, he was found to be another; the third was Seacombe who early retired from the Order. Lee was received before his death. (A clergyman in a country village found the afternoon service much prolonged by the number of Baptisms; his curate suggested having two

fonts, so he gave notice that "this afternoon henceforth, we will Baptise children at both ends". Whereon the young mothers promptly left the Church.

The City walls are ornamented with shrubs and a few flowers, which are struggling for existence under the care of the Economico-Agrarian Society, of which I had been elected a member and later, without beaing consulted appointed Curator. Before, however one had been able to study the method of working, however notification of my appointment to Canada providentially arrived. The President was my friend the Marquis Testefferrata Olivier, through whom I had become acquainted with many of the leading people in the island.

On my last day, after lunching with Mackinnon, he insisted on my taking some cigarrettes; at the club, the Steward was out,- it being Sunday,- but we met him in the Strada Riale, and he came back on purpose; Mackinnon was annoyed, and though only a casual smoker, I felt compelled to take them; as the baggage was all on board, the cigarrettes had to go into the pocket of my overcoat. I then went to say goodbye to my Port Elizabeth friend, now commanding the 96th, and his wife's sister who had so often begiled me with Beethoven, and she accompanied me to Benediction at the Garrison Church where I parted from Mon. Virtue, who shortly after became Bishop of Portsmouth. Within a year my girl-friend died of decline.

A party of us left together, Capt.Lord Walter Kerr, and three others for on board we were joined by a Middy who had been ordered home by a telegram. At Syracuse we mounted to the Douane and the boy's portmanteau was opened to display a packet of tobacco, evidently thrust in at the last moment on top of his clothes. He declared that, unknown to him, his servant must have placed it there; and being given the choice, declined to pay duty and let the tobacco go. No further question was asked and we passed on to the train.

We made a short stay at Naples, and went out to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii, of which 'The Last Days' (

one a good idea; One's mind reverted to

Bulwer's final rupture with his young wife, which was caused by her flirtation with a Neapolitan Prince during his visit to Rome, that gave birth to Rienzi and the other novel, and to her bitter and lasting fend.

buried under a shower of hot cinders in A.D.79, its first recorded eruption, described by the elder Pliny; in 1631, some

230 feet of hard volcanic matter was deposited from another eruption. Now Vesuvius is smoking peacefully above.

After some thousand of years quiescence, when the inhabitants had planted the slopes with vines, in A.D.63, pleliminary earthquakes were followed on night of 24th August, /79, by a tremendous explosion of which Pliny in two letters to Tacitus has left a description, when the vibration of the land caused the sea to recede, mid incessant lightning and eruption of cinders and white ashes for some distance and for three days, covering some 20 miles of country with a dark pall. Streams of boiling mud ran down the sides and in a few hours covered Herculaneum and Stabia on site of modern Castellemare. Pompeii the seaside resort was buried in dust; many thousands were overwhelmed by hot ashes, engulfed in mud, or suffocated by the vapours.

There is no evidence of lava, only light dust that mingled with heavy rain from condensed vapour, descended and overwhelmed the houses. For nearly 1500 years the volcano remained in a state of feeble activity, when on 16th December 1631 vast clouds of dust and stones were hurled out and carried for hundreds of miles, destroying 18,000 people.

Pliny in command of the fleet at Misenum voyaged over to their assistance, spent the night at Stabiae and as a naturalist keenly curious, went nearer and perished; his friends turned back and left him to his fate. Among the ashes of Pompeii stones of 8lbs. weight have been found but Cotopaxi is reported as hurling a block of 200 tons, nine miles.

The days in Rome,- too few,- were spent in feverish rushes; Monseigneur Vertue had armed me with an introudction to Macchi, and I was anxious, if possible, to see the Pope, but just then there were no receptions. On entering St. Peters one is struck by its vastness; certainly one feels a sensation of triumph on entering this magnificient temple.* Gazing up at that famous sentence round the dome, "Thou art Peter, and on this Rock will I build My Church". How one missed its significance by not realising that in the language spoken by our Lord (Syrian) one word for Peter and Rock: "Thou art Kephas and on this Kephas will I build My Church, for all generations memorable."

During service on Christmas Day, in St. Peter's the interspersed pastoral music was novel and beautiful.

Macaulay's words came vividly to mind, "there is not and there never was on this earth, a work of human polity so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. Its history joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the time of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the 19th cent. to the Pope who

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* Recit d'une Sieur.

crowned Pepin in the 8th; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity but it was modern when compared to the Papacy, and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the old".

"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all governments and of all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we fell no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Frank passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall. in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. "Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Xtendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious.

Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."

The waves of Goths and Vandals covered Europe, Attila, scourge of God, confronted by Pope St. Leo through whom God spoke,- turned back (Rome was protected, yet fell) and the world was protected from mere material force and humanity saved. Encouraged by St. Hregory III. Chas. Martel again saved Christian civilisation; we have to thank St. Leo III. for victory of Ostia, St. Pius V. for that of Lepanto of whom the Sultan (Soliman) said "I fear the tears of the Pope more than all their arms"and Innocent XI,for the victory of Vienna. In 1798 the French Directory determined to end the Papacy and Pius VI, went to Avignon a captive. Napoleon required the concurrence of his successor Pius VII, in his designs against the English who had afforded refuge for the exiled priests of France and as the Pope refused he was imprisoned and Napoleon excommunicated, exclaimed "Does the Pope think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" Moscow was his answer, and Waterloo.

In S. Peters I met some R.E's, who had been our neighbours at Rawal Pindi, and lately passed through Malta and dined with them; there were a large number of English in their Hotel and we spent a merry Christmas. At the English College, I hear that Mons. Vertue would soon be made Bishop and was to one of the first to congratulate my friend.

The representation on the arch of Titus, built to commemorate victory at the Milvian Bridge, pictured on one of the bas-reliefs

as bearing down on Maxentius, struggling beneath him in the river,- of the golden candlestick transferred from the temple of Zerubbabel to that of Herod, was to me of singular interest, even though, according to Reland the figures on the base are improbable. Whether actually carried in triumph, or its representation immediately before the Conqueror AD 71, it was deposited by Vespation in the Temple of Peace' according to one story fell into the Tiber from the Milvian Bridge during Maxentius flight(Oct 28 A D 312' but was probably amongst the spoils transferred by GensericJune 455 to Carthage * 2) Recovered by Belisarius, 535 'it was once more carried in triumph at Constantinople* 3) 'A Jew,' wellknown to the Emperor, who saw the Temple spoils in his palace' told him it was not expedient that what had been deposited by King Solomon ' should be placed with other Vandal spoil in his palace ' for that was the reason why Genseric had taken the Roman palace& why the Romans had now taken that of the Vandals; so the Emperor Justinian in alarm spedily despatched all the sacred spoil away to the Christian places in Jerusalem: 4) whether they ever arrived is uncertain' but what sacred things were there became the spoil of Khosroes in 614* 5)

In one of the palaces near the river ' there was a picture that struck me particularly; hanging in the gallery on left of courtyard near the door leading into a narrow gallery leading to opposite saloon* The moon was peering down from behind the hill '&down in the ground were brigands watching a prisoner by firelight' in front of a shed* Whilst sketching a rough outline for memory the Concierge came & said it was forbidden; but when he saw my attempt& I asked if he

1)Josephus Warrs7'5'7'* 7 * 2)Procopius 3k V '1'5*Evagrius 4'17 * 3)Procopius3k V2 2'6 *Evagrius 4'21 '* 4)Procopius3k V 2)6)Evagrius 4'17 * 5)Annals of Eutichianus Antiochus of Seba 7th cent Baronius(Confessor of ClementVIII)Eccl Ann 16' 23 *

though it a good copy, he smiled and went away.

At Ara Coeli on the hill, there was an elaborate crib and children preaching to evidently interested groups, mostly of grown-up people, with dramatic effect. Content in passing with simply looking at the devotees creeping up the Sancta Scala, the exposition of St. Paul's Head in the splendid church of S. Maria Maggiore, was most impressive; and the quaint ceremony of penitents kneeling as they went past each of the numerous confessionals (one for almost every ordinary language) to receive a tap of his long wand from the Father within. In the Corso we had a good view of the Queen in an open carriage; according to a witty Cardinal, the kingdom of Italy Videtur esse Missa Solennis pro defunctis, sine Gloria, sine Credo, Maximo cum offertorio ubi nulla Pax datur ex populis sine Benedictione dimittitur.

From the Pincian Hill, one obtained a fine view of the city and beyond, where across the Tiber stands St Peters and the Vatican, centre of Christendom, that world wide Empire that has succeeded to the Roman, last of the world Empires, most extensive of them all, having accomplished its purpose in paving the way for the Christian Empire of which it is written:-

"She alone among the nations has receiven into her bosom those she conquered, and has cherished all humanity as her sons, and not as her slaves; those whom she has subdued she has called her citizens, and has bound to herself the ends of the earth in ties of affection".*

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* Hoec est, in gremium vietos quee sola recepit,
Humanumque genus communi nominie,
Matrix, nom dominie, ritu, civesque vocavit,
Duos domnit, nexuque pie, longinque revinsit. Claudianuas De Consulati Stilichonis. Lib.3. L.150.

Napoleon attempted to found one and this ambition led him to Moscow. Instead of consolidation in Empire we see everywhere disintegration and rearrangement, assimilation instead of subjection, and increasing vigour through fusion. Little did the unlettered Crusaders dream that instead of expelling the Saracens, they were opening their own gate to the wisdom and culture of the East.

My last morning was spent in a drive past the Coliseum and along the Appian Way, past Metella's tomb and 'Quo Vadis.' There is a story that our chaplin here (Nevin) was shewing some American tourists round, and was telling them the original stone had been removed to the Vatican by Pius IX, when he was interrupted bu the custodian who retorted "You dont think we let His Holiness have the original; He only got a copy." Thence on to the new Church of St. Paul's , and only arrived at the Hotel just in time to catch my train; leaving Rome with those lines I noted at Aldershot in 1860 from a book in my box from Mudie's, supposed to be by Cardinal Wiseman, but which I have been unable to trace. Asking about the duration of the World, Time replies:-

> "Then asked I what of Rome? Time stepped aside,
> And in his place Eternity replied".

Fruitcake

2/-

3 Cloud By RE

4 ? Eno

7 Bees / females

6 Skate

13 Pakra believing in Man

23 ? The Knight Jr

26 Electric Phenomena

29 Electronic Bat!

Religious Beliefs 31 -

41 Plates - Sacred Heart

Faber 46

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Monday April 27th. 1959

Dear Sir,

We have pleasure in enclosing some information about this society which we think you will find self-explanatory and which we hope will stimulate your interest in our activities.

Our members are a keen and intelligent Body of people, representative of all walks of life, and the society affords a pleasant social medium in addition to offering opportunities to visit many unusual places of interest in and around London.

It may well be that you would not have the time or the inclination to join in all our activities and in this connection we would particularly like to draw your attention to the special terms of membership for FRIENDS OF THE SOCIETY, also for COUNTRY and OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

We look forward to hearing from you and hope to have the pleasure of enrolling you as a member of the society.

Yours very truly,

H. L. Bryant Peers

Chapter XXV.

C A N A D A.

Chapter XXV.

From Liverpool the passage to Halifax was stormy ~~8~~ 12 days, but in the old Hibernia the Adjt. R. A. was returning, and among other passengers a companionable official in charge of the mails, who gave me much interesting details of his sorting work, and an old sea-captain returning home, whose yarns were most entertaining. Among the rest as usual some seemed to have left responsibility ashore, and their amourettes amused us.

All bespangled with icicles the old ship reached the wharf late in the evening, when some of the Medical Officers met me; most of the party sleighed to an hotel near Government House, between high banks of snow piled up from the causeways; after dinner, as the night was bright and the air exhilarating, the rowdy party did the town in sleighs and freed from irksome close quarters, indulged in boisterous fun.

The Webster, who it seems has left the XX for the A.P.D. and is attached to the 19th, called with a welcome and news that the baby, so near being provided with a coffin on board the Tamar, is growing into a strong and healthy boy. In the morning an enthusiastic Canadian, wife of one of the Medical Officers, harried me off for a drive round; finding me comfortable quarters near the R. A. and R. E. Mess, and initiating me into local peculiarities. This Mess being in the heart of the City, is a great social centre, where

many amusements are planned; its dining-table is a treasure, and the mahogany darkened with age, from regular polishing, reflective as a mirror; is reverently transmitted from battery to battery. Unlike that of the Speaker at Westminster, which included in 'furniture given on appointment', accompanies him 'into retirement'; there is still at Upper Ottery, Lord Sidmouth's Devon home, the table at which Nelson sat as guest of Speaker Addington. The cigarettes were, however, indifferent, and next day I promised to bring a sample from the untouched box on ~~my~~ the mantel-shelf; but to my astonishment it was empty, wasted on soldier servants. The Col. (R. A.) Drayson, is a well-known scientific officer, and as an astronomer asserts that he had received valuable information from spirits; here he is reputed an authority on whist; noticing the easel in my room, he at once became very friendly; he, too, had been in Natal, and enjoyed the sports among the big game of which he has written an illustrated book.

The Town Major, survival of three, tells me that Lewis remembers me sa a student; joining the Navy he here distinguished himself on the Island in a Cholera Camp, married and settled down in business. A Gunner whom I met in the Square seemed pleased to see me; his leg had been broken when passing through Muttra to Delhi Camp, and he was thankful for the kindness he had experienced whilst left behind in the X.R.H. Hospital,- a pleasant welcome.

The yearly party were about to leave foe Ottawa, guests of ~~Government~~ for the winter balls, at Rideau Hall, which I was requested to join, and although we had now withdrawn to Halifax, the

General thought I should make myself generally acquainted with the Dominion. At the Depot (or Terminus) we embarked, a saloonfull; but at Truro next day, fortunately in the station, were blocked in by heavy snow. For two days snow-ploughs afforded amusement, stealing back, then with a rush into the bank, scattering snow piecemeal, till the rails were cleared.

The Commissary general and myself halted at Quebec with the Military Secretary, who took us over the Citadel and other interesting objects, and introduced us to the principal residents. Then on through the snow-clad land, diversified only by its slopes and various shadings,- for snow is never white,- reminding us of Voltaire's sneer at the country as 'acres of snow'. All these dotted shadows on the hill-side are, as we were told, the sites of wine-plants, which reminded me forcibly of our Crimean experience in the valley of dead horses, where from similar slopes we had to dig out fuel. We arrived at Ottawa only just in time for the second ball.

When Col. By, R.E., surveying the Ridean Canal, settled on this picturesque spot in 1826, he had only four neighbours; in six years the village had 150 houses and in 1858 was selected for the Capital; shortly after, the foundation stone of the Parliament Buildings was laid by the Prince of Wales. The Princess had gone home, but the Marquis made himself a very agreeable host. Our names being "on" the paper next morning, I was gratified by a visit from Lawrence Fortescue, one of the boys I had met in Perth twenty-

six years ago; he called to see if I were the friend who gave him the clasp-knife which he produced from his pocket. This pleasure at being remembered through all those years made the excursion delightful.

At breakfast one remarked that Canadians commenced with an Orange, sometimes other fruit, which cleaned the tongue and gave zest to the appetite. We no doubt eat too little, preferring medicinal preparations; the fruit acids with their iron are readily assimilated and this is therefore a good way of getting iron into the blood. The little chemist who invented Fruit Salts, made so enormous a fortune that he went mad.

The Speaker's stately daughter showed me over the Parliament Buildings, and transferred me temporarily to 'George'; I thought her brother a member who took me into the House,- later I was not surprised when she took his name.

A party of us then left for Niagara through London and Hamilton, and arriving late at night, had to get out and walk for some distance over an icy sloping road on edge of the river gorge; the heavy roar of the Falls growing nearer and nearer; overhead the stars were brilliant and still, it was very weird, and what if one's foot should slip? All night the hotel trembled and the incessant roar was as unpleasant as the damp air. Next day we examined the Falls ~~on this side~~, and to see them more closely, crossed to the American side by the Suspension Bridge. & walked along to the Cataract

Niagara came into existence through changes in ground level round the great Lakes, ages ago; according to some, 55,000, Lyell

says 35,000, others 12,000, and later 9,000. At one time the height of the Falls was 120 feet. Geologists'time varies with individuals; time must, however, have varied with conditions of Earth life; and formations taking place under different normal conditions cannot be measured by the time they seem to take now that the surface has cooled.

We rested at Montreal for the day; the bridge by which we crossed the St. Lawrence is tubular, like the Brittania, nearly two miles long with a central span of 350 feet. The Cathedral is vast and can contain nearly 10,000 people.

The first French pioneers under Cartier, in 1535, found here a fortified Indian village, Hochelaga, where 60 years later Champlain met only two Indians, who told of its destruction and the flight of the surviving inhabitants through a feud between the Hurons and the Iroquois, perpetuated by these latter joining the English. La Salle, thinking he had reached China, or that a water-way existed thither, from the St. Lawrence, named the Rapids, above the city, La Chine.

Returning I stopped at Quebec, where the Astronomer Royal was a near connection by Gt. Trunk, but the river was, however, almost icebound, so after some delay we got across at a lower ferry, and who should one of my unknown companions throughout the journey be, but the Astronomer's son. Their residence was on the historic plains of Abraham. That gray building just beyond is the jail, it stands on the spot where our battery was posted on the battle-

field and Wolfe received his mortal wound, and where in the following year, Murray's Redoubt kept de Levis at bay for ten minutes, and saved our vanguard.

De Saleberry Street is named after the Commander, who with 300 French Canadians, drove back General Hampton and his 7000 Americans at Chateauquay in 1813, "the line" which in 1759 "was rolled in smoke", and spattering volleys at 40 yards, won for us the French colonies in Canada, and lost us our own in the States. Of far-reaching importance this little battle of Quebec checked French immigration and placed all North America in the grasp of the Anglo-Saxon race, with consequent enormous space for expansion. Unchecked by malaria, the newcomers gathered into communities and built towns, such as those which across the Atlantic became the home of tuberculosis; the cold forced them to admit little light and air into their dwellings. The aborigines melted away from the borders of the settlements, under the conditions there was little intermarriage; in that climate Indian women and even half-caste children could not exist within stone walls. The few white men who took native wives preserved them only while living a wild life remote from their kin*. There are isolated cases where the off-spring has come to distinction; at the present time one of the most eloquent preachers (Hawke, Episcopal Church) in the States, has Indian blood.

We returned to Halifax in time for a great function, the funeral of Archbishop Hanna, which the Staff and Officers attended. The old sea-Captain had been a pleasant addition to our

* Reid Heredity 165.

table on board the Hibernia, and I looked forward ~~to some day~~ meeting him again. One day making a call, when the door was opened, I could not remember the lady's name, and turning into the street in my confusion, I recognised the skipper, who as it seemed came sailing along with a broad grin of delight on seeing me, and we heartily shook hands. But when I asked where he had been since we landed, he burst out: "Board ship! never was in my life, not such a d---d fool!" He was as friendly as if we had been old chums, as in fact were my brother and his son; for he turned out to be a well-known inhabitant, Haliburton; that was a way he had.

After all, this was less absurd than forgetting one's own name, as happened to Sidney Smith, who in calling, when asked looked at the servant in astonishment. "My name? I had no idea who I was, more than if I had never existed. At last to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sidney Smith". ~~I was Sidney Smith~~, I was reminded that my favourite Emerson had also a bad memory for names, and once on his way to dine with a dear old friend, had a similar difficulty; but a mutual acquaintance whom he chanced to meet, guessed from his description of her son-in-law as the tall man who speaks so well. At Longfellow's funeral, too, after gazing long into the coffined face of his life-long friend, he remarked: "A sweet, beautiful face, but His name I have entirely forgotten".

Tobogganning was in full swing, but not having a young lady to pair off with for the season, in fact they were all engaged,- I indulged in rink-skating, and after eighteen years disuse, managed to cut ordinary figures, grape vines, etc, but it was impossible to

put heel to heel in a straight line without which many evolutions would not figure, nor could bevies of charming enthusiasts, however much time they wasted, teach me to waltz; this was a most graceful movement, and as a spectacle the lancers was delightful. The curve of their skates was more adapted for turning, than the Austrian I had brought out.

The Websters persuaded me to take over the house of one of their officers going home, next door to my old ~~a fellow~~-student, [illegible]

Coming home late one evening I found myself without a latch-key, the bell only rang downstairs, and the servants had gone to bed, and the lights were out. To go to an hotel some distance away through the rain seemed absurd; almost in despair an idea struck me,- my pocket knife soon removed the putty, and no police-man passing by, soon the side pane was removed and I passed my hand in and opened the latch. A few tacks secured the pane in position and with an amused look of unconcern I watched the ser-vant at breakfast next morning. But Ella gave no sign; it did not strike me till afterwards that the putty was wanting, and that its debris left a little story in the porch, which had now been brushed away! However I came back early and quietly fixed the pane and tinted the fresh putty with coloured powder. What the servants thought I never heard, but later they had their revenge. Early one morning Ella informed me that cook's sister, wife of a

gunner, had been taken ill downstairs last evening, and just prematurely confined. I told her that everything necessary should be done, and the woman nursed till such time as the doctor thought fit to send her home. In "On the Shell", a budget of scandal and eaves-dropping, largely collected from waiters, a highly suggestive version was given, especially as Ella was one of the handsomest girls in Halifax, but convent brought-up and as good as gold.

Scandal was ever busy, when a notorious actress paid us a visit the report quickly spread, that she was so nervous that her secretary shared her room, and as the housemaids asserted, her bed.

Major T., commonly known among the large kindred of that name in the service, as "Dolly", who was Brigade Major at Pindi, arrived with his family, who having managed to contract Scarlet Fever on passage, had to be detained in an improvised quarantine in the Signal town, which we made as bearable as possible, remembering Cannonnier Point always. He went up country to a farm in the North-west, above Winnipeg.

A notable solitary figure striding across the Common in a suit of blue serge, was the Admiral, McClintock, great Artic Explorer, and discoverer of Franklin's fate; resolved to find him or perish, when winter was over, he was driven out of the ice by a gale, but he cooly turned his ship's head again Northward Ho! I well remember the second Lady Franklin, and her feverish anxiety for news, and once accompanied her to consult a clairvoyante, who assisted by some personal belongings of her husband, and possibly by suggestive remarks, described his cabin according to her ladyship with accuracy, and also the present position of the still surviving party, which proved incorrect. He had sailed in May 1845 and during the winters

of 1847-48 the public anxiety increased. One relief expedition was sent in 1847, five in 1848, and three in 1849, and ten in 1850, two in 1851, and fourteen in the two following years. In 1850 traces of his first winter were discovered, and nothing further till spoons and other relics were discovered, and in 1854, when the clairvoyante professed to see him, he had long been dead.

Over the mantelpiece in the dining-room at Admiralty House is a small tablet recording the name of successive Admirals; it recalls that of Addington Manor, which originally formed part of Pitt's furniture in Downing Street, where [illegible] the eve of his last voyage, to end in his death at Trafalgar, [illegible]ched a rough plan of his operations, Pitt looking on. Webster drove me round calling as I thought on all society; not for a long while was dI made awarethat one had made some important omissions :it seems thatall the Catholic families had been passed by ' for my friend was Irish&

In summer some members of our Natural History Society, to which I have been elected, made an excursion this time to Blomidon, for a few days, passing through a scene made memorable by Evangeline; there still stand the ruins of a Chapel from which we treacherously carried off the Acadians; men, mothers and children, torn asunder and driven aboard different vessels as exiles.

We pass mounds on which under the pines are large clumps of Adiantum Pedatum, between which the white hollows in the chalk it loves, makes the scene more picturesque; a handsome fern and must be very hardy; it is well worth cultivation on our Southern Downs, as at Arundel.

In the Gulf the tide rises 40 feet; the shore dips down by rapid stages, like a many-terraced wall of red clay, and high and

dry are vessels left as if half in the air. We stayed in a small fishing village and sailed from Blomidon to botanize and examine the strata. In the forest we found one of the poisonous Rhus, the first I had seen, and were careful not to approach too near, especially to windward, its exhalations even cause an eczematous and even pustular rash; it is dangerous to touch, or even to smell; one of the more virulent species. Lawson (Professor of Nat.Hist.), contrived, with c to bringus a piece for our examination; Verni-cefer. one of the most irritant' supplies the transparent JapaneseVarnish* The name comes from its red(celtic ruddh)berry'% the ArabicSimaq' gives us ourSumach*The active principle is a non- volatile oil' very soluble in a alcohol; best removed by immediate scrubbing with soap (or alcohol) and water. A gul below is filled with stately Struthiopteris and Onoclea, and the shore is full of a Stachys.

Under Blomidon many gems are to be found, a few were picked up as we walked along the beach beneath the cliff; & our time was too valuable. Each succeeding year made our trip more enjoyable, as knowledge of Flora and Strata increased. The denuded rock in the Park and other places in Halifax, shows grooves scored by glaciers, which must have come down eighty miles, from Blomidon, for here these lines all converge.

This Park has, among the Abies, many Hemlocks (Tsuga Canadensis) shade loving, drooping and elegant. The tiny Linnaea, -named after Linne, creeps beneath the scrub, mostly Vaccinea; and in the swamp ugly Sarascenia lurks among Drosera, -curious little Sundew.

The green flange, or wing, along underside of leaf, serves as a guide to insects, attracted by the honey glands just inside the pitchers, and then entrapped by the hood that projects over the mouth; and below these a wazy smooth zone, beneath which is a second with depressed hairs, and at bottom a liquid in which the entrapped flies are drowned and digested ~~into manure~~. All around are Lastraeas, Novae Borascensis, and Thelypteras. In the woods along the Arm, Cypripedium Spectabile,- often of Clear Roas tint, and well worthy of cultivation and development,- thrives amid patches of Solomon's Seal; among clumps of Osmunda, Claytoniana (interupta Michx) and Cinnamonea,- the latter with pink and green stemmed varieties; along the Bedford Road, are splendid clumps of Lady-fern, (Athyrium filix foemina), the largest we have ever seen. Woodsia glabella is among the twenty species reported to have been found, but we were not so fortunate as to come across it; and years later a lady found Schizaea pusilla, which was unexpected.

In a Nursery are some crossings of Abutilon on Hibiscus, which preserves the foliage of the latter; the other cross is easy, but after several experiments on H. Dennisoniana, the pistil invariably broke off at the joint; the nurseryman worked on a hardier species; a summer amusement was crossing tuberous Begonias to fix the sport, and obtain a double, then a novelty.

A surprise party is a favourite device of the younger girls, who collect cakes and other refreshments and meet at the unconscious victimes house, of which they take possession, enjoy a rapturous evening, dance and sup, and retire with profuse thanks. Only next

day did I learn that my house had been chosen for the previous evening's frolic, but at the last moment some of the flappers had turned shy, and the company was diverted to another address. My predecessor had devoted himself to the girls, and with histrionic prostestations was wont to offer his hand and heart,- and very occasionally even the diamond ring off his finger,-till one long out of her teens, and now of somewhat scraggy appearance, whose chances were becoming desperate, took him in earnest and strove to keep possession of the ring; after which my friend restrained his pantomine, & the lady turned to making cakes, for whose excellence she has now attained some notoriety.

One of our Chaplains is ~~of//an~~ eccentric, but delivers an excellent extempore sermon, with an impressive dramatic action. which appeals to the soldier, pacing up and down the church, tugging at the sleeves of his surplice, or gesticulating with bared arm. But his broadmindedness is not appreciated by one of the Staff who reported him for not believing in Hell. To the Bishop he retorted: "If you believe in such a place, I hope you will find it to your liking"; which reminds one of Father O'Leary's more pithy rejoinder to a Protestant Bishop, who objected to Purgatory: "You may go further and fare worse". The subject cropped up whilst walking home from the Garrison service, when it appeared that eadh of my comrades did not believe in at least one article of the Creed.

The last Chaplain ranked as a Field-officer, and as this was novel, the sentries were instructed to render him the proper salute. When the Catholic Chaplain, one of the local

clergy, passed, the sentry, an Irishman, presented arms and was promptly called to account,: "He is not an Officer", Paddy replied "Sure an I trate 'em all alike!".

Now for the first time one experienced what I had so often seen, an attack of Ague; in church a sensation of sudden faintness so overcame me that I feared swooning might cause a sensation, and it was impossible to escape through the throng; I kept pinching myself vigorously, praying for the end of the service; then an acolyte assisted me into the presbytery, and I lay down in Father Murphy's roomm He wanted to send for the doctor; then I began shaking and cried: "All right, it's only ague"; as he afterwards confessedto his great relief. Somewhat later, when about to dress for a dinner-party, a sudden of distress seized me, and uncertain as to what might happen, I sent for my old friend, Major W...., who helped me to bed, there only to shake so violently that it was impossible to keep on the coverings; with perspiration came the welcome elucidation and relief; this uncontrollable shaking I had seen in Mauritius, but had never myself experienced, and did not know what it portended; these were the only two occasions.

One night the sudden glare aroused me; with houses of timber & fire is a serious matter, though wooden houses are really less perilous than solid walls, for in a very short time the sides can be torn down . Lewis(old fellow-student next door), also aroused, came under the window and told me that the Workhouse

was on fire; I had not heard the alarm, that tolls the number of the district in which the fire is located. Extra quarters had been timbered on the flat roof, and here cripples were housed; wood stacked near the furnace in the basement took fire, the draught sucked the flames up the ventilating shaft and set the wooden superstructure alight, thence it burnt downwards through the three stories; people were seen at the windows, suddenly a tongue of flame from behind struck them and they fell back bronzed corpses. But the porter had locked the outer door and gone home to the lodge, and there was a delay in getting an entrance; ultimately the Incumbent of St. Luke's fought his way inside through the suffocating smoke, only to be himself rescued, from the effects of which he never recovered. ~~Floor after floor burnt downwards, and there~~ There remained a skeleton building, and among the debris a few charred bones, which had brew burnt stage by stage as the flooring gave way.

The next interesting fire was in the General's quarters, now occupied by the Munsters as a Mess, where an oil lamp, lighted and left on his table to await the Officer's return, had exploded. It was mid-winter and the scene was weird. Within, the fire; without, the steam and smoke, and in the lurid glare firemen fantastically icicled, while the streams of water freezing into huge stalactites on the building gleamed like brilliants.

The first time I saw the Aurora Borealis, it seemed as though the Citadel was on fire; overhead, waves of soft colours moved in irregular sucession, through a gelatinous, semi-opaque,

for the brighter stars could be detected beyond; the spectacle was now and again varied by coruscations of brilliant colors, flashing from out the mass.

A ruddy haze in the southern sky, extending for some distance above the horizon, became noticeable on account of its persistency, for it continued through several months, and gave rise to much conjecture; it was found to be formed of dust thrown up by the great eruption of Krakatoa. In the Malay Archipelago, when two-thirds of the Island was blown away, and two new ~~islands~~ Islds thrown up, the wave formed was so gigantic as to spread as far as the English Channel? it rose 50 feet high, inundated Java and the neighbourhood, drowning 36,000 people; it even reached Cape Horn 7,800 miles away. The earthquake lasted two days and large quantities of fine particles of pumice were projected into the upper air that then spread all over the world causing the red sunsets of the succeeding year. The sky over Batavia, 100 miles away, was darkened so completely that lamps had to be used; and the explosions were heard in Mauritius 3,000 miles away.

At Maplewood small dances were very frequent; the General like ~~young~~ society, and other aid failing, would play for the young people on a barrel organ kept for such emergencies. After Christmas Lady Macdougal gave a fancy-dress ball, the characters to be taken from Scott, of whose works there appeared to be but one copy available; the old Greek dress, with some renovations, answered, only her ladyship, expedting to shake hands, did not understand my profound salaam. A subaltern R.E., who liked to appear eccentric, declined to take part, and appeared at Mess alone in uniform, for we all dined in costume, and afterwards sleighed through a mile of snow to Maplewood, An hour later the Captain appeared in blacksmith's attire, leather apron, etc, trying to carry a huge hammer which came painfully near some of our toes. Begrimed, and as if straight from the smithy, no-one could have seemed more out of place, and everyone avoided him. He

had borrowed his dress from a farrier, climbed the wooden fence, and walked through the snow with his hammer, and he now refused to go home with us, preferring to walk. Later he went to Bermuda with his two pet bull-dogs, called Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and lived on one of the islands. An expert swimmer, he was accustomed, though he had a sailing-boat, to carry his old clothes in a bundle on his shoulders, and swim across to call at Government House, dressing on the shore. He would, when sailing with the dogs, suddenly cry 'Over', and instantly overturning the boat, all were plunged in the water.

One day the boat, in the receding tide, was stranded on an island, J... swam to the dockyard and asked the Captain for a boat to be manned and sent to the rescue: "Anyone on board?". "Only Mr. and Mrs. Webster", replied our friend. Now there were two local Websters, his great friends, so the Captain at once himself went out to the rescue. Meantime the boat had drifted on the rising tide and an hour elapsed before they came up with it. "Where are the Websters?". asked the Captain. "There" replied J.M., pointing to the bull-dogs.

On New Year's Day it is customary to attend the Government House Reception in full dress, go on thence to the Archbishop's and Bishop's; then, after a rapid change into plain clothes, ~~and a~~ drive round from house to house, till about 6.30., you rest exhausted. With a relay of horses, Black, the A.G. and myself, accomplished forty-one, and halted at Mrs. C's,-a record we afterwards failed to beat. She and Mrs. M., a fascinating woman whose roundtable dinner, were celebrated, were prominent

leaders of society, were both childless and great friends,-one a Catholic, the other a Protestant; each seemed absorbed in the world, both died of cancer.

Early in the year my family arrived and landed on the anniversary of our wedding-day. That morning a young surgeon was married, and there was a large breakfast on the Arm. On return from his honeymoon, he said that he did not realise the position till at the theatre in New York he found that he had to take a second ticket for his wife. On his final departure were were assembled in a large party at the old Rink, and the young married pouple came there to say "Farewell", on their way to embark; for there were occasional evening parties on the Rink where dancing seemed more appropriate than in the daytime; it was really the social club of the Station. One afternoon was marked by the appearance of a young Naval Officer , who had just arrived in harbour after lunching with the R.I.R. at Wellington, appeared at the old Rink on skates, apparently for the first time, supported on either side by two of his hosts; he caused considerable diversion to most of us, by his gymnastics, for about every few yards he subsided, bringing down some of his supporters, yet again attempted to stiffen his ankles and start afresh; the more astonishing as he was a north-countryman. For skating and riding, if learned in childhood, are not easily forgotten; but in old days Christmas always brought a frost sufficiently prolonged to ensure some progress; remembering Kensington Gardens

ice and Sir W. Newton and other Members of the Club, conspicuous in evening dress with a silver skate in buttonhole, cutting figures which compared with many skaters here, were both graceful and simple.

Skating as a boy all alone on the ice, I was once submerged through passing over the same turn continually till the ice gave way, and I found myself in the water. Fortunately, I came up again through the hole - instinctively threw out my elbows which caught on the edge and supported me till my cries brought assiatance, and with a ladder I was rescued. But what most astonished me was that the water felt warm.

Muffening was an established custom, which sometimes ended in marriage; the pair were yoked for the season, and traps had only room for two; when the beautiful Miss St.J. was so persistently followed by the son of a distinguished Officer, her mother persisted in accompanying them whenever he called to invite her for a drive; it was the English view of the custom which roused society to such an extent that from this time the Muffening declined in favour.

A smart young Highlander, home on leave, in the depth of winter, was remarkable for riding about in patent leather shoes; but the youth, a fine young fellow, who caused havoc amongst the girls, was not so foppish as he seemed; The world's judgment is apt to be summary and harsh. He departed, and the beautiful girl,, with many disconsolate admirers, became a Catholic ; and preferring the role of Mary, sought refuge in the cloister; He went to make a name for himself alone; distinguished himself at Tel-el-Kabir and Tamai, and a few days later at Meterwich; he met all turns of fortune with a cheerful smile. Afterwards in India, unable to withstand the climate, he left the regiment and became a Queen's Messenger, but when the Boers declared War, he was permitted to join the Light Horse, and on one occasion, after the relief of Ladysmith, he crawled up a Kopje with his native orderly, and as

he was surveying a Boer lager in the further valley, he noticed close to him an enemy's vidette. Having no weapon, Harry put the glass to his shoulder and cried: "Hands up!"; and the burgher succumbed; but the latter was mercilessly chaffed by the Orderly for being caught in so slim a manner.

Our house soon becane so frequented by the boys from the ships that the new Admiral (Commerell), whom we remembered at Simonstown, called it the 'Middie's Home'. It seemed better that they should have some place to comt into, rather than lounge about demoralising Saloons, where "drinks" were the order of the day; they preferred cakes, and thoroughly enjoyed jars of preserved ginger. Generally susceptible to a pretty face,-and there were many here,-there was occasional tension; one, who went to see his father off at Rimouki, returned to the girl's home in mistake for his ship, where he was foolishly allowed to stay till sent for.

Of these youthful"flappers", many followed their elders into the Services, one who went out to South Africa to nurse her wounded hero, after his death in returning home met and captivated an aged nobleman whom she so invigorated as to surprise the world by presenting him with a son and heir. Of the grown-ups, some contented themselves with subalterns, feeling confident in their combined powers of winning their way, even to distinction; Field-Officers did not always escape , and even in the Fleet a Captain was captured. Rarely the entangled one returned from a visit home to plead that some maiden Aunt, or other moneyed relative, had made other arrangements and threatened to cut him off, so that he claimed release; in one of these cases the comrade who in his principal's

absence, had been keeping up the attentions of best man, threw himself in the breach, and married the girl. Among our Middie friends appeared the son of a former Officer commanding the V.D.Gds.; and a Chinese, Li-Ting-Singh, his pigtail rolled up out of notice, who adapted himself with tact to the novel surroundings and became very friendly; his visiting card of crimson paper occupied a quarter sheet. Ten years later, in China, now an Admiral, he used to entertain our daughter on board his ship.

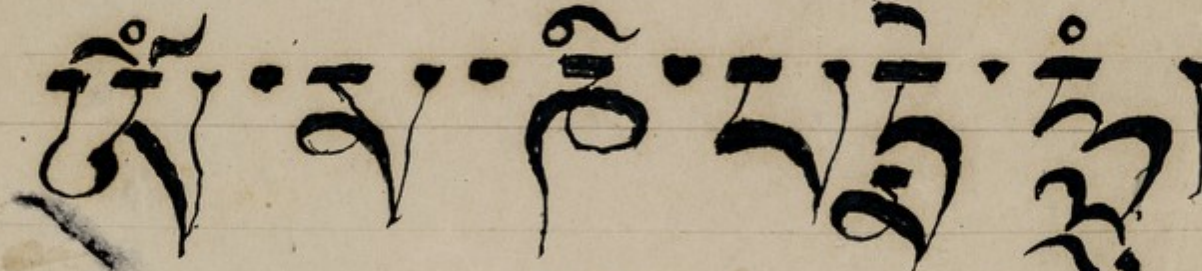
Among the Middies, Peter was distinguished for mechanical skill; often in returning on Cronin's boat, we would meet him on a timber log, his legs in two holes, with the sole member of his crew astride behind. He afterwards left the Service and devoted himself to Engineering, and especially to the development of a flying machine, through which he ultimately lost his life, and the construction of its miniature engine.

Another of the boys had the soubriquet of 'Fasie-old-stocking', through absence of good looks, and from one day, when about to go shooting, being unable to find his stockings, rushing on deck in search for the culprit, then returning to discover that he, like Tom in the Crimea, when the horses galloped in, had already put two on one leg.

Afternoon tea is an institution, every day is appropriated and society asserts itself, and Col. S...A.D.C., will go from house to house sipping his cup. The teapot rests in a cosy before the fire and stews, but if you want a weak cup, hot water is added. In China, the home of the finest flavours, the higher grade

teas sell from £20 to £50 a pound. A virgin tea used at weddings, made of sun-dried leaf, tied in three strands of coloured silk, ~~is not exported~~; its dried refuse is used as salad; but the choisest of all, a sweet tea grown in Western China, whose culture is kept secret, ~~is not~~ neither are exported. The pick of their teas goes overland to Russia, where the universal Samovar distributes it everywhere; occasionally a tin finds its way to England, and it is well worth tasting. Though cased in lead, tea is said to deteriorate in a long sea voyage, wherefore our grandmothers kept it in leaden caddies with two divisions, the smaller for green; but the trading imp suggested that it owed its peculair properties to being dried on copper, and green tea became tabooed in favour of the stronger and darker infusion of Indian.. It seems difficult now to realise that the first cup drunk in England was, it is believed, at Arlington House, on the site of Buckingham Palace. Tea was £3 per pound, or some eight pounds of our currency, but Lord Arlington soon made it a regular beverage amongst the wealthier classes.

Our sailor friends brought back collections of West Indian ferns to be named, with duplicates for myself; also some delicate dessert d'oyleys of lace bark, called Lagetto, prettily ornamented with bits of fern. The inner bark of this Lagetto, allied to Daphne, is easily separated, and by division of its vertical fibres, pulls out into a network not unlike lace. The original d'oyley was a linen quit-rent tablecloth, value three shillings, given yearly on Michaelmas Day to the Conqueror by a Norman follower,



Om' Mani Padmi Hung'.

Robert D'Oyley, for lands granted to him. This was used on State occasions at the Royal Table, and was therefore beautifully made by the ladies of the house..

On the Arm lived Mrs. Leon Owen, an intellectual lady who had spent many years at the Court of Siam, educating the young Princes; she always met you with the Thibetan salutation: "Om' Mani Padmi Hung" .

The scenery, especially in Autumn, was very beautifulfrom on the Southern shore, where fine houses commanded the constant view . From their windows the banks across the Arm were gorgeous as a Turkish carpet, and the brilliant colouring, softened by atmosphere, which proved impossible to reproduce on canvas; tints ranged from palest yellow to burnt Siennas, and through every tint of pink and crimson of the maples, splashed with intermediate bronzes of oak, and the whole set in massed shadowy firs; Ruskin has told us that in the clouds we are provided with an ever-varying picture, which is to all purposes above the heads of most of us; we see it so constantly that few ever notice it. Even the local colouring here is a study; the trunk of the birch, supposed to be white, is many-tinted where the outer skin has pealed off, hues of crimson soften the denuded patch. In the dining-room of the Arm (Franklin's) is a full-length of two trees that makes a splendid picture. But in the woods flashes a gleam of sunlight upon the whole, which is constantly changing colour; even the trunk of an ordinary fir, under the shade of its mass of leafage, has varied hues of scarlet and crimson. Looking at the woods, where maples and oaks are massed mid the stiff, dark

firs, graceful lightness is given by the drooping heads of the birch. Among the Oaks, Rubra, and the loftier Coccinea, both handsome, have long deeply-scalloped leaves that turn scarlet in Autumn, and those leaves with their brilliant tints persist till the severe frosts; the Celtic name of the Oak was Derw (Greek Drus),-whence Druid; but as it bore the holy miseltoe, it became known as Quercuez,-the fine tree, (Latin Quercus).

Mid this delightful scenery, many a romance was nourished, some to end,as happened at one of our picnics, in a friend sacrificing her life; for with possession in matrimony, romance is killed, or as in this case, dies out with her artistic tastes.

In the summer, besides yachting, there were frequent excursions and picniss from the harbour to Sambro and Mc-Nab Island, and occasional visits to the forts and experience of heavy firing in the casemates, an ordeal of reverberation and smoke. An old inhabitant, C. who often took us out for a sail down the harbour and returning would lift a lobster, ~~catch it and help himself~~. So abundant were they that the story goes of a newly-arrived Officer sending his man with a shilling to buy one, and he brought a barrow full; loungers in the streets were constantly eating them.

A warm evening would be agreeably spent on the Arm, whilst the enthusiastic speared them on the bottom, others holding the lights, and all wiling away the late hours with love-making and song. By the aid of a cedar-torch the lobster can be seen crawling about below; then you spear them just behind the fore-arms, bring them up sprawling with legs and claws, and thrown them into the bottom of the boat. He is a most pugnacious animal, living in a hole awaiting his

prey, and treating every oncomer, even one of its own species, as a foe; which accounts for the many maimed lobsters we pick up, their antennae nipped off close to the head, and those who have cast their shell bearing marks of serious injury. Another delicacy, the oyster, is as plentiful; it comes in an ordinary apple barrel, and the remnant is turned into salt water and fed with oatmeal.

Apple orchards here are abundant, the trees are all young, and are carefully pruned and looked after, and the fruit gathered and assorted for the barrels. The colouring is deeper than in our home varieties, though the flavour is said to be richer in the less painted kinds.

At the Historical Society Meetings, an unusually interesting paper was read by an old inhabitant, but was not published. A merchant noticed an Indian boy who seemed ill with a cough, and had Him treated at the Dispensary; he came into the Settlement frequently and appeared so grateful that the merchant took a fancy to him, and eventually retained him in his service. A widower with an only daughter, he was warned by neighbours of the increasing intimacy between the young people, so he dismissed the boy to his wigwam, and somewhat later came home to hear that the daughter had gone off with the Indian. Seizing such arms as they could, he and his servants followed in pursuit, and at the brow of the hill caught sight of the Indian carrying a girl across the log that bridged the washerwoman's stream that still runs down the centre of the plain. He put her down and wrenched the log into the water, and taking up the girl hurried on up the slope, and disappeared in the woods that then covered all the intervening space down to the Arm. Arrived there they caught

sight of the Indian in a canoe, just pushing off into the stream. One of the party knelt down and was just about to fire, when the father stopped him, lest his daughter should be hurt; and the canoe disappeared in the shadows.

A year elapsed, and early one morning a tiny infant was found deposited on the lone father's doorstep, a little girl; and on her breast a note had been fastened; the mother had died, worn out by hardships to which she had not been accustomed, through which romance had vanished. The broken-down merchant brought up his granddaughter and gave her a good education; she grew up a beautiful and accomplished girl, and married a Naval Officer; which reminds one of the story of Pochontos, the Indian lady buried in England. Not many Indians are seen in town now; on Sundays a few, generally old, come in to Mass, and squat on the Church steps afterwards till Vespers; their long faces and prominent noses and bead-like eyes and sleek black hair lying so smooth round their coppery complexions. The French endeavoured to Christianise the Indian, we on the contrary toexterminate them as vermin, whether half-civilised or not. Parkman's works were most interesting reading, and throw a new light on the history of our contest with the French in North America, and on the efforts of the Jesuits to convert the natives.

The air here and in the States is thought to be more electrical than in Europe, and the dry winter is especially attended by evidences of such, as by sliding the feet on the carpet to charge the body, so that you can light a gas jet by the spark from one's finger; Blanche can do this at any time by taking off her shoes and glid-

ing along the carpet for frictional excitement, and she thinks there is nothing uncommon in the power.

Polson, a Norwegian, arrived and exhibited some splendid evolutions on the Rink; it was the Exhibition, our old placed had been evolved into a roller rink. He would rush round and round until he had gained sufficient momentum, then turning into the centre, pirouetto on one toe and gradually lower the body till he squatted and stretched out one hand and appeared like a tea-pot spinning. So wonderful were his performances that Lord Russell, the General, presented him with a cup. Skating on the Arm was exhilirating, for racing especially, but the surface, was too undulating and roughened by occasional snow, while the length was scarcely sufficient for ice-boats.

For sport the ladies' costume is as serviceable as it is becoming; of loose fitting balnket neatly bound with bright-coloured ribbon, and a tassled cap. Tobogganning is a more sociable amusement, and young Officers vie with each other in gymnastic feats, going down heels in the air, across a rough valley and up the other side; a sport our genial Padre was very keen on, till one Saturday evening he collided with another tobogan coming up nearly spent; as his foot was severely injured an operation was necessary, when a splinter of the other tobogan was found embedded in the sole; reminding me of my own accident when the ball of my great toe was driven into a similar position.

Sir Selby Smith, whose son is in the R.I.R. quartered here, arrived on a visit; he was acting-Governor in Mauritius on our arrival there; and we had talks about those days; he said:- "We always

attributed those letters criticising our action in keeping your people in Quarantine for so long whilst measles or a similar disease, due as was said to overdosing with quinine, was prevalent in the Island, to you". "Yes", I said, "I know that those letters were attributed to me at the time, and in fact was asked officially whether I had written them, and told the Colonel that I declined to answer so absurd a question, but I could assure him as a friend that I had never written to any paper on any military subject; had I written on such a theme, it would have been to the Senior Medical Officer. Later, in 1905, I met Tom O'Dwyer and he also told me that those letters were attributed to me; I said they could not have been written by an educated medical man.

Sir Donald Stewart also came on a visit to the General, and we had several interesting conversations about India; for Boyce Coombe was his Military Secretary, "the best", so he said, "he had ever known". The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne came down, and there was a series of festivities; after dinner at the General's, all drove up to Admiralty House to a ball.

The boys in the flagship brought down a beaver; he was very sociable and disliked being alone. Pit-pat on the stairs announced his coming and he would wander about under the table and touch your feet to remind you of his presence, and if neglected would whine like a child. But it proved difficult to keep him at home, even with his roof heavily weighted; and one morning he sud-

denly appeared out of the roadway and frightened a tradesman who was driving past. Another time he tumbled through into a field opposite. But one day his bath was not sufficiently heated, and he succumbed to inflammation of the lungs.

Another pet was a Newfoundland dog, Bounce, which a sailor friend's family could not take home; left with us, he attached himself to our little boy, to whom he became devoted, never taking eyes off the child playing in the snow.

One had often come across mishaps in Military building; at Aldershot, where the stairs to the Mess-room were forgotten, and in India, where at Pindi in an earthquake region, barracks were built from plans designed for Scotland. Here Government sold the valauble central site of the Garrison Library and with a portion only of the money, built another in the Colonel's compound, under the C.R.E's plans and personal supervision. When the building was approaching completion we found that there was no means provided to reach the Librarian's quarters, and a narrow stair had to be built in the passage, which blocked the entrance. Then, when the Reading Room was completed, there was insufficient light and the windows had to be altered.

When the Admiral (Gommersall) was leaving for the last time, he challenged the C.R.A. that he would run his flag-ship past York Redoubt without damage, and mid great excitement with crowds of observers, he kept so close in that the guns could not be lowered to take aim, and scored.

One evening in walking home with the Chaplain after service, he had spoken of our Church as a branch of the Catholic Church, and the Times we were passing under set me thinking, for every branch was in visible union with its trunk, whose sap it depended upon for sustenance. If the Roman, as eldest was accounted the trunk, neither Greek nor Anglican branches are in union with it, and are not nourished by its sap. All three cannot be branches, and trunkless; but how if our branch be severed?

At one of the dances on board the flagship Northampton, being less devoted to such exercise than the Chaplain, he took me to his cabin for a rest, and on the shelves was Colin Lindsay's book written after his conversion. He was president of the E.C.U. to which I had belonged from its early days. Now for the first time I began to realise the strength of the Roman claims, and on referring to his authorities, it seemed that we had been deceived; the Branch theory was inconsistent with history, and is moreover false, since the union of a branch with the trunk is visible to all and should it grow after separation, it produces precisely the same foliage, flower and fruit as the parent; every branch is nourished by the same sap, ascending and descending from the same root. But with neither the Roman nor Greek Branches, are we united. We had failed to believe in the Catholic Church as One, especially in our Nicene Creed where One is spelt without a capital and not read as Unam. To examine each article of faith as we have been doing all our lives, is waste of time, and what only the few can

attempt; we have to find the True Church established by Christ, and entering it, to obey whatsoever it teaches. But the Catholic Church founded on Kephas is to endure for ever; there could only be one answer as to where that Church is now.

Founded on Kephas, it was divided into three Patriarchates Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome, which is the seat of Peter, became the Papacy; later Jerusalem in honour and C.P. through ambition, were also elevated. England therefore not only revolted against the Papacy, but also against the Western Patriarchate. Why then were we taught that the old Church buildings did not belong to us, and that Our Lord, when He told Peter that His Church should be founded upon Him, must have pointed to Himself!

The True Church must be <u>One</u>, <u>Holy</u>, <u>Catholic</u>, and <u>Apostolic</u>; <u>One</u> under One Head, St Peter, appointed by Christ (MattXVI 18-19) and his successors, so that, as was said of old, "Where Peter is, there is the Church". The Anglican Church is certainly not Catholic, but National; and historically, is not Apostolic, any more than is the Greek. Neither is it One in teaching; what High assert, Broad and Low, deny; according to the Gorham judgement it is permissible to hold diametrically opposite opinions on the initial Sacrament of Baptism.. Contrary to both Greek and Roman <u>branches</u> it holds that there are only two Sacraments: anyone can see what has been the result of degrading that of Matrimony. It persists in translating the Greek <u>musterion</u> as mystery, though its Latin equivalent and Christian signification is <u>sacramentum</u>, our

sacrament; so it is used in Greek Office Books.

Catholic in Time, place, Doctrine, and numbers; not a National Church as was that of the Jews, which God destroyed; the soul of the Black, or the Red man, is as dear to God as that of the White, and people of all Nationalities formed part of the earliest congregations.

Jesus Christ also appointed a body authorised to teach, giving them all power (Math: 28-18.20. Mark 15. Ephes. 4-2:) whereby He instituted an Ecclesia Docens, to preach to every creature, and teach all things He had commanded. There the commission was to them as a body, and not as individuals, who could not fulfil it in their natural life time, and the promise is to be "with you all days to the consummation of the world", an event still future, whereas the Apostles have been long dead. The body of teachers were then a Corporation, identified with the Apostles; therefore a body that still exists, as St. Paul (Eph 4-2 with 1 Cor. 12-28) for perfection of the saints (Eph. 4.12-15)

The command to teach implies necessity for obedience. "He that believeth not shall be condemned" St.Mark 16, 16. The Teacher was to be infallible; "He shall teach you all things and also bring to your remembrance all things whatsoever I have said to you" (26). Our Lord put the Apostles in His place on earth, in His Divine Mission and in the office of teaching, "As my Father hath sent me, so send I you". "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me". St.Luke 10,16-St.John 20,21.

It is infallibly certain, then, that God has established an infallible and indefectible Church ministry, or Ecclesia Docens commanded it to teach all nations and individuals, all things whatsoever He has revealed, and commanded all nations and individuals to submit to it, to believe, to observe, obey, whatsoever it teaches as the revelation of God. Which then is this ministry, this Ecclesia Docens, of the promise?

It cannot be the Greek Church, which was formerly in communion with Rome, and made with it one Coporation. The Roman Church was then the True Church, or it was not; if not, the Greek Church is false in consequence of its having been in communion with a false Church. If it was, the Greek Church is false, because of its separation from the True Church. So in either case the Greek Church is false, and its Ministry, not that Apostolic ministry which inherits the promises. The same reasoning will apply to all the Oriental sects, and to all Protestants; therefore the Roman Catholic ministry is that Apostolic Coporation, which can be no other.

If you object that it was Rome which separated from the Greek Church, it is historically certain that the Greek Church, prior to its final separation, agreed with the Roman on those matters (Papal Supremacy and procession of the Holy Ghost) which were made pretexts for separation, when the Greek Church denied what she had before assefted, while Rome continued to assert the same doctrine, after as before; therefore the Greek Church was the dissentient party. Prior to the separation the Greek

Church agreed with the Roman in submitting to the Papal authority, while the Roman continued to submit to it; therefore the Greek Church was the separatist.

If you insist that the act of separation may indeed have been formally the act of the Greek Church ,yet the separation was really on the part of Rome, who corrupted the faith, and rendered separation necessary for purity sake of the Christian Church. But if this be so, the Gr.Ch. participated in whatever corruptions Rome had been guilty of during their intercommunion, which if they vitiated the Latin, they equally vitiated the Greek. Therefore both have failed, and the True Church which we have seen is indefectible must have been somewhere else. Then the Gr.Ch. could have become the True by coming into communion with that Church, but she came into communion with none; therefore she is false. And the same argument will apply to other bodies, as the Anglican*

What originated the Greek schism? The see of CP. was in origin, not Apostolic, a Bishoprick of the Roman patriarchate which through jealousy of Rome and ambition, proclaimed itself a Patriarchate, for which ultimately it obtained the papal sanction. Ignatius the P. (himself of the Imperial house), at Christmas publicly refused Communion to another member of it, for living in incest, and was promtly banished to one of the Prince's islands. The Emperor reported to the Pope that the P. had resigned through infirmity, and appointed his own Secretary ,Photius, who within six days, contrary to the Canons, was advanced from layman through all

*Brownson Essays.

the grades, to Patriarch, and wrote to the Pope asking him to sanction the appointment: Thus acknowleging his Supremacy .

Meanwhile Ignatius' followers were persecuted, and some at length reached Rome with the real account; whereupon the Pope excommunicated Photius. When at length the breach became determined and pretexts were wanting, dogma was introduced, . Photius defied the Pope and sought to justify his position by bringing charges against the Roman Church of adding filioque to the Creed of Nicea, in a Council at which no Greeks were present; and the double procession. The Greek Church which had hitherto for 9 centuries submitted to Rome, separated because her appeal was given against her.

In fact down to the schism, the Greeks admitted the Roman primacy, and when in 484 the Emperor Xeno and the Patriarch of C.P. and Alexandria, were excommunicated by the Pope, the terms upon which the excommunication was withdrawn by Pope Hormesdas, included an explicit acknowledgement of the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiff.

Now with my wife's consent I resolved to submit to the Catholic Church, and to the authority of the Pope as Vicar of Jesus Christ. I had for years been dissatisfied with our position in Christendom, after much investigation had come to the conclusion that nothing similar to the English Church could be discovered in the first centuries, that her Orders were at least doubtful, her voice uncertain, and even contradictory, and that texts of controversy had, on referring back to the originals, been tampered with,

though possibly reproduced afterwards in good faith,-and lastly that the evidence as to the Petrine authority was unanswerable .

Well has Lady G.Fullerton described this transition stage of conflict,-

> "For thy deep love my spirit yearned, but trembled at thy creed.
>
> And longing still to pluck the flower, refused to sow the seed".

How eagerly used we to read her books, and what an example she set us in taking that crossing sweeper's pitch whilst he got some food.

Received by the Archbishop I felt conscious of a wonderful peace and certainty. The T.M's. Coachman was received the same evening, so the news leaked out: the painful part came on Sunday, when we parted at the crossroads, my wife to Chapel and I to the Cathedral; but this wore off. I was confirmed with Major G.R.F. Henderson, also a recent convert, of worldwide reputation as expert on principles of war; of whom Roberts frankly says that to his lessons he greatly owed the conception which enabled him to bring the Boer War to a satisfactory conclusion*.

One of the Staff seriously asked what had induced me to take such a step at my time of life, and my reasons were written down for his instruction; but after some consideration they failed to convince him, and shortly after he joined the Freemasons. Lord Ralph Kerr wrote: "I had long known that you were, if anything, a Catholic at heart..... .How I wish you had been one while we were serving together in the 10th; it would have been such a blessing

*Henderson Science of War. Preface).

to the Regt., though you were always good and kind to Catholics; then, too, your children would have come with you naturally, accustomed as they were to the society and ways of Catholics: now you will have to pray all the harder for wife and children, that they may have the blessing which God, in His wonderful goodness, has bestowed on you: truly He has waited on and followed you, as a wandering sheep; if anyone is to blame it is I, more than any, who had so little zeal for souls and so little love of God, that I left you to go on without ever trying to speak a word of help. We might have been on familiar terms in religious matters, but out of human respect, I refrained, and now the good God has taken it into His own hands. I dare say He will let you have trouble, but so had He; and you will bear it for His sake; these blessings rarely come without your paying for them in earthly trouble. .....You knew of course, that Slade a year before his death, was received into the Church, and lived a very holy life in the Regt, till killed at Eltob. I wish we three had all been Catholics together" (Oct.15. 84).

It was not God(s purpose, why who can say, finite beings as we are. Why was not Slade converted before he was tempted? Why was not I spared the follies of Natal ?

Monte, whom we remember at Marri as very friendly with the wife of an official absent in the plains, like himself musical, became too intimate, and fled to this side of the waters to avoid the ire of an outraged husband; (but matters were arranged and he

rejoined in time for the Egyptian campaign. He became a Catholic, and exemplary; in a charge his horse was hamstrung by an Arab lying on the ground, and he seems to have run for some distance shouting, but unheard; a little later his mangled body was found. He left a journal which Lady Ann tells me might have been written by a Saint of old -it seems as though he was taken before he could again fall into temptation.

Soon after one of our girl intimates became troubled with doubts, and went to consult the Bishop, taking my wife as chaperon. She brought his replies to me and I showed her that in some cases the quotations were falsified, and in others effectively answered. Then he gave her a History of the Church of England to study, which she also brought. Opening the book casually I read out: " It was founded by Henry 8th etc". "That is enough", she said, and took back the volume. "Oh", said the Bishop, "I have not read it, but had I known, I would have not given it to you". An Anglican Bishop says very pertinently, that the chief business of the English Church is to confess", "I don't know".

Not satisfied with his answers, they determined to go to the Archbishop, with whom I had become friendly, his library was at my service, not knowing that in the next room, my wife with her friend was in frequent consultation with hid Grace, until in listening to the argument she had herself become unsettled, and finally convinced. Both were received, and the girl became a Nun, but the elaborate Anglican banner of a Lamb my wife was working for St.Luke's was completed. It seemed there were always persons under

instruction, who were quietly received unnoticed by the world. At my wife'd last interview with our friend, the Archdeacon, he for some time endeavoured to dissuade her, but when she told him of her settled conviction as a duty to join the True Church, his whole maner changed, and with a smile he gave her his blessing,- "Go and peace be with you-happy could I but follow, but I have too many ties",- he had a wife and family, and they proved too strong.

In the vital importance of submission it is never safe to delay; the Bishop of W. had for some time been trying to make up his mind and follow relatives into the Church, thereby foregoing advancement, when death unexpectedly intervened. At Rome he consulted with Cardinals, and among other things, was curious as to the evidence required for canonisation. Some papers were handed to him which he attentively perused. "Yes", he remarked returning them, "these are very satisfactory". "On the contary " he was informed, "they had been rejected". The position in front was too tempting, but ere the primacy was vacant, in his morning ride he was thrown to the ground,-killed on the spot. When Henry Wilberforse went over, someone remarked, "I could understand Sam with his proclivities doing so, but that Henry should believe in a winking virgin , is hard to understand." "Macauley said, "if Sam were to give up his prospects in the Church, and become a Catholic, well might the Virgin wink."

Now the force of Newman's words came home"; "One thing is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Christian

ity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there was a safe truth, it is this"And again"; "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go".

A controversy now sprang up in the local papers, originated by a Presbyterian Minister, whose encyclopedic assertions were exposed by C. (as he supposed the Archbishop), but in reality Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, (C) and which helped to dissipate much misrepresentation.

Our youngest daughter went to school at the Sacred Heart Convent, where we went to midnight Mass at Christmas, and to the reception of a postulate, both novel and impressive experiences. Next year we went to the Mount for Christmas, and Father Mc.Isaac put me up, an old chaplain, with the reputation of a saint; for he had once been summoned to give the last Sacrament at a distant house and coming to a Lake found himself straight borne across to ~~find himself~~ arrive in time. How, he knew not, nor will he refer to the event. Miracles are not acceptable to the self-satisfied philosophy of our age, science easily disposes of whatever seems to contravene the laws of the Universe, to which even the Creator Himself must submit. At Lourdes are recurring weekly, cases which seem inexplicable by any other cause, after most careful scrutiny; few hear of them, and none go to observe the holy house of Loretto, a standing miracle.

Because a Duke's son taken from shrine to shrine, subject of many prayers, receives no material benefit, the world scoffs,

and like the Jews will not see, but unlike them is not judicially blinded.

A Potato was shown us having on its cut surface a red picture representation of the Sacred Heart, which seemed to be painted; soaked in water however the picture only came out more distinctly. The lot from which it was taken had been brought from Newfoundland and this being larger than usual had been cut in two; others of the lot remaining were now halved, and showed the same picture. The source was now traced to a field in which a stolen Pyx was found buried. On another occasion we saw some beans with similar painting inside; they had come out of another field with a similar story.

At Orvetto, from whose vineyard most of the Roman wine is supplied, there is still kept the bloodstained Corporal of the miracle at Bolsana some 12 miles off, exhibited on this day and on Easter Sunday, for in 1264 during Mass at Bolsana the Priest after the consecration, spilt some drops from the Chalice on the Corporal, which he carefully folded, but through all the folds was a stain not of wine, but blood. The Pope Urban IV. then at Orvieto moved by the miracle, approved of the feast of Corpus Christi, and for it St.Thomas Aquinas wrote those grand hymns Pange Lingua, Laud Sion and Adoro te devote -½ In 1311 the feast was made universal.

Father B.told us of the wife of a Cheshire Bart, who became a Catholic, and on sitting down to dinner, blessed herself; whereon he asked what she did that for. She told him, and order-

ing her to leave the house, he escorted her into the hall; her maid rushed for a cloak, and as she passed out threw it over her shoulders. Not daring to seek shelter in the Lodge, she went to the village and there stayed there for the night. Then she found her way to London, and lived on the sale of her ornaments; till when almost in want, her need came to the ears of Cardinal Manning who sent her abroad as a governess. Also that near Shrewsbury, whilst digging for some repairs to an old Mansion, they came upon an underground passage that led to a room under the garden, in which was the skeleton of a priest sitting in his chair at the table. On some alarm he had fled to sanctuary and never rescued, had been starved to death.

The Bishop of A....is a very diminutive man, and so rotund that he cannot reach his shoes: one morning he went into the Cathedral pulpit there, and missing his footing on the special stool placed for him, suddenly subsided; when he reappeared he gave out the apropos text, "Be not afraid it is I". One morning as we were calling on the Archbishop we heard someone struggling with difficulties in the next room, it was the little man vainly attempting to tie his shoe-strings; " Your Grace", he exclaimed, "I have not seen my feet these 17 years". On the Archbishop's return from Rome, a large party met him at Truro and a procession of carriages escorted him to a Te Deum at the Cathedral. The Pope took a cameo off his table and sent it to me.

The British Association paid us a visit, and amongst other places of interest was the gold industry at Dartmouth, and

several of us went down the shafts, round which were piled lumps of quartz showing nuggets of gold. On a portion of the Common in Halifax are still some excavations, where a gold reef was struck but did not pay.

Our latest wedding has really ended "in amazement". The bride's mother was roused by her daughter, who had only just left a convent school, rushing up in night attire; at her husband's approach, in nervous fright she had jumped out of bed, and seizing a dressing gown rushed through the streets. As she refused to return they left next morning for her old home. The husband failed to get the unconsummated marriage declared void, and when after some months she regained her senses and desired to come back, thinking himself a laughing stock, he declined to receive her; "and never they two met again".

At dinner one night at the General's, a Medical Officer, who often dined there, came in plain clothes to find a full dress banquet, and disappeared, as his wife explained to her Ladyship on a sick call, for which when further interrogated, with womanly sympathy, she elaborated a detailed excuse. When the Doctor appeared in uniform my Lady anxiously enquired after the sufferer, to his bewilderment; but being Irish, he was equal to the occasion -his readiness carried him through the ordeal which ended in a hearty laugh over the supposed sick child.

Col.F.R.Rowcroft's son is up country and his mother is distressed by his letters, for he has to live through the long winter

by receiving food for vice. When my old friend last wrote from Shillong in April /82, he was crippled with rheumatism and in horrible pain, the result of two year's campaigning in Affghanistan, a hot muggy climate where Orchids revelled, in which I should have delighted, and hoped to come home, which he did but only to die. The boy had enlisted in the X.R.H. thinking that a gentleman's troop was being formed, and was posted to that of J.P.N.. As he gave his own name he was at once recognised. The father on his arrival home purchased his discharge, and sent him out to the North West. He came down and stayed with us waiting embarkation home, and showed an intimacy with Cavalry life that puzzled me, till in his last evening he acknowledged to the above history. At home he married a girl with money and came out again to start a paper in the North West.

On the steps of the Cathedral may be regularly seen Indians notable for their long hair; it is astonishing to find that so many of these original inhabitants are Catholic* It was on St* Johns Baptists day 1610 that the first baptism in the Dominion took place' that of Memberton' Chief of the Mickmaws at Annapolis then PortRoyal; followed gradually by the whole tribe; the starting point of the Church in this country*The Frenlh ' of cource ' endeavoured to civilise them' whearas we preferred extermination; now the Catholic Indians are extremely numerous*

Seeing one morning an announcement of the arrival of the Hon.Chas.L I went to find it was indeed ~~my~~ friend of the Lancers, come down from Montreal to go to the West Indies. He came back to stay with us and in the afternoon we went to Admiralty House, where Clanwilliam offered him a passage in the flagship. Charlie however died of ~~the~~ hemorrhage just before reaching Jamaica.

Early in January came our turn to leave . My eldest daughter wanted to stay at the Mount and enter, but the Archbishop advised us to take her home and throughly test whether she had a vocation. Poor Bounce had again to be provided for and we found him a comfortable home with the Christian Brothers recently established on the Arm, where, without his seeing us, we noticed him playing and contented. Sir Ambrose and Lady Shea, Lady Alexander Russell, and Col.amd Mrs.Black, came home with us, and we had a delightful passage. Sir Ambrose had from Newfoundland been transferred as Governor to the Bahamas, where he utilised a troublesome weed unto useful fibre.

Then we came in sight of land - Torv Island-(Ter Innis

Then we came an sight of land Tor Inis' where the Fomorians had a fortress whence their Chief Coran pillaged the neighbouring coast; from them the Nemesians previously arrived from Scythia suffered great hardships; they succeeded in destroying the Fortress with its Chief &

his children; but shortly after another leader arrived with 60 ships & the usual complement of thirty warriors each; and in another battle' & both parties were nearly exterminated* The Nemedians are thought to have introduced the worship of Dia and Ana' really ehe mysterious Tuathaade & Danaan tribes for which Nemed was probably another name' his wife being Macha' equivalent to Ana* Later these Fomarians fought a great battle with these better armed Tuatha at Mag Tuires near Lough Arrow where many graves and pillars still exist*

The Fomorians used the Liac ' or headstone' whereas the Carnt is invariably associated with the Firbolgs who seem to have come from Britain under five chiefs; ehe principal one setling at Erris in Mayo' & where they subdued the whole country before the arrival of the Tuatha de Danaa & who contested a supremacy with them at Moytura in Mayo with great slaughter' a nd drove the survivors out of the country*

J.W. was alone in Orme Square, my old friend away at Eastcote. The X.R.H. were at Aldershot. We spent a day with the Napiers, a few doors from where we ourselves had lived; and from the old Messrooms of so many reminiscences in 1859 and 1880, we went to see the window placed in All Saints by the Regt. to the memory of our friend Cornish, a description of which his old father was proud to receive; Buldoo, Allsopp, and the rest who were in Camp came to tea.

Of course we went to Kew where in the nursery are a lot of the Pines from my Lalalahabad seed, named after me, but which were later recognised as a known species.

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CHRRTER XXVI.

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THE SOUTH OF IRELAND RE-VISITED.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

I R E L A N D R E - V I I S I T E D.

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Ireland is the only country in Europe not invaded by the Romans, or sufferer from barbaric incursion; whose Schools were the resort of Continental Europe when we Saxons painted on wood. Soon we were awakened to the difference; at the station my son, carrying a sword, was stopped by the police; arms might not be carried without a license; we were in a new country.

We were not long at the Imperial before we passed a p pallid face that reminded one strangely of a Captain in the XXth, our next-door neighbour, of whose death we heard long ago; more sure on the second occasion, I nect time confronted him: "If not E.... you must be his ghost",- but he proved to be flesh and blood of whitest complexion. On the bridge, where loungers congregate after Mass, in spite of the stench arising from accumulated deposit at the mouth of the Patrick St. sewer,-once a river,- he pointed out the old carpenter of H.M.S. Tamar, and we asked him who gave the ill-timed order to measure Captain W's baby for a coffin before it was dead, which we had failed to find out at the time: "The Captain", he replied.

Our home was above the main street of the spreading Lee
that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork in its divided flood.

of old called Coreach, more Numhan, Great Marsh of Munster, and which the flooded Lee converted into Loch Ire. The suburb, Sunday's Well, owes its name to a vaulted spring on the road-side at foot of the hill, celebrated for many virtues, but become such a nuisance that it has been lately closed. My wife's sister, who has also become a Catholic, came over to live with us; her two little girls and our youngest went to the Loretto Convent at Fermoy, where a neighbour, Miss P..., in Muttra, has long since entered and beyond increasing stoutness, is little changed. The river soon became alive with boats and canoes; but its channels had dangerous holes mainly useful for retreat of the salmon but which added the zest of danger; our little boy in trying to turn the smaller, was upset into one of them, and being fortunately rescued was carried into Lee Hall, and resuscitated.

On the brow above us stands St. Vincent's Monastery, with an imposing front towards the river; there is a good library and Father Burton, a former Professor at Maynooth, with shholarly tastes, is ever ready to assist me. He himself is busy with the Life of St. Augustine, inspired by his second North African tour, and we have calculated the Saint's height for him, from dimensions of his radius; the publication brought him into friendly correspondence with the poet, Bishop Alexander. Some years af-

ter Father Gaynow wrote: "Since you left and Father Burton went where all historical doubts are cleared up" (he used occasionally to consult me on historical questions), "the big tomes are seldom disturbed. You and he kept the dust from settling on them".

Opposite, on an eminence, embowered in stately trees, stands Queen's College; its masonry not yet mellowed by age; a group of buildings mediaeval in character, built on ancient models with similar teaching staff, and fairly equipped, but with a residential quarter empty, students live as, and where, they please, and therefore cannot possess that strong corporate feeling which animates the members of an old college. Taught without being trained, their character is left to form itself, and in cases that came under my observation, the rudimentary education left much to be desired. The College has a fine library of 25,000 volumes, that in the Great Hall of 1,200 given by Mr. Crawford, contains many rare books, including the Byzantine Historians in folio, with puzzling compound letters, over which I spent many hours.

One afternoon in looking through a newly arrived parcel of books in the library, I was interested in a French work on Eastern Europe which gave details of the carrying away of the inhabitants of Thessaly and their replacement by others from the opposite coast; they were deported through the slavemarket in Constantinople' even before its capture till at length there were none left but aged and infirm, and the ground remained untilled; there was consequently no revenue. The district was repopulated by importations from the opposite coast of Asia, and in fact there are scarce any pure Greeks save those in the Islands.

plant houses, where already the floor has had to be sunk to accommodate the Bamboos and Browneas, there is a rare hybrid, cross between Brownea and Saracca; interesting, for I had lately been trying to hybridise Abutilon on Ribiscus Dennisonia without success, though we had seen such hybrids, preserving the Hibiscus character; the other way, on to Abutilon was easily effected. One of the rare trees in the grounds is a Salisburia (adiantifolia) from its remarkable fan-shaped leaf, whose native name, Giniko, has been resp

tored on the old specimen at Kew; A Genus of itself, very near the Yew, whose fossil leaves have been identified in the Jurassic from Oregon, but which has never been found wild; even in China it is essentially a plant of Temple enclosures,- where the ancient vegetation has been retained,- more than in populated parts elsewhere. It flourished ere our seeded plants were developed with the Cycad Balms, when giant reptiles inhabited the world and our coal-fields were not yet laid. Below in the jail, a retired Army Surgeon is awaiting execution for poisoning his wife; he some few years ago served here; in the office there is a book in which Philip E. Cross is written in a cramped lady's hand, as if scratched with an etching pen. That horrid morning will never be forgotten, it seemed as if I were in magnetic connection with the cell, and sound sleep was impossible. How long it seemed to 8 o'clock and then, when the awful bell tolled one shuddered; yet Cross and I had never met. Strange that the prison Doctor is also a retired Army Officer. According to gaol authorities, hanging takes nine seconds to effect death, and victims have even been resuscitated afterwards.

There is also the old Cork library of miscellaneous literature, of whose Committee I was elected a member, sadly crippled for space and capital, and chiefly used by novel readers, though occasionally a visitor comes over from London to consult some rare volume, for I found scarce and expensive books lying in the attics under increasing masses of debris. The Librarian was

a staunch Catholic who attended Mass every morning at the Dominican Church where his only son was a priest; but loving the library as a home, at his age he was an obstacle to any change, as an Irish landlord. When some six years later he was superannuated, and soon after died, the world was astonished that he left ten thousand pounds, but I have never known a man so unworldly and so respected, an active worker in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, modelled on the Jewish. His comrade was a man of means, for in each district a poor man was visited by at least two gentleman and a woman by two ladies, who gave relief for immediate necessity, so that no one need starve. The really needy were provided with the necessaries of life,- an admirable mode of distributing charity.

Not far beyond was the old Abbey and University, one of the three great schools of the age, whence evangelists spread throughout the neighbouring lands, so that there is not an important Continental city in which some Irish scholar or saint is not still revered. The Abbey was a source of evangelisation, to which Dungarvan owes its name, and through Brother Garvan its faith; another, Coleman, became Missioner Bishop and Patron Saint of Cloyne, Fachnan of Ross and Nepan of Mungret; another Coleman of Elsory and Brian of St. Brienne in France; St. Finbarr became patron of Caithness and gave his name to the isle of Barra, in Scotland.

The most important institution was undoubtedly the Christian Brothers' Schools, where each class-room had its walls

covered with pictures of animal structure and classification, plant life and botany, etc., raw materials in every stage of their manufacture into silk or cloth fabrics. Whilst the upper storey was filled with specimens of all the latest machinery and electrical apparatus. In the summer a magnificent bazaar was kept open for weeks in support of these schools. There was a press whence editions of a daily paper were issued; electric light was supplied from machinery in the buildings and two hotels where many people dined and afterwards visited the theatres or other places of amusement. The whole was admirably organised, mainly through the exertions of the Superior, Fr. Burke.

When Spring came the old walls, and especially the stone quarry Montenotto, became bright with long lasting masses of dusky pink Centranthus tuora, and along Lovelane the wall is topped with common Polypody, and clothed with Asplenium trachomanes, Ruta muraria, Allosorus Crispus, and Ceterach Offinarium, dotted here and there with Pyrola Media. Patrick's Hill is a formidable climb on foot, it would seem impossible to drive a team down, but when a squadron of the X.R.H. were here in /65, Captain R. C. Sawbridge (A.Troop), drove a four-in-hand (empty) down without accident; each wheel was skidded. He was taking out a party of N.C.O(s to Ballincollig and they walked alongside down to the foot of the hill. Wheeler, afterwards Farrier Major, was one of the troop farriers, and of the party; and tells me he assisted in putting in the team.

Behind houses on the North Wall there is a singular spring in a rocky basin at the foot of the cliff; it belonged to the old Franciscan Priory. The water, independent of usage (and it is daily bottled in large quantities) always maintains the same level. On the hill above, is a well of such reputation that its water is preserved for blending in the Distillery here, to which the whiskey is supposed to own its special flavour. At another distillery, little more than a mile away, the whiskey has a unique flavour, also attributed to the water.

In the street above may still be seen the cottage where Nana Nagle held her hedge-school for poor children. Born at Mallow, of influential family, she was in Paris in the brilliant days of Louis XV; returning from a fashionable ball, she was attracted by the sight of some poor people waiting outside a door yet unopened,- a church door,- to hear Mass before they went to work. Her heart was so touched that she returned to Ireland and devoted her life to the education of poor girls. Hence arose the Presentation Order of Nuns. In those not distant penal times (scarcely a century ago) whose memory has not yet died out,- for the illiterate peasant's only book is oral tradition exaggerated by repetition and generally a story of religious persecution,- the people were compelled to educate their children surreptitiously in those hedge-schools; and even the better classes were prevented from sending them abroad for education, which was high treason,-yet we blame the Irish for the large proportion of illiterates. Those

were days when Catholics were forbidden to be school-masters, lawyers, or doctors, or Members of Parliament; for a priest to perform duty meant death, to harbour him was felony without benefit of clergy; none could bring action at law, nor travel more than five miles from home; nor could he come within ten miles of London.*(a): Yet the Irish have nobly retained the Faith.

St. Finbarr when he felt his end approaching, stole away secretly to Cloyne to die; his remains were carried back, however, encased in a silver shrine; in 1089 they were carried off by Desmond O'Brien. So many holy men sought burial here that St. Angus (about 800) wrote: "Seventeen holy bishops and seven hundred servants of God rest in God, with Barra and Nessan, whose names are written in the heavens".

Even the weirs on the Lee were erected by the monks, and were "granted" with their possessions. Salmon was then never out of season,- "Salmo non aestate novus nec frigore desit",-"Not rare in winter and in summer some to spare". Beyond St. Finbarr's the Lough, which in winter is sometimes available for skating, was a morass drained by the monks.

Grey-Friars was founded about 1231, by MacCarthy-More, whose tobmstone stood in the choir according to Wadding, and from its strict discipline was reputed the mirror of Ireland. In its stately Church many of the principal people of Munster were in-

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*(a): Stephen Digest.

terred, and here King James heard Mass, in March 1688, being supported through the streets by two of the Friars, attended by many others, all habited. At the Dissolution it was granted by Elizabeth to Andrew Skiddy, who assigned it to the Earl of Cork, and it was soon demolished; its spring was celebrated as a cure for sore eyes. Another religious house was Gill Abbey, near St. Finbarr's Church, of Canons Regular of St. Augustine, founded in the 7th Century, completed by Gill-OEda the Bishop, and dowed in 1134 by Cormac MacCarty, K. of Cork *(a): and also demolished. Ware thinks this was the house called by St. Bernard, Monasterium Ibracense.

A Convent of Augustinians, founded on the south side in 1420 by De Courcey, Bishop of Kingdale, was converted into a sugar house known as Red Abbey, of whose gardens the present Friars' Walk formed part. There was a Dominican Priory, founded on the Island in 1229, below St. Finbarr's, and a Benedictine in the 12th Century, as a cell to Bath Abbey; within the walls there was also a Benedictine Convent, founded in 1300, but of these no vestiges remain.

The image of St. Dominick belonging to this Abbey was publicly burnt at the High Cross in 1578 by Skeyne, the Protestant Bishop, "to the great grief of the superstitious Irish", to whom the Cathedral is dedicated.

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*(a). Smith Cork II.50. IV 389.

Then another X.R.H., our old friend S...., joined the Staff, after the first warm greetings he exclaimed: "Is it true you have become a Roman Catholic?", and then: "Oh, anything but that". He inaugurated his regime by insisting on a separate up and down, service, for troop-ships; the railway authorities thought that as hitherto, the trains arriving should carry back the troops dis-embarked. But years ago S.... twisting the ends of his moustache had told us in his superb manner; "My forte is administration", capitally cartooned by Charlie G....., in slate-coloured costume, à la Vanity Fair.

Now we use Roman Catholic Church as the translation Ecclesia Catholica et Romana (latter word adjective), not Ecclesia Romano-Catholica, where Roman is an adverb qualifying 'Catholic'; a distinction as pregnant with meaning as the iota in homoiousias; for nineteen centuries those in communion with the Bishop of Rome,-and they alone,- have possessed the name 'Catholic', and according to the rules of common courtesy, have exclusive,-because prior- right to the use of the word.

In St. Cyprian's eyes communion with the Pope (Cornelius) meant communion with the Catholic Church; and St. Ambrose says: "They have not Peter's inheritance who have not Peter's Chair"*(a), and: "Where Peter is, there is the Church" in Ps. XL.30. and he relates that when his brother, Satyrus, wished to be re-

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1(a) Ambrose De Poenit. V.6.

ceived Satyrus asked the Bishop whether he agreed with the Catholic Bishops, that is, adds the Saint, "with the Roman Church". *(a) When most of the Christian world had become Aryan, or otherwise schismatic, it was a common question to ask of a priest who offered his ministrations: "Are you in communion with Rome?", otherwise a(Roman) Catholic.

At one of our first parties, I was asked to take the daughter-in-law down to supper; she began: "This is such a delightful house to come to, for no Catholics are admitted"; I laughed and exclaimed: "But I am one". Her astonishment was immediately and gracefully merged into a witching smile: "Oh, but you are an exception", and so we became friends. One of the boys had just joined under me in Cork; I advised him to cultivate some hobby, which he would find of great advantage when he went to foreign service. Botany and geology might be combined, or the former alone would open up wide fields of observation, and afford a pleasant recreation. I told him how when I went down to a country house full of girls, they welcomed me for having just gone through my Botany course; how I despised it and had not thought it worthy of a notebook, save for Lindey's Medical Botany Lectures at Chelsea. As for Forbes, many a time we were met by the notice: "Professor in attendance on the Queen", so we went off also to the Exhibition, the first held in what is now the Crystal Palace. Next morning the walk before breakfast had to be occupied with general rudiments, and during the day a Botany book I had wired for arrived,

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(a) DE EXCESSU FRATIS. Ch. 47.

and all was plain sailing. But I found it was necessary to myself understand before trying to teach another, and so began to take an interest in what has since become an ever-increasing source of pleasure. The boy went out to India and we next heard of him exploring in the Hymalayas, and discovering new Orchids; he attracted the notice of my friend, Docotr King, at Calacutta, who desired to have him seconded for work in the Botanic Gardens, but the P.M.O., India, refused, and the man who took his place is now in a high position. He came home and was seriously thinking of throwing up his Commission and livelihood and going to work at Kew; but we dissuaded him. I had never thought of his taking up Botany except as a relaxation. Masters, my fellow-student, relinquished Medicine for Botany and made his mark. Another, Macknight, conspicuous in our Literary Society and Magazine, also dropped Mdeicine and following his bent became Author and Editor of a Paper in Belfast.

On the river boat at Monkstown we were surprised to meet the old T.M. of Halifax, last of his race,- who sometime ago resolved to come home and commute his pension, and was urged to prepare for a Life Assurance and drop the frequent nips, so for a month he drank nothing but water. It was painful to see him go to the familiar mouth-piece and whsitle, and when the waiter came, say: "Oh, never mind", and the T.M. would resume his seat. But on the voyage home a chum persuaded him to split a bottle of phiz, so his commutation was delayed and his whereabouts unknown. Now and again he disappeared; he had taken Cook-Collins's house on the road into

Fermoy and furnished eleven bedrooms, but when I encountered him unexpectedly he told me that his wife refused to join him she heard that the neighbouring streets of Fermoy "are running with blood". Next time, in returning from Mitchelstrom I drove round and called, but the bird had flown from an atmosphere of tobacco. A loan was still unpaid on thetable, next the chair was a bottle and a half empty tumbler, and the maid said that the Major was not to be found. Once again we almost met suddenly as I got out of the train at Mallow, but he hurried off.

Blarney, first resort of visitors, was within an easy drive along the Lee, under the hill-side studded with mansions, and beautifully wooded, where crazy Jane with foxy dishevelled hair, intercepts and chases you, to buy her lacework, and won't be denied, for she can keep up for some distance; it is said that she was a lady of means, which she entrusted to a lawyer for investment, and he made off with it; tradespeople hold her in great respect, as honest and trustworthy; she lives in Cork and tramps out every day.

Near the bridge is Poul-na-Iffrin,-and guarded by a huge snake,- opposite the pretty precipice of Carrigrohane on which stands a fortress of the M'Carthy's, who were entirely destroyed in the Wars of 1641, and subsequently of the Barretts, and then the Head Quarters of Captain Cope, who with other ruined companions, robbed and raided.

Just beyond where the Shournagh from Blarney enters

the river is Inniscara. Legend says that St. Senan of Inis Cathaigh, Scathy Is., came to Munster, settled at Arda Crick Liathain (Barry More Isles), and remained forty days, when an angel directed him to assemble his disciples and found a Church. He went to Tuaim-na-mba, on the River Linne (Lee) and there began building, but the local chief ordered him off his ground and demanded rent; and at last sent his horse to be kept at the expense of the Monastery. The animal fell into the river and was drowned; only his quarter (Carra) remained; hence the place was called "Inniscara. We turn right about along the Shournagh, through a valley beautifully secluded, to Blarney; the little thriving valley nestles round its woollen factory, one of the few survivors of a once flourishing industry destroyed by bad government, which has now a competitor at Douglas. Shortly after our arrival in Cork the railway was laid along the road to Carrigrohane, made during the famine with a high monotonous bank, straight as a Roman street, as are all those roads, along which we so often drove in old Ballincollig days; then across the bridge and along by the stream into Blarney. When my brother came down we took him to see the famous stone, for though he had campaigned in the Galtees in Fenian days, he had never been to Blarney. But rain had played havoc with the newly-laid line, and our little engine jumped off and plunged into the soft earth, instead of into the stream. So we walked and on our way to the Castle wired for a car; but before it arrived a train came through

to say the line was clear and took us back, to find dinner half over, and a party of old comrades assembled to meet the Colonel.

Blarney Castle, on Caman river, belonged to the MacCarthys, Kings of Desmond and Cork; the immediate descendants of Corman, the McCarthy More (Head), a powerful chief of great influence, called Laidir (the Strong), whose ancestors had been chiefs of Munster from long before the English invasion, became Lords of Muskerry, and sat as Barons of Blarney. In 1602 Captain Taafe compelled the disaffected Lord to surrender the Castle, and in 1646, Lord Broghill again attacked and took it, but Charles II restored it to Donald McCarthy, whom he created Earl of Clancarty. He retained considerable power till 1689, when his immense estates were confiscated; and the last Earl, like the King whose cause he supported, became an exile. The Castle, village, mills, fairs and customs, of Blarney were "set up by cant" in 1702, and bought by the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Richard Pyne, for £3000, who in the following year sold them to General Sir J. Jeffreys.

In its best days the Castle covered thirteen acres, but the south and west outworks have long since disappeared, and little remains save a massive square principal tower; on the east a low pointed doorway opens into a narrow vestibule from the right of which springs the great staircase; a few mullioned windows and many narrow openings, served for light and for defensive missiles.

There is a large vaulted chamber and several smaller ones, bedrooms and closets, a narrow spiral staircase winds up-

wards to the kitchen; the great State chamber occupies the highest part with capacious fire-place and elaborately sculptured chimney; a low pointed arch leads to the Earl's chamber, from the parapet are extensive views; in an opening over the east centre is fixed the celebrated stone twenty feet below the parapet, with inscription:

Cormac McCarthy fortis
me fieri fecit A.D.1446*(a)

Here in the last century lived a lady of local celebrity, the beauty of whose pleasure grounds was celebrated in "The groves of Blarney", an air which circulated widely among her acquaintances, and from the neighbouring Protestant Society was carried to that of Dublin. It is a modernised version of "The young man's dream", better adapted to male voices; with this before him Moore wrote "The Last Rose of Summer".

The touching story of the representative of the McCarthays, told by Crofton Croker, may find a parallel in nearly every barony in Ireland; the descendants,in direct line, can often be found working as day-labourers around the ruins of a Castle where their fore-fathers had ruled; as, in many instances, a period of little more than one and a half centuries have passed between their grandeur and their degradation; it can excite lit-

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*(a) The Castle legend is related by a descendant of the pld Armourer.

tle marvel if, at times, they indulged the idea, that what was swept from them by the strong tide of conquest, the eddy of events may restore. The existing proprietor of a portion of a forfeited estate noticed, one evening in his demesne, an aged man stretched out at the foot of an old tree, sobbing as though his heart would break; when questioned he said: "I am a McCarthy, once possessor of that Castle and of these lands; this tree I planted, and have come back to water it with my tears; tomorrow I sail for Spain, where I have lived since the revolution, an exile and an outlaw. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my ancestors". We have ourselves seen the legitimate heir of one of the ancient rulers and owners of West Carberry, pause as he leant on his spade, and point to the mountains and valleys, stretching far as eye could reach, and speak as if they were still his own, one of the wide district of which his great grandfather was the Chief.

There are pleasant drives further up the river, and at Dripsey there is an interesting picturesque ruined Castle, well worth seeing. At one of our picnics in that neighbourhood, with Colonel Elmes and others of the garrison, we found the Ladyfern nesstling in little bogs formed on the river-bank by interrupted dripping water. E. and I went to look round the scene of the recent murder, thinking there would be only a caretaker in the desolate house, which seemed unoccupied; but we were confronted at the door by Miss Cross herself, in deep mourning, who with

Irish politeness, invited us to enter,but with profuse apologies we beat a retreat.

All the neighborough round Coachford is noted for its Archaeological Treasures; stone circles,cromlechs, pillar-stones, Raths and Holy-wells; as well as remains of Danish forts. At Aghabulloge, on the Dripsey branch of the Lee, a few miles North of Coachford and Dripsey(Ord. Sheet 61) there stands a square Ogham stone in the burial ground, a few paces from S.E. corner of the church, 5 feet high above present ground level, and twelve by nine feet at base, in leaning position, tapering slightly towards the top. Near it is a holy well. Inscription AN. M. COR. R. MAQI. GOODS.TT. the first three letters indicate Anaim to dwell, remain,; the I of Maqi is defaced. Some of it is below ground level, but as characters are injured, others wanting or of doubtful value, the inscription is rendered useless for translation. The name of St Olan is not on the stone; two made crosses are scratched on the back by a flint, as customary among the peasantry, not formally cut by a tool; there is also a curious cross mark, supposed to stand for the dipthong E.A. twice repeated. Inscription copied by Windelle and W. Abell in 1834 who also copied the Dallaheen, and Glounagloch stones, the former then doing duty as a foot-bridge across the neighboroughing stream, the latter now in Royal Cork Institute. The stone is known as St Olan's tomb, it was surmounted by a round stone known as the Cappean Olan, from time immemorial, held in veneration for its supposed

miraculous powers, and gift of locomotion, so that if removed it would find its way back again. The original is said to have been made away with by a local clergyman on account of its superstitious uses, but another an unshapely lump, inferior in form and reputation made its appearance.

There are two classes of lapidary inscriptions Runic like Ogham, and in Irish letters of sixth century and later; many Ogham are of Pagan times. Bi-lingual inscriptions have led to their deciphering, one of them was discovered in Cardiganshire and copied in Archaelogia Cambrensis April 1860 another near Dunlavin, Kildare, both of which are analysed by Stokes (a) An essential of the burial rite was writing the deceased's name in Ogham. Thus when Fergus brings back the body of Etercomol slain in combat byCuchulaind, they dug his grave or Fert, planted his Lia (headstone) wrote his name in Ogham and made his Guba, cut either on Lia stone or on twig twisted round it (a). In Afghanistan we saw the use of memorial stones.

The Ogham (Oum) a pillarstone engraved in Archaic character, ancient Gaedhelic (Gaelic) dialect is found exclusively in Kerry, Cork, Waterford, 147 in number, and 13 in all the rest of Ireland, at Fardel in Devonshire with one in Romano- British letters now in British Museum. This cryptic alphabet, called Beith(birch)Iuesnion (Ash)from its two first, like that brought to Greece by Cadmus, contains sixteen letters, of lines variously arranged in groups to right and

(a)Tain Bo' Chuailgne in Libor na ha-Uidhou p.69. col V. (Kuhn and Schleichers Beitrage 5 ter Bd. S. 363 and proceedings. RJA IX. 293.)

left of a stem line the Fleasg, or the edge of the stone or wooden pillar. The groups of mixed strokes are of four kinds.

I· Lines to left stand for 1 stroke B, 2L, 3F, 4F, 5N.

II. To right- H, F, C,Q, or W. (These rarely used)

III. Longer strokes crossing obliquely M G. N G. and S T. are double and R.

IV. Small notches or oval dots on edge itself, Vowels A.O.U.E.I.

V. Other characters occur less frequently for dipthongs X.Y.P.

All read from bottom, and from left to right.

Those as yet deciphered are proper names with patronimics, both in genitive case, mostly sepulchral to honour the memory of the dead, or as landmarks. A few as at St Dogmaels are bi-lingual with Roman letters. As yet only A. C. E. G. I. M. N. O. R.S. T. U. have been identified, P. B. D. not. Characters in general use are eighteen, probably introduced long anterior to Christianity, by a powerful colony landed on S.West coast who spread southward, and round Eastern shores, and ultimately conquered or settled the whole island, imposing their language on the aboriginies, if such preceded them. At Ennis we heard of another of these Ogham stones, found on the isolated hill of Callan, on which was situated one of the high places sacred to the sun, mid-way between Ennis and Milton Malbay, ten miles N.W. The stone is eleven and a half feet by one foot in greatest breadth, and nine to eleven inches in thickness; called in Ord. Map, Conan's monument, irregular in shape, narrow at top. When found the inscription was covered with lichens, it

is peculiar;(1)for the vowels are not short dots like those on all other megalithic monuments in the country, but long strokes cross and vertical to the stem line, distinct from the consonants, by the latter being oblique;(2) the letters are similar to those in the tracts in the books of Ballymote and Leinster. (3) The presence of divisional points, similar to those on the Bressay stone. The inscription reads "Beneath this stone is placed Casaf the fiery and fleet-footed". The stone is simply a sepulchral memorial one, and has nothing to do with sun-worship, though the names of Lough Bhwaile-na-Greine, and the Cromlech close by, have reference to the sun. (a)

At Youghal(Eochaille, forest of yews, that once covered the district) associated with Raleigh, and the introduction of tobacco and the potato, there is in the old church, rebuilt and beautified by Thomas,Earl of Desmond, a curious monument of the Earl of Cork, whode name so often recurs as getting possession of the religious houses and property, including the Dominician priory, that once existed here, and part of this very building which he purchased on condition of not molesting the ancient tombs. Erected in his life time, the Earl is represented in effigy, lying in armour on his left side, head resting on left hand; below are others of his nine children. There is also one of his Mother, leaning on a Bible and wearing a

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(a) Transactions R. Ir. Archaeol. Dec: 19. 1785. copied in Mary Knott's Two Months at Kilkee.)

straw hat, with an Elizabethan ruff and fardingale, all painted over. In niches on either side of the Earl is an effigy of one of his wives in prayer.

There was also a Franciscan house here, built by Maurice Fitzgerald, who himself took the habit, and died in it: he had been building a castle, and on the eve of a festival told his eldest son to give the workmen something to drink his health, but instead of doing so he abused them, whereon the Earl built a monastery in place of the Castle.

The scenery by road is equally beautiful as that on the river: our first venture with a young girl friend from England was not propitious at the start, for the street through Youghal happened to be occupied by contending factions whose missiles kept us for some time at bay-- without learning the casus belli; we however passed a delightful day driving up to Cappoquin.

The voyage along the Blackwater, Spencer's Awni duff- Irish water, is always dark colored; in the Shannon dark grey. Whereas in Switzerland it is blue, in the Pyrenees green it runs through some of the prettiest bits of scenery in Ireland; noticed by Ptolemy as Daurona, in territory of the Naudeui, it was formerly called Hem, then Avondnu,Dark river. After running along the foot of the Magillicuddy Rocks, (Cruacha dhu, black rocks of) that rise in successive cones reminding one of the Alps, the river turns abruptly South, and finds its way through a breach into the harbour of Youghal. The mouth is crossed by a bridge nearly a mile long, under which we enter the

river studded with ruins. First comes Temple Michael, probably founded by Knight Templars, to guard the River pass; its square embattled tower is close to the church. Near it are the ruins of St Molanfides Abbey on what was once an island founded in the sixth century, where stands a modern statue of him in monastic dress; and here rests the Norman Raymond le Gros, companion of Strongbow who died at the neighbouring castle of Rhincrew; a favorite place for us for water picnics, for the roads are prettily shaded, and the stoney banks as in so many places along this coast, abound with Aspl. Adiantum Nigrum which droops in long graceful fronds beneath the thorn bushes; it occupies every crevice in the stony bank, its roots deeply embedded as if to defy removal; being less sheltered it is not so long and fine as beyond Queenstown; largely imported at Covent Garden as the French fern, it should repay the gathering.

Mogeeley Castle a few miles up, of which a few ruins remain, was a stronghold of the Desmonds; here a favoured steward took liberties with Earl Thomas, and one day invited all the Chiefs of Munster, with their retainers to spend a month. My Lord was unprepared, but dared not jeopardise his reputation for magnificent hospitality and bade his servants to set fire to the Castle whilst the party were out hunting, and attribute this to accident. The steward who was away, returned in time to countermand the order, and when my Lord, heavy-hearted expecting to see his castle in flames, he was met by a large prey of cattle and corn, food sufficient for months. This tradition is used in the "Bride of Lammermoor"

where Caleb Bolderstone pretends to burn his master's Castle to avoid receiveing the Marquis.

Stranally Castle on the same side looms directly over the river, once the stronghold of the great Earls of Desmond, and on his attainder and confiscation of his estates (574628 acres) in 1585, was granted to Walter Raleigh. The massive rock on which it stands is pierced by a broad tunnel leading to the water, known as the murdering hole, said to have been used as a dungeon for wealthy persons invited to a carouse, and here left to perish; then the bodies were got rid of through the secret passage into the river. Then one victim escaped to tell the tale, and the place was blown up, rent from top to bottom; now a modern castle occupies the immediate vicinity.

Dromana opposite, is a fine modern mansion, riding almost perpendicularly above the river, a striking object 'mid the magnificent scenery. Here dwelt the great Desmonds, ruins of whose Castle are still visible, where was born that Countess who accodding to Raleigh, lived one hundred and forty years into the reign of James I, and danced at Court with Richard III, and was killed by falling from a cherry tree. The heir is fated to be drowned; in the Boer war he went out with the Imperial Yeomanry, was shot through the heart but survived; he came home and was drowned in the river at the pier, close under his ancestral demense.

Of old it belonged to the Fitzgeralds, and a

daughter Elinor married the 13th Earl of Desmond, and survived him to the time of James I. Reduced to poverty at the ripe age of one hundred and forty two, she appealed to Elizabeth. Bacon says that she twice renewed her teeth, a vigorous woman Walpole mentions her portrait at Dupplin Castle, noticed by Pennant as a remarkable picture.

From Cappoqin, we drive to Mt Mellary, where since my visit in /63 the improvements are very marked. Here we now and again resort for rest and quiet, sometimes driving through Lismore to Fermoy, where in the Loretto Convent, a daughter of our old neighbour at Muttra has long since been a nun. It is certainly strange to see monks with their cumbrous habits strapped up, labouring in the fields, and more so to find priests doing the washing. The service begins at 2.a.m. and is solemn and not a little wierd.

Descendants of Cistercians who built up the glory of Melifont, Bective, Dumbrody, Jerpoint, Tintern, and Holy Cross, these monks exiles from Melleraie in France, trusting to the charitable sympathies of the children of St Patrick, landed here in destitution, and through Father Ryan- who became first Abbot- obtained from a neighbouring Protestant landlord (Sir Richard Keane of Cappoquin) some six hundred acres of this barren mountain. They had first to erect a dwelling, and priests and people having naught else, contributed labour, one P.P. came at the head of three hundred able-bodied men bringing tools; another(Father Walsh) brought two thousand from Cappoquin

four miles below; a body of labourers marched up sixteen miles and returning home at midnight met another party just starting. Wives and daughters of respectable farmers accompanied these bobies, to carry stones and other materials.

The old monastic dole is served to all applicants and the Prior told us, that during the famine, their supplies however low over night, were never wanting. But valuable vestments were sold, and even the organ so necessary for their services, and the very lamps that hung before the altars. At the door a monk bids you welcome, for they are taught "All guests are to be received in Christ, because He said'I was a stra stranger and ye took me in'" Conducted through the long dimly lighted passage, where now and again the figure of a monk glides past, or slinks into a lavatory to escape you, we enter the Guesthouse, where the Guest-Master, Father Louis, offers refreshmsnt, and bids you ask for whatever you may wish, for they do not forget hospitality these monks. How weird it all seems suddenly to find one's self out of the restless world; on one side your room looks out on the silent mountain on the other on the cloistered garden enclosing the burial plot, where a monk is digging another grave; others are pacing up and down the cloisters in silent meditation.

Once at Limerick, the Redemptorist Fathers told us of some American tourists who had recently sta yed there, and thought it the most wonderful place they had visited in Ireland. Having heard that you might after several days de-

part without being asked for a contribution, they satisfied themselves of its truth;after their visit came away without question to Limerick, and themce sent a liberal donation. The Abbot once said to us"In short I keep a hotel" for visitors were constantly coming and going, and several were resident for a few days or weeks. The quiet and restfulness were soothing and refreshing, and if not inclined to rise for early service at 2 a.m. you could hear and follow it in bed, especially if if in the Bishop's room, which with Father H... I once occupied.

Rising soon after midnight and descending to the cloisters, we see one figure after another glide by, like spectres through the eastern cloister, heads slightly bent under their hood, and eyes fixed on the ground, with motionless hands fixed in the sleeves of the cowl, they file into the dimly lighted church, and throwing back their hoods, bow profoundly to the altar, and take their places in the stalls. Save the lamps that glimmer before the Blessed Sacrament, there are no lights. Then Matins commence, followed by Lauds, and the Monks' day begins. Cistercians recall the story of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, who on his way to Palestine was caught in a storm, and in imminent peril cried out "When will the hour arrive, at which the Grey monks rise to sing the praises of God? I have been so generous to them that they will surely pray for me" and about the eighth hour, when the Cistercians began Matins, the storm did abate, and the sea becams calm.

At foot of the hill is the pretty little tower of Lismore, formerly a Danish Fort stood to East of the present

town,(Lis fort and Mor great) more anciently it was called Dun-Sejinne, place of flight, alluding to that of St Carthash who when he was driven out of Rathin, near site of Templemore, came here and with consent of the King of Deise, raised a circular enclosure of earth; to a woman who asked what the monks were doing he replied,"Building a Lis." "Not a Lis Beg" she replied, "This is a Lis-Mor." At Listowel, Lis-Tuathail is another instance, the Lis being a fortified Rath, a circular mound of earth, round residence of the Chief, and sometimes of two or more concentric walls but built of stone. The Dun was a deep moat between walls filled with water, as Dun-Dubhliune, Dublin and Dun Dealca, Dundalk.

Of old Lismore had a famous University 'mid twenty churches. Famous also as a holy city half of which is an Asylum into which no woman dare enter, full of cells and holy monasteries, and religious men, who thither flock from all parts of Ireland, and also from England and Britain, and tradition assumes King Alfred as a student, and several Greeks; Doidorus Siculus (Heccteus 3) writes of a Norhtern Island over against the Celtic, little smaller than Sicily, inhabited by Hyperbolians, fruitful and pleasant and dedicated to Apollo, whose praises they chanted with harps in groves, conversing with him for nineteen years, which corresponds with the solar cycle. That they were good astronomers is further shewn by their distinguishing mountains in the moon. Bede mentions persons sent over to Ireland for education, and Campden says

recess in the wall, and found therein the Crozier of Bishop O'Niel who died in 1143, now kept in the Hall, an MS. on vellum and the book of Lismore,15th century, compiled for Mac Carthaigh Riashaeh and his wife, daughter of the 8th Earl of Desmond, from the book of Leinster, lost book of Monasterboise and others, which Stokes has translated, thirty six pages are missing, and many faded and soiled from damp, or gnawed by rats and mice. It contains charming anecdotes of saintly people, and especially of St Brigid and how she became patroness of scholars, through one she met out on the Curragh.

The occasional recurrence of enteric in Cork barracks, especially in the upper Officers quarters, where the sewer ventilators opened at no great height above the windows, caused the General to appoint a special board of Medical Officers as the R.E. had no plan of the sewers, so that they had all to be explored, when it was found that some had been closed at one end only, so that the sewage flowed back to the quarters. Tidal pressure acting as a pump forced the sewer-gasses up into Barracks as the highest point; the city therefore relieved us by ventilating the sewers, and the R.E. had to lengthen the ventilating pipes. Sometime later, the house taken for the Medical Officer at Queenstown, in supposed good sanitary condition, had not long been occupied when the children sickened; assthere was evidently something wrong with the drainage, it was examined and the drain was found to pass under the dining-

of Sulgenius-who lived six hundred years before-

"Exemple patrum commotus amore legendi
Juvit ad Hibernos, Sophice mirable claros"

Knowledge of Greek was so widely diffused in Irish schools before 900, though it had almost vanished in the West. Among peasantry claasical learning was not uncommon in the South, even towards the end of the sixteenth century,"and a battered Ovid or Virgil" says Sir R. Cox, "may be found even in the hands of common labourers".

To-day Lismore has only the castle within whose gloomy portals the Duke's agent resides; it was built by King John in 1185, surprised and demolished four years later by the Irish, and rebuilt as an Episcopal palace; til Magragh, being also Archbishop of Cashel, before his resignation granted the manor to Raleigh, whose lands were all purchased by Sir R. Boyne. Once there were two cavaliers mounted at the gate, still called the Riding House. The views from the drawing room windows are very beautiful; thirty feet above the river is the precipice beneath which is said to have startled King James; beyond are fine vistas and wooded slopes of the Knockmealdon mountains. I remember a somewhat similar precipitous outlook from an old mansion near Dundalk, and another at Curraghmore, but in both cases the valley beyond made the depth beneath less startling. The ancient chapel with its stained glass windows has been turned into a ballroom.

During repair in 1814 workmen discovered a hollow

room, and outer Hall; and at the door was connected with another by a bent tin box: the contents oozed out, and were flowing back under the flooring.

E.Harding who takes great interest in the neighbouring bells of Shandon, took us up to see the very ordinary peal made celebrated by Father Prout, and illustrated the tone qualities. A blow on the upper curve gives the octave, a quarter distance down, the fifth and middle of lower quarter the third,of the consonant or fundamental note.

At an election in Cork the C.R.A. was brought back from leave to vote against the Nationalists, who hustled him at the polling place, and not in the best of humours the Colonel retorted

"You ask me my name and address,
In order the more to malign me,
My name is Parnell, my address in in Hell
Where I'm waiting for Kitty to join me."

The magic of the name of the uncrowned King was further illustrated by an occurence in Dublin about this same period.
A medical student returning from a case late one night, carrying his bag of instruments was cannoned against by a loafer reeling out of a public house, who made some remark about the gentility of his get-up. The young doctor knocked him down and when he found himself immediately closed in upon by other rough looking loungers, who coarsely demanded his reasons for assaulting the boy. Findinf himself in a tight corner 'mid

a hostile crowd, with ready wit he said,"Listen and I will tell you, what do you think he was saying? To Hell with Parnell!" Whereon a rush was made to where the boy still lay on the pavement, and whilst he was being freely kicked, the doctor escaped to a car, to pass into and tell his story in, the Indian Medical Service.

A subaltern of Hussars was thought to be endangered by too frequent visits at the house of one of the city magnates, so to save him, he was told that the nearest way to the father's good graces was to reder to those early struggles in which he took the greatest pride, when as a boy he had served behind a counter and carried a pack. Refreshed that night by his host's port, the youngster referred to his glorious career, which reflected the greatest credit etc: To his astonishment he was promptly ordered out of the house by his irate host and shewn the door.

My orderly 99th of P.M.B. days is hawking vegetables with a barrow; he is getting blind from cataract, but refuses to go into the hospital and have the worst eye cleared; who he asks is to take his barrow meantime, though assistance was obtainable from the Patriotic fund.

Memory of having to sit through many lectures has made me shy of long sermons, and as Father Murphy said "If you can't strike oil in a quarter of an hour, give it up" but we went to hear a panegeric on Father Matthew, by a celebrated Dominician preacher; Fr: Keane, so great was the rush that we were coming away, when an M.P. recognised me, and got us seats

and got us seats in a side chapel where we were provided with chairs. The oration lasted well into the second hour, without ennui.

Ballincollig was much changed; Scarletts house has been added to the mess, the old mess-room turned into a mess-man's quarters, and above two fine rooms have been built. But the tree-girded quadrangle where we learnt our drill, and the old pump and guard-room remain the same. At the foot of the hill at Carrigronane, the old mill like most others about has ceased to grind. They have been burnt down or are going to ruim, for American flour is delivered flour is delivered herecheaper than that from domestic grain in Limerick, it is even being ground. These mills however, sift out the musk containing lime in carbonate and phosphate which is necessary for the growth of our teeth, whose dentine ceases to be nourished, digestion is impaired, and as a necessary consequence the bodily frame deteriorates. In Cork the great export trade has gone, all except butter; only two or three tanneries are left for the leather trade is failing; there used to be fifty. An attempt is being made to restore the woolen manufacture; at Blarney and Douglas mills turn out tweeds for local wear, but my tailor tells me not sufficiently finished for the London market.

As for the woolen industry, it was sacrificed to Englands commercial jealousy; Ireland was regarded as a colony, to be administered, not for her own benefit, but for the convenience

of the mother (save the mark) country; for "England governed Ireland for what she deemed her own interest, making her calculation on the gross balance of her trade ledgers, and leaving moral obligations to accumulate, as if right and wrong had been blotted out of the statute book of the universe."
Export of wool and its manufacture from Ireland was prohibited, under forfeiture of goods and ship, penalty of five hundred pounds for every such offence, prohibited even waddings(a kind of woolen manufacture) "thus every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through disquietude" (a)
Ships even must not be built; harbours from which there was a growing trade with America were closed, and no more merchantmen crossing the Atlantic were allowed to load at any of her port ports.

Staying at Union Hall above the land-locked bay of Glandour, for the opening of a fishery school at Baltimore which lasted three days, we met Lady Burdett Coutts, through whose practical beneficence Father Davis has originated this institution, which advances loans to fishermen specially to provide good boats, all of which are ultimately repaid. She was accompanied by Admiral Keppel, and our Crimean acquaintance Wm Russell, old war correspondent, whom I last met at Oppenheim's

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(a) 10. 11. Will. III. C.10. 5. Geo. I. and I and 5, and XII Geo II. Froude English in Ireland 1178. By Dufferin 657.

store in Balaclava. Here also was the Bishop of Cork, and one-armed Michael Davitt, whose life troubles, one then scarcely realised, whom the Bishop as a Dominician joke, asked if I would not like to know. Among other notable people was my old friend of the 99th, Jerry, (his name was Horace) T..... whom we left on a coffee estate in Natal. He found living on a young plantation impossible, and through my father-in-law's help obtained employment till he received means to come home. His wife died and he married again, whilst the young lady's father married his mother; they are living in a mansion of the Bo Boyles, in the midst of beautiful grounds at Court Macsherry, where afterwards we used to visit them. Jerry at once carried me off to interview the caterer Leach, Quartermaster sergeant of 99th, his regiment in Natal, whom we remember being auctioneer in the sale of the unfortunate Major Blamyre's effects; from club-manager he is keeping a hotel and restaurant, and was afterwards very useful in helping at our dinner parties.

We drove over each day, through scenery as varied as delightful, from bold stretches of elevated open ground, to wooded dells such as that in which Becher's home lies nestled on Loch Hyne,or Ine, (deep) into which the sea rushes by a passage, a sort of cul-de-sac, just wide enough for a boat. In the Loch on a narrow island, stand the ruins of an ancient Castle of the O'Driscolls; here too is a burial ground for children, where a pillar-stone is reputed to have been carried

off several times for door lintels and such uses, but always finds its way back again, once taken by mock king sailors, and thrown into the sea, it caused a tremendous storm, and next day appeared in its proper place.

Baltimore in June (20) 1631 met with a terrible disaster; in dead of night two Algerian rovers, piloted by a Dungarvan fisherman taken at sea for the purpose, plundered the place, and made many of the inhabitants prisoners, one hundred English whom they carried off to Algiers. One William Gunter lost seven sons, Hackett the pilot was executed. The town never recovered itself and became a poor fishing place. (a) Near here in 1601 at same time as Wilmot unexpectured Macroom; Colghan,a stronghold of Mc Carthy Lord of Clandermot, was summoned by Captain Flower, who held the Govenor's brother captive, whom he threatened to hang if the Castle were not immediately surrendered. But inside was a priest, lately come from Rome, whom the Govenor would not give up, so he suffered his brother to be hanged, and meantime procured the priest's escape; after which he surrendered.(b) On our return journey we had a better view of the mansion whose mistress was buried alive, and the butler greedy of her wasted rings, attempted to steal them by night, but unable to remove them, he had to resort to his knife, which restored her to consciousness.

From Brandon, where there is a Cavalry detachment, a pretty drive brought us to Kilbrittan, a mansion of the 18th century, built on site of a stately Castle of the Courceys, and

then of MacCarthy Reagh, where we were escorted through woods of lofty old trees under which, in boggy recesses revelled the finest clumps of Osmunda (Regalis) I have ever seen. We were so charmed that our host sent me some huge clumps, which were planted, with a drainpipe alongside for reservoir, to maintain the necessary moisture.

After luncheon we drove on to the bay, where a boat awaited us, and sailed across to the Boyle demense, through which we walked to Court Macsherry, to revel in the beautifully kept terraced gardens, and grounds, where the Conifers are especially fine, and there are some rare shrubs; and to enjoy the companionship of my old friend Jerry, whose father-in-law is a great yachtsmah. Homeward, skirting the bay and crossing the little Arigideen as it dribbles into it, near Mikey's old home, whence he joined in 1854; we pass Timoleague (Teach Molaga House of St Molaga) a Franciscan Abbey, founded in 1312 by Mac Carthy Righ and dedicated to St Molaga. During Mary's reign, the monk's regained temporary possession, and later it was again occupied and incompletely restored; it was for centuries the burial place of several powerful families, Mac Carthy Righ, De Courcey, O'Hea etc: In a tract "Good news for Ireland" in 1642, a letter from Ensign Jones describes the burning of the town of Temoleague, wherein was destroyed 7'000 barrels of corn of the enemy, and their great Abbey, in which were some thousand barrels of wine. An inlet of the sea, Courtmacsherry Bay, runs and washes the walls. According to the four Masters, the Castle here was

(a) Smith Cork II. p.280. (b) Pac. Hib. II. p. 90.

built by Michael Boyde Barry. (a)

In summer the British Medical Association met in Dublin, and the Army Medical Officers in Ireland gave a reception and ball in the Leinster rooms, for which the D.G. came over; a high authority commented unfavorably on the dancing of one of my youngsters; I remarked that he had been brought up in Dublin, and now that the messes were closed against them, the pot-house where they lived was known as the Medical mess.

After work one evening, after returning to Cork, a sudden arrival and unusual stillness, led me to think that something extraordinary had occurred, so I went up to the drawing-room to investigate! J....E.... had shot a horse, and afraid to go home had come to consult my wife; J....M.... who had arranged the shooting party with my boy and another, to the neighbourhood of Ballincollig had insisted on the carman putting in his best horse, which he therefore drove himself as they ascended the hill they saw a magpie on the fence, and as it would be unlucky unless they killed it, pulled up. The jarvey got down and held the horse's head, one on the near side hastily charged a breechloader, and handed it across to J....M.... The moment he took it (the breech not being closed) both barrels went off; one charge pierced the Jarvey's hat, the other the horse's head; it fell instantly dead. Then they came back on foot.

(a) page 187.

The country and especially the South, was in a very unsettled condition, and political feeling tense; M.P.s were watched in their homes by police; meetings were organised in some field near an evicted building, and suddenly proclaimed. Police rushed to and fro on cars in wild chase, whilst the patriots denounced the Government to an assemblage in an adjoining field, which they had reached by a detour that effectually scattered the police; then like spoiled children they came back in noisy procession, waving branches of their favourite green.

To understand the feeling of Irish people towards the land, the soil of which is taken away by the enforced emigrant we must look back on the past, and those traditions that are handed down from one to another at the hearth, almost the only information a people possess, who have survived through bitter persecution and enforced ignorance. Ireland anciently comprised five sub-kingdoms; Munster had seventy Tuaths, or territories under a chief (rig Ben King of horns) becoming baronies, and furnishing a battalion of seven hundred men- as many as any two other provinces. Over three or four Tuaths was the Rig Mor Tuatha, Rig Baiden, King of Companies, over those the provincial King Rig Cuiadh, over whom was a paramount Ard Rig Erind, high King of Erin, who till the middle of the seventh century resided at Tara, whose appenage was the Kingdom of Meath, originally one Tuath, and increased to eighteen. Afterwards one of the provincial kings was paramount. This position was the one object of much bloody competition; unlike their English neighbours, the Celts

intelligent, excitable, generous and heroic, had no powers of organisation. A nation strong , though incapable of preventing the inroads of savage Vikings, or those of the Norwegians and Danes- referred to by old Chronicler as the White and Black Pagans- able to preserve the Irish personality through every kind of vicissitude.

Rig was elected from the Damna Rig, or eligible members of the Flath, or Lord class, and practically was confined to the members of the same family.

The right of sanctuary was proportionate to the dignity (Diguin-gen. Digon-a) and was determined by throwing the Cnairsech probably a sledge-hammer. In Germany for such a purpose a javelin was used, as is still the custom in Cork Harbour, when the Mayor asserts his jurisdiction. The tradition of this right of sanctuary which belonged to every Aire and was held as a sacred duty, is no doubt the true cause why the peasantry (and from no sympathy with the crime) still harbour criminals. The injustice of the English laws as applied in Ireland, has made the peasant cling with more tenacity to traditions of the ancient laws of his own country, than the peasants of any other part of Europe. The villages and towns which grew up on estates of Flaths (Lords) were governed by his Maar (steward) and in time this name became applied to the elected propositus of a free Borough. It is well to bear these traditions in mind when judging the actions of the Irish people.

Now evictions were carried out in early morning, notice

was received so late on the evening before, that it was sometimes difficult to arrange for a doctor to attend. I have never witnessed a scene so heart-rending, but the unroofed homes it has desolated are painfully abundant, there was a row of them outside Kilrush; once at Ennis, Col: Turner told me of one on the following morning, but we could not get there till the crisis was over, and the poor creatures were standing in front of their ruined home, 'mid the wreck of their belongings the battering ram in front protected by police and soldiers; a sad spectacle. Consequently there were several detachments quartered about the districts in support of the police.

Fermoy ancient Magh Meine which became Fearn (Land of) Moga, is a modern garrison town with two barracks, bisected by a river spanned by a flat bridge, that is often flooded. Here in the Loretto convent, our neighbour of Muttra, MissP... is now a Sister, and my daughter and neices are now at school. The country around is very beautiful, specially the road to Mitchelstone, below which a railway is now being made. From a square of thirteen houses in which twenty six ladies are supported by the estate on a pound a week, and where now a store is opened for their use- for the boycott began in /87 and no shop would supply them- you go through the great gates on to a broad walk, up to the modern Castle with Gothic entrance flanked by lofty trees; the gallery one hundred and fifty feet long, and eighty bedrooms. Peacocks are strutting about vain-gloriously as if in mockery. Lord Kingston friend of

George IV. built it at fabulous cost; his hospitality was magnificent and ruinous. In /45 the mortgages foreclosed, and a fortnights seige of the Castle formed a romantic episode.

A curse is said to hang over the Kingston estate, it is never to pass from father to son for more than two generations; there have been five Earls within a comparitively brief period of forty years. The police barracks are occupied by a detachment of foot, and there have been lamentable scenes in the village.

In summer instead of returning to Mallow by rail, a leisurely drive along the river is beautiful; first viewing the old Castle whence Jerry's bride came out to Natal to be married from our house, and Convamore, Lady Cath: Balder's old home, where the gardens contain some fine trees. Halfway we pass the ruined abbey of Bridgetown, with monuments of the Roche family, once Barons of parliament, Maurice Viscount Roche and Fermoy, was attainted by the Commonwealth, his estates partitioned among the soldiers of Cromwell. He became Colonel of a regiment in Flanders, and lived in poverty, that he might share his pay with his royal Master, the worthless and profligate Charles; till at length he had to sell his commission, to pay that King's debt; for at the Restoration, Charles as usual forgot his friend, who, but for Ormonde's charity, would have perished of want. Charles ignored all the Irish who had been faithful to him in his adversity. There still lingers the memory of the ancient Lady Roche, begging through the

streets till upwards of seventy years of age, in Court clothing faded and tattered. The last Lord, a tall awkward lad, hung about a mansion in Tipperary, half sportsman, half menial, making himself useful as a stable boy among the horses and dogs; living with the servants, though too proud to accept a wage.

Clonmel was a convenient centre for several stations and the drive over the hill to Fethard, recalled many old days and some youthful nights. When the Tuaths-de-Danaans had overthrown the Belgae and were seeking a suitable place for a settlement, they let off a swarm of bees who massed on the site of the Castle; here they built a circular fort (Baile) and called the place Cluainmealla, place of honey, or Clonmel.
After two hundred years they were in turn conquered by the Celtae, who in consequence of Northern inroads coasted away from Spain; the mud fort was succeeded by a stone castle. In the civil war of 1642, Clonmel,Cashel, and Fethard, were seized by the confederates, and five years later Lord Inchiquin, parliamentary Commander in Munster took Cahir by capitulation, stormed Cashel with slaughter of twenty priests and the unresisting crowd who had sought refuge in the Cathedral, and levied contributions on all the neighborough. The execution of the King caused the confederates and Royalists to unite; and towards the end of February, Cromwell took Cashel, Fethard, Clogheen, and Cahir, and in April laid seige to Clonmel; after losing two thousand men in a barren assault on this castle, he determined to retire, but after he had issued the order, he noticed something glittering on the ground, which proved to be a bullet of

silver, shewing to what straits the garrison were reduced, then he renewed the seige. Before the garrison surrendered, they fired away their buttons, but after two months were compelled to surrender through want of amnunition, the inhabitants obtained good terms, but Cromweal soon discovered that its garrison had escaped to Waterford.

The drive along the river with Slievena-man in the distance past Newtown Anney, was very beautiful, and made an agreable finish to the day.

On first visit to Tipperary, my wife accompanied me and we drove out to Kingswell to see John Massey, the house where, twenty years ago, the last few days in the V.D. Guards were spent, and received an Irish welcome; a daughter, who had been in the hills in India, just out of our reach, was at home with her husband and children. All the old 1864 days were brought back, the mesmeric fun, and the magistrate's claret cup which none else could brew, my Crimean acquaintance, drowned not long after in rushing a stream at night. We were pressed to remain to dinner, but had unfortunately made an engagement. On another occasion we met the son-in-law, Baker, whom we had expected to stay with us at Muttra, when travelling in India, but who had it seems, been taken ill in Kashmir: after his death the wife married a mutual friend, and we visited them at Lismacue. On the mountain slope opposite, behind which lies Cahir barracks and the wood where Streat and I used to dig the biggest ferns we could carry down to decorate our mess-room, is Ballydavid

where in 1870 the squire, a cousin of Baker's was shot dead at his hall door. Not the first family victim, for Hugh's grand-father, William Baker of Lismaoue was killed in Thomastown demense in 1815, on his way home from the Sessions, near the three gates. He had been shot through the body, and then close at hand the skull, for when found his cravat was burning and his face covered with gun-powder; the assailant broke his girth in re-mounting and left his saddle behind him on the road. All the army in Cashel, with every gentleman in it, were immediately out, as were the troops from the neighbouring cantonments,without result, though a large reward was offered. The last time we saw Massey, he was greatly broken by his son's death, his daughters were scattered, and he, left alone with his accounts, was pondering over a huge ledger.

At the Tipperary station, one evening coming back from a tour through Waterford and Clonmel, a telegram ordered me to Wexford on a board. The trains which cross here, were both in, and which to take, so as to reach Wexford next morning, was a puzzle- meantime an Officer rushed off to procure funds, and we delayed the train; and instead of Cork, I slept in Dublin. At Wexford no orders had been received, but enquiry elicited that the Board was on a Militia Officer, absent from training, who would now be warned to attend next morning. I therefore returned to Dublin for the night. These mountains through which we pass, are generally associated with the age when Ireland produced a great amount of gold, products of which are seen

in the collection of ornaments in the National Museum, Dublin: old Lunulae perhaps not later than 1800 B.C. Flat crescent shaped collars, often chased, huge gorgets, ribbed and bossed necklets and bangles; fibulae, possibly ringmoney, but which may have been brooches for fastening plaids or blankets, and lastly beautiful torques characteristic ornament of the Gaul in Roman sculpture, whose aera is not determined, since there are only two instances of there having been found with objects of bronze; but they probably date from the late bronze age about 1000 B.C. The source of this gold is supposed to be these mountains of Wicklow, in streams especially from Cruachan Cenn-selaig (Croghan Kinshala) where it was washed as late as 1796, in nuggets of even twenty two ounces.

The people of the Copper and Bronze age from B.C.2000 understood casting and graving of metals, and use of razors, the arts of weaving and pottery,and probably grew corn; they were of no known stock, of low stature,dark, and were in possession of the country ages before the invasion of the tall blue-eyed Gaels, who in the Iron age partly subdued the Island, and re-named it Ivernia, in Gaelic Erin, a mysterious pro-Aryan race, far advanced in necessary arts, though they do not appear to have introduced metal-work in copper and bronze, for bronze celts are found side by side with those of smoother stone.

Cahir had warmer associations, and it was a great pleasure to again sit down at the old table, and to drive through the demense. The Castle stands on the site of a fort of remote

antiquity, Cahir-du-naascuigh, circular (stone) fort of fish abounding dun: this was probably the original fort of mud.
In the famine year a road was made to Clogheen, straight as a Roman one- where is a small barrack for a troop, now but rarely occupied, and above it Shanbally Castle nestling in woods on the hillside. Near Shanbally, is the Cave om Mt Slewgort, in w which James pretended Earl of Desmond, created by Elizabeth, son of the attainted Earl, was run to earth. Only son of the sugane Earl by his second wife, daughter of Lord duboyne(pensioned by Elizabeth) born in England, Protestant god-son of the Queem, he had been sent by his father in 1584, as hostage for good behaviour, and was for several years imprisoned in the tower.
In May 1600 he narrowly escaped capture by Lord Barry's soldiers who came upon him whilst at supper; he fled leaving his mantle behind him, and with some followers took shelter in Clangibbon. The White Knight was therefore reprimanded, and promised to bring in his kinsman alive or dead; offering a reward of fifty pounds and the inheritance of a plough land to whoever would give intelligence of Desmond's whereabouts. One of his most affectionate followers, led the knight to this deep cave; Desmond came to the narrow entrance boldly, and dared his relatives men(he and they his own followers) to lay hands on him; but they entered sword in hand, and disarming him and his follower carried them bound to Cork. Desmond was sent to London, August 1601, and condemned,but for policy again imprisoned in the Tower till his death in 1608; he was interred in the Chapel. His

wife, daughter of the White Knight, was pensioned, and in 1629 was still styled Countess of Desmond.

In the old days Thomastown was occupied by Count de Jarnac; which at Tipperary my wife was desirous of seeing; so from the Warbutons we went over the large but now deserted mansion. It was built by Mathew, who exercised unbounded hospitality, remarkable even in Ireland; his guests lived as freely as if they were in a hotel; here in 1760 Father Mathew was born.

From Ennis to Wexford, it occupied time in visiting some forty stations; the latter place difficult to fit into any programne, for the railways were at loggerheads, and at the junction the train in supposed connection, was dispatched just as the incoming one entered the Station, A truly Irish method. Once the General was detained with us for several hours, of course it was raining, and from the little lonely shed at the station, there was not a house in sight; after that we used to go round by Dublin. Then there was a detachment at New Ross, and this had to be visited by boat up the Barrow, for the railway from the opposite bank was not opened; Ross-mic-Treoin, (wood of son of Treun) (corrupted to Rose macrone) and erroneously derived from Roher Macrone according to Camden, founded by Isabelle daughter of Strongbow.

In the troubles of 1798, its seige was memorable, on the fourth of June the Irish assembled in force, on Carrickburn six miles outside and encamped on Corbet hill; they seized the

mansion and made free with the cellars stocked with whiskey, wine, and some bottles of ketchup, which they swallowed with wry faces, saying "Shure its quare tastes the quality have". Next morning were drunk, and the half-armed, ill-disciplined crowd were rushed down the hill into the town, where on the bridge after repeated encounters with the garrison for ten hours, they had to retire; this was the most severely contested and bloody engagement of the period.

From Ross there is a beautiful drive over the upland to the train for Wexford; here the English gained a first footing in 1169, the town has a fishing industry, but the harbour is without shelter, and is dangerous from sand-banks. The small island is called Beggery, really Beg Eire, or Little Erin Erin being called Inis Fail, little Island, or Mag-Fail, plain of Fail. Hence we rail to Kilkenny, Cill Cainnech, (Church of Cannice) where was a magnificent Church of that Abbot; associated in my thoughts with Chicken Hartopp, who became Master of the Hounds, and lived in the present Clubhouse, to which however he added the adjoining house, and held high festival, regardless of expense. Open-hearted and liberal as ever, without thought of cost, he one day met in a village and old woman in rags who confessed she did not possess a blanket, "but was no worse, 'atall, at all' than others, though the weather was soft" whereon Chicken, out of kindness of heart sent one hundred for distribution. Then one day he caught cold cold, but persisted in going up to Dublin, where he got worse,

and when sent back to bed; when evening came, chafing at the restraint, he insisted on getting up, and returned to the Club, only to come back to bed and die quickly of pneumonia; within call of many friends, not one of whom knew of his proximity or condition.

The Dominician Priory in Irishtown has the reputation of never having been desecrated by postal deliveries, and near the river is the ruined Franciscan Priory body and tower now partially built into the brewery. Round Castle Cror the scenery is beautiful; Jenkinstown belonging to the Hon: G. Bryan (Buldoo) is approached through a well kept park, but the heap of lime-stone near the mansion shews that much renovation has yet to be done. The limestone in this neighbourhood is black, sometimes even jet-black; it contains many shells and takes a high polish. The neighbouring coal-field which we visited contains an extensive bed of anthracite which for want of a branch line to the railway, is but little worked.

Waterford, old Cuiani-na-groith (haven of the sun) is, like Wexford a Danish town, here at a corner of the Mall is a round tower dating back to Prince Reginald, son of the Danish Insar; there is said to be a Cromwellian bullet embedded in the upper part. During the seige thirty musketeers, under cover of smoke from a burning suburb, surprised the town, and Cromwell on entering, signed the letters patent on the pommell of his saddle, conveying confiscated lands of Sir Walter Coppinger of Lisnaboin; a Catholic to their Captain, Croker, who

at their meeting fell in love with W$_a$lter's daughter, and married her.

The De la Poers (Power) had three castles in the neighboroughood, the suggestion of Norman origin in 'de' seems not infrequent here; Mueullins was ennobled as De Moleyns; Morres as De Montmorency, and my Lord of Malahide became De Malahide. One of these castles Dun Isk, on the sea-shore between Tranmore and Dungarvan, from its ruins must have been a formidable stronghold. It was vigorously defended for some time by the Countess who spent day and night on the ramparts animating the soldiers, till Cromwell wearied at the protracted resistance, was on the point of withdrawing. That night the Countess retired without making provisions for rations, and the engineer to whose skill she owed much of the defence asked for food and received a cup of buttermilk. In his irritation he signalled to the retiring enemy, and surrendered: the stronghold was blown up, and 'mid th the ruins the Countess perished with her garrison. Another Kilmeadon was raised to the ground, and the Chatelaine hanged on a tree. The third Curragh was spared through the adroitness of the Knight's daughter, who locked him in the Tower, and in surrendering the keys, so cajolled Cromwell, that he passed on.

At Dungarvan, he was again baffled by a woman, who when he ordered the sacking of the place, rushed forward and offered him a cup of wine, which he accepted and annulled his order.

Once on a board here, the name of the Officer concerned seemed to recall Simla,so I asked him if it was a rel-

ative we had met there who rode about in attendance on the Queen of Sheba, a soubriquet derived from the antique arrangement of our friend Mrs C....'s hair. "That's myself" he said but he was in the Bombay cavalry in their pretty blue and silver dress. "Yes, and my wife who was staying with the Queen, insisted as a condition that I should return to my regiment, so come and renew acquaintance," which we did with a champagne luncheon, and a review of many exciting incidents of Simla life.

Kinsale, Lean Taile (Sea head) is associated with the Danes, and later with Spaniards, who called the Old Head Cabo de Velbo. Here they were defeated in 1380, while the Duke of Buckingham was passing through France, French and Spanish galleys raided our coast, but in end of June were forced to retire, by an English fleet from the West, took refuge in Kinsale, and were there vanquished, losing four hundred killed, the chief Captains only four of whom escaped, and four ships, and twenty one English vessels captured. Fort Charles covering the entrance, was named in honour of Charles II by Ormonde, begun in 1670 and finished in eleven years at a cost of seventy three thousand pounds; the first stone was laid by Lord Orrery and in 1691 it was taken by Marlboro. It has the honour of being haunted, sentries are frightened by a ghost on one of the outer forts, now known as the Devil's battery; he is said to terrify them by appearing and carrying a cannon ball. The story is that the Govenor in his rounds found the sentry here asleep and shot him desd- horrified to find that

he had killed his only son, he jumped over the ramparts and was drowned. The youth had persuaded the sentry to take a message from him into the town, and meanwhile himself took his place and fell asleep. From that night the Devil was a constant visitor.

An interesting ghost story is reported from Vienna; the son of a poor woman, had for some fault, been condemned to death, and the distracted Mother went round collecting signatures to a petition for presentation to the Emperor the night before his execution, but at the Palace gates was told that His Majesty had retired, and could not be disturbed. In her despair she entered the village church, and after praying for a long while before the altar of St Anthony of Padua, left her petition upon the altar. In the morning she heard that the Emperor had signed his reprieve. Obtaining access to his Majesty he told her that near midnight a monk from the neighbouring monastery had come in and presented the petition, and that he had signed a reprieve. The Emperor rode to the monastery but was assured by the Prior that no monk had been sent at such an hour to disturb his Majesty, and summoned all the men to be interviewed in turn, but the Emperor failed to identify his visitor. Before leaving he was escorted through the chapel and in the large oil-painting over the altar recognised his mid-night visitor. Your Majesty must be mistaken said the Prior, that monk left this monastery ages ago, that is St Anthony of Padua. "That said the Emperor, was my visitor last night"

Asplenium lanceolatum is reported to have been found in the bank over bend in the road round south west of the harbour; but it has not favoured me. The black-stemmed Adiantum nigrum grows abundantly in the shaded cobble banks.

Everywhere a place of primary importance was the cook-house, the mode of preparation of rations, so as to obtain a variation of dietary, and the distribution so that the food came to the table as speedily as possible, and could be enjoyed without unnecessary ceremony. The same routine of rations undiversified by changes in cookery and serving up, is not appetising. Regimental interior economy varied greatly, so much depended upon the Quarter-master; and there was too often much unnecessary waste dripping, that should have been utilised for frying odds and ends for supper, was sold. There were many old stagers still in each Mess whose surplus food was shared with new recruits, their appetites sharpened by unwonted muscular drill, so that on the whole the ration was sufficient, but old soldiers were becoming scarce, and it became a question whether the one pound of meat should include bone. As for bones too they were thrown away, and when attempted to be utilised for soup at the Camp, this at once became tabooed, in the belief that bones had been removed from the plates to be thus re-utilised, probably from mis-understanding and prejudice.

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C H A P T E R XXV11.

FARTHER NORTH.

with Hunters

CHAPTER XXVII.

Farther North.

Killarney was said to be the most inspected place in the country, it was really a very convenient centre, and then there were comfortable hotels; often there, I had never time to halt, and rarely to explore. It was very cosmopolitan; on one occasion on the Lakes, my daughter met some Halifax acquaintances (Gen. Laurie) who carried her off and next day took charge of her during my absence. On another occasion we met Major W., R.A., our neighbour in Halifax with whom was his recently married wife.

Seldom was there time to go to Killarney by road; it is, however, better to visit the Lakes first and then from Glengariffe, drive over the pass of Kei-na-neigh and along Lake Allua, through Inchigeela, to Macroom; otherwise the bold scenery of Glengariffe, will dwarf the lovely pictures at Killarney, into minatures. Around Glengariffe, mid the mountains enclosing Kenmare, Bantry, and Dingle Bays, thebeauty of the scenery is intensified by striking contrasts of light and shade, and the varied tints of rocks whose contour, especially round Glengariffe, is magnificent.

Lady Kenmare must have had an eye for the picturesque when she persuaded her husband to build a new Castle on this spot, sufficiently elevated to command extensive views of the lower lake and its borders, and insist on all the houses within sight being of a particular colour. In the private grounds were some exquisite bits for painting, and another delightful nook is her rural cottage

in a forest almost surrounded by the Lake, now occupied by the Commanding Officer, where the crimson Spiraea Palmata flourishes, and the song of birds or hum of insects alone disturbs the stillness of the perfumed air.

How peaceful it all looks, but troops occupy the Rectory, and Leonard, the Estate Agent, drives everywhere with an armed escort of Constabulary. "Before /79" says an American visitor, "you could not have bribed a Kerryman to assassinate anyone, but the other day I said to an intelligent P.P. in the Bishop's presence: 'Now for half a crown you could probably find a dozen within 10 miles". 'It is, I fear, too true' he replied".

Murphy was shot through the leg and killed; Leahy, for outbidding another on a farm of Lord Kenmare's, was shot and frightfully bayonetted before his wife's face,- no evidence given at the trial. Danaghue, four years ago, within a mile of Killarney, was shot in the legs, for buying out a broken-down tenant-farmer; part of the money going to pay for arrears of rent. Rohilly was murdered near the workhouse in Killarney, on his way home, December /85 about 5 p.m., because he had been caretaker of an evicted farm. A farmer near here,- Brown,- purchased his own and an adjoining farm which he sublet; his neighbour did not pay and B., threatened to eject him. A few days later B., was shot at midday working in a field, and his brothers were not allowed to see or help the widow.

Curtin, a cultivated man, educated by Jesuits, after the rising in /48, harboured O'Gorman in Limerick; at the celebrated

Blennerhasset election he was the only tenant who refrained from voting for the Landlord's man. Henerous, he lent neighbours money and machines and in Autumn of '75, he headed a deputation of the league to Lord Kenmare for reduction of rents, which was referred to trustees who could not do so, for which soon after a masked man came and demanded alms; he refused and shot one dead,- Casey, a neighbours' son,- and then was shot himself. His last words as he lay in the doorway were, "Go home now, boys".

Next Sunday Casey was buried near Munkross Abbey; the whole countryside attended. On the same day Curtin was buried at Mollahiffe, and when the Curate began to speak with regret at his death, the whole congregation rose to leave the Church, and to avoid scandal he turned to the Altar and continued the service. All over Castle Island on the same day placards were posted warning people not to pay rent if they would escape the fate of Curtin of Mollahiffe. Mrs Curtin and daughters prosecuted and a brother of Casey was at Christmas convicted.

Curtin's house is on the hill, we see it densely ivy-clad, above the boggy country through which the railway runs, with large iron gateway. The widow was boycotted, purchasers from her were warned to expect Curtin's fate; no one would work for her, of if he came, was compelled to leave; not smith or carpenter either, for fearof night-boys; and the baker for continuing to supply her, had his house fired at, his windows smashed and the gates unhinged. No Company would insure for her, and when she sold a calf its throat was cut on the road. She was under police protection, behind whose

backs the neighbours jeered and insulted, and the house next door was fired into and the daughters there forbidden to again talk to the protecting police. She had to hear Mass in the Sacristy; their bench in the Church being broken up,; Father Pat got a new one from Cork, no one nearer would make it; the driver bringing it, was beaten and forced to go to America, and the new pew was broken to bits in the Churchyard.

Mrs Casey said Curtins' people got blood money before; his grandfather was an informer; the boys merely went for arms, a foolish thing but usually done. "As long as I and my children, and my childfen's children live, we will try to root the Curtins out of the land, and I am better off than she is, for I can go anywhere without wanting a policeman". The agent drives about on a car accompanied by police and escorted by others mounted; yet since he succeeded in 1871, Lord Kenmare has expended £6-7000 on road-making, building cottages, and drainage. The evictions have been about 1 in 500 in every half year. Abatements, allowances, expenditure, in 78-9, 80-81, exclusive of what was spent on the house and demesne, £33,465, for those years of distress he expended more than he received from Kerry estates. Yet he was denounced locally and in Parliament, and had to leave the country, discharging employés whose wages were £460 a week.a/ Unfortunately, as at Michelstown and other places, the outlay in building the Mansion remains a heavy burden upon the estate.

These mountains of Kerry are the most elevated in Ireland though lower than Snowdon, and not to be compared with those of

A/. Hussey Reminiscenses p.224 B/ Ch, Martens, Rev. des deux Mondes, March /67 More R. I. Acad. July /67.

Scotland; they form parellel chains, whilst the valley which descends to the sea is scooped out of the carboniferous formation by erosion of waves dissolving calcareous rocks and leaving promontories of the old red sandstone, an action still observable which is enlarging the lakes of the central plain. The west, exposed to moisture-laden Atlantic winds, remained buried beneath ice and snow longer than the East, influenced by dry, overland winds from the continent. The Lakes occupy the bed of a glacier, one of those moving icy rivers that polish the lower rocks, or groove them as we saw at Halifax in the Park. Bones of Mammouth and Hippopotamus and of numerous Ruminants are found; these species of deer have been discovered in peat in caves of which the red still survives; they had no enemy (in the absence of felines such as hyena and cave-lion) but wolf and bear, against which fleetness of limb and power of swimming, affords ready escape. 4/

On the hill over Upper Lake is a hughe Logan stone balanced on a pivot, while the supporting earth has been washed away. The rocking-stone is described minutely by Pliny "Juxta Haspases oppidem Asiae cautes stat horrenda, uno digito mobilis; eddem si toto corpore impellatur, resistens".

(Inis insula).

On Innisfallen, among the ruins, we see the Oratory of St. Finian and the Leperous; near Tralee is one of Gallerus, a fine stone cell with door and window opposite one another, probably of fifth century; here we enter the churches of the first faithful. But Ireland reveals, behind this sacred superstructure, an existence older still and a pagan period still more remote, of Oghan inscrip-

B/. W. Spottiswood Green,- R. Geographical Proceedings.

* See Ch: VXV. p.-.

tion; groups of incised strokes, to right, to left, obliguely and by notches on the edge itself; they have been deciphered; but the oromlechs, tumuli, stone circles, Menhirs orgillams, pierced stones, and raths innumerable, preserve the mystery of their origin and design. The Killarney fern (Trichomanes radicans) that used to be found in a cavern on the Lakes, has all been carried off; but is being cultivated at the railway Hotel; it is still to be met with on the mountains above Glengariffe;children by the roadside sell such a fern, but it is Hymnophyllum (Tunbridgense).

The Arbutus (unedo) so common along the streams in Greece, is general, luxuriating on limestone, and growing more freely than in Italy, whence,-if not from Spain,- it may have been early introduced by ecclesiasties with their prescient knowledge; but in the S.W., it has quite established itself, and Celtic scholars claim its origin in Ar (austere) boise on account of its rough fruit, whilst Unedo, according to Pliny, comes from umum edo, as it proves to be so disagreeable. "Turgit in volis formosior Arbutus Antris"* This, with some nine other plants, Daboesia, (Menziesia) polifolia, a pinkish Erica common on wastes in the Asturias and S. W. France, extending up to Connemara, but unknown in England, are common to Portugal and the Azores; there may have been a period when this was one region till separated by irruption of the saa; but these Pyreanean plants are not found in intervening Brittany, nor any trace of them, and they might have been brought over by monks accord ing to tradition, or perhaps transferred to the coasts of Cornwall

* Propertius I.

and Ireland by birds. The Islands on the West Coast have mostly a local flora, mingled of course with neighbouring plants.

A gunrange had to be selected in Northern Kerry & a party of the staff went round to Kilorgan under the hill on which Curtins house was pointed out & drove to Glenbeigh under the mountain round which the railway will shortly be scarped to Cahirciveen; here the Tower Winns folly is being utilised as an emergency barracks ; built in recent years by Sir Rowland it consists of a gateway &Tower with a fey small gloomy cells round the courtyard which have to be supplimented by tents all built in imitation of a mediaeval Castle through whose thick walls daylight has a struggle to enter; covered with ivy it might form a picturesque object in the landscape. Above is Lough Carra.h where there is good fishing* We spent the day in rambling over the wide stretch of sands to return with a healthy appetite to the small but comfortable inn& enjoy one of the plentiful Salmon fresh from the river and we found the large Pinguicula in numerous patches which was alone worth the journey; it is well worthy of cultivation & is said to be established near Penzance* On our drive out a

countrywoman with a donkey cart, short gown much tattered, thick sturdy legs and ruddy complexion, the picture of health, exclaimed laughingly at our masculine party: "Ne'er a woman amongst ye, sure and take me". We could only reply: "We will come back for you", we returned, however, by another way.

Limerick, City of the broken treaty, named from Luimneach, a spot bared to feed horses, for here secure on the island a band of outlaws lived and brought their plunder, is a dully County town with an old and a new Barracks, a historic bridge, and a treaty stone. Here Danes settled in the 8th century, who in the 9th, proclaimed the cheiftain, Turgesius, King; a tyrant that ruled the Irish with a rod of iron and forced them to taste the dregs of servitude. Malachi, King of Meath, had a daughter "of excellent beauty", whom Turgesius desired to make mistress of his séraglio; the Irish king dared not provoke the tyrant by a refusal, but entreated that the maiden should be received privately by night into the palace, that her shame might be concealed from the world; promising also to send fifteen other beauties, each more charming than herself. The Princess and her train were admitted to Turgesius' apartments, but when he attempted to take hold of her (the signal pre-arranged) the attendants threw off their female attire, drew concealed swords, siezed and bound the tyrant, and fell upon and slew his unprepared guards; they they opened the gates to the King and his troops; not a Dane escaped. When the King entered the room in which Turgesius lay bound, he reproached him with his cruelties, to Irish ladies and ordered him to be loaded with irons and carried before himself in triumph. Thus for a time in Ireland, the power of the Danes was destroyed; Turgesius was ultimately thrown, fettered as he was, into Loch Ainnin.

The Cathedral bells were brought from Italy, made by a young artist who put his whole soul into his handiwork, and with proceeds of their sale to a convent, bought a neighbouring villa where he might grow old, within sound of his beloved bells. But an emeute occurred and he lost all; the convent was wrecked and the bells carried off to Limerick. Haunted by memories and deserted by hope, the unfortunate man wandered over the Continent, and now

greyhaired, at length sought the place to which his bells had been taken. Coming up the Shannon he hired a small boat to take him ashore; above the smoke and mist of the City he beheld the turreted steeple of St. Mary's and sitting in the stern he fondly gazed on the scene. Suddenly the evening stillness was broken by the tolling of the bells; the men rested on their oars, as the boat still glided forwards, the aged Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, all early recollections were in those sounds; they went to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with happy face still turned towards St. Mary's, but his eyes were closed, and on landing they found him dead,- his soul had passed with the silence of the bells.

Early in 1651, Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, besieged the City closely for six months, and captured it mainly through treachery of one of the chief officers, Colonel Fennel, who had previously betrayed the important pass of Killaleeand now at the most critical moment surrendered the forts of St. John's Tower and another, and turned their guns on the city, so that O'Neil, the general, on 27th October was reluctantly compelled to surrender. The Irish marched out like skeletons; O'Dwyer, the Bishop, escaped. O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, an active shadier, was seized in hinding; a Dominican D.D., in the Convent, he was alected Provincial, and in 1643, soon after made Bishop; he so actively persuaded the people to hold out against the forces of Cromwell, that Ireton offered him £40,000 to desist from his exhortations, and quit the City on a

pass to any other kingdom; he heroically refused, so was exempted from pardon, and condemned to be beheaded a sentence he bore with resignation and to the last moment behaved with manly fortitude. Addressing Ireton at the last eve of All Saints, in prophetic spirit he accused him of great injustice and summoned him shortly to the tribunal of God; he died with great courage on All Saint's Day, his head fixed on a pike at the top of a tower, in the centre of the City; ~~He died with great courage~~, but General Purcell, who was hanged with him, was so weak as to be held up by two soldiers. In eight days (26 Nov: 1651), Ireton caught the plague and died raving against the Prelate. 4/

The next siege was, however, more momorable, on the eve of the broken treaty. Near the Tremond Bridge there still rests the big memorable stone, not unlike a chair in shape, still in the same position as when on it the celebrated treaty was signed. In August 1790, William summoned Limerick to surrender; the French General Boileau, Commandant, was surprised, and thought the best way to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange, was to defend the place for his master, King James. The City consisted, as still, of an English and Irish town, the former built on rock and surfounded by morass which could at any time be flooded, and considered impregnable; within the walls of its vicinity lay the flower of the Irish army,- a French fleet rode triumphant in the Shannon, and Clare and Galway were both open for supplies; but jealousy between the French and Irish Commanders spread to the troops.

4/ Bourke Hibernia Dominicana

During the seige (Sept.) an unfortunate slaughter occurred at Thomond's bridge, through the hesitation of a French Major. The works on Clare side were attacked, and though the Irish fought bravely they had to retreat and rushed on the bridge, and the French fearing the English grenadiers would enter with them, raised the drawbridge and left the fugitives to the mercy of their pursuers, the Irish were almost all put to the sword, those who attempted swimming to the walls were drowned; this increased distrust and contributed to the surrender,

Luttrell, a Colonel in the Irish army, accused of betraying an important pass on the river which facilitated attack on the city, was tried by C.M. and acquitted; but such is the injustice of tradition, that "he sold the pass" became symonymous with informer, and when a storm arises on the Shannon, it is his spirit abroad shrieking upon the waters.

On 23rd September, weary of the struggle, the garrison capitulated, and on 3rd of October, 1691, the Treaty was signed, as said upon the celebrated stone. In two parts, civil and military, the latter stipulates for surrender of City and other fortresses in the hand s of the Irish; garrison to march out with honours of ear and to be supplied with shipping if required, at cost of British Government. Catholics should be required to take oath of allegiance and no other, and should enjoy such privileges and exercise of their religion as are consistent withthe laws of Ireland or as they did enjoy in the reigh of Charles, shamefully broken.

In 1703 an Act was passed that no Catholic should come to dwell in or inhabit, the suburbs of Limerick, or town of Galway, and that the Catholic residents depart out of both before the 25th of March unless they gave sufficient security for true allegiance to the Queen.

When Sarsfield, a most distinguished Officer, whom James had created Earl of Lucan, "sans peur et sans reproche", thus capitulated on condition of religious liberty, England devised a course of oppression and persecution compared to which previous sufferings were as nothing, which Burke called a masterpiece of human perversity, cunningly devised to impoverish and degrade a nation. Catholics lost all civil rights; all public appointments were closed to them, even the Law; they could not carry arms, and were subject to domicilary visits in search of weapons; under punishment by fines and imprisonment, flogging and the pillory. He could not own a horse of more than £5 value and for that sum must give it up to any Protestant; buy or inherit or receive as a gift, any land whatsoever; if the son apostatised, he inherited the property, of which the father became life tenant; if the wife apostatised she was freed from her husband's control and was assigned a portion of the property; a child had only to profess apostacy to be at once removed from its father's care to the guardianship of a Protestant relative to whom the father had to pay an annual sum for its education. But to return to present times:

A large milling industry of newest design is growing . Here also and at Waterford are located the bacon industry of the

64/ Laws Wm III & Anne 1688 - 1714

South; these great butcheries are well worthy of a visit, provided it is not too early in the day; we arrived at midday when the morning's slaughter was over, but the central chamber of horrors some 12 feet square lined with white tiles, now besmeared with blood. The pig, driven in by one door, in rushing across to escape by the opposite was stabbed in the neck and fell into a vat of boiling water out of which the now blanched and hairless carcase was strung on to a travelling chain which carried it down along a line of stalls at each of which a portion was dismembered till nothing remained on the chain. A gruesome sight and we were thankful not to have witnessed the tragedy; some 400 pigs had been slaughtered that morning.

Further notth, as one approaches Ennis, the country is st studded with ruins, Castles, Monastic buildings, and Churches. The surface seemed largly to consist of denuded rock with pockets of earth eased in turf, said to afford excellent pasturage for sheep. On an island in the river (Fargus) stands the ruins of an ancient Castle of the O'Briens, with bridges from each bank.

Ennis (Inis-Cluana, ramfhoda, river meadow of Clonroad), our most northerly station is chiefly remarkable for its narrow streets; but there is by the bridge, a sociable little Club, here one met Turner of the divisional magistrate, and a neighbouring one, son of my old friend, John Massey of Kingswell.

There was seldom time for Archaeological research, or dwelling on historical associations; within a mile stands the Augustinian Clare Abbey, a graceful Cruciform Church, with conspicuous lofty

tower, founded in 1195, by Donald O'Brien, King of Munster; a little further on is the ruined Abbey of Killone Lough by same founder, 1190 and near it a holy well of great repute.

Quin, (Cuinche, arbutus grove) further south, proved worthy of repeated visits; it lay in the direction of Tulla, near which a detachment was quartered in the second mansion to protect the landlord. The property struck me as being kept in trim orderly fashion not usual on this side, but the Colonel and his tenants were in a state of war, without servants, his wife carried a revolver and acted as postman. The little garrison lived in a finely wooded park, with a stream for fishing, that in places has scooped out a series of arches through the limestone, work of many centuries a demoralising situation for soldiers, but they and the country folk are on good terms, and the Colonel who came across every day, through the parks, though he said he lived in fear of his life, was not molested. His son-in-law on an adjoining estate had arranged with his tenants for reduction of 15 per cent, whilst the Colonel held out against twenty five. Lately a baker was found shot dead under his cart and 200 feet of turf belonging to a woman, burnt, because she was suspected of supplying the emergency men.

After all the situation seems melodramatic, compared with that at the end of the forties when we in England eat rice for potatoes; when (47) half a million of people were dispossessed by the landlords and with such heartlessness and cruelty that even the unimpassioned Peel, denounced them. *

* D'Alton 111. 212. O'Conner Parnell Mem. 73.

In /48 the harvest failed and many succumbed to dysentry; in /49 cholera destroyed 36,000, and the total deaths of 240,000 from famime disease, that year deduced the population to 6½ millions.

Quin Abbey (Franciscan) built in 1402, by Sioda Macnamara, Lord of Clancullen, with additions by his son, Maccon, in 1433, has nave and chancel surmounted by a graceful tower springing from their junction; and three out of the four towers of a Norman Castle still remain, the cloister has couplets of pillars ornamented with buttresses, fourteen arches E and W and 10 N. and S. In the cloister is interred Father John Hagan, last Franciscan, who died at Drim in 1820. In the Chapel of the choir is the sculptured figure of a saint.

In the neighbourhood of Quin are several ruined Castles; Dangan with its quadrangular tower flanked at angles by round towers is said to be the oldest fortress in Munster; southwards in Burra ty barony, are remains of some fifty Castles of the MacNamara's.

Knoppoque belongs to Lord Dunboyne, and when in 1785 the Bishop of Cork became 12th Baron, he applied for a dispensation to be relieved of his office that he might marry; on the Pope's refusal, abjured the Faith in the Protestant Church at Clonmal, and shortly after married his cousin, a daughter of Theo Butler of Wilford, Tipperary. Mortally ill, and without issue, in 1800 he repented, and was again received into the Church and the title went to his cousin; his Confessor, Dr Gavan, refused to reveal the confession and was imprisoned for a week.

Side by side with these heavy fortresses, Chruches and

Monasteries, and Abbeys sprang up, which, in the fighting ages, bejewelled the land they still idealise, through them poetry and the infinite wove themselves into the brutal texture of history; love and sweetness had their shrines as truly as violence and hate, shrines moreover marvellously adapted to the spirituallity of their intention. The walls made less thick were broken, first by round, then by pointed arches, while theirvaults aspired to heaven, supported in their flight by a little mass of slender columns. The tower no longer condemned to remain heavy and defensive, seemed of its own accord to grow more graceful and more spiritual, as befitted that which should hold above the battle of the world, the music of the holy bells. The Irish Churches are in truth the dignified residences of a king; every prince, every Lord of that time, desired to give his Heavenly Sovereign a house worthy of His Omniscience. Such were Athassel Priory, Holy Cross, where dwelt a piece of the True Cross, gift of Pascal II, Sligo Abbey, Bective, Jerpoint and Monasteranenagh; ivy has laid seige to their crumbling towers, slow destruction has both simplified and spiritualised their ruins. Everything which enclosed them has disappeared, roofs, doors, and stained glass windows; bare to the sky and at the mercy of every wind, only the essential portions remain to show the original loveliness of their design, and the marvellous scheme of slender columns, mullioned windows, and pointed arches soaring upward to eternity.

But Time is not such a destroyer as man himself; war has caused more ruins than the ages and while in brisker countries labour produces continual transformations, here life has held no

transmutting vicissitudes. The soil of Erin is like a faithful depository in which memories are religiously retained; these memories, like those of individual intelligences, have a simplifying and idealising influence. Before the eleventh century for instance we have only one impression of Ireland,- that of the "Isle of Saints" with its round Towers, Celtic Crosses, and stone altars; of the life of its Chiefs and Chieftains, we can see and guess nothing; of the old towns, only the mutilated names remain, while of the ancient wooden palaces once so numerous not a vestige is left. All that time has bequeathed to represent the age of conversions and enthusiasm, when the earth seemed only a place made to kneel upon, and to cover with monuments reminding men of heaven, such are the Churches built by the early Apostles and their successors, with the cells of anchorites and the wooden crosses, covered by the primitive but delicate designs of the Celts".

The old population, driven into Connaught by the English conquerors, reclaimed the wilderness into a fetile soil, which the landlords, generation after generation, grasped and confiscated, so as to drive them further on to land, they had to reclaim and drain, and be again driven off, that the landlords might live on their labours; so the priests had to enter into politics to fight for the very life of their flock. During the 700 years of a fatal rule, our sceptre has been the sword, our diadem the black cap, our throne the gallows. *

The Irish were not even allowed to retain their name ; In 1465 it was enacted by parliament(Ed 14) that everry Irishman dwelling amongst Englishmen shall go like to one Englishman in apparel% shaving of his beard above the mouth; shall take to him an English surname' of a town' as Sutton' Corke)insale' or colour' as White ' Blacke'' or arts or scienc as Smith' Carpenter' or o ffice' as Cooke' Butler; & that he & his issue shall use the same under penalty*

Opposite Ardsollas Station we see the demesne of Lord Inchiquin, Dromoland, where violets especially grow in profusion;

* O'Curry CLVll Customs Irish,- Firmin Roy under English Crown p.79.

here in the hall is a large tablethat once occupieda cabin in one of the Armada Ships which was wrecked in attempting to sail between Mutton Island and the mainlaad near Miltown Malbay; where at low water cattle can be driven across to tie islandeThe High Sheriff ' Sir Bostius Clancy took the table out of the ship as it was breaking up and presented it to Cole Connor O' Brienwho then lived at Lemenagh near Corofin, ancestor of th the Inchiquine*

Some 23 vessels are known to have been wrecked off the Irish coast, others reached it and anchored, then went safely home; 90 are estimated to have passed the Orkneys, of which 57 reached Spain. It seems probable then that two were lost off the Scottish and 24 off the Irish coast; two were blown by storm into the English Channel. Of the five unaccounted for, some were probably lost off the Scottish isles or Ireland, or went down at sea. *

This Armada was despatched by Philip under extreme provocation, through the unwarantable attacks on his tradeships & possessions by Hawkins & Blake, who like chartered pirates raided Spanish Ports carrying off great booty; Elizabeth on her own account also seized his ships & refused all compensation; while we were also aiding the Dutch rebels against him. But when Drake crossed the Atlantic with 25 ships, seizing numerous Spanish vessels & sacked Puerto Rico, Carthagena, & San Domingo, then Philip despatched the Armada*

Down the Shannon, King of island rivers, made a delightful trip, visiting the forts and Kilrush, a dirty little fishing town, where, owing to the unrest on the Vandeleur estate, a detatchment is quartered. The river, for several miles below the city runs, in a comparatively narrow channel, curing slightly between mudbanks and sandpits, then, as the Church tower and spires begin to fade in Turneresque haze, it expands into a lakelike estuarary, half-closed at intervals by low promontories and bold bluffs. Always on the right, Clare shore, a range of mountains, which in the distance beyond Kilrush, breaks into bold headlands; the water is notably dark and grey in colour. Some three miles down on an eminence are ruins of Carrigogunnel Castle. Then we get a glimpse of Bunratty Castle, better seen from the station. Cratloe on the Ennis line, a strong fortress (the wall seven feet think) in good preservation, once residence of the Earls of Thomond. Then we pass several little islands as the stream broadens, till at Foynes it is nearly

* G.H.Moore.

two miles across. Glin park and woods come down to the shore; in days when the Spaniards came over, the Castle was gallently defended against the English, when horrid butchery was customary, all Irish being hanged and Spaniards were put to the sword. The Knight's son, a child of six years old, was in the hands of the President "ready at will to be executed". To terrify the warders, the President caused him to be set on top of a gabion, sending word to the garrison that they should have a fair mark upon which to bestow their small shot. The Knight replied that fear for the boy's life should not make his followers forbear, since the mother who bore him might still have other sons. The boy was taken down, the Knight killed in a sally and the "rebels retired to the battlements to sell their lives as dearly as possible; some were slain in the place, others lept from the top of the Castle into the water beneath, where our guards killed them". *

Three miles and wer disembark at Tarbert, 37 miles from LImerick, by upright ladder into a boat, fortunately ladies do not travel this way; Tarbert is protected from Atlantic gales by a promontory, once an island on which stands the lighthouse; as many as 70 salmon have been taken out of stakenets here in a single tide; the fish simply entangle themselves. This river ~~is~~ nearly intersects the central part of Ireland from N. to S. draining 4500 square miles, outlet of fifteen counties; rather a chain of Lakes than a river; on such a splendid waterway we passed no traffic, as O'Connel said "the country is intersected with noble estuaries, ships of 500 tons bruthen ride into the heart of it, safe from every

* (Pacata Hibernia).

wind that blows. No country possesses such advantages for commerce; the machinery of the world might be turned by the waterpower of Ireland. Take the map and dissect it, and you will find that a good harbour is not more distant from any spot in Ireland, than 30 miles. *

Napoleon when at St. Helena, amazed the Captain of a man of war who hailed from the City, of his minute knowledge of the Shannon up to Limerick. The Emperor frankly acknowledged that he had derived it from a careful study of Charts and that a descent upon Ireland had long been among his projects and in fact that the cardinal mistake of his life was his preference of a campaign in Egypt to the invasion of Ireland.

At Carrig we had to signal for the Ordnance boat, and so crossed the now wide waters by moonlight to Kilrush.

Returning it was a change to go through Listowel, its river Feal is associated with the Desmonds, sung by Laland. The young heir benighted whilst out hunting, took shelter in the house o of a dependant, fell in love with the fair daughter and married her to the annoyance of his followers, who looked on such a match as degradation so the poet for him:-

"If you've eyes to look but upon her and blush whilst you blame;
Hath the pearl less whiteness because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness for growing near the earth?"

At Askeaton (Ear-Gephtine,- Gephtine's waterfall) we stayed to see the ruins of the Castle once a stronghold, and of the Franciscan P riory. The former stood on a limestone rock over-

* (Speech. Reg: v. O'Connell. 649).

looking the river Feal, final refuge of Gerald, last Earl of Desmond. Sir Nicholas Malby sacked the town in 1579, and destroyed the Priory, and next year it was taken by Axtill, and demolished. The cloisters are enclosed by twelve cylindrical columns with richly foliated capitals surmounted by pointed arches of black marble, on each side which are still in good preservation.

There is a weird story of Lord Essex' vision here in 1599, recorded by his chaplain. After the capture of Cahir, the army marched north against the Geraldines, and halting at Limerick, turned west to the stronghold of Askeaton Castle, "where they rested on the Sabbath, and sermons were read by preachers in every quarter of the Camp, to the great refreshment of those that heard them.

"The Earl was quartered in an old Monkery belonging to the late traitor Earl, whose forfeited lands are insolently usurped by the false Earl called Sugane,- the Straw Earl,-. It stood at a little distance from the Castle, in the midst of a flat country, and on the banks of the Shannon.

My Lord lay down on a bed of straw, his sword by his side, in the former Oratory of the Earl, and for warmth kept on his inner coat and hose, and used his furlined cloak for covering. On the further side was a stone doorway and staircase leading to the Tower, in the passage at foot of which a sentry paced to and fro, between this Chapel and the larger portion of the building, in which other gentlemen of the suite, the Lord of Thomond, Capt. Sethcock, etc., were quartered. The moon was nearly full.

"What happened just before I remember not, for it seems I must have slept awhile. Suddenly my Lord clutched me, and I looked

up and saw he had reared himself erect, his eyes wide and staring and in a loud voice he cried:

"Who was that?"

I turned and in the midst of the doorway leading to the Tower stood a man clothed in Irish fashion, in a long cloak (commonly called a bratt*) and under it a close-fitting white vest and trews.

He stood like a statue, neither going nor advancing, whilst we might have counted ten, gazing fixedly on his Excellency. He seemed aged, his face hollow and worn, yet haughty with such a smile on his lips as I never saw, and pray may never see again.

Then my Lord seized his sword, rose suddenly and rushed towards the doorway, but when about six paces off, stopped and began to shiver greatly. So I looked, and lo! there was nothing but the moonlight and the stars; but a rumbling as of thunder seemed to fill the air, coming from a distance and dying away slowly towards the river.

My Lord came back, and motioned me to call the sentry. To my question: "Did anyone pass?" the sentry looked bewildered, as

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* These bratts, long cloaks, says Spencer, made a bed at night and a tent by day, a protection against both heat and cold, and most suitable garments for so uncertain a climate, and for the usual mode of life. James I., made war against them in vain, and Perrott (said to be an illigitimate son of Henry VIII persecuted its wearers, and women who wore the national headdress as traitors. They were forced, men and women, to adopt hats in English fashion, and then later to discard the Egyptiacal roll they wore on their heads.

Egy

though suddenly roused from sleep, and answered:

"No man".

"Had he heard aught?"

He made no reply, but his eyes were closing like one who had no power to keep them open, his mouth opening and shutting of itself. His Excellency seized him by the throat:-

"What ails you, sirrah! art drunk?"

While yet speaking the same sound suddenly was in both our ears, and a shock as if the ground had opened, a great rumble like thunder, yet not like any that I had ever heard. My Lord losing hold of the sentry took me up to the Tower to find out for a surety:-

"Whence came yonder man and for what purpose has he presumed to trouble us?"

Up some thirty steps we came to a flattish place above, and at first saw only the level country, all grey in the moonlight, the forest and the great river. Below us the ground was deep with fog, and lo! it seemed like the Red Sea, to cleave into two parts, and a passage appeared down the middle, and as we looked, a stranger and more terrible sight was seen .

For, all aleng those pathways devoid of life, there presently appeared a great multitude of people approaching the Castle; from whence God knoweth, for neither habitation, nor village existed round Askeaton,- in former times thickly populated,- all having been utterly destroyed in the last wars by Sir Nicholas Malby,

President of Connaught, and later by Lord Ormonde and Sir Henry Pelham, who levelled all habitations, both small and great, slaying the people, and destroying the harvests and beasts of the filed, so that to this day it remains waste and void.

As the great multitude came nearer, I could plainly distinguish one from another; only a small portion were full grown men, the rest woman and children; in each group the children went first, and after them a man and a woman side by side, or sometimes two or three women in rear followed, aged, some so old andfeeble ththat I was amazed at their skinny faces like skeletons.

Others of the suite aroused by the noise, had come up to the top of a wall below us, and among them I discerned another figure, tall and grey, moving along with a slow and stately pace, rather as it seemed, gliding than walking, till it stood right in front of us. Suddenly I heard the voice of Colonel Sethcock, who had just them come out on the same part of the tower on which we were standing, crying with an exceedingly loud voice:

"Jesus mercy! Yonder is Desmond himself".

"What Desmond?" my Lord asked curtly.

He made no reply, his teeth chattering like one in a palsy.

"What Desmond?" Lord Essex repeated sharply.

"The old Desmond", he now replied as if in a dream. "Him that was slain at Castlemain in County of Cork".

"And" again demanded the Earl, "in God's name who are these", pointing to the multitude still moving below.

Colonel Sethcock made no reply, his face ghastly as the faces of those below. Then at last:-

"Who are they, you Excellency?., there were 130,000 men, women and children of all degrees, slain or died of famine during that time, and if their spirits wander, is that my fault? to be accounted specially to me a sin; or is thar blood more upon my head than on many others? Is it mine!,- is it mine!,- is it mine!"

These last words he shrieked louder and lowder. Waving his hand as if to move away some who were pressing him, and stepping back, though there was nothing that we who stood near him, could see, he fled along the battlement, shrieking and raving like a man distraught. But when we turned again, there was nothing, only the moonlight shining upon the stunted bushes; for the fog had melted away.

There was no more disturbance that night, only the moaning of the wind among those ruined walls. The Colonel returned to his quarters, and fell into a swoon with much groaning all that night and the next, so that we were forced to leave him in charge of a few soldiers; nor for a fortnight did he recognise anyone, and now,- some three months after,- he moans and shivers, and is so shrunk and wasted as to be scarce recognisable" *

This Gerald, 16th Earl was, with his brother Sir John Desmond, a ward of Elizabeth, and from England they were sent over

* With Essex in Ireland, Hon. E. Lawless, p.136.

One recalls the vision of the battle of Edgehill stid to have been seen at Kenton (Northampton) at Xmas 1642 repeated on several nights & seen by many people* King Charles is said [redacted]ave heard of it & & sent officers to enquire who confirmed the story by seeing the apparition themselves& recognising among the slain on the visionary battlefield the faces of Sir Edward Varney & other friends &*

Nugent " Life of John Hampden*p*460*and pamphlet' Great Wonder in Heaven January 1642-.3*

See also Vision of Chas*XI of Sweden; Frasers Mag* Vol*XI *

prisoners to Dublin, to custody of the Mayor; one morning out on a hunting expedition, believing that it was intended to waylay and murder them, they escaped; a reward of £1,000, and £40 a year for life, was set upon the Earl's capture, and one half of these sums, for his head.

He was permitted to renew his allegiance, but when the Spanish Fleet landed at Smerwicke (or St. Mary-wicke) on est coast of Kerry n.w. of Dingle, Sir John joined them, and in July 1579 was defeated near the Abbey of Manisternenagh, seven miles from Limerick, and fled. The Earl watched the battle from a wooded eminence since therefore called Tory Hill; he wrote to Malby congratulating him, but compromising letters were found, and rendered desperate by detection, he attacked the English at Rathkeale and fortified Askeaton. At Carrifoike the garrison of 19 Spaniards, were all put to the sword, and the 50 Irish hanged. Then Askeaton was besieged, and the garrison, dreading a similar fate, contrived to evacuate it by night, leaving a train of powder to blow up the fortress, by which the greater portion was destroyed, but the principal towers were saved.

The object of the British Government appears throughout this period to have been, by confiscation, plantation and extermination, the protestantising of the country. Elizabeth, whom the Pope had twice declared a bastard, and whom therefore, no Catholic could acknowledge as Queen, now made an Earl of Desmond in the person of a son of the attainted Earl, brought up in England a Protestant, to

whom she had stood Godmother, and in October 1600 sent him that he might draw his father's old followers from James FitzThomas, the the Sugane Earl, to the Lord President, who sent him on to County Limerick attended by the Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, and a Mr. Boyle with secret orders wo watch the Earl. At Milmallock they were welcomed by a great concourse, with wheat and salt, which was according to ancient ceremony used in the election of magistrates, thrown upon him. Next day, however, Sunday he went to the Protestant service, in the midst of loud and rude exclamations of the same people, who railed and spat upon him. Tenderly brought up and unable to live in the Irish way, he returned to England to die.

Desmond and his countess, wandered from one mountain vastness to another, in momentary fear of capture, a homeless fugitive i in a vast solitude, sheltering in the woods, with a few of the humblest of his retainers, his vast estates (750,000 acres) a wide scene of devastation, towns, villages, houses were ruthlessly destroyed. The English, according to Spencer had come to reform the people. In the bogs Perrot pursued them, in the thickets he followed them, and in their Castles and holds, he besieged them.

Famine followed, whom the sword did not destroy, the same did consume. They were not only driven to eat horses and dogs and dead carrion, but also the carcases of men. In Cork, a malefactor was executed, and left on the gallows. The poor people came secretly, took him down, and ate him; and dead bodies washed ashore at Smerwicke were devoured greedily.

The land itself, which before was populated and well cultivated, was now become barren, both of man and beast. From one end of Munster to another, from Waterford to Smerwicke,- a distance of 120 miles,- no man or woman or child was to be met except in the towns, nor beast but the very wolves, the foxes and other like raving beasts. *Ø

"Out of thes/ corners of the woods and glens, the natives came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them, yea, and ane another soon after; insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of watercresses, or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in a short space, there was none almost left, and a most plentiful and populous country suddenly left void of man and beast" **.

Gerald's hiding place was at length discovered by the garrison of Killmallock (Cill of St. Mockeallog) in a cabin in Killquieg wood, fronted by a wide river swollen by rains, which had to be crossed on rafts. At daybreak the soldiers crossed, but so deep was the sheltering undergrowth and so miry the ground, that, before they reached the door, the Earl, alarmed by the noise, ran

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* Holinshead Chronicles, continuation.
** Spencer State of Ireland. Smith Cork II. 60.

in his shirt to the river,,and with his Countess, escaped into the fastness of Aherlow, above Gleneeby.

Thus hunted from Tipperary, he repaired to Kerry into the woods near Dingle, and in 1582 had two remarkable escapes. Then his Countess left him; deserted by all save a priest, a kerne, a boy and two horsemen, he wandered helplessly from one mountain fastness to another. In September of /83, surrounded by Roche's men, the party escaped, except the priest who was poorly mounted. He told Ormand of the Earl's abject misery, and soon after the fugitive was pursued into Kerry. At length his men raiding, seized the cattle of a poor woman, and five soldiers from the garrison of Castlemange, followed the track into the wooded valley of Glanaquity near Dingle.

It was scarce daybreak, and seeing the glimmer of a fire among the trees, they approached stealthily and through the window of a ruined peasant's hut, saw some five or six persons round a wood fire; after a short consultation, whether this was their quarry they entered, only to find a venerable old man stretched before the fire. Kelly, the leader, an Irishman, struck him with his sword, almost severing his arm, and repeated the blow on his head. "Spare me" he cried, "I am the Earl of Desmond". But the magic of his name was too late; faint from loss of blood and too severely wounded, to be removed. Kelly made him prepare himself for death, and smote off his head. It was sent to the Queen, through Ormonde, and impaled on London Bridge. The body concealed by his followers, was two weeks after interred in the little chapel of Cillnamanaim,- Church of the Holy Name,- near Arnegragh, and for

many a yearm the spot where he died, was said to be still red with his blood; it is called Bothar-an-Jasla, Earl's Way. It is 8 miles S.E. of Tralee just north of the demesne of Maglass on the road to Castle Island. Whenever a gust of wind comes from the river the people call it Desmon'd howl. Kelly fled the country, and was hanged at Tyburn for highway robbery.

Most of the ruins in this country are connected with the Desmonds; altogether nearly 100 Castles of ancient proprietors sti still remain; Carrick-agogoniel, fortress of the O'Briens rises boldly off basaltic rock, for several hundred feet, on southern border of the Shannon; and though 84 barrels of powder were exploded beneath it, two of the towers are almost intact; ecclesiastical ruins are numerous, as at Adare, Kilmallock; the Camaigue river has seven religious houses on its banks, Manisternenagh is the most extensive in Munster.

Desmond, was originally a place name, anciently written Dessemound, in Gaelic Deas-Mumhaim, or South, as its correlative Thomond, Tuath Mumhaim means North, Munster.

"Beneath" says Camden "the country of old Luceni, lies Desmond, stretched out a long way to the South. It is called in Irish "Deswown" and in English "Desmond"; three several Promontories (besides Kerry above mentioned) shoot out with their crooked shores to the south west, which the inhabitants formerly called "Heirwoun" i.e. "Westmounster".

It included Cork and Kerry counties and in 1329 the title of Earl of Desmond was conferred on Maurice Fitz-Thomas or Fitz-

Camden

gerald, afterwards Viceroy with grant of baronies of county palatine of Kerry, with royal liberties therein to be held of the English crown.

There was with tablet an inscription, in St. Finnbarr's churchyard, noticed by several authors, Smith, Hall, etc., but which is now missing:-

"Here lies a branch of Desmond's race,
In Thomas Holland's burial place".

which, ("branch" notwithstanding) is thought by some to refer to the 13th Earl who had been brought up in England, and on hearing of the death of his grandfather Thomas, obtained leave to come over and take possession of his lands, with a large retinue given by him by Henry V111, whose page he had been. Landing at Youghal in 1540, he at first confined himself to Imokilly where he had a stronghold at Castle Martyr now in ruins; but after three months was tempted to go inland towards the Limerick district, in which James Fitzjohn's strength lay. In Lord Roche's country, near fermoy, he was entrapped in ans ambush by Sir Maurice of Desmond his kinsman and slain, "and not one mane else of the whole army, but he alone of the power of armed men sent with the young Earl to settle him on the estate". He fell at Leacansgaid *(shady hillside) apparently towards Michelstown, on Friday before Palm Sunday, 19 March, 1539, in Carew.

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* State Papers, Henry V111. p.195. Bagwell, Ireland under Tudors, p. 248. Graves, Pedigree, Irish Archaeological Journal. Council Report to King, 4th April. Archdale's Lodge.

DESMONDS BURIED		DIED
1. Maurice:	Tralee	1356 or 1329.
2.		
3.		
4. Gerald:	?	1397.
5.		
6. Thomas.	Rouen.	1397.
7. James;	Friary, Younghale.	1462.
8. Thomas (beheaded)	Droyheda.	1467.
9.		
10. Maurice:	Tralee.	1520.
11. James.		1529.
12.		
13. -------	Tralee.	
14.		
15. James.	Askeaton.	1558.
16. Gerald.	Killanamara.	1558.

James Sugan E. Tower. 1608.

A letter to William Wise of Waterford almost foretold the murder!* James Fitzjohn had for 4 years been in actual possession of the Earldom, and when he heard that the fugitive had returned to renew the struggle, despatched his brother, the cruel and merciless Maurice, "firm steel of the Geraldines" to slay him, whether by his own sword we know not. He was called An toitane, the incendairy, and Duff an black. "Thereupon James Fitzjohn went to Youghill and entered upon the lands in County Cork with the Deputy, with assistance of the Army and me, the Earl of Ormonde, obtained before Christmas Last. He has now recovered all Munster". **

This Maurice was, in old age, captured by his son-in-law, Tiege M'Carthy, in a cattle raid, and whilst Tige pursued the Desmonds, was left in charge of four men who murdered him in cold blood.

According to Burgh the body of the 13th Earl was buried at Tralee and though his date is wrong, he is known to be generally accurate, especially in Kerry affairs. Furthermore Maurice was succeeded by his grand-uncle John, of whom Burgh says: "John 14th Earl an aged man, and a religious brother of the Convent of Tralee when his son Maurice Duhh killed his grand-nephew, James 13th Earl, whereupon he succeeded to the title, but about Christmas Day 1536, was buried in the same church". ***

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* Russell's O'Daly, Ch.XII. Hayman, Umpublished Geraldine Memoirs 1870, part 1 p.17.
** State papers, Part II, p.116. M.455. p.187.
*** Jacobus. Comes undecimus, defunctus in Dingliensi Burgo Kerriae Die 18 Junij 1529; Jacobus item, Comes decimus teritus, in Praelio de Athnekirke, in hodierno Agro Limericensi, Die 31 Augusti 1535 occisus; hujusque Propatruus Joannes, decimus quartus Comes, (qui ut refert Lodgaeus pag 23 Henalogae Geraldinae in fol). Viam universae carnis circa Batale Domini 1536 ingressus, in eadem Ecclesia tumulati sunt. (? Tralee).

Thus he is satisfactorily excluded from St. Fin Barre's. The Desmond honours and title passed to his cousin and namesake,, son fo Sir John, son of Thomas,- who for service in the field was made Deputy,- but emboldened by flattery, rashly quarrelled with the Bishop of Meath, who complained to theEnglish Court. Crossing to England, Desmond sneered at Lady Elizabeth Gray who shortly after became Queen and never forgave him. His father was made Earl Rivers and sent as High Constable in place of Worcesterrecompensed by being made Lord Deputy in Ireland, who came pledged to adopt the Queen's resentment, and cancelled Desmond's treaties and persecuted his friends. An act of attainder was passed against him at Drogheda, and he want there in 1467 to justify himself, was seized and beheaded

Crofton Croker however, throws light on the subject, he says: p.45. "I believe the Knight of Glin, or the Heralds, have confounded John Fitzgerald, the brother of Thomas, Knight of Glin, who married Mary, the Daughter of Edmond Fitzgerald of Castle Martyr, with his nephew, John Fitzgerald, who it appears from the keen, died in Cork, and, according to tradition, was interred in the Churchyard of the Cathedral there (St. Fin Barre), where the inscription above noted, records the circumstance.

This John Fitzgerald, Knight of Glim, was the son of Thomas Knight of Glin, and gnandson of the Thomas mentioned in the text, the date of his death is not given in the pedigree in this book, but his father's will was proved in 180. *

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* The Keen of the South of Ireland. By Crofton Crocker. (Percy Society's Publications, vol.13.p.44.) Windelle supposes it to refer to Geraldine of the 10th Century.

Thomas 8th Earl had four sons, the eldest of whom d.s.p., the second, Maurice, succeeded his brother, and was in turn succeeded by his son James, the 11th Earl, who also d.s.p. He was succeeded by his uncle Thomas, 12th Earl, who died in 1534, his son Maurice having pre-deceased him (1530). Hohn, the brother of Thomas, 12th Earl, now claimed as 13th on the ground that James Fitzmaurice, grandson of Thomas was illegitimate. This John died in 1536, and his claim was maintained by his son James FitzJohn (14th Earl) who held the earldom against James FitzMaurice, son of his cousin Maurice and the rightful heir.

Note/Pedigree of James Fitzmaurice, 13th Earl of DeBmond.

Thomas (8th Earl).

James (9th)	Maurice (10th)	Thomas (12th) d.1534.	John (?13th) d.1536
	James (11th) (d.1529)	Maurice (d.1530)	James Fitzjohn (d.1558).
		James FitzMaurice (?13th d.1540)	

Glin.

Thomas — Edmond Fitzgerald of Castle Martyr.

1.Thomas,Kt. 2.John ========== Mary.

John (d.Cork, interred in Churchyard, St. Fin-Bare) early 18th century.

On my next voyage down the Shannon, Father Hurley accompanied us, and after former experience, we drove over to sleep at Kilkee, passing ruins of recently evicted homesteads, on the Vandeleur estate. This is a wateringplace well-known in the south; an unsightly amphitheatre of low whitewashed houses on side of a naked cliff facing the broad Atlantic, with a painful absence of trees, for they scorn to grow. Northwards the great cliffs become pripitous and rugged, hollowed and torn by lash of waves where they act as a waterbreaker for Europe; a convivial host was wont to point out to guests after dinner the very spot where the Madaira went ashore, and the rocks have about them still, a very vindictive look.

Slattery Island we thoroughly inspected, now bare of shrubs where once 180 acres were covered with woods. St Senan (or Simon) founded the Monastery in the 6th century, after travelling in Brittany and to Rome; there are ruins of seven very small churches (he is said to have founded eleven) but the style is later than 12th century. Earliest stone structures even those of Christian origin, are built without mortar, although the Irish appear to have known the use of lime for whitewashing walls, if not before the use of mortar in building, at least so long ago as to carry us back to the verge of Pagan times.*

Thre is a good specimen of a rounded doorway showing the arch formed by overlaying blocks instead of radiating. A round tower 22 feet in circumference and 120 feet high stands a few paces

* Tacitus. Germ XVI.

from this Cathedral, with doorway on ground level, which is noteworthy as unusual, and a few small oblong windows and four lookholes at top for light. It has been rent by lightning. It is supposed to have been built in a night and was first seen by an old woman, St. Senan standing beside it. She cried "Yarrow avourneen! what a fine building you made in the night", but neglected to add "God bless it", so the tower ceased to grow and the Saint impatient with it flung his cap at the top, where it remians petrified.

Dunraven (notes Irish Archit.) found traces of 118 towers, only 20 in good state of preservation from 72-135 feet; diameter at base 6 to 15 feet tapering slightly to top, with conical roof, in several stories, each irrégularly lighted by openings, but the 4th or upper story (with only three exceptions, facing cardinal points, door 6 to 15 feet from ground, of solid masonry of perfectly-cut stone of nearly equal size, set in grey cement; quite in the interior, and always in low places. Of these I have only seen a few. St. Evin of 7th cent., in his Life of St. Patrick, mentions a prediction by a Druin, of one who would come to Ireland and introduce homes like those of the Romans, narrow and angular a striking evidence that previously to the introduction of Christianity into the island, no angular buildings were known.

St. Senan founded the Abbey here before the arrival of St. Patrick, but it is asserted that St. Patrick himself placed his disciples here; he had eleven churches for his monks; no woman was permitted to set foot on the island previous to the coming of the Dames. He died 1st March 544 and was buried here. On his festival,

the 8th, the island was crowded with pilgrims. On Christmas night a resident on his way to take a boat over to Kilrush for Mass saw the Saint celebrating Mass in pontifica libus, and he returned to bring his neighbours, but they found silent darkness. For many a Christmas night they attended this ghostly Mass, during the life of a wife of an islander who, in pious attention, kept the well clean and free from weeds; at her death the well was neglected and the Mass ceased. *

According to some authorities, the Irish Church was the daughter of the Egyptian, and both and they only have wagon vaulted roofs. Seven Egyptian monks are buried at Disert Ulidh, and the ceremonies and architecture of early Ireland recall earlier Christian remains in Egypt. The handicraft of Irish monks of the 9th and 10th centuries, far excelled anything to be found elsewhere in Europe, and if the Byzantine-looking decoration of their splendid gold and silver work, and their superb illuminations, can be traced to teaching of Egyptian missionaries, we have much to thank them for.

Copts, Arabic for Aiguptios Gr. (Kibt or Kyptaios) are of the race of Pharoah, speaking the words of Ramses, writing them with the letters of Cadmus, the bold uncial characters of early Greek MSS; and embalming in them a creed and liturgy that have survived 12 centuries of persecution. **

* Monast. Hib:
** Butler Coptic Ch. Egypt I p.86, Lane Poole's Cairo. p.62.

One medical Officer reported himself as though fresh from a funeral, he had recently lost his wife, and under the circumstances could not enter a Mess; He was sent to an outstation where he would be less distracted. Here he became intimate with a family in Barracks, and when the Officer A.D.C. died suddenly made himself so useful, that when a few days after, I called to offer our condolences, he surprised me by emerging momentarily into the hall, from the unlighted room in which the body was lying. % recognising me hastily returnedwithout speakingthoug I asked what he was doing % closed the door. An elaborate tombstone was prepared, in the course of which he came frequently to Cork, and was still so woebegone that he required my daughters company as cicerone through the puzzling streets; for we did not then know his reputalion; his hatband was of unusuaal breadth, and though at table an ostentatious abstainer the empty brandy bottle was found in his room** A few months later the AAG came in and chalenged me to guess the news; our woebegone Officer was about to marry the distracted widow** The news though incredible- proved to be true* Afterwards we heard that he had become engaged to a girl with moneyand assumed her name, which he retained when her brothertook her out to him at the Capeand hearing of his drunken habits on board, broke off the engagement and brought her back. But he soon after consoled himself with a policemans daughter whom he took up to Ladysmith to die in Childbedas he was about to return home*

The wadding caused a sensation and the deceaseds brother who shortly after came home wished to have the body exhumed on suspicion of foul play*Then the W*O* found out that the huge monument- pupularly said to have been made so massivein order to prevent such a contingency- had been put up without their authority* Now it transpired that deceased had effected a third insurance on his life only a few days before his death certified by his friend as due to heart disease directly caused by hastening up the hill to his office at the door of which he fell; whereas he had only lately been passed for insurance by one of our leading physicians* we however effectually frustrated the desecration of the tomb The pair went out to India and on their return the wife died; then he married again but the person soon resorted to drink and died under circumstances that drew a reproof from the coroner; till the last moment he had treated her himself*

Northern Tipperary seemed dull compared with the perhaps more familiar South; there were troops at Templemore; associated with the Knights Templars there is still to be seen the gable end of the old church with round-arched doorway, and remains of square keep of their ancient Castle. Near the barracks, in wooden grounds with a lake, stands the Abbey, with the Devil's Bit range forming a fine background, occupied by Sir John Carden. There are others of the name in the neighbourhood, at Fishmoyle Barnave; the latter lying on slope of the mountain with extensive panorma, home of the Squire of abduction fame whom we heard of at Clonmel.

The favourite Jarvey, from his known sobriety, always drove us over the nine dreary miles to Roscrea, where a detatchment was quartered; whilst waiting Jim would utilise his time over a glass of the creature; asked if he had taken any breakfast? "Sure an wouldn't I get it at Roscrea". We hoped he had at least taken water with it. "Is it wather, and can't I get it anywhere av I want to". Anyway it agreed with him he wasn't a Tason, and never took a drop too much, which from all accounts, appears to be true and he was constantly employed at the barracks. A drink is usually given at the end of a journey, and is invariably the creature. The story goes that once, when this was found to be locked up, the jarvey was given something made by the monks, (Chartreuse) "Indade its no man, but the angels in hiven made t hat drink", then

9/ (London 1775, printed by G.Allen, No.59, Pater noster Row).

Sep 28

One medical Officer reported himself as though fresh from a funeral, he had recently lost his wife, and under the circumstances could not enter a Mass; he was sent to an out-station where he would be less distracted. Here he became intimate with a family in Barracks, and when the Officer A.S.C. died suddenly, made himself so useful, that when a few days after, I called to offer our condolences, he surprised me by emerging momentarily into the hall, from the unlighted room in which the body was lying. An elaborate tombstone was prepared, in the course of which he came frequently to Cork, and was still so woebegone that he required my daughter's company as cicerone through the puzzling streets; his hatband and armlet were unusually broad, and though at table an ostentatious abstainer, an empty brandy bottle would be left in his room. A few months later the A.A.G., came in an challenged me to guess the news; our woe-begone Officer was about to marry the distracted widow. The news,- though incredible,- proved to be true. He had become engaged to a girl with money, and took her name; but further knowledge of his habits caused her Friends to break off the engagement, whereupon he,- retaining her name,- solaced himself with a colonial girl, who died within the year, as he was about to return home.

The wedding caused a sensation; and the deceased's brother came home and wished to have the body exhumed, on suspicion of foul play. Then the War Office found out that the monument,- popularly said to have been made so massive to prevent such a contingency,- had been put up wrongly without their authority. Now it transpired

that deceased had effected a third insurance on his life only a few days before his death (certified by his friend as due to heart disease), directly caused by his hastening up-hill to the office, at the door of which he fell, whereas he had lately been passed for insurance by one of our leading physicians; but before knowing this vital matter we effectually frustrated the desecration of the tomb. His wife on returning from India, died, and he married again, a person who soon resorted to drink, and died under circumstances t that drew a reproof from the Coroner,- till the last moment he had treated her himself, and only then called in a doctor.

A strange event happened at the ----Club. It is whispered that a man well-te-do, not of the County set, has been caught cheating at cards, by a committee of detection who were appointed to watch him after suspicion was aroused. The Secretary told my friend Sp-- who told his wife, and who, in strict confidence of course, told someone else. Parson told the Sexton, and the Sexton toll ed the bells.

The accused brought an action against the official; one of the witnesses whom I had known more or less for a quarter of a century, and who was convinced of the cheating, left shortly after, sent on foreign service, and before the trial another died. So confident were the accusers that it was not thought worth while to incur the unnecessary expense of bringing the Officer home. The accused was well-off, and in the absence of motive, obtained a verdict, and the Club paid the damages; many instances, however, h ave shown that the gambler does not play for money.

remarking its size "But the divil I'm thinking made the glass:" which reminds me of a story often told in my childhood of a collier who at some feast was handed Curacoa. "Gie me so m o' thot in a mug" he exclaimed. A young American strict teetotaller, when pressed with drinks, steadily refused till there came the milk punch; thinking that quite innocent, he drank it, and exclaimed "What cows!

On our left the plain is skirted by the Devil's Bit Mountains, some three miles away; this very marked gap on the summit is where he took a bite he did not relish, so spat it out some few miles eastward where it is known as the Rock of Cashel. Among the stones there in 1789 some boys hunting rabbits, found the missing Book of Dumma and its Camholach, or shrine, of silver-plated brass ornamented with beautiful Celtic tracery, which had dissappeared at the dissolution of the monasteries.

Roscrea is the site of an ancient monastery,(Augustinian(founded by St. Cronan, a Saint "who suspended the sword of Fingin King of Munster, when raised to destroy the people of Meath. There is a round tower in good preservation, its doorway has a circular head, fifteen feet from the ground, with groove and pivot-hole, showing that there were double doors; it is eighty feet high, and covered with a wooden dome; the circular tower of the castle built by King John, within the lofty square keep of that of the Ormondes, is used as a barrack. The round form seems to have been the favourite with the ancient Irish; their raths or dwellings, their cairns, tumuli and their temples, whether towers o r circles of pillar-stones, were rounded. On south are remains of other abbeys,

Corbally and Inchananeo.

On one occasion the Colonel S., drove over with me on inspection; at Waterford I had heard of a garden worth seeing near Roscrea; so when our work was finished there, we drove to Golden Grove,- a mursery was was supposed. When we pulled up at a grand entrance, I thought there was some mistake, but the driver said "he had been tould to dhrive us to the Grove" and on he went. In the domain where we only wanted to see the garden open to the public, he replied with an encouraging flick of the whip, "Shure, anyway y ou're heartily welcome," so we drove up & asked might we be permitted to see the garden? The footman came back to say the Master was not in, he would take us to meet him, shure he'd be very pleased to show us round himself. On one of the greenhouses he spotted the Squire, who, however, when he saw us, escaped by a back door. But we were hurried round in time to intercept him; his retreat cut off, he shook hands and when we told him of our adventures, and of my having heard the place commended at Waterford, he seemed very pleased, and escorted us round, calling our attention with pride to everything of interest. In one house was a splendid red passiondflower (quadrangularis) a cutting of which I took to Clifton and had grafted on the Tacsonia, to become greatly admired. The Squire insisted on our coming in to tea, where his wife was equally gracious, and showed us many rare curios, with skins and horns, relics of his sporting tours with which the staircase and hall were covered. A shy man with some imagined grievance, he seemed devoted to his gar-

den, and lived almost the life of a recluse of which evidently neither Jim or his footman approved; afterwards however, he called at the Mess, and came to the regimental sports. My companion, who did not know one flower from another, became friendly over his hobby of fishing, and came away delighted.

The landlord was also a shy man and with great difficulty could he be interviewed on business, he was never at home, and at length the officer pursued him into the stables, and followed him into the hayloft, where,- retreat cut off,- he was brought to bay. A few years later he married the daughter of a celebrated Colonel of Hussars, no doubt greatly to his benefit.

The Trappists from Mount Mellary, having been presented with the demesne by Count O'Moore, lately in /78 established a Monastery at Mount Heaton; the mansion they made their guest-house, and the monks have converted the stables into a habitation for themselves; Father Hurley and I stayed there, and were astonished at the familiarity of the birds, no longer in fear of being molested, or expecting an enemy in every human being; yet the quietude of this park was quite recent, for the monks had only been so short a time in occupation.

Fota, where through the kindness of Smith Barry, our garrison sports are often held, is an island crossed by the railway to Queenstown, lying between Little and great Island, on which latter Queenstown stands. The mansion lies in a hollow so that the cellars are flooded at high tides; the owner himself a good landlord incurred Nationalist wrath by protecting a neighbour,

and is under police protection, quartered in the stables. The park is well wooded and the pleasure-grounds filled with rare trees and shrubs; near the house rises a splendid domeshaped Benthamia fragifera,- now classed under Cornus,- of which there also a few small trees near Monkstown; the Himalayan strawberry tree, a beautiful sight in June, covered with a sheet of long, lasting whitish-yellow flowers. The Conffers are very fine, specially Cory ptomeria and Anaucaria,- a rare Pinus Montezuma, religiosa, the Mexican sacred pine, loftier still, the Californian Abies grandis over 60 feet in height, and Japanese firma, half its size. A fine Parottya Persica, the rare New Zealand Edwardsia grandiflora, very fine flowering here in open ground, the rare Embothrium coccineum, tall and vigonous. Near the house is a group of Japanese Maples, whose slender feathery foliage, tinted pink silver and bronze, is as graceful as fern. The Bamboo, in several species, green and variegated, seems quite at home, specially in a sheltered nook close by the Lake along whose edges the Thamnopteris revels. An island is occupied by a group of Arundinaria, the tall graceful Falconeri.

"No one who has seen at their best the giants and pigmies of the Bamboo family will deny their supreme loveliness in respect of beauty of form as apart from that of colour; they have added to our gardens a wealth of beauty, which a few years ago would have been deemed beyond the crasiest dreams of the enthusiast".*

* F. Mitford. Bamboo Garden.

The water is covered with Nymphaeas, and other aquatic plants, here the Gunnera revels, its huge leaves an excellent foil to the gracefully cut bamboos overhead; and there are charming artistic vistas. The foliage is diversified by purple Barberry and variegated shrubs, and the air is perfumed with the once common Choisya ternata. Our school-festivals were often held here, whilst for regimental sports, the meadows under Blarhey Castle was preferable.

With a new General came a different routine, mornings slipped away over matters of trivial import, whilst work had to wait.

The late Chief despatched business quickly, found time to hunt and encouraged others to take part in a sport, which more than any other, trains the eye in contour of country, and the mounted soldier in some of his most important duties; the present has no time, and so makes work that correspondence accumulates like a snowball.

One Staff Officer after another sought change of station; late of an evening the A.D.C. would appear with a bundle of papers to be gone through and reported upon; there was no hurry, but the General would like them to be ready by 8 a.m. next morning, so that the Officer himself transferred.

The A.G. showed such effects of worry that he was induced to seek consolation in matrimony; he went on leave and returned with a charming wife, who however, had scarcely aired her trousseau, than he announced his determination of retiring, and going over to live with her mother; though she objected ~~that~~, that was not her object in marrying. Sometime later he passed me in town, at first alone, then with a companion, without recognition, and muttering to himself; not long afterwards he committed suicide. He was succeeded by an Officer who, with his wife, was imbued with heavenly aspirations; and gravely warned the servants not to be astonished if some morning they came down to find that both of them had been bodily taken up to heaven.

Colonel D., asked me did I not remember a case that occurred here long before the Crimean War; we must have head of it at Ballingollig, as it caused a great sensation in the South, for the gentleman belonged to a County family. He was suspected and watched, and an observer seizing a carving fork from the sideboard, drove it through his hand pinning it to the table, so that a surgeon from across the way had to be summoned to release it, when the compromising card was found beneath. The family in consequence left the Country. Colonel D., soon after died, and no one seems able to corroborate the story, and which would probably be hushed up.

Whilst Dundonald was in Valparaiso Lt.Col.Cochrane Forster, son of one of his staff tells us that a similar case occurred there, only the hand was transfixed by a hunting knife the man was carrying. He also remmbers when afterwards living in the S.W. of Cork often hearing his father speak of this affair at the Club; the two men, one he thinks, named Freeman had just previously had an unseemly quarrel.

The transfixture to the table of hand and card forcibly recalls an old print in the British Museum (Print room No.4836) of the Gambler detected, representing two men in the dress of early part of the 18th century. One has risen from his chair, which he has upset, and is pinning the other's left hand to the table with a fork. Cards are scattered about, and the other end of the table is laid out for a meal. The print comes from the Covent Garden Magazine, March 1773., and represents a circumstance in the career of Baron Mewman, who is called "Crooked-finger Jack". He is

stated to have been a German of doubtful origin, educated by charity, apprenticed to a grocer and of vicious habits. He became a gambler, in the character of a gentleman, but was detected or suspected of unfair play, and driven in succession from various resorts. He then came to England, assumed the title of baron (Neuman) was very successful, and set up a handsome establishment. His usual game was Piquet:- "An unlucky discovery however, occurred at Scarborough where our hero repaired to improve his finances. Being at play with a gentleman one day at all fours, whilst dinner was getting ready, and the cloth laid, with knives and forks at one end of the table, the gentleman was astonished how Jack always became possessed of the Knave of Trumps, and having watched him with great accuracy and attention, at length perceived a corner of a card in his hand while he was dealing; upon which the gentleman immediately seizing a fork that lay by him (forks were two-pronged in those days) pinned his hand down to the table, with the apology, "Sir, if the card is not under your hand, I must beg your pardon". There was the knave sure enough, and so the party ended.

The print is likewise accompanied by a cutting from a book or newspaper, containing "The little Baron Newman: a sketch", being an obituary notice of the man in question.

There is also a second similar instance of 18th century gambling on record,- that of Captain Roche, alias Tyger, or Savage Roche, who pinned his gaming companion's hand to the table for concealing a card under his palm, either with a steel fork or a knife. A similar print of him occurs as frontispiece to Annals of Gaming by a Commission. The name of the Gaming Companion has not come down.

A singular coincidence occurred lately at Bellevue; the Portrait of James I.M. fell with a crash to the floor, although the cord seemed trustworthy; at that exact time they heard that the son, a middy, had been drowned at Malta; a friend told us of another coincidence, equally as curious; one of his friends who had lost a left eye, through a shot, had finished his dinner at a restaurant, when he was asked by a waiter if he would allow the table to be used for newcomers, as the room was crowded. Three gentlemen accordingly sat down. He noticed (Lt. Roper.RN) that his neighbour had also a glass eye, and remarked at as a strange coindidence; the latter replied, "Stranger still, both my companions are similarly afflicted", and it turned out that of the four at table, each had a glass eye.

Another singular coindicence occurs in Mat. Arnold's Diary for /88. He was in the habit of entering short passages that struck him in his reading, and on the space opposite Sunday, April 15th he wrote from Ecclesiastics "Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself; drive heaviness away, thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself". Eccles. 38. 17.18. On the opposite space, Eastery Sunday (April 22nd) he continues, When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him, when his spirit departed from him" Eccles XXXVIII.24. It was on the first of these days that he died. At Koningratz only two officers that morning heard Mass; the only two who came out alive; one, Schönborn, entered the Church and became a Cardinal. A willow cutting from Napoleon's tree at St. Helena was planted at Windsor; it lost a branch on the day of the Sedan, and again another on the day the Prince Imperial was killed.*

Dr. Kennion, an Australian Bishop when on tour, emt two men named respectively Bath and Wells; when he left, said on to the other, "That must be the Bishop". "Yes, to us he is the Bishop of Bath and Wells". Later he was translated to that see. In 1847

* Grant Duff Notes, Dec.93. T. 310.

the papal authorities had numerous letters in cypher, which they felt sure contained most important information about a desperate plot of Mazzini's; but they had not the key; they knew the moment of execution was close at hand, when one of them took the letters to his chief, but they could make nothing out of them. As the former was returning to his apartment, a line of Dante came into his head, why or how, he could not think; this line, however, contained the key to the cypher, and the leaders of the conspiracy were that night arrested in their beds.

In Waterford Co: Miss Ardagh rushed one day into the drawing room: "I have seen the horse with headless horseman"; and then she fainted; thetradition being that this portended a death in the family. A few hours later came the news that the girl's uncle and guardian,- she was an orphan,- had been killed by a fall from his horse, whilst staying with Sir John Aragh's father, who relates the story, some 30 miles away.

Here is an electoral coincidence. An M.P's grandfather was shot in 1789, as a rebel by soldiers commanded by Captain Saunders. In 1892 the grandson of the rebel was candidate for West Wicklow, whilst his oppoment was grandson of the officer who commanded the firing party, and more extraordinary still,- his majority was 1789, the year in which his grandfather was shot. * D'Arcy Irvine writes "my father and mother were Irish of Scotch descent, and both families have a death sign or banshee. A brother of my father's went to the West Indies and made a fortune there;

* Carra Leona, Kathmullan, Donggal.

he wrote that he was selling off everything, plantations, etc., and coming home to settle down, and wished his brother to buy an estate for him, then in the market. A few nights just before, or just after the letter arrived the old family nurse, who was sitting up as my grandfather was not well, was startled by a frightful crash as though the ceiling had fallen in. She awakened the other servants, but they could not find anything wrong. She covered her head after the manner of Irish people when in sorrow and said, "Wira Sthuna,- then its come to tell us Master James is dead". Later on news came that he had been murdered that night when on his way to the nearest town to deposit his money. 7

"The night my mother died, my grandmother, with my uncle and aunt, where sitting round the dinner table at dessert (the old fashioned mahogany table cleared of cloth) when a distinct rap came on the table, then a second, and then a most emphatic loud one. My grandmother said "Something is wrong with Helen". They tried to soothe her saying they had just heard from my mother in excellent spirits, but alas, the warning was too true, a sudden attack of illness, a nurse's mistake about medicine, and she was dead. The night my grandmother died, I was sharing my aunt's room and we were startled by a frightful crash as though part of the house had fallen in. We got up trembling quite sure the landing ceiling had fallen in, but found all quiet, but grandmother died that night.

My aunt married a ~~name~~ named Hamilton, whose family death-sign was said to be the sound of a carrigge driving up to the door. My aunt heard it one night and her sister-in-law was found dead in

her chair. My daughter was staying with her cousin, who also married one of these Hamiltons. One evening Colonel Hamilton left to go to a village some miles off, to be ready to attend an early meeting next day. My daughter shared her cousin's room for company, and during the night they were awakened by the sound of a carriage driving up to the door. They heard it so distinctly that they put on their dressing gowns and went down to see why Colonel Hamilton had returned. They found all quiet, nobody, nothing. Then came news of the death in the South of Ireland of Colonel Hamilton's father". Colonel A.E.Turner (now Sir A.) one day saw a friend crossing the road to meet him, and vanished; at the same hour he had died abroad.

The following singular dream is compiled from the accounts given by the brother, and that in the local paper:-

"On Wednesday the Rev.Stephen Barclay Drury, an unmarried clergyman of twenty-six, who has for about twelve months acted as the curate of Phillack and Gwithian, had a conversation with the brother of the Rector (Charles Hockin) and related a dream which he described as a very singular one, and having made a deep impression on him as it occurred twice:

"I dreamt I was to be buried, and I followed my coffin into the Church, and thence to the tomb. I took no part im the service, and when we came to the tomb, I looked into it and saw it was very nice. I then asked the undertaken who was to be buried, and he answered "You". I then said, "I am not to be buried, I am not dead". The undertaker then said, "I must be paid for the coffin".

upon which I awoke".

On the morning of Palm Sunday, he preached from "Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom", and in the afternoon "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise", and after the childrens singing practice, waited a little and at half past four took with him Thomas à Kempis De Imitatione Christi, and set out as usual for a walk accompanied by his Newfoundland dog, and started in his usual cheerful and happy mood. After an hour and a half, the dog feturned with the cord around his neck, which he had asked for in starting saying that he might give him a dip. Drury's absence that night occasioned no surprise, as he sometimes went to Copperhouse two miles away, and stayed with the Clergyman. On Monday morning a Gwinear miner, in quest of seaweed at low water near the rocky shore of Godrevy, saw Drury's body in a pool some 80 yards from the sea. The verdict was "Found drowned", but as he was very near-sighted, the inference is that the unfortunate man slipped on the rocks, was stunned and fell into the water and thus his dream was fulfilled.

According to Count Harrach, who saw it, at the coronation of Charles X., in September 1824, the crown slipped, but was caught by the Duke of Orleans, before it reached the ground; after a series of follies, he abdicated, August 1830, and fled to England.

A shepherd boy On 5th Ju. 1851, placed a sleeper across the north rail on the line between Falmer and Lewis, derailing an engine which ran off the line at the Nremarket arch and fell with two carriages into the bridle road below, killing three passengers and the fireman on the spot. The boy was tried and acquitted;

A strange experience of a wellknown judge, and scientific man,
Grant Duff Notes 188 V111.

twelve months afterwards on the same day of same month at the spot where that sleeper was placed, that boy was struck dead by lightning*

Here is another coincidence; a willow at Windsor, cutting from Napleon's tree at St. Helena, lost two of its branches; the first on the day of Sedan, the second on the day the Prince Imperial was killed.

We may puzzle about coincidences, as about many other things, it does not follow that an event succeeds as a consequence most of them in fact do not; sequences, but not consequences; there is the word Truth; the root of which is, according to Skeet, unknown. Now the Hebrew for truth is from a root signifying strength, what cannot be moved. But it has the curious property that its letters are equivalent to the number 9, that mysterious number which

These are probably pure coincidences, yet how often does a matter come into your mind, which, at the moment, you would prefer not to be discussed, when suddenly your companion starts the very subject, apropos to nothing that has gone before. It seems to me that there is transference of thought from one brain to another, which explains many curious phenomena, such as thought-reading. Nor should there be any necessary connection between an incident,- however unusual and unnoticed perhaps at the time, and an event which recalls attention to it.

* (Woolmer Exeter Gazette Ap.15th 1865. Cornish Telegraph copied in Times Ap.17th. See glimpses of supernatural 1.p.250.)

gives, when multiplied, figures so true to each, that whan added together, they again form 9: this, twice 9 is 18; product 1 and 8 are 9; 9 by =27, product 9; four times 9 = 36 product 9; five timew 9 are 45, 4 and 5 = 9; and so on. 9 by 9 by 9 = 729, product 18=9, ortwice nine; 9 by 9 by 9 by 9 = 6561 product 18; product 9 6561 by 9 again = 59049, product 27 or the three times nine and so on ad infinitum.

Among numbers in French history, 14 has been conspicious on May 14th 1029 Henri 1., was consecrated, on same date 1610 Henry 1V was assassinated. His son Louis X111 died in 1 6+3 (1-6-4-3=14). After Louis came Louis X1Vth who died in 1715 (=14), Louis Phillipe died in 1850 (=14). In our own Royal Family the Prince Consort died Dec.14th 1861; Princess Alice died Dec.14th 1878, and the Duke of Clarence Jan.14th 1892.

What are the odds against 13 trumps being held in the same hand? It calculates out in 12 figures, over one hun dred and fifty thousand millions, yet it is said to have occurred. An American who held three trump cards, scored only one trick, his partner played acr first hand "I trumped it and he shot me". Another three were playing dummy whist, A held three aces, B a revolver and I held the inquest.

In August Sirius became a most brilliant object in the heavens; a star of the first magnitude: So this of the Egyptians, whose helical rising gave warning of the overflow of the Nile, and by Latins held responsible for the heats of summer:

"Jam Procyon furit
Et stella vesani Leonis
Sole dies referente siccos". (Hor,)

for the two stars Sirius and Procyon, Orion's dogs, are close together,- revived our interest in the heavens and caused visits to the Observatory in the College grounds. Recalling the days when my brother and I used to study the stars with a dark lantern, not as was said, for lighting up the stars, but the star m ap.

"Sirius is about one million times as far from us as the sun. and twentyfive times its size *

If we take the distance of Sirius from the earth and subdivide it into 1 million equal parts, each of these parts would be long enough to span the great distance of 92,700000 miles from the earth to the sun", yet Sirius is one of the nearest of the stars to us. The velocity with w hich light traverses space is 186300 miles a second, at which rate it has taken the rays from Sirius, which we may see tonight, nine years to reach us. The proper motion of Sirius through space is about 1000 miles a minute. Yet "careful aligment of the eye would hardly detect that Sirius was moving, in even 3 or 4 centuries. There may be,- and probably are,- stars from which Noah might be seen stepping into the Ark, Eve listening to the temptation of the serpent, or that older race eating the oysters and leaving the shell-heaps behind them, when the Baltic was an open sea [redacted], for light which could circle the earth eight times in a second, takes 50,000 years in reaching us from the faintest star in Lord Rosse's telescope (Proctor).

The nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauris, is not less than some 16 billion miles from us, or as a light year is 5½ billions,

(Froude, Science of Hist)

3 light years; were suddenly extinguished we should still see it for that period. We are now able to count these suns by thousands, many far larger than ours, all moving far as we can penetrate with our most delicate instruments, through space whose illimitability is beyond our conception.

Earth revolving on its axis every 24 hours has lost one eighty-fourth of a second in the last 2000 years, by which our day is shortened; is also circling round the sun, which with its satellites, is rushing towards the constellation Lyra from spectrose copic observation of Vega, towards that particular star; yet though travelling upwards of 50 miles in every 9 seconds 480,000 a day, we are unconscious of moving. We may well exclaim with the Psalmist: "For I will behold Thynheavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast founded. What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made ~~us~~ him a little less than the angels, Thou has crowned him with glory and honour; and set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet; beasts of the field, birds of the air, and fishes of the sea. O Lord how admirable is Thy name in all the earth". Ps.V111. 5-10.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

R E T I R E D .

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Then the age clause sent me into retirement, after having striven to do duty without fear or favour for 36 years; we can but do our best, "Seu fatus dederet seu fas oi¡iceret" We intended going to England, but had been so long abroad that it was difficilt to locate a home; meantime subtle suggestions led us to inspect any house to let in the neighbourhood, among others Montfield Tower on the West bank of the river which had been unoccupied for over half a century; here a terrible tragedy interrupted the wedding breakfast, for the bride fell dead at the table; the room was locked up, and everything left as it was at the moment. The house is now rendered more wierd and gloomy with cobwebs innumerable, for the furniture has been auctioned; the drive is undistinguishable from the pasture, the heavy walled garden wild within; but there are some splendid old trees; in the lodge the walls are decorated with diagrams of sea shells, which the family amused themselves by bringing home to decorate its rooms. These people also owned Oldcourt,and a doom is said

(Lablest). Code 7.21.

to overshadow them; no heir is born. Later one heard of a similar case at Chelsea, where an old house has been shut up for forty years; the owner was taking his bride home when she fell dead on the threshold; the wedding breakfast was all ready in the dining-room, he would have nothing disturbed, but shut up the house and went to live opposite; not till his death will any one enter that ghostly room, which by this must be devoured by mice and rats. The wedding breakfast would seem to be a relic of the days when the sacrament of matrimony involved Communion by the recipients, which necessitated fasting from the previous night.

Whilst on a visit to Orme Square I went to see my old Burnley friend Amy, we had not met since her wedding;having many intimate Catholic friends she said my change had not astonished her, and she asked me"What is Faith?" "Were I to tell you there is a mouse under the scuttle would you believe me?" "I should go and see" she replied. "That" I said "is Protestantism" We never met again, in a few years she died of cancer, to which her Mother had already succumbed.

There is a house in Queens Gatethat has been shut up since 1860, and known as The Mystery; the owner furnished it luxuriantly for his wedding with a beautiful girl who proved faithless; a sumptuous breakfast was spread for fifty guests, but as the bridsgroom was about to start for the church, news came that the lady had eloped with another man. Leaving instructions

that everything should remain as it was, the owner fled the country, and for ten years the breakfast remained dust-covered in the locked and darkened room; then the table was cleared but the house remained shut up, only the care-taker remaining. At last, the owner, who occasionally visited the scene, had the pictures and furniture removed, and for fifty years the empty house remained in charge of the caretaker. Son of a country squire, the owner became eccentric, and wrote plays that were performed in theatres he ran for some thirty years.

Now that surveyors invade its quietude, and mansions loom in the distance, Orme Square has a history to recall. The owner of this property, a printseller to the King, with shop in corner of Brook and Bond Streets, and sometime Secretary to George the Third, was also an Alderman; and when, after the peace, the three Emperors visited the city, the Tzar- who had never seen gravel- at Orme's invitation visited the pit and accepted some loads, which were shipped to Russia; and the ladies received presents of jewellery, which Mrs W... has often seen. Orme put up the Russian Eagle in front from among some he found in his yard, and utilised as ornaments here and in Kildare terrace.

Of the Square which has wrongly been associated with Louis Napoleon who had no association with this locality; living always during his five visits (1831-1849) in the neighboroughood of St James' St: generally at Fenton's (No 63) now displaced by a club. Orme also built two streets, Moscow Rd:

and Peterburg Place, with a Chapel now St Matthews; this was before the St: had been prefixed to the city of Peter the Great, for we have seen how in their liturgical books the Russians eulogise St Peter "the foundation of the Church, the Rock of the Faith"

In Greece most of the mountains were dedicated to the Sun (Helion) in Christian times they became St Elias, otherwise scarcely known.

The sweeper, Sullivan, opposite, near the Gardens, when a porter of twenty seven, lost his left foot, and having wife and family swept a crossing, and at night studied and taught shorthand---but to no great advantage, he came here in 1881- an ardent Homeruler from Wexford.

On my way back I stayed at Salsey Lawn where Mrs W.....'S grand-daughter had settled, for her Lanarkshire home is almost surrounded by clanking colleries. Her husband Major S..... was in the Bays with Frank; he astonished me by recalling our Brighton days, when during the holidays he came in to dessert and I invited him to come round to the Pavilion next morning for stables, I remembered his sisters, the boy I had forgotten, there were so many of them who thought an invitation to Barracks the highest earthly bliss.

Here I again met Warwick Hunt who rode in the Light Brigade Charge at Balaclava, and is still first-class across country, unbeaten in Leicestershire; winner of several GrandMilitary Steeplechases, he also rode the Colonel in the celebrated meeting

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at Fontainbleau in the Sixties. At the first fence Count Artus Talon was close up, but at the brook Lamplugh was second on the French horse Frank Picard; the Colonel cleared it in fine style, but Picard shortened his stride, and fell in the middle of the water, so Hunt won easily.

The famous Salsey Oak said to be 1500 years old, still stands on the right of the drive coming from the house. The forest around, of some 1840 acres, was settled by Charles II on Queen Catherine as jointure, and at her death to the Earl of Arlington, and after him to the Earl of Euston, and George Fitzroy illigitimate sons of Charles, for ever.

After dinner on Good Friday (27th of March) an alarm of fire brought us all into the street; we were at the Imperial Hotel, and dining in the same room that had witnessed those three big dinners that preceded our embarkation for the Crimea, nearly thirty seven years ago. That evening we were going with Mrs Mc Carthy Morrough, to witness the proceedings in Court, but suddenly the court-house was ablaze, and our party hurried to the scene, over which flames now issuing from the roof, were throwing a lurid light. The judges were it was rumoured, anxious to get away for their holidays at Easter, and so, sat, though, says Pat "No one but Judas Iscariot would hold a court on Good Friday" When Lord Mansfield once proposed to try a case on this day, he was compelled to abandon the idea, in deference to the protest of a leading Counsel against following a precedent set by Pontious Pilate. The Court-house was reduced to bare walls, but the cause of the

fire could not be discovered, so it was popularly attributed to Divine vengeance; anti-Irish suggested incendiarism but most likely it was due to a defective flue in the heating apparatus.

Again crossing to England shortly after in the novelty of third class, Ithought to have avoided some soldiers in the train, by securing at Holyhead an early seat in front;but at the last moment they returned from the refreshment bar, and were put into my compartment, among them an Artillery Officer's servant, and two Artillery men from Spike. To avoid recognition-which would have damped their enjoyment- I covered my face and endeavoured to sleep; but the Hussar entertained the gunners with romantic and probably embellished experiences of Cavalry Life, he related how his master-- whom I knew-- left letters and telegrams about, which he read; some of them from a certain Actress who never appealed for money in vain,and even received large sums; how he had been takenon a Canadian tour, and sometimes left for days together at Hotels, in idle enjoyment, whilst his master was away shooting, but apart from the continous smoking their behaviour was beyond reproach.

My return was greeted with an amusing story; a Surgeon-Major--of course Irish-- was on duty at an embarkation,the transport had come in with a case of fever on board; should the men be disembarked or allowed to proceed? The Doctor reported to the A. A. G. who said "That is a matter for the Doctor"(My successor the P.M.O.) "to decide". Drawing himself up to his full height

his hand on the hilt of his sword, the Medical Officer retorted "Surgeon-Colonel presume you mane Sorr" Such incidents were not infrequent whilst Officers were unfamiliar with the new titles; an old friend told us gravely of the rebuke he administered to a Paymaster who had presumed to call him "Doctor","the Queen has given me the title of Surgeon-Major-General" Here is another; on one of the transports a Nurse (Sister) fell down the companion ladder, and shewed her injured wrist to the Doctor an R.A.M.C. "What am I to do" was the curt reply"I am not a Doctor" he passed on. In the afternoon they met again, and seeing her arm bandaged he relented "Could he do anything?" "Thanks, but a Major who is not a Doctor has done everything necessary".

Wolseley spent a few days here, greatly interested in Marlborough's seige, into the localities of which, he has been piloted by Mr Day, the well known Archaeologist. Running N&S through the city was the main street of the present day, at that time dividing it into fairly equal halves: at the northern and southern ends were wooden bridges extending to the suburbs, each provided with a drawbridge,and defended by a Castle. In the northern suberb stood Shandon Castle, for centuries the official residence of the Govenor; some seventy feet above what is locally called the flat of the city, and here the Danish battlions constructed a battery; of this no vestige now remains, but its site was the present Crane house close to the Butter market.

In the southern and more important suburb were two Forts the "Cat" a detached, and still unfinished work, which added little

to the strength of the place; but being situated on a hill, some ninety feet above the city, its possession with Shandon Castle would enable the besieger to carry havoc into the ranks of the garrison. Fort Elizabeth was a strong,square, well-built modern work, with four bastions, and a sort of ravelin in the middle of its northern face. These Forts are now occupied by Head Qrs: Cork Artillery militia; the north west bastion still standing was according to local tradition the point which Marlborough selected to breach in the Eastern wall, was about sixty yards North of the southern channel of the river, and between the South Eastern bastion and Hopewell Tower which stood at the Eastern end of Christchurch Lane. The City Clubhouse now stands on the site of this S.E. bastion. Christchurch after which the Lane was named; suffered severely from its proximity to the breach. The spot can still be identified between where the two alleys Old Post Office Lane and Kifts Lane ended at the Eastern ramparts,and next it a small portion of the old wall can be seen.

Finding that the enemy had evacuated Cat fort, he ordered it to be immediately occupied by Col: Hale's detachment, which had furnished the line of outposts during the night. But they were forestalled by two seamen, who, prowling about in the neighbourhood of their quarters, found the fort empty and climbed in. A battery was immediately constructed for twenty four pounders and three eighteen pounders to enfilade the Eastern walls. All through Friday Marlbourough's guns played with effect upon Fort Elizabeth, and upon the wall. Early on Saturday the heavy guns were brought up in boats from Passage, and landed neaf the Red Cow

this inn stood on what is now Union Quay, near where Copley Street abuts upon the right bank of the South Channel, and almost opposite the South East corner of Morrison's island, and some fifty or sixty yards lower down the river that the old building known as Buckingham House, formerly the residence of the General commanding in Munster. For the reception of two 24-pounder,andthree 18-pounder,guns, a battery was thrown up on the river bank, a little below where they were landed, and throughout Saturday played upon the spot it had been determined to breach, and the wall exposed to its base, soon shewed signs of coming down.

At the suggestion of the Dean,picked marksmen were p placed on the top of the massive tower of St: Fin Barre's Cathedral, which stood about 150 yards from the nearest bastion,and commanded the whole interior of the Fort. Townsend was in charge of the party, and by means of planks placed over the beams of the upper storey, constructed a platform, from which they opened upon the fort, so galling a fire, that the garrison turned two h heavy guns against it. There discharge at close range, so shook not only the tower (a) but also the nerves of the sharpshooters, that they tried to escape from their exposed position, but their young commander called to his comrades below, and ordered them to remove the ladders by which his party had mounted.

(a) When this tower was taken down in 1865, upon the rebuilding of the Cathedral, one of the 24-pounder shot was found embedded deep in the masonry. The shot still hangs in the south transept as a memento of the occurrence.

Compelled to remain at their post, they did most effective service until the City surrendered. Their searching fire killed many of the garrison of Fort Elizabeth including Colonel O'Neil, the Commandant, who was hit when in the act of directing the guns in south-west bastion.

By four pm. the fire, gun, and mortar had told seriously on the defences of the City, and on the spirits of the garrison. The Govenor released the Protestant Bishop Wetenhall and sent him into the English Camp, and also sent an officer to Schravemors to arrange terms of surrender,with reply that Marlboroughwas in command. For the Duke of Wurtemberg on arrival considering his princely rank, gave him precedence over a General who was simply a gentleman, it was arranged that the command should be held by each on alternate days.

Marlborough therefore refused to accept surrender except as prisoners of war, and only on condition that Fort Elizabeth was handed over to him in course of an hour, and the Citygates by 8 a.m. next morning. Meanwhile another envoy had reached Wirtemberg on the North; and he, without consulting Marlborough,replied that if the garrison laid down their arms, the Govenor might march out with honours of war.

Marlborough anxious to invest Kinsale without delay was meantime making preparations for passage of the river on south-east of City. The Govenor, however, availing himself of the supposed division of command, and by delaying the return of the two English officers sent to treat with him, so protracted

the negotiations that the tide had rendered the river unfordable. He thereupon sent word that he could not accept the capitulation and so made jest of us.

At daybreak next morning-it was Sunday- the besiegers batteries resumed their fire with redoubled energy. After some hours of battering,the breach was reported to be fairly practicable and every preparation was accordingly made to deliver the assault as soon as the ebbing tide should render the river fordable. But about 3p.m. as the soldiers were closing their ranks preparatoryto the final rush, the garrison beat a parley, and the white flag was once more displayed upon the walls above. The thunder of the city guns ceased, and in an instant there was a death-like silence where but the moment before all was noise and confusion.(a)

As beseiged and beseigers glared at one another across the city ditch, the Earl of Tyrone and Colonel Rycat came out white flag in hand, picking their steps over the rough masses of crumbling masonry which strewed the breach; sent by the Govenor to treat for surrender. They claimed to march out with all the honours of war, with drums beating, and with colours flying, and men with "ball in mouth"- that is upon the terms which Wirtemberg had been prepared to give them the day before. But Marlborough would listen to no such proposals, and even Wertemberg agreed that they must submit as prisoners of war. Unable further to

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(a)London Gazette Oct e No 2598.

resist, they surrendered, and to mark his displeasure at the trick played the evening before, Marlborough imposed severer terms than he had offered the previous day. That evening Fort Elizabeth was evacuated by the Irish, and occupied by 200 English soldiers; a round tower in the churchyard had to be taken down. (b)

The protestant Cathedral was built in 1735 by a tax of one shilling a ton on coal for five years; an ugly oblong with octagonal spire on old tower to West; all pulled down in 1864; the present building was completed in 1870, thanks to the administrative energy of Bp Gregg; an edifice much too cramped, two towers at one end, and one at the other, with insufficient space between.

Summer was spent at Currabinny where some future connections have a country house, and a commodious yacht on which many a delightful day was passed with the "Knight" outside the harbour, perhaps round the lighthouse; basking in the sunshine and catching fish for dinner. Then Monseigneur Robinson came over from the Pro: and the hours with him and John Henry(Sugrue) were an intellectual treat; brilliant repartee diversified with passages from the (Latin) Psalter, while through the classical atmosphere Irish humour flashed like an Aurora Borealis.

We were at times beczlmed off Fort Camden, and had to take to the oars; heavy they were, but one must struggle up the river to arrive in reasonable time for dinner.

(b)Wolseley's Marlborough. Vol:II. p.172.

The exigencies of our cramped quarters reminde us of Martial's pun on Palinurus, who should have been a Greek-

" Minxiste curronte semel, Pauline, carina
Meiere vis iterum? jam Palinurus eris"

Lib. II: Ep.78

Which Elphinstone renders:-

"As the keel flew, Paulinus swelled the sea,
Would he once more? He'd Palinurus be".

as though composed of palin and another Greek word. Some one preferred the repartee from Plantus:-

" Pella pallorus inculit"--Cloak sub (intended) a weapon.

We had many talks about the Oxford movement, and its origin in the Christian Year, where strangely occur these lines;

"Ambition's boldest dream, and last
Shall melt before the clarion blast
That sounds the dirge of Rome".

Pio Mono, speaking of Pusey said he is like a church bell,"Il sonne, Il sonne, Il sonne, mais il n'entre pas l'eglise". And the high church party, strangely became known as Puseyites; for Pusey one day met Newman walking with Isaac Williams, and remarked that the former was rather hard on Low Churchmen,who ought to be conciliated, and thought he himself would write something on the subject. Newman offered him space in the tracts, but Pusey replied "No, I won't become one of you". Whereon they suggested that he should shield himself by signing his name;

whereon he agreed, and the eirenicon appeared with his initials. The "Record" denounced it, and gave Pusey's name to the party. Altogether there were fourteen writers in the Tracts; R.H.Froude, Newman,two Keebles (John and Thos;) J.Bowden, I.Williams, Ben: Harrison, Palmer of Worcester, Thos: Mozley,Sir Geo: Prevost,Ant: Buller, Percival,Wilson (curate at Hursley under Keble),and Pusey. (Williams Autob.)

The Royal Yacht Club at Queenstown is the oldest of its kind, founded in 1730 as the Cork Water Club, restricted to 25 members, having five pleasure boats, most of which carried guns, colours, etc: they built a banqueting House where after sailings, the day ended with a cannonade.

Some of the rules were quaint,as "Resolvedthat such members,or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner, be fined a bumper". The president (Admiral) had power to decide all disputes, and to expel any member who did not abide by his decision; this order to extend to the Chaplain, who did not seem to be held in high esteem--or any other inferior officer.

Here the little river broadens as it meets the sea, between Currabinny and Crosshaven, and passing through a narrow gorge,swells into Drake's Pond,where the Admiral with five ships chased into the harbour by a superior Spanish fleet,and moored his vessels behind.Coolmoor, and hidden by the woods and Currabinny hill, disappeared from his pursuers; the Spaniards surprised at not finding the ships, sailed out again; just as at Halifax later the enemy's fleet hid themselves in Bedford Basin.

How strange it seems in Cromwell's letters from Waterford to read "Colonels Dean and Blake our Sea-Generals, are both riding in Cork Harbour" (a)

At Castle Mary just beyond Aghada across the harbour there lies one of those ponderous Crom-lechs (Crom vaulted or curved) and leac or llech megalith or monumental stone; it is called Carig Cruath, rock of the sun, thirteen feet long , by some eight feet wide,and three and a half feet thick, inclined on stones. Close by is a smaller one, whoever placed it in position understood the use of the wedge, lever, and inclined plane;it implies constructive resources, akin to Theban remains with a supposed antiquity of some three thousand years: they are found in many countries, and even in the East on Syrian Coast of Old Phoenicia; one has been discovered near Bombay; according to Petrie they are not Druidical.(b)

Among our acquaintances is a Militia Officer, highly cultivated, who seemed almost as familiar with the Latin psalms as Monseigneur, an Anglican so high as to prefer the society of priests when travelling; once at a public meeting he explained that his name had originally the prefix De, which however he had relinquished; a voice from the audience exclaimed "Pity you did not drop the Ham too" in allusion to the trade with which his

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(a) Carlyle Letters II II 195.

(b) Ware and Petrie Proceed. R 3. Academy 9. April 1838. etc:

name was connected. An acting chaplain lately married seemed stranger still; at dinner one night he told my wife confidentially that he was longing for the day when he could tear off his Roman collar; and he shewed her under the table a rosary he always carried in his pocket; but he later accepted a benefice.

A dear friend told us that she had been received into the Church, but dared not let it be known, or she would be deprived of the companionship of her youngest daughter, who on account of her tender years, had been allowed to go with her when she had to separate from her husband. Then the subtle influences developed; for towards the end of 1892 a marriage was arranged with a son of our friend John Henry Sugrue as his father's last act; for he went up to Dublin next day and returned to die of fever, contracted through the scanty water supply there-- the wedding in the Spring was therefore a quiet one,celebrated in the private Chapel at Clifton. He had often spoken about the O'Sullivans whose chiefs were as turbulent as independent, occupying the mountainous Kerry country, where the waves of the Atlantic rush fiercest among the deep rock-bound bays of wild promontaries. Among the ruins of their habitations, is Dunboy Castle. A Sept W. of Carbery,they were distinguished by the prefix of Bear(probably from Iberi, Spanish,corrupted into Iberni) and Bantry, ancient Beutraighe said to be from Beanut Mac-Farriola, a descendant of the O'Donovans and Mahonies. An inquiry into these O'Sullivan's lands, is preserved in Lambeth library, and an account of their forces.

(a) M.S.S. XX. fol:13

In the College is a M.S.called Breviate of Ireland(b) by Philip O'Sullivan Bear, and presented to the King of Spain 1618 by Florence Archbishop of Tuam, where Don Demetrius O'Sullivan is placed among the ancient Irish scholars next after O'Neil and O'Donnell. This Dermot, ennobled as Count of Berehaven, was then at Madrid. (b) The O'Sullivans held several castles round Bantry Bay; as Rinedizart (demolished by warship in Cromwell's time) Blackrock And Carrignagrax on the Ouvane, four miles from Bantry. At Ross Mac Owen midway between Bantry and Beerhaven, is Murtough O'Sullivan; he and his eldest brother Mac Finean Duff who lives near Korimair river are the chief remains of the O'Sullivans.(c) One O'Sullivan when dividing the property among his sons, said Sougherugh- your share- which that one took as his name.

One of the Cathedral clergy, secretary to the late Bishop has become P-P of Inchigeela and Baal-na-geary, and I often stayed with him, helping to lay out the garden round the house he has re-moddled between his parishes. Living amongst country folk; intelligent and generous although easily excited gave a truer appreciation of Irish Character, of the affectionate intimacy between people and priest, through a terrible past their guide, philosopher and friend. In Gaelic the priest is addressed in second person plural, for is not God always with

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(b) Smith Cork. I. p39, 105.

(c) Ibid I. p 294.

him, whereas to others he uses the second singular not alone for God is with him. Here I was taught a useful bit of the patois; Beaunach an Tighearn O manam- Bless the Lord O my soul.

On this side the mountain there has been no friction between landlord and tenant, but as Father Hurley remarks "If a priest utter a word in defence of his people-and he is their chief advisor- he is reputed to be of revolutionary tendencies, or even an agitator; should he for conscientious reasons oppose them, they set him down as a friend of their oppressors, whilst the governing class will smile on him as a conservative ally.

It seemed useless for sanitary reasons objecting to the invariable manure heap that blocked the front door, the intimacy between the rent paying pig and his master, or the familiarity of fowls who repay with fresh eggs for sharing the winter warmth; even the gaily dressed daughter just returned from New York picks her way round and says it has always been the association of her old home. This girl getting considerably more than double the wages she would have earned over in England, and like so many others of her class, has returned for a holiday, bringing gifts to the old people at home. The interiors were however always clean and tidy, even on an unexpected visit, and though the farmhouses were only miserable cottages, the old folk could make good settlement on a daughter's marriage.

A popular dish is black pudding, the ancient Maeriucht or Goelana Tona bottom or belly pudding, made from pig's

blood and flavoured with a little tansy, onion and salt. Drisechan cavrach or drisheen is similarly made of sheeps head, corruption of Irish Taraun.

On a piece of flat meadow land round which the road had to wind, though it was crossed by a footpath between the two villages, the young men and maidens met on Sunday evenings, and held a pattern a decorous country dance, which Father H.... would watch with great pleasure on his way home. Among these comparatively poor, who generally marry early, large families are thr rule, largest too among the very poor as we find in Cork where the St Vincent Society visits; these are therefore reproducing themselves with the greatest rapidity. On the other hand, amongst the gentry there is not only a want of medium family, but a marked absence of fertility; one Lady B... early chum of my old Burnley friend Amy, is a childless widow; another Peer has an only child a daughter,and a third--himself an only child-- has no offspring. Prosperity and culture seem associated with a low birth-rate, that is with diminished fertility, and the increase is therefore of the more undesirable elements to provide the population of the immediate future; that is one regretable result of our rule

When bitter persecution reduced the gentry to poverty and every profession was closed against them, many of the farming class were retained to cultivate the land for which no settlers could be obtained.

could be obtained.

One summer Father Galwey and another Priest from Farm Street spent their holiday at the little Inn in Ball-na-geary; whilst the latter whiled away the time with his rod, the fast-ageing Father, already begun to stoop, wrote another devotional volume.

Up Kei-man-hegh (path of the deer) we tour through a cleft in the Mountainsby, a road which seems at every turn impassable, for one big rock juts out after another into the path.

On for a mile we ascended to the summit, rewarded there by the extensive view over a plain that spreads out past that lone hill,the Priest's Leap, to the mountains that enclose Glengariffe, overhung on either side by perpendicular masses clothed with ivy and scrub; on all sides wild fountains are coursing into the shallow stream at bottom. Here revels London Pride (Umbrosa) with here and there a stunted yew, or an arbutus planted by birds; this and Saxifrage are among the few plants brought from the Pyrenees, the former by monks to Killarney. The Yew appears to have been common in Ireland, specially near Yonghal; its wood was used for drinking-cups, Castra, some of which were turned in a lathe; it was also made into Cusals, small boxes used as wallets.

The old road went straight oves the Leap, on which there juts out a singular rock, which though a great impediment, peasants object to blast; on it are curious hollows, so called marks of the knees of a priest, who, pursued by Tories- as priest hunters for the six pound reward were styled- prayed for help to

St: Fachnan, whereon his ass bounded with him, right over the hill which to this day is called the Priest's Leap. Then back to Gougane Barra (St Barra or Finbarr's rock cleft) whence the Luipues flowing down in narrow channel, over which we jumped, till in the valley below it broadened into Lough Allua,3 miles long, a scene of utter loneliness, of stern and savage grandeur, 'mid an amphi-theatre of hills, whence, without the wings of an eagle escape seems impossible,for all around is a wall of rocks some hundreds of yards high. Here St Finbarr established his first cell, and now in the midst of the lake rests a amall island with its Ash-trees grouped around the Cloisters and Chapel. Passing a curious collection of votive offerings for benefits received, left by pilgrims, a narrow causeway on the West leads to the large square Cloisters into which eight cells open; a rude cross has been erected in the centre, and my companion the P.P. is putting up the Stations as a commencement of renovation; already he celebrates Mass on the site hallowed by the early days of St Finbarr.

Here a recluse Father O'Mahoney lived for twenty eight years,built cells and a kitchen, and cultivated a small garden in which he planted several fruit trees, his tomb, just opposite is inscribed, "Hoc sibi et Successoribus suis in eades m vocatione Monumentum imposuit Dominus Doctor Dyonisius O'Mahony Prespyter licet indignus A.D. 1700. Here he was buried in 1728. Soon after the presbytery was occupied, the Lord Lt: (Zetland) pro-posed a visit on his tour; outside there was still much to be done, the approach had to be levelled, and so late did the last

load of gravel arrive, that we had barely time to spread it ere the cavalcade appeared. Our only neighbour the Protestant clergyman and a brother staying with him on leave from India, (where I had met him) joined the dinner party;the rooms at the Inn were appropriated for Col: Turner and most of the Staff, and our old friend Leach was caterer. Had the original programme been carried out and ;adies graced the board, our resources would have been strained, and tents employed; but almost at the last moment Lady Butry was, through indisposition unable to do hostess and my wife therefore did not come.

A few miles along the river towards Macroom, on a scarped rock above the river, stands the lone tower of Carrig-na curra (Castle Masters) it belonged to the O'Leary's once powerful chiefs under the Mc Carthy, who held also the Castles of Carig- ne-neal and Drumcard, and from whom the adjacent country was called Ivelary.

Near the bridge over the Toom, within two miles of Macroom a vein of lead was discovered in limestone in 1745, but apparently never worked.

Macroom terminus of the rail derives its name from an old ceooked oak, under whose shade travellers took shelter.
The Castle was built in King John's time, soon after the conquest by Carews or Daltons; burnt down, it was re-built with two square towers 50 feet high, at each end of the residence on the Sullane near the bridge. In 1602 it was, after a seige, taken by Sir Charles Wilmot who to avoid his retreat being cut off had actually issued orders to retire next morning, when, that evening, the

besieged killed a pig, and having no water for scalding, singed it with straw and fern; the cabin thatch took fire and the flames rose high and lighted some tallow through one of the Castle windows; then the fire raged so violently, that the Irish were compelled to retfeat to the bawn, and when this was assaulted, they sallied out into tho woods. There still remain some fine firs above the Castle, which is now occupied by Lady Bantry, girl comrade of my old Burnley friend.

In summer, excursions were made over the mountain behind us and into Kenmare, where one remarked that Claret- like Champagne at Constantinople- is a non-alcoholic beverage; returning round by Balvourney (town of the Beloved) the long winding descent is very beautiful, with extensive landscape stretching to the Bay of Kenmare; in the distance the Landsdowne Demesne Dereen, utilised by Froude in "Two Chiefs of Dunboy": where sub-tropical plants, especially the Bamboo are becoming established. Apropos of Claret the story goes that when the Great-grandfather of the present Lord of Dereen went to stay with the tenant to whom he had let the place, he found only whiskey where he expected water. "So long as you remain here" said the host, "you shall not taste a drop of water"; but then this must have been brackish.

Dereen with 50'000 acres' was given to the local Doctor as payment for services in surveying the country to facilitate the division of the stolen lands among the English soldiers*

In the distress of 1879 at least5000 people are said to have died of starvation in the union of Kenmare'' on the roads' in the field s and on the mountaisns ' and even in their homes; till some few despairing of help' crawled into the town and died at the dooss of the residents or outside the Union Parliament.In the year3500 paupers had left Kenmare RLord Russell records the evidence of the Nuns of Kenmare that many of tenants of Lord Lansdowne were recipients of blankets' meal and seed potatoesand that' as to the three National Schools'' attended principally by the children on the estate' one of them being situate outside the entrance gate of Dereen House* She had to supply clothes to cover the children' for the sake of decency they could not otherwise allow them to attend the schools *

The drive up the Flask valley, and the long ascent of 1500 feet over the Derry- na- Saggart mountains, and down the winding road to Balyvourney, gave wide views of the lake, the Sheehey mountains, and Cuil-na- grianan,(Nook of summer

residence) on the right.

Beyond is the road over the hill to Dunmanway, which we took on another trip to visit the P. Priest, who, shut in among a very rural population, had many stories totell with a raciness that cannot be repeated; reminiscences of Father Healy whose witticsms were proverbial, were always to the fore. When a Protestant Canon remarked "I hear your whiskey has a great reputation" "Go" replied Father Healy pushing the bottle across the table, "seek reputation at the Canon's mouth". A clergyman remarked to Healy "After studying the subject deeply these fifty years in this world, Ihave come to the conclusion that there is not much difference between Protestant and Catholic religions". "Most certainly" replied the Father "you wont be fifty minutes in the next, without finding how greatly you are mistaken." From the pulpit he declared "It is whiskey makes your homes desolate, and makes you shoot your landlords" then with a pause;"and makes you miss them". "After all" he once said, when told that both Church and Casino could be seen from one spot at Monte Carlo,"there is not so much difference between them; in one you are prayed for, in the other, preyed on". Which reminds me of when Canon Jephson was moving some Costers off the main road, one of them retorted; "Why do you parsons take such violent action against us? We are both in the same trade, I make my living hollering outside, and you inside".

Perhaps the most ready and caustic retort ever given, was that of Mons. Pecci,(afterwards Leo XIII when Nuncio at Brussels, a profligate Marquis laughingly showed him a snuff-box, on the lid of which was the nude figure of a lady; he remarked calmly "The portrait of the Marchioness I suppose."

When in the N.... parish, Father H.... attended the Lunatic Asylum, he remarked the noticeable impression made on patients in a ward through he was carrying the sacred Host; Can there be cases of possession among them? In these Christian times when the Mass is said in every place around the habitable globe--a continous offering-- one would expect them to become rare; though as miracles still take place, so possession would occur. There were some remarkable and apparently authentic cases in Belgium a century ago, the devils on one occasion defied the exorcist because he had casually broken his fast. A protestant pastor published some cases on Germany (Blumhardt 1880) which read like exaggerated cases of convulsions, from which the diagnosis must be extremely difficult; here however the Spirits confessed to have been human beings, lapsed through sinful lives, whose return to earth is impossible, and not devils who are the fallen angels.

Talking of diamonds in South Africa Father H.... told me that the only one found in Europe was picked up by a peasant girl among the pebbles in a little stream at Magniers bridge in Fermanagh.

Speaking of Father Galway and his Order, I was also

reminded that among the greatest astronomers of the present day, are Jesuits, and one of their Order was the first to discover Microbes, founder of the Kirchner Museum at Rome.

So far from the Church being inimical to Science, it was Livaire--one of the most eminent scholars of his day-- who founded the College of Physicians; physician to Henry the eight, he threw up his appointment to become a priest. Father Mendel became Abbot of his monastery after he had completed his observations which threw such light on Heredity; Steno the famous Anatomist and founder of Geology was made a Priest.

Certain Protestant misrepresentations were also alluded to; Pre Boniface VIIIth popularly supposed to have condemned dissection of the human body, and hindering the progress of medicine;in fact condemned an objectionable practice of the Crusaders, who dis-membered their comrades body that each might carry home one,a leg; another a piece of the trunk etc: to be again put together and buried. The Bull of John II was not against alchemy or chemistry; the Pope had himself been a Doctor in great repute as a clever Physician and Doctor and Chemist, and he in fact condemned the travelling quacks who inposed on ignorant people with the pretence of a philosopher's stone that could turn everything into gold, and which they sold to their dupes.

Among great medical Scientists, all Catholics are Winslow French prof: Virchow father of Pathology, intimate friend of four Popes (Benedict XIV. Clem XII amongst them)

Attenbrugger, an Austrian who inaugurated percussion and modern diagnosis, personal friend of Maria Theresa; Calvani Anatomical professor at Bologna who discovered animal electricity; then from Brittany cameLaennec and Auscultation, and France has given us a great physician in Louis.

The road along Lake Alloa to ballingeary was bleak and wild from the absence of trees. Most of the country was once generally forested, as tree trunks and geographic names such as Derry (Grove of Oaks) attest, but they were destroyed so rapidly that in the middle ages it was cheaper to make barrel hoops of whalebone. We offered to send trees if the farmers would plant them, but they declined to do so as it would enhance the value of the land and cause the landlord to raise his rent. For it seems to be the practice that when land is made tenentable, and the tenant exhausted in the making, so as to be unable to pay the increased rent, for him to be evicted and flung on the road-side. Bog has to be drained and fenced, built on, and converted into a farm by the tenant.

Palestine was at one time heavily afforested, some trees have been destroyed,the rain-fall has diminished and runs off quickly dashing away the soil from the hill-sides. One grove of Cedars remains, apparently very old, though whether of Biblical times is difficult to determine, but the natives guard it night and day; only two or three other groves of younger growth remain. The far-famed Cedars of Lebanon from which solomon procured his timber, have long since ceased to exist.

The climate also has changed, and even in summer the temperature rarely exceeds 85°C.

Along the border of the lake was much swampy ground fit only for willow planting that would give a speedy return, but the farmers also objected that the fencing required, was beyond their means, for cattle regard willow shoots as a choice salad, and again their rent would be raised. Meanwhile osiers are being imported for basket making.

Willow sets in lengths of fourteen inches, cost some twenty pounds per acre of twenty thousand sets, and the bed lasts several years; they may be planted at any time from Nov: till April, if there is no frost, that is from the fall to the rise of the sap. Its only enemies are two troublesome pests, bell-bind, and couch-grass, which have to be kept cleared.
Besides basket making,the mature straight wood is valuable for cricket bats.

Not long ago the hill-sides, along the Suir below Glonmell were laid bare and the timber sold. In a short time the surface soil will be washed away, and to re-cultivate would necessitate restoration of soil. Were young trees planted under the shade of the old ones they would be protected by the overhead foliage which would bring down and preserve the necessary moisture and warmth, and in falling provide their food.

We have to import ten million tons of timber annually for our out-put is only three.

It is specially incumbent on us to plant trees, for everywhere the water seems withdrawing from the surface specially

in Central Asia, in Africa, many lakes in Chiroua have almost vanished, and Livingstone's Njanic Tchad is half dried up. Where two thousand years ago in Turkestan stood great cities, there are only vast levels of sand. The Tarim river, once a principal Asiatic route, has almost disappeared, and Lub- Nor once four times the area of Lake Geneva, is now but a shallow marsh; Novgorod was in the middle ages surrounded by water.

At certain seasons, when stations are held at remote farms, and after Mass the whole neighborough receives communion, one is forcibly reminded of the time when Ireland was a veritable Isle of Saints, when against a veritable back-ground of legendary glory, Ireland shone like some bright emerald in the West. Its numerous churches, monasteries and schools gave it a certain fascination and importance: King Alfred of Northumberland and other ~~important~~ great personages came over here to study. The "Isle of Saints" also sent forth shining lights throughout the world; Luxeuil and Bobio owe their existence to St: Colomba Legni (six leagues from Paris) to St Fursey:and Glaris to St Fridolin; St Gall evangelised Switzerland; St Frigidian became Bishop of Lucca; St Livinus suffered martyrdom in Flanders; St Argobast was Bishop of Strasburg; St Kilian became the Apostle of Franconia. All Southern Germany besides was covered with Abbeys, which, ten centuries later were still known as Schotten Klosters or Irish Convents. Mass was followed by a homely breakfast where the Master of the house is "Himself"

and Irish is the only language that many of them understand; where "Yes" and "No" are unknown, for they reply emphatically "I shall Sor" "Bedad and I won't" there is in fact no word for them in the language, which is further distinguished by the absence of j, k, g, v, and z; the H is hard and therefore distinct even in the middle of a word, and the rest hard when accentuated by a dot or a dash; C equals K and the initial Sr which occurs only in Sanscrit, adds to the hardness. Those stations are a relic of the penal times when Catholics who should refuse to testify when and where they had heard Mass, and name of Celebrant, and those present, were penalised, and Mass had to be offered in places still reverenced, as the Mass rock, or garden bush or field; or in a sand pit as Closh-an-Afren, near Tuam, places chosen as safe from observation; for watchers were placed to give warning of approach of the Jories or Priest hunters. A Bishop who died some thirty years ago (McGettigan) would relate how heused to be placed on a high rock for that purpose, whilst the congregation met in a hollow below; and in later years he, as Acolyte had to hold the candles and prevent their being blown out by the wind; for in those days there were no candlesticks. The Protestant Bishop of Cork wrote in 1700 "The Popish priest celebrates Mass in a ditch sheltered by a few bushes and sods, and sometimes in a cabin." Even after 1762 when the penal laws were mitigated, so bigoted were the local landlords that a site for a chapel could not be obtained in many places. At Carrig-

na- holt Mass was performed in a travelling van with open sides so that priest and altar were visible; it was forbidden to enter any of the lands occupied by the tenants, so that the people- often several thousand- assembled at the cross roads, the "Ark" being placed in the angle.

Twice a year at Christmas and Easter these stations are held, the farm-house selected as a centre becomes the "Domestica acclesia" of St Paul; cleansed and reverently set in order for this greatest of honours and of blessings. The kitchen its largest chamber, has been prepared, its roof, beams, and walls snowy white, glass and metal work around have been polished with reverent hands, and now the homely table is arranged as the Mensa with altar-stone and cloth, crucifix and lights and all rubrical essentials, and round their priest his people- confession made- kneel upon the floor.

An agricultural school would be of the greatest advantage in this South West, and there are derelict mansions available, but the Trappists at Mt Mellary were indisposed to undertake the adventure, and as it could only be maintained by the sale of early fruit and vegetables in England, in competition with the Channel Islands and France, the difficulties of transit -specially through Cork- were found to be deterent.

At the horse show in Dublin, I again met the X.R.H. Whartie being at Portobello, and Ruldoo in attendance on Prince Eddie at the Lodge; Whartie therefore went down to the Curragh

and to our delight Bobbie wearied of his morning, joined us at Knightsbridge; at the camp we met Lawley now Adjutant, and Lord Ralph Kerr the General in command; first time we had met since he became sponsor for me when (conditionally) baptised.

Next year the Regt: came to Cahir, where shortly after my promotion they releived the V.D.G. in 1864, with detachment at Limerick Waterford and Fethard, and at the race meeting we met General Charles Gough; David brought his wife on the coach the meeting was most enjoyable. At the sports shortly afterwards Tent pegging and Lemon cutting were refreshing mementoes of old times; the former was specially fine in neatness and pace and in cleanliness of stroke without swaying in the saddle. There was also a cricket match with Rothwell College, and of course Polo in the Park; My old quarters are occupied by Buldoo, and I am in those opposite, (Marsland's of old) A billiard room has lately been built on behind the Ante-room (not by the Government) so that we no longer have to walk across the road. I have stayed here with the Third and XVth Hussars and others, but it was a great pleasure to be again with the old regiment in Barracks associated with the V.D.Gds. Later I stayed with the squadron at Fethard (Lord William and also Buldoo) the country people call them the "Lords" there are so many; one night we drove over the lonely road to dine at head-quarters, and next afternoon that once so familiar over the hill into Clonmell.

Among the new trophies are the Irish Military Cup

captured in Dublin (1886) in the final tie from the IIth Hussars by five goals to none, and another of 1894. There are now six Kadir pig-sticking Cups,1877 St Quentin,81 Fisher, and 82 Bryant and Ganges 80.and 82 Bryan, and Chesham 77. There are also two Hurlingham, two Indian, three Irish inter-regimental, and one Subaltern Cups. There are also Hughes-Onslows Grand Military,1888, and Baird's Grand National. My boy was greatly interested in the mess plate, specially the Waterloo trumpet, bought on the Field out of spoil; there is another of silver with banderol and sling received at Delhi as a memento of the Imperial assemblage January 1877. Among many cups there is that of the Panjab Calvary India Horse given on their leaving India 1884 in commemeration of the native Cavalry Tournament of the previous year.

From Cahir the regiment came to Ballincollig with Airlies Squadron in Cork; we happened to be in Patrick Street as they rode in, and surprised me by the old compliment "Eyes Right" and the salute; he and another married officer lived opposite each other on Montenotte, Meeking,(known as Leacham, Indian attempt at the name) at Woodhill, and Whartie at Blackrock, whilst Hughes-Onslow got a house much nearer at foot of the Ballincollig hill. It was a happy winter with plenty of sport which every one enjoyed even the dealer whose whole stud did not suffice for the hard riding Reggie. Woodhill is associated with the memory of Sarah Curran who was married in the quaint Gothic Chapel there, and whose memory clusters round the

old fashioned mansion and its old trees that add dignity to the place. Here also in 1797, occured that abduction case of Miss Pike, it was then occupied by Cooper Penrose a cultured and wealthy Episcopalian, with whom resided-since the death of her father- Mary Pike, a girl of twenty two, not good looking, but well educated and brought up of Quaker family, but who had become Episcopalian and discarded the peculiar dress with a fortune of forty thousand pounds. The family descended from a Cromwellian Trooper (referred to in Cromwell's letters) who went into trade, and brought up his children in the fear of God, and the love of usury. Sam her father had devoted a long life to a very successful industry, leaving this only child entitled to all the fruits of his laborious and persevering application. Sam kept a private Bank in the Marsh and massed considerable wealth, for the Stamp duty in one year was paid on note circulationof 54100 under three guineas, and one hundred of over fifty pounds. His widow was in ill-health, and after her husband's death seldom went abroad, she had rooms opposite Buckingham House in White Street. On Sunday July the second a stranger, as well mounted as dressed, drew up near the wicket gate, and admired the scenery, and view of the river(the high wall not then built) and view of the river reaches over Lough Mahon: he opened up a conversation with Penrose whom he had never met before, though he had been Sheriff, and his brother was now Mayor of Cork, this was Sir Henry Brown Hayes, son of a brewer who had been knighted. Penrose was charmed and asked him to come in and stay for dinner

an invitation which with profuse apologies, he accepted. The young ladies, to whom he does not seem to have been introduced sat at a side table, but their demure Quaker eyes noted his faultless dress and strict etiquette. Aged thirty five he had lately been deprived of a Company in S. Cork Mil: for having struck Ld. Donerail the Colonel, who had refused to fight him. He had married some years before a lady of good connections, near Youghal, who had left him a widower with seven children.

In a lane off Main Street, between that and Duncan Street, now built over. The night of the twenty second (Saturday) was a stormy one, and the inmates of Woodhill retired early. After midnight they were roused by a persistent knocking at the gate, which some one with a lantern opened, to receive a letter from a night-rider.

"To Cooper Penrose Esq:"

Sir Our friend Mrs pike is taken suddenly ill She wishes to see Miss Pike. We would recommend despatch as we think she has not many hours to live. Yours Robt Gibbings.

This was Mrs Pike's doctor, whose handwriting was imitated by Hayes. There had been some unpleasantness between the girl and her mother, because she had renounced the Quaker dress, and become Episcopalian. Though the night was wet the roads were safe for Hampsech's Regt of Hessians was billeted in Cork; so the girl with Mrs Richard Pike and Miss Penrose started in the carriage with two out-riders.

On the Glanmire Road they were stopped by a body of

armed men under a commander well muffled, who identified Miss Pike. Traces were out, and out-riders knocked over, the girl was forcibly taken from the carriage and placed in a chaise where she found another lady:(Hayes) sister) with mounted escort they rattled down into Cork, and across the river away into the darkness, to an old mansion Vernon Mount, standing on site of a Danaan fort. The muffled men carried Miss Pike up the steep ascent to the house where the light of an expiring candle, two women received her in the parlour. The horses were shod with shoes reversed, which made it difficult to trace the chaise. Conducted to a room an alleged clergyman prepared to perform a marriage ceremony, but on her persistent refusal Hayes pulled out a pistol and threatened to take his life if she did not comply; so the ceremony proceeded and a ring wass forced upon her hand, which however as soon as she had liberty she contemptuously flung away. Hayes then compelled her to follow him into a room where after ineffectual efforts to induce her to favour his designs, he left her a prisoner. She was soon after released by a near relative of the Knight who said if she would only comply with his entreaties, she would soon be mistress of the house.

After a time Miss Pike contrived to communicate with her Uncle Penrose, and told him of her abode, and that her jailer was Sir Henry Brown Hayes. The latter fled when an armed party came to her rescue; a reward was offered by Pike's Bank (of Hoare Lane) for his apprehension and Govt in addition £1000,

but without avail. In a letter he had once said, "that he stood as high as any man in Cork City" and so great was his influence that Miss Pike had to flee to Bath, from the many unsympathetic neighbours, for "he was a foine figure of a man, and an educated gentleman; and though a widower with grown up daughters,he danced like an Austrian Hussar"

Outlawed, but advised that the outlawrey could not stand, he returned to Cork, and for twenty two years frequented drums, house-parties, ans suppers; even dropping into coffee houses in Castle Street to read advertisements for his capture. Thetheory was started that he had adventured the attempt for a bet. After a time there came a kind of amnesty for men suspected of treason in Munster, and his relatives used it in his behalf.

"The fate of Sir Henry is sure a hard case,
Unable in Cork to exhibit his face."
And rebels and traitors are pardoned their crimes,
Though different his guilt, let them all share alike
He was not United, and gave up his pike"

At Michaelmass 1800 he wrote a polite letter to the lady, insisting that he was animated by the most delicate feeling towards her person, and urged that it ill became a woman to demand the blood of a man, however she might object to his attentions and asked her to withdraw her advertisements, and he would stand his trial at the Assizez in Cork. The outlawry was reversed, but the proclamation was not withdrawn. Then he walked into a

barber's shop on Grand Parade, and induced the barber to seek the rewards as he intended to surrender. Sir Henry's bold attempt on the fortune of Miss Pike though unsuccessful was in some measure compensated by the celebrity that elevated him to a popular hero; ballads denounced the cruel Pike whose face was not the fortune coveted by the hero, but the thousands of pounds which served as a golden mask for her unattractive features. He was tried at Spring Assizes 1801, and sentenced to death at the gallows green, where now stands St Patrick's Orphanage, but the recommendation to mercy was heard, and sentence commuted to transportation to Botany Bay; there he was given ticket of leave, and established himself in the country but was so troubled by snakes, that he imported some soil from Ireland and scattered it around; thence-forward he says, they disappeared. In 1812 he was pardoned; it is said the Duke of Rutland met one of his daughters at a dance, and she asked him to break her father's chains. Homeward bound he was wrecked on the Falkland Islands (Feb:13) with General Holt, and the ship-wrecked formed a Provincial Govt: and made Hayes Govenor. He died in Thomas Street, Cork, a feeble old man, in Rush hat, and blue coat with white facings of his old time, he would ask passers-by to lift his chair into the sunlight, and lead him to it, for he was blind.

"It is so much colder now-a-days"he would remark"than when I was Sheriff"

Lord Airlee is reputed to have been compelled to carry

the saddle on his head when he landed in Egypt from leave, and for some distance; but this was from necessity; now he spends his early mornings schooling over banks he has made in the field above his house, or practising Polo strokes on a wooden horse; but his dinners were most enjoyable, specially those he called squadron, where Buldoo, Bryan, Lord George Scot, Milbanke (familiarly known as the Snail-from the stealth of his movements) the Meekings, and ourselves, made a family party.
One evening Buldoo gave us a sensation by solemnly propounding a conumdrum "Why is George Scot like Nelson?" When all had given it up he had to explain "Because he expects every man to do his duty"

His piper meanwhile according to custom playing to and fro before the windows; this led to a talk about the Celtic Instrument, which we had met unexpectedly in Afghanistan, and I related our experience of its torture when at Stirling Castle. A Piobaireachd, (or Pibrok) was played at mess by our Highland hosts, and the drone into our backs was the reverse of being agreeable. The windbag seems to have been designed for hill warfare, to economise the breath. Similar pipes were used by the Assyrians, we have a representation of them sculptured about 4000.B.C. and later spread to India and China, where they were used during the war; Nero according to Suetonious played one (Tibia utricularis) and they were known to the Greeks. One appears on the crosier presented 1403 to New College, Oxford, by William of Wykeham; played by an angel; and to its

skirling, the Canterbury pilgrims journeyed; Chaucer's miller used one, and Shakespeare speaks of the drone of a Lancashire bag-pipe. It did not become general in Scotland till the close of the 15th century: in the days of Louis XIV it was played at Court concerts.

There are the Scotch--probably the earliest -- and Irish pipes; the former blown from the chest, with a drone reed an exact reproduction of the "squeaker" made by children, of nodes out of tall grass, oldest of wind instruments, with compass from treble G to A, nine notes, the scale A,B,D,E,F,G, equivalent to a black scale, or D flat, whence it may be imitated on piano by playing on black keys only; the tune opens and closes with a long wail. The Irish, blown from a bellows is more powerful and elaborate having keys for thirds, and fifths added to Chaunter; there is no whil.

Mac-Allisdrum's march is a wild rhapsody invariable at all feasts; in honour of an esteemed Commander, Sir Alex: MacDonell, alias Mac Allisdrum, who fell at Knockinnoss, a little west of Mallow, in command of the Irish 7460 foot, and I076 horse, besides officers. Their front was defended by a morass and rivulet that almost surrounded the hill, up which the English charged, but were borne down by a party of Highlanders, who threw aside their pieces and drove the English back with their swords for two miles, capturing their guns and transport. But Inchiquin detached some horse, and gained

the summit, whereon the Irish right wing under Taffe, retreated losing heavily in the morass. The brave northern Irish under Mac allisdrum held their ground, till at last forced to yeild the commander surrendered his sword, but Inchiquin had ordered "No quarter", and all were killed in cold blood--4000 Irish fell; 6000 arms, 38 pairs of colours, and some standards, and all the baggage was captured, also the General's tent and cabinet.

The tones are imitated in La Dame Blanche and Dinorah and there is a considerable amount of written music; two hundred and forty three marches, pibrochs, and stathspeys, and reels were published in 1859, out of 1000 collected by Ulleam Ross, Queen's piper, and Glen collected two hundred and thirteen tunes. Giraldus Cambrensis says the Irish had two instruments,Cithera and Timpan (originally stringed and played with a bow, later a tambour). The Scotch had a third Cehorus, a bagpipe and skin, two brass tubes, mouth piece and chaunter with finger holes. He does not include the Irish pipe(PIPAI from Latin pipare, through the Romance, and perhaps the instrument came with the name) but it is mentioned at the fair of Carman, in first half of the twelfth century, in the book of Leinster. It was used in war in the fourteenth century; but never by the Irish till the advent of the Normans. The ancient Irish bagpipe was like the Scotch, inflated by the mouth; the existing form is modern.

Carl Engel thinks the frequent occurrence of the

minor in the Scottish tunes originated with the pipes, whose scale is G with major thirds and minor sevenths. It was in use among the peasantry. The lyre was used by the better class; no doubt this was the more ancient instrument, we see it on a tomb near the pyramid of Gizel of the fourth dynasty 1300 B.C. and from Egypt the Assyrians seem to have got their poly-chord instruments. Yhe harp was a favorite in Ireland, for Cambrensis affirms that its harpists were well skilled beyond what he had observed in other nations.

John of salisbury in the twelfth century lauds them, "The attention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation, in which their skill is beyond comparison superior to that of any nation I have seen" which is also confirmed by Polidore Virgil; later still Spencer, Camden and others speak with equal warmth, but, onlike the beautiful Irish illuminated MSS and Celtic specimens of ornamental needlework, no examples of written music remain.

From the 8th to the 14th century, Irish Crut(harp played without plectrum) players appear to have wandered about Northern Europe, and even southward to Italy, whence perhaps O'Curry thinks, the notable improvement that took place in French harps during the thirteenth century. Doni, a learned Florentine writer on music in the 17th century, thinks the harp a modified form of the Greek Trigonon or Sambucus, a link between the harp and lyre, which once well known, had fallen into dis-use there while it became the favorite instrument of the Irish,

who re-introduced it in its modern formas an Anglican instrument. There is a harp in Trinity College Dublin, erroneously thought to be that of Bryan Boru, which has thirty strings; that of Robin Adair at Hollybrooke, Wicklow 37; and the Dallway harps 52. Old harpers played, not with finger tips, but with their nails; a survival of the plectrum. Harp and pipes have long since been replaced by violin and flute, cheaper and more portable instruments; later by execrable brass and reed bands; there are however, good bands in training, as at Grenore Industrial School.

From Bunting's first collection of Irish melodies 1796 Moore to his annoyance, ruthlessly mutilated several of the airs as Carolan's Planxty Kelly, in "Go where glory waits thee", the fox's sleep in "When he adores thee", the brown thorn in "Oh haste and leave the sacred Isle", and the Twisting of the rope in "How dear to me the hour",which essentially depart from the Originals. Moreover he imbued the old times with melancholy, and they became distressful, "The world" says Bunting "has been too apt to suppose our music of a highly p plaintive and melancholy character, and that it partook of our National feeling at the state of our country in a political view. Never was anything more erroneous "The time was rapid and the tune animated", now ther is weeping and wailing in the music and my Love Nell is sung in a slow,sorrowful, almost heartrending chant, "Farewell to Cork".

There are a few Irish melodies in modern Opera,--

"Gibhlin a nim" constitutes the principal theme in Boildieus Overture to the most popular of his Operas, La Dame Blanche, under the name of Air Ecossais,and the Last Rose of Summer, in Flotow's Martha. Petrie tells us how the first became transformed into Robin Adair; the air with words adapted to it, in praise of Robin Adair, became very popular in Dublin society, Protestant and English; thence it reached England, when the attention of musical critics like Dr Burney, was directed to the peculiar construction of Scottish music, and in the absence of all knowledge of any Irish music, was naturally assigned to Scotland.

There is a pathetic Irish song "Wearing of the Green" which Dion Boucicault whom I remember at the Adelphi, wished to sing in one of his plays, but was forbidden by the Censor; but one night at Balmoral when Carmen Sylva was present, the Queen asked for it, and heard it with delight.

David in enthusiam for Polo, sank a well for the Polo ground and its future players; it is inscribed in words written by himself

"A noble game as played of yore,
Perchance my sons ye play it still,
Perchance some thirty hoofs or more,
'Een now the air with thunder fill.
Anon! But if now David's well,
No longer floods the thirsty ground,
Yet thirsty souls while drinkingtell,
How 'tis that here a well is found"

Here one day he noticed the scanty fencing round the soldier's gardens. A wall promptly replaced it, and though one wondered at Government generosity, none suspected that David was the donor.

Nellie came home from the Mount Halifax, to which she went out with her sister five years ago to school; Arthur and I went outside on the tug, and as the steamer was late, had to wait near the lighthouse till long after dark; the huge vessel loomed upon us with great suddenness, looking formidable with its many lights. The Captain in whose care was the child, seemed remarkably nice, and on his return voyage came and dined.

During winter there was a remarkably good presentation of"Les Cloches de Cornville" by amateurs, in which the principal part was sustained by Lord Shaftesbury,who however, owing to defective sanitary arrangements in this still filthy city, contracted enteric, though the dressing rooms had been recently built.

In Spring there were the usual Regimental sports, and Polo was a sure attraction under the Model Farm; a queer story comes from Chitral of progress it is making in the land of its origin. When in January 1895 the Mehtar was murdered by his brother,Umra Khan's ally Aizul attacked the column bringing ammunition, which gained Reshun, and defended it from the 7th 59 13th of April, when the besiegers showed a white flag, and asked for a parley. An armistice conaluded, Mohammed Isa(Jesus) Khan said he had come from Dr Robertson (Govt: Represantative at Chitral) with orders to stop the fighting,

pending negotiations, and proposed a game of Polo, which the British Officers accepted. They were treacherously seized as a trump card in his game with General Low, and were well treated; but the Sepoys were compelled to embrace Islam.

Whilst in town for the dinner, Flower shows and pictures Col: Healy went with me to call on the Cardinal, whom I remembered in the Fifties; we spoke of Richard Cavendish who had given me some of his (Manning's) works, and of the Oxford movement of those days, I said that my impression was that I had seen Newman at King William Sreet, where we students sometimes wandered into the Oratory on our way from College.

Just as the Regiment was leaving the Curragh, some recently joined recruits caused a regretable incident. After bathing below; to warm themselves they ran up the grassy slope to the old burying ground; the wall was in bad repair, and broken down in places, so two of them went inside, and seeing a coffin half open pulled the things about. The tomb belonged to a family long resident in the neighborough, and much respected and when a ring, said to have been on one of the bodies was reported to be missing, although it could not be traced to the men, the regiment was greatly annoyed. The whole affair was a stupid joke without any motive, but it was a nasty business and most annoying.

We went up to the Barracks to see the final parade and march out, and them watched them sadly as they disappeared down the Glanmire Road, past the house where years ago when we

first came the old Trooper was living, whose daughter had followed her accepted photograph out to Sumatra to marry the Regt: Sergt: Major. Lady Airlee spent her last evening with us after David had gone, and Miss Whanners Wood stayed at the Generals. Shortly after I stayed with them at Newbridge to witness the contest for the Polo Cup which they held and hoped to retain at a tournament in the Phoenix Park. At starting R..... loaded the carriage with not only morning papers but magazines which, considering our numbers, were considerably in the way, not one of which he opened, and they were all left behind, "You see" remarked the Colonel "how the money goes, and I am blamed for his extravagant mess bills".

The fifteenth Hussara sent their drag to meet us at King's Bridge the stand was full, a large concourse of spectators, carriages, and cars encompassed the ground, but the Cup was lost; Maudie(Curzon) fell and broke his collar-bone then Dawnay struck--as appeared to me standing just opposite by the ball-- also fell on his lay for sometime unconscious, in which state he was carried to the Lodge, where he lay for some time. So the Cup was carried off by the Thirteenth Hussars.

On Sunday after Mass at camp, I lunched with the Kerr's and after Vespers ran back to Newbridge, just in time for Mess, spent the morning with Maudie, and returned with a collection of Polo-sticks to ornament our new hall. For no sooner had the old Regiment gone, than in a country stroll we met with a place that took our fancy, a country house not too secluded

with a good garden... the house was large, but G... her husband and children would make it lively. The agent had been an Army Officer so it was not necessary to insist on everything being put in writing. Ere curtains and carpets were in place to dead deaden sound, we were disturbed by an unearthly yell, coming from the basement. It was about two a.m. and my wife from one side, and son-in-law on the other, rushed out into the corridor my daughters were alarmed, the youngest in great fright, but I having lately come to bed after the usual Quadratic Equation which amused me in the quiet hours till feeling inclined to retire slept on unconcerned. Silence followed. The servants in the basement were startled by someone coming along the passage screaming, and also heard the rustle of a dress, and the terrier howled. They came out of their rooms, groom, cook, and our maid, but saw nothing: the dog they found crouching in a corner of the kitchen shivering with terror. Upstairs a boy of fourteen slept undisturbed in the inner nursery beyond our room; baby and I slept on unmoved, but my daughter's maid was frightened. When a few days later the parish Priest called, he remarked that he had not been in the house since a terrible occasion a year ago, when he was urgently called to a servant whose dress had caught fire in the nursery; she was polishing the floor, and was melting some wax and turpentine, when the saucepan tilted over at her feet and blazed up. She rushed down the back stairs and across the kitchen, where she spent the night in great agony being terribly burnt; in the morning

she was taken to Queenstown Hospital where she died. Why the disturbance occured at two a.m. or what happened to emphasize the agony of that particular hour, has not been explained. The room was at the East end of the corridor, with fireplace in the north-east corner, now our bedroom; the main staircase decended outside to the inner hall, but that she would customarily use, went down from the other end, direct to the basement hall. Father St George(O.S.A.) blessed the houde, and there was no recurrence, not even on the anniversary.(a)

The Nuns in the village convent recognised my Anglican Sister Agnes, who befriended me in the Crimea, and gave me my Christian Year, in one of their superiors. She became a Catholic shortly after her return home, but unfortunately did not visit them during our stay;another friend who had thus entered the Church, without us derelicts being any the wiser;left behind to find our own way, for had not we also Moses and the Prophets? Our first caller remarked that we had not been seen in Church and seemed astonished to find we were Catholics, although we had been some nine years in the neighboroughood; thenceforth all went roughly; what they thought when our successors were of the same faith, we have not heard.

Across the wide river is the little village of Monk-stown, with its pretty church prominent in the landscape; from from its Castle friends were constantly sailing across; sometime afterwards our married daughter took a place there. The Lord of the district was an English colonist, one Archdaken who went

(a) See strange adventures of well-known judge and man of science. Grant Duff Notes. 88 p 137 VIII.

to fight in Spain; meanwhile as a surprise, his wife Anatasia Gold built this Castle; to provide funds kept a wholesale store at such profit on retail to her workmen, that on completion of the work, she had a groat (fourpence) credit, so she took the name of Mc Odo; she and her husband are buried at the now ruined church of Temple Aubryn.

My friend Mrs Wiseman's grandson disappeared the other evening at Abingdon, supposed to have walked into the river accidentally, late in the evening the young Officer had started for a stroll, his body has not been found; an only child. Knowing the road and remembering the difficulty experienced at P.M.Gurg in recovering Gillespie's body, we wired suggestions which led to success; but the mother never recovered from the shock, and in the following winter was found one morning hanging from the banisters in the hall;

At this year's dinner there was great enthusiam, Persimmon--the Prince's horse-- had won the Derby, and brought a new fruit into notice (to myself I fear of greater interest) not for a few years however was it in the market, but models were exhibited at S Kensington. Fruit of one of Ebony's Diospyros Kaki, it is common in the colder parts of China and Japan, though not mentioned by Marco Polo; it was first noticed by Jesuits, and in 1643Ellarus de Suedo says it is grown everywhere in China, known as Suzu and Sutzu, D.Schitze of Bunge. Containing 2½ per cent of Janine acid it is very astringent to

She had lately whilst walking on the railway line been startled
the sudden approach of an express; she had the presence of mind t
prostrate herself between the rails, and the train passed over;
but she never recovered from the shock

material for his nest,but why should he sting without provocation? He worried and chased me beyond endurance, till one day he settled on a horse at the door and was killed by the groom. Then to our astonishment the annoyance did not cease there proved to be another. The tamest of animals will attack in self defence,but why should bees and their kindred (as at Secundrs long ago) cherish a venomous dislike to myself is extraordinary. Full of confidence in the example of an Apiarist and deeply interested in watching him explore box after box, whilst he demonstrated the Ligurian and other kinds, handling them with entire freedom, suddenly a bee attacked me and I retreated followed vengefully, so that in trying to beat him off with my handkerchief he might have cause for his action, for he succeeded in planting his sting in my forehead as a legacy and flew home to die. Of the two ground species we have Vulgaris there are two others Rufa with reddish-yellow legs, and Germanica with three black spots on abdomen; and there are two of the three Arboreal Sylvestris and Crabo known as the hornet in the elmtrees outside the garden. Not furnished like bees with the means of collecting pollen, the neuters will kill flies, whose body is taken to the nest as food; in Autumn they die leaving the few impregnated females to hybernate. The bees stinger is a fine piece of mechanism at its base,within the body are levers which thrust out or withdraw it. (The levers with muscular attachments are within the body in front of the poison sack). In the hornet is a poisoned stiletto

at tip of her armour-plated abdomen with which she drives off enemies or paralizes her prey.

Among wasps and bees, as we have seen in India with ants,a high social organisation is perpetuated by the rigid performance of individual duty,which male and female and workers continue to practice.

Round the glowing warmth of our bonfire,compassed by rhododendrons and pines, we again watch the silent stars in the heaven above us, which throughout Spring and Summer of this year have been cloudless. One of my earliest recollections is the great comet that astonished us in the early forties. As boys my brother and I with the aid of a Stars map in Milner's Gallery of Nature and a lantern, used to learn the names of the different constellations, and astronomy has ever since been a fascinating study. What is the probable number of the stars each of which is known to their Creator, "Who telleth the number of the stars,and calleth them all by their names" (a)

To the naked eye there are altogether some four to five thousand, but since we can only see one half at once-((for stars near the horizon cannot be distinguished)) the total visible is calculated not to exceed one thousand five hundred to two thousand; with the largest telescopes it has been thought that one hundred million may be visible. Gore believes this to be an outside estimate; from counting those on Dr Robert's stellar photographs- which include those down to the seventeenth magnitude- he reaches a total of sixty four million visible stars, not

(a) Psalm CXVl V.4. ISAIAH XL V26.

including clusters; a globular one of which in Centaur shows twenty five thousand to a square degree, besides nebulae, crucibles of future stars. According to Professor Newcombe "It is now possible to photograph stars fainter than the smallest the eye can see in a telescope; the total may be counted by hundreds of millions. Where then does this congeries of worlds end? Are these the many mansions spoken of by our Lord?"

"For some time" writes Mrs Montague "after sunset the hemisphere glowed with purple light, then faded to silent grey When the night began to "hang out her golden lamps" with great attention I watched the rising of every rising star till the whole heaven glowed with living saphires, then I chose to consider them no longer separately as glowing gems, but lost myself in worlds beyond worlds, and system beyond system, till mind rose to the great Maker of all. (a)

At first the menservants lived in the house, then a married groom occupied the North Lodge; one dark night shortly after, his wife who had gone to bed with her baby, heard a carriage stop at and then drive through the gate; she called to her husband "Not to undress, as visitors had gone up to the house". He too had heard and waited without result; and next morning when the wife came to laundry work, she excited curiosity by asking what had become of our midnight visitors. As no one had visited, and no one had gone through the South Lodge

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(a) Sidelights.

it was evident that the carriage was a delusion; yet they were not convinced. There was no repetition of the affair, not even on the anniversary.

Talking of this circumstance one night, a Naval Officer (Streathfield) said that years ago, he with his brother and sisters and other children, were staying at Glammis, and they occupied the room over the porch. He had never heard of any romance or stories about the place; in the evening they saw an oldfashioned carriage driving up, and it came over the flower beds, but no carriage was known to have arrived. The same thing occured on the following nights. We went out in the morning to see what damage had been done to the flower beds, but there was no trace of a carriage. Some years afterwards I heard that this was the track of the old drive, but my cousin repelled our curiosity, and any allusion to the weird, specially 'the supposed secret chamber' was considered bad form.

Here is another story connected with Glamis told by the late Lord Dufferin as happening to a friend. From his room over the porch, as he was dressing for dinner, the sound of wheels upon the gravel drew him to the window, and putting his head outside, he saw a plain black hearse before the front door, and on the box a driver who was staring up at him as if expecting his appearance. The man's flabby face and yellowish white complexion, caused such a feeling of disgust that he auickly withdrew his head, and half a minute later when he looked again the hearse had disappeared. Mentioning the

circumstance to his host, the latter admitted that for centuries the hearse had appeared at intervals, and from further enquiries he learnt that according to the legend, anyone at whom the driver looked, was threatened with danger.

Shortly afterwards the gentleman went to Paris, and stayed at one of the large hotels, being only able to obtain a room on the third floor. Next morning he rang for the lift, still almost an experimental invention; it happened to be descending from a higher floor, and presently when the gate opened there stood in the doorway, the driver of the hearse; of his identity the visitor was quite sure. There were several people already in the lift, who watchod his hesitation; in surprise,however he turned and said he would rather walk;descending the stairs he heard a scream and a crash, the lift had fallen to the bottom and everyone in it was killed; amongst the bodies that of the lift attendant. The ordinary attendant being away ill, the dead man--a stranger of whom nothing was known-- had taken his place only that morning; and nothing about him was discovered.

Our maid, a good Irish Catholic, was carrying a tray full of glass, and being cautioned lest some might fall, replied "Never mind Ma'am, I'll say a prayer as I'm carrying them", which recalled some stories of Irish readiness of retort. When a Protestant clergyman told an Irish woman that the bottom had been knocked out of purgatory- "Faith then and what a crushing thim Protestants have got" was her smart reply to what he thought

a crushing remark. Compare this with the Scotsman's retort when asked "What a fine view here, you can see a long way?" "Yea ay- a ferry greet way" America I suppose?" "Farrar than that-ye just wait till the mists gang awa, and you'll see the mane" (moon).

Two ladies got into the train and found an Irishwoman with her basket in the compartment, so they began abusing the Irish. You can't go anywhere without meeting those Irish", "Yes"said the other, "I never will have an Irish servant, and always advertise that none need apply", and in this strain they continued. The old woman bore it patiently, though inwardly boiling with suppressed excitement; at length she got out, and putting her head in at the window, gave her parting shot; "Go to hell, you won't find any Irish there".

Father Healy once found himself sitting opposite two Protestant fanatics, who seeing that he was a priest, indulged in irritating abuse of his religion. Keeping silent till he was about to alight he then remarked "I observe gentlemen, that you do not believe in Purgatory". "No indeed" they replied "on the contrary we think it one of the many soul-destroying errors of your church". "In that case" said the priest as he stepped out and took leave of his discourteous fellow-travellers "you may go to hell"

On his way from Rome, the Archbishop of Halifax and his secretary (Dr Murphy) paid us a visit; a temporary chapel was furnished and we had the inestimable priviledge of hearing Mass in our own home; his Grace astonished the neighbours by

taking the 9am service in Church on Sunday. He enjoyed the Maze, but especially enjoyed the fine stables; survival of days when hunting was prosperous, whose imposing front on the main road was crowned with an overgrowth of ivy, which overshadowed the broad foot-path under whose cover wayfarers from workhouse to workhouse found shelter, and vans halted for the night, leaving their litter for us to clear away.

Among other old friends who came to see us was a sailor nephew of the redoubtable Henry of Exeter, who once terrified some rustic churchwardens into rebuilding a churchyard wall by threat of the greater Excommunication, and who spent a fortune in litigation over the Gorham controversy, which at the time had been watched with such anxiety; only a few years ago we became intimate with Gorham's son, whose wife is a devout Catholic, so we are associated with both sides.

Meantime at the X.R.H. dinner on the third of June, the Prince presented the Mess with a large picture of Persimmon who won last year's Derby. Downe, on the right of H.R.H.; Manners Wood on the left- Eddie Wood was present for the last time.

Dr Barnes now a Staff-Surgeon had stayed with us at Sunday's Well in /88, and from Halifax days occasionally corresponded; again at home he came on a visit, and preferred to enjoy the fresh air and extensive view of the water with Nellie for a companion, but it turned out they were otherwise occupied than in gazing on the salt water, for he astonished us by

asking for her hand; we had always looked upon him as engaged. His leave was short so the wedding took place in London, and after a short honeymoon he rejoined his ship in China.

Later the bride came over on a farewell visit, and we returned to town for embarkation: Mrs W.... was at Eastcote, so we had the house to ourselves, but Aunt Belle came up in time for dinner, at which Pilcher turned up.

Tilbury was a novel scene, so I stayed as long as possible, but had to be back for the reception after the wedding of Henry's cousin Huddleston, with our old friend Miss K.... the"golden pill" of Halifax. Here were many Canadian friends and an older one, the Surgeon General from Aldershot.

Tom Dwyer who was in charge of the married Quarintine in Mauritius enclosing our wives and children.

Clearing the fruit trees of lichen and moss recalled that Ruskin had left some touching sentences on their behalf, probably having no garden; and so we turned them up-----

" As the Earth's first mercy, so are they its last gift to us: when all other service is vain, from plant and tree the soft mosses the gray lichen take up their watch by the hearthstones. The woods,the blossoms,the gift-bearing grapes have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave."

Carrying out an experiment at Muttra, to test the Hindu tradition as to the uses of pith, we emasculated a plum

tree by slitting it up the centre for two feet, and thoroughly removing the pith;when we left it was transferred to an enthusiastic friend, and for some years was forgotten in his absence in the South African war; then some six years after brought it to his notice again, he pruned it, and was astonished at finding the pith turned dark brown; it has never flowered and the effect is still therefore uncertain. But meantime no one can determine the special function of the pith. This in certain plants amongst Endogens is large and conspicuous as in the familiar Elder, where boys remove it to make pop-guns, in many Rosaceae as the bramble and raspberry, all bearing branches of fruit, yet not so marked as the grape. A cellular substance in branches and stem, not found in the root, full of starch grains, which gradually disappear as foliage becomes organised; pith is embedded among the film-vascular cords of woody matter, but notable in sedges and grapes and Musacacee which bear abundant seed.

One experiment astonished the gardener-- the grafting of tomato on the haulm of a potato-- but I waited till it began to grow to let him see it; instead of the fair crop on both that we expected, the tubers were few and small; it was merely a curiosity. I remember this new vegetable when as Lycopersicon it was relegated to an obscure corner of the garden, but seldom used and when it became associated with the table, doctors attributed to this the increasing prevalence of cancer; when horse radish was imported from Spain it was used as a drink,

Pepys relates; not for some time did it become established as a necessary associate of our national beef.

What kissing ever happens in Ireland is done sub-rosa for mistletoe does not grow in the country, so to give the roses a respite we planted berries in the orchard to see whether they would grow, the Druids collected it from the oak, on which it is now rarely seen; it is not found North of the Humber now, and despite its Druidical associations occurs in only one county of Wales. The Anglo-Saxons called it Mistletan-pale branch- and there is a red-berried species growing on the Olive in Spain which Hooker found also growing in the garden of Gethsemany.

Some years ago our men in the hills collected butterflies for me and I began to study them, remembering my friend Trimen at the Cape; but it is folly to collect them, gorgeous as some of them are, considering that they are destructive only of weeds, the Peacock Vanessalo, with its brillant Eyelets most beautiful of all, and another Vanessa Red Admiral eyenea tortoiseshell V.... named Urticae for its predilictions for nettles.

Whilst noting her affluence of distribution consider also how Nature protects seeds against enemies who by its destruction would preventpropagation of the species. The common nut is encased in a rough husk, within a green shell which turns as it ripens, and falls to colour of the ground; the walnut has a rough and thicker shell, encased also in a bitter skin. Tropical nuts the prey of monkeys require a special protection; the cocoanut is therefore surrounded by a rough thick fibrous

husk, the nut itself is woody and very hard protecting the inner kernel containing a milky fluid; while the Brazil nut (Bertholetia Excelsa) has a globular fruit hung one hundred feet high, with a hard woody shell enclosing twenty five nuts closely packed, each of them encased in a hard shell.

We have met people to whom the presence of a cat in the room was a great discomfort; with me they are very friendly as a return for sheltering the expelled Persian from Sevastopol; cat and dog life is notoriously one of feud, but when our cat leaves her kittens the dog (ChickII) encircles them affectionately and allows none to touch them. Our word "puss" was derived from the Egyptian "Pasth" the moon; when the cat became an object of worship the Egyptians thought from her changing eyes sometimes full, often only a crescent, that she so resembled the moon that they called the cat's headed god by the same name Pasht, and through Bas changing to Pus, came kitty's pet name.

Bubastis, with its three miles of walls was the chief seat of cat worship, where according to Herodotus the magnificant Temple though less costly was more pleasing to look at than others. Here dwelt the soul of Isis, Auset the cow mother of Horus, and Osiris only son of Ka the sun- in the form of Bast answering to Diana, and the cat was her sacred animal; the goddess being represented cat-headed, wearing a disk, with uraens and carrying a sceptre. Bubastis which gave the twenty second dynasty Pibeseth(house of Mat) Ezekiel 17) is now a

mound of ruinsTell Sasta one mile Zakazth. Our species appears to be derived from this animal, so sacred that Diodorus witnessed a Roman slain by the crowd for having involuntarily killed a cat. Coleridge tells us that there is music everywhere, in the hoot of the locomotive, in the wails and shrieks of the winds at sea, in the tender call of a mother to her child, in the answer of the little voice to its mother, every sound in the world is music if only a tuneful ear hears it, and can transcribe it. "He does not include the language of Puss yet Sematologists tell us that when a cat mews it utters the vowel sounds M i e a o u.

A retriever pup three months old of pedigree breed soon began to bring something in her mouth-- at Xmas a sprig of holly-- probably the biggest find. She might have learnt something in three months, for later a high-bred pug puppy arrived and began immediately to bring in similar offerings, -something- a straw or leaf in the mouth, that must have been imitative, no doubt a faculty very forward in animals, for they have to be very early trained by it, to recognise animals and find food.

After Xmas as usual, the evergreen decorations were thrown away on the dining room fire, and set the chimney ablaze, it was reported to have been swept before we entered -only a suggestion- so the birds who had occupied the open top by nests were blamed, but the smoke nearly suffocated my daughter ill in bed, and the big sparks were carried by a strong wind far amongst the pines, dried by long want of rain, and kept me

occupied in preventing the trees from catching fire. A servant who saw the affair from across the water, returned expecting to find the house burnt down. We were then advised to insure, and intended doing so, till trouble with the landlord delayed the arrangement.

In the neighboroughood was an old castle, now a farm, that formerly belonged to the Coppingers; Captain C... wrote that he would like to see our place as it was near his family Castle, and he was asked to come and stay "Are you I Irish" he enquired. "if not you ought to be" He told us that when Cromwell summoned the landowners to his presence, his own ancestor was perturbed by the frequent glances Cromwell directed towards him-- but he came home in safety. Next morning he was aroused by a troop of horse who demanded admission to the courtyard. Cromwell rode in and sent for him. In fear he approached and Cromwell asked "Were you in Louvain in such a year?" "I was" "Do you remember a fellow student's remittances-- myself-- being late and your helping him? Well now what can I do for you"? "I desire nothing but to be left here undisturbed" Cromwell called for pen and paper, and wrote the order on the pommel of his saddle; so for a time Coppinger was unmolested, but the loan does not seem to have been repaid. Coppinger had great cause to be anxious, for lately Richard Magee had come in from Mallow to pay his respects to Cromwell, and was received with the greatest kind-

ness; the General sent him back with a letter to Colonel Phair which he somewhat distrustful opened, and found three words "Execute the bearer" Quickwitted and nursing an old grudge against him he gave it to the Govenor by Cromwell's order to deliver, and the unsuspecting officer was only saved from death by the prudence of Colonel Phair, who before carrying out the order referred it to Cromwell. The Captain reminded us that when Cromwell melted the bells of Cork to be made into ordnance someone suggested sacrilege; but he scoffingly remarked that gunpowder was invented by a priest. Coppinger took us to call on some of the old stock settled as near as possible to their Castle, whose surrounding lands had once been theirs; now but existing in a little cottage with small garden sloping to the little river.

Our nearest town, is named as being equidistant between Youghal and Cork, it was Castre-ni-chora, Castle of Ford into great Ireland, and adjacent stood the Abbey Monastre-ni-Chora founded in II80 in honour of St Benedicte Beat.Mar. Virg. Here when Raleigh sent to seize Barryscourt and found the place on fire, he successfully broke through the ambush set for him which was his first important action. On the rising ground beyond stands Anngrove, formerly Ballinsperig, once seat of the Lord of Buttevant, and a little south of it the ruins of Barryś Court, Giraldus Cambrensis, one of them, says that Robert De Barry was the first man wounded in the English conquest, and the first to man a hawk in Ireland, attended

King John as secretary, and when Bishop of St Davids collected materials for his Irish Topography.

John Barry founded the Franciscan Monastery at Castle Lyons, 1307, Which at the dissolution was granted to the Earl of Cork, who according to the Will At Lismore assigned it to his daughter wife of the Earl of Barrymore"to buy her gloves and pins".

Mention of a ford reminds us that we are near the channel that cuts off Great Ireland,ancient Arda-Neimhid, which formerly belonged to the Barry of Castle Lehan, seat of the O'Lehans(now softened into Lyons) whose property was granted to these Barrys. Near where the road to Queenstown crosses the little river, stands Belvelly Castle, built by the Hoduet family and on the wall in an escutcheon is a bent lozenge; this same family built Court Mae Sherry which name 'More Hibernico' they assumed.

The right of shooting had been left out of the agreement as indisputable and unnecessary to mention; it consisted of rabbits, but they had been ferreted off before we entered, and moor-hen on the river; but when one day my son was seen carrying a gun after pigeon, we were promptly forbidden to shoot and the Agent "could not help it". Plots of useless ground along the river had been shown us by the gardener in charge, as advertised acreage for a cow, but when seen there, the animal was at once ordered to be removed. Then wanting gravel we found we had no right of way to the pit round the stables, so that we could not reach the manure yards, or forage lofts, so

at length we reluctantly withdrew. But the grounds were so sheltered that the grandchildren were out in all weathers, and throughout the winter roses were blooming on the walls, while the dense evergreens were a resort for our neighbour's pheasants which ran about unmolested and gave animatiom and colour.

The taking over had been a matter of minutes, but the giving up was one of tedious hours. The gardener who occupied the coachman's house was to remain as caretaker and was soon settled, some of his furniture having been turned out into the road and then replaced; but the unfortunate groom had only just succeeded in finding shelter in the village. The Agent however insisted in evicting him before taking over the House and garden, rain was falling steadily and the unfortunate Desmond- of the once powerful tribe that once owned all the country round- lately a Sergt in the XVIth Lancers; wife with baby in arms and all their worldly goods were turned out into the drive to await transport from the village. It was one of the saddest moments of my life, and brought home painfully what an eviction meant. But the gardens were a pleasure to hand over; there was not a trace of weed; the house was examined minutely, and so it grew dark ere we, in sympathising rain turned our backs on the deserted and once comfortable home. As it was the intention to go to London our belongings were stored, but the grandchildren proved an increasing attraction, and caused repeated postponements, till the new August holiday took everybody away, and my daughter arrived to tell us that the

store in which our goods were stored was blaxing, and there was none to lend a hand or direct, not even police, so books and some fifty pictures, uniform, colors, and other trifles fell into the charred mass of boxes below; only the bronze legs of my Crimean bedstead lay monumental among the debris.

The translation of Rohrbacker, which had odcupied these years since becoming Catholic, first in order to ascertain what were the causes of the schism between the Greek and Roman churches, which developed into a translation of the complete history of Constantinople and the Eastern Church carried down to the present day from other sources; a labour in which I had the valuable aid of scholars in Rome, Vienna, Maynooth, and placed in the publishers hand, just as the Farm Street Fathers announced a complete translation of the work(which was lately sent back with the suggestion that the great controversies might be shortened as no longer of interest and the work condensed) This had now been done and we intended taking the work with us over to London; but now mss, notes, books are all gone; I often now think that it was presumptous in me to have attempted the translation of those Papal letters to the Emperors. But when in consequence of the chimney scare my son thinking of the fire, asked,"Do you take <u>all</u> risks?" and the clerk replied"Yes all risks" the jury gave us damages.

The Irish are so attached to the soil that emigrants take with them a portion; they seem to feel that the land is

their own although defrauded of its possession-- they cling tenaciously to the locality. There are said to be many descendants of the old proprietors among the present peasantry, which according to some,accounts for the grace of carriage, and charm of manner added to a physical beauty and intelligent expression, that artists find nowhere else in the British Isles; here in search of a beautiful model they find one by the wayside. Not in Ireland alone may similar instances be found of extinction of noble families; according to Burke one co-heir of our Plantagenet Kings became a shoemaker in a suburb of London, another a butcher at Hales-owen, and a third toll-keeper near Dudley; and there may be found sole representatives of great and powerful families that once held undisputed sway over lordly acres.

According to Moore the language of the first inhabitants of Western Europe or Celts, exists in purest form in the Irish(Hist: I). Two witnesses of its antiquity are the gutturals which characterise it, and the similar resemblance between its alphabet and that brought by Cadmus from Phoenicia into Greece; even now it is now understood alone by a large portion of the West. Old writers speak of"the hosts of the books of Erinn", most of which at the present day are lost, chiefly through occupation of the Danes, who burnt or destroyed, (as it is expressed 'drowned') all books and records they could find; no fragments have as yet been discovered in Copenhagen, Stockholm, etc: possibly through want of enthusiastic research.

The Anglo Norman invasion succeeded the retreat of the Danes, and copying of MSS and study were interrupted with dispersion of the native chiefs, not a few of the great books that had escaped the wreck of time, were altogether lost, many accompanied the exiles abroad as the Cuibmenn, into Letha (Italy) and not a few were placed in security at home, but as yet are inaccessible. Among the principal are the Cuibmenn already mentioned of the fifth century, the great book writ on skins; Saltair of Tara, third century, and of Cashel, Book of Uachongbhail(pronounced ooa-cong-wall) Cin Droma Snechta, quoted in Book of Ballymote; Books of St Mochta; Cuarna and Dubh da leithe etc: There is a bit of Gaelic even in Shakespeare; in Henry the Fifth act IV, scene IV, Pistol addresses a French soldier- "Quality Calen O Custure me" which has greatly puzzled the critics, but is evidently an attempt at spelling as pronounced, Colleen oge astore!" (young girl, my treasure!) It is not inviting when in Roman letters, my friend Healy becomes Heidhligh, and Doyle, Dulhgail. Boulger was O'Bolgaith, O'Hea Oh-Aodha from Muscraidhe Luachra on borders of Blackwater; O'Donegan(O'Donnagain) from Mascraidhe Tir Maighe, Muskerry of three plains, now Barrymore.

The Aryan Celts blue-eyed and fair-haired, who descended on our Eastern coasts, were in Ireland removed from admixture with other races, and from contact with other civilisations, so they preserved their language, and their characteristics. The Spanish type has been attributed to sur-

vivors of the wrecked armada, who were however too few to have originated so extensive a variation. From their archives only a small number of Spaniards appear to have survived, these returned to Spain; the South-west was in fact peopled by Miletians originally indeed from Spain; these were occasionally massacred by some Irish tribe; Lowdarra O'Maille put one hundred to the sword in order to stand well with the English, but this was a rare instance; Burke captured others near Ballina, including ecclesiastics of note, and handed them over to George Bingham, they were executed. The O'Flaherty's rescued others, but were compelled by threats to yeild their guests, and these--- with the exception of a few hidden by the Galway townspeople-- were executed. In one document a soldier spoke of not very humane treatment by the Irish peasantry, no better perhaps than English wreckers, who a hundred or so years ago even lured ships to their destruction, by fastening a lamp between a cow's horns and treating the wreck as providentially sent for their benefit without mercy to any of the surviving crew.

Wherever you go the children fairhaired or dark, are bright and witty, their faces beaming with intelligence, and ever with ready answer and innate politeness almost Oriental, for the Irish say what they think will please, which if not exact is yet not meant to be deceptive. There is nothing of the uncouthness, the open-mouthed surprise of the Saxon child, gaping and running away; the language is polite and addressed to an equal, full of expressions, emphatic as picturesque, respectful

and poetic, for the Irish soul is rich in treasures that are not convertible into current coin, but which invest their poverty with a singular dignity of manner. Nowhere is there less obsequiousness or less humility than in Ireland; a stranger is addressed as"yourHonor". With bright eyes each is anxious to do anything for you, and answer all questions without a trace of shyness or embarrasment; they seem like degraded nobility.(a)

There folklore is rich in legends and myths, traditions and popular beliefs, and gives a poetic colouring to their everyday conversation. They esteem the exploits of Shane O'Neill and Owen Roe O'Neill, though to us little known, surely no less worthy of the dignity of history thah those of Blake and Nelson. Scotsmen commerate Bruce and Wallace- both rebels against English authority- who are nevertheless idolised inti heroes; the proud memory of Bannockburn is neither a danger nor an insult to the British Empire, and there seems no more reason why an Irishman should not sing"Who fears to speak of 98" than why Scotsmen should not sing"Scot's wae hae". Even the pathetic"Wearing of the Green"was tabooed, till sung before Queen Victoria. A race, musing yet adventurous; open to every poetical influence, ardent, passionate, impulsive, delighting in the joy of battle, ready to die for the banner it follows. Have any people save Israel suffered more? Living on old memories , Erin looks forward to the coming time as though she had sprung into existence yesterday. The great

rich world, bent on pleasure, power, pursuit of aggrandisment through wealth, does homage to a glittering pageant but whose substance will not endure, for the fashion of this world passeth away. Neither the wisest nor wealthiest find a continuing city; the world hastens to its end; the Cross abides; Stat Crux dum volvitur orbis.

Why should not Ireland like Nova Scotia manage her own local matters, and leave the Imperial Parliament time to manage Imperial affairs? There was the case of a bridge that that required some alteration, and all the evidences had to be sent over to London at great expense, though the probable outlay involved only a small sum, locally the matter could have been settled at small cost, but the lawyers would have missed large fees, and everybody concerned a pleasant excursion.

It is customary for us to picture an Irish Parliament as it existed just before its suicidal end. Now in 1784 it represented only the small minority, Catholics being excluded; the Commons House consisted of but three hundred members of whom sixty six sat for Counties, and two hundred for one hundred small Boroughs, often of only a few mud cabins; free popular election returned only seventy two, one hundred and twenty four being nominated by fifty three peers, who also influenced the election of ten others, whilst fifty two commoners nominated ninety one. A return shews one hundred and sixteen seats at the disposal of twenty five proprietors; that sixteen were nominated by Lord Shannon, fourteen by the Ponsonbys

nine by Lord Hillsborough, and seven by the Duke of Leinster, whilst twelve were held by the Castle. Yhrough this representation by the minority in which the people has no voice-corruption forced the Union.

Then, owing to the American war of Independence, an Irish Parliament was assembled, Catholics were not eligible the rebellion of 1798 led by Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the immediate consequence, with the result that the English Government took the opportunity afforded by so easy a victory to wipe out the last trace of national independence by insidious corruption, it obtained from the Protestant Parliament in Dublin the pronouncement of its own condemnation, and assent to legislative union with Great Britain. Ireland became a province, but one so steeped in dissension and rebellion, that only strangers and a few docile subjects, who had accepted the laws and the religion of the conquerer, enjoyed popular rights, to effect this union, twenty three Irish peerages were given away by Castlereagh, ten more were promoted, and five were rewarded with English; one and a half millions went to Lords for purchase of rotten boroughs; Lord Downshire got fifty thousand pounds for his property, and Lord Ely fonty five thousand pounds; pensions and places were the reward of subservience, while the average price for a vote was five hundred pounds.

At present the country is being drained of its life blood, emigrating to America, while landlords are drawing their income from the land(which some have purchased as an in-

vestment) to spend abroad, leaving an agent to exact the uttermost rental.

Many emigrated to become citizens elsewhere; in Austria Hamiltons, Wallaces, Taafes, O'Dwyers and Browns, one of whom became Marshall: to Russia Field Marshal Lacy: to France where after the capitulation of Limerick eighteen hundred of them took arms under Sarsfield: Vicounts Clare and Mt Cashel O'Brien, Dillon, McCarthy, Lacy, Lee, Burke, Comerford, Nugent, Galway, Fitzgerald, Fitzjames,O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Carrol, O'Kelly. O'Mahoy, O'Neill,Macdonnel, and MacMahon, and others many of whom have remained French. One Vicount went to Sardinia chief of the Counts De la Roche. When freed from their Saxon environment, the Irish have ever distinguished themselves. Often when witnessing a distressful parting between young people embarking for America, and the old folk they are leaving behimd; or when coming across some group of bright 'gossoons' in the village, ready tongued and eager eyed, have we asked ourselves what would become of them later on, when inured by their hardy childhood to privation and misery, hardened also by rain and sun, against which their rags offer no protection, they found themselves flung upon the opulent cities of the States. Away from the soil which blighted it, the healthy plant grows, expands, and makes a place for itself in the sunlight,
In the States the Administration, Army and Church, University and literary world,now all felt the revivyfying influence of racial fusion, the Irish element leavening and brightening the

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CHAPTE R X X I X *

ENGLAND

p 84 Parnell

CHAPTER XXIX 1

ENGLAND

From Ireland with the simple holy life of its peasantry to England with its pretensions and cant, is a stride; one feels one is breathing a different atmosphere. But the services at the Oratory were a delight, and there was time to look up old haunts; for many a year, visits to town had been measured by days.

Mrs Wiseman is interested greatly in the disappearances that occur in town; she has noted that thirty years ago a Russian merchant left Euston for Liverpool & was never heard of again, nor was his ticket given up* In 1880 Col. Campbell married to princess Coorg godchild of Qn. Victoria, of Borland, Breadalbane, after dining in St Johns wood left the Oriental club & disappeared* An officer on sick leave left Cox s hotel for his home in the country, & ddisappeared; & in the Country there was an instance (in Lincolnshire 1750); at the residencn of the bridegroom durtng the wedding party the bridegroom was suddenly called out to ~~spea~~ speak to a stranger, & was never seen again*

On an early excursion to Kew with Col Elmes & Holmes, we found an old Simla friend then head of the forest department, who, on retirement, came here to work in the Herbarium like Baron Clarke; he suggested that I should join them, but they are younger & the microscope is trying for old eyes* Brandis is a great botanist but he says ~~I~~ "When I was ~~by~~ 15 ~~eyes~~ my relative the famous old Professor Link said "You dont know 3000 plants yet; no one has a right to the title till he knows 5000, & he is not a great Botanist unless he is acquainted with 20'000 * Then we turned into the Gardens & enjoyed Miss North's flower pictures, especially of Natal.

The flagstaff 350 ft high was made out of a 250 year old Douglas pine brought by special boat from Canada in 1861

The ground of South Kensington was most of it acquired by the Gunters; Collingham Gardens recall the village in which one of them lived; Bramham Gardens that Bramham Moor Hunt of which he was a leading spirit; Bolton Gardens the well known Yorkshire Priory; Barkstone Gardens, after the Ash division for which he

Ch. XXIX Pagetaun 2.

On an early excursion to Kew with Cols. ELmes and Holmes, we found my old Simla friend, then head of the ForestDept, who, on retirement, came here to work in the Herbarium, like Baron Clark; he suggested that I should follow his example, but he is younger, and microscopic work is trying for old eyes.

Brandis was reputed a great botanist,but "When I was 15 " he he remarked " My relative the famous old Professor Link, said, "You ~~dongt~~ don't know 3000 plants yet; no one has a right to such a title who does not know 5000, and no one is a great Botanist unless he knows 20,000". Then we turned into the gardens, and enjoyed Miss North's flower pictures, especially of Natal.

The ground of South Kensington was most of it acquired by the Gunters; Collingham Gardens recall the village in which one of them lived; Braham Gardens that Braham Moor Hunt of which he was a leading spirit; Bolten Gardens, the well known Yorkshire Priory;and Barkstone Gardens, after the Ash division for which he sat in Parliament; the two latter standing on the site of the old Earls Court House demolished in1885 , when John Hunter kept a menagery and boiled down the ~~Irish giants body~~ frame of the Irish Giant O'Brien, whose skeleton we see in the College of Surgeons.

There is an interesting spot in Beaufort Street, where the Brotherhood of Expiation held a piece of the garden of Sir Thomas Moore, with an old mulberry tree;some of the wall is believed to go back to his time. After passing througt several hands, at his execution in 1535, theDuke of Beaufort lived here, and when Sir Hans Sloane in ~~DHAR~~ 1740, bought and pulled it down, Moore, who succeeded the former favourite Wolsey as Chancellor, refused to take the oath that Henry was lawfully married to Anne Boleyn.

Lord Ebury shot snipe in the marshy ground, osier beds where Ebury Street runs now, when ground west of Grosvenor Place was scrubby fields, on which Household troops were drilled. A tortuous lane , King's Road, led to Chelsea. Lord Digby killed a fox in Bedford (or Russet) Square,nothing to do with the statue of Fox there. Belgravia, however was well established in my student days, and the changes are beyond at the Oratory whence narrow lanes used to worm their dark way

to High Street through enclosed historical villas.

South Kensington of 65 years ago has in fact been transformed, its winding lanes and small twostoried cottages with high fences that screened the gardens, have been replaced by lines of palaces, and from the commencement of Fulham Road, there is an open vista along Cromwell Road, out of which wide avenues lead to the Park. West of Sloane Street, Old Chelsea has disappeared, and it is hard to trace the route we used to take on Monday mornings to the Physic Garden for Lindley's 8 a. m. lecture.

Ranleigh Gardens and Cremorne, with their fascinating illuminations, nightly orgies and masquerades, and the many nurseries have been replaced by blocks of stately houses, and no longer supply Covent (Convent) Garden with vegetables and fruit. Corville's terrace recalls one, celebrated for geraniums of some 200 kinds; another, Davies, claimed to have sent out the first red one raised in England; from a third, a single tulip was advertised for 1200 guineas.

It was with difficulty one localised the abode of Jenny Lind in the late forties, in a row of cottages with French windows, and little square gardens in front, some inches below the pavement. But as there was an open space ~~in front~~, opposite, it seems to have been close to the cemetry, now replaced by a terrace of houses. Here on Sundays after lunching in Thurlow Square, or in the bungalow behind, an what was a pleasant garden, now excavated for the railway, we would walk, to pass and repass the Nightingale's Cage, just for the chance of a peep of Jenny, on the hearthrug playing with her cat.

Stockholm's darling, and heroine of Miss Brewer's At Home, carried the town by storm mid extraordinary excitement, for she was modest and girllike, of unsullied virtue and extraordinary charities. With a soprano bright and thrilling in quality, very sympathetic, richer and purer and more brilliant in upper register, -she would run up from lower E to upper C, then pause on B before descending.

How well one remembers the crowd (queue, I suppose now) in the Haymarket, mid which we stood, independent of showers, waiting for the doors to open and be carried along in the rush, careful to keep in the centre and not get squeesed outside, with arms close to the body or they would get broken, and money in hand for the ticket office, which was on the left hand side, a little way up; and after this the ordeal, the rush upstairs for a seat in front. What furor in the bridge scene of Somnabula, and what magnificent ballets, then a feature, Fanny Ellsler, and that

famous trio Carlotta Grisi, [illegible] Cerito and Lusille Grahn, Paul Taglioni and his daughter Marie; and Mlle. Rosetti, who took us by storm in La Motte-Jonques, Undine transformed into Coralia by Paul Taglioni, Les Elements, Pas de Ouatre, Fiorita Alma, or La Fille de Feu with sparkling music. Ellsler and Carito once appeared together in a minuet in Don Giovanni; Carlotta Grisi, who was married to Perrot, made a charming Esmeralda.

Less than a undred years agoKnightsbridge was a village with its weekly market till/45Pound & stocks on the green where now stands the Alexandra Hotel the pens were not removed till/ my time 1850 According to Dasent as late as beginning of last century the boys of Westminster school were taught the art of shooting flying in these then wilds where snipe & woodcock were abundant*

IN order to replace the burnt Indian photographs, we penetrated to Soho Square, two centuries ago the most fashionable, but which has long since lost all claim to rank or fashion, and reeks with culinary odours; but the office of the great firm, whose works we visited in Cork, was once Falconberg House, the home of Cromwell's daughter, and later, of Sir Cloudsley Shovel and the Spanish Ambassador Rippertha, afterwards notorious as the White house a haunt of " old C"Lord Hertford and the like.

And what changes in the old Hospital, rebuilt in Clare Market. The old graveyard has been built over, where a fellow student sent for me to demand explanations. On the previous (Sunday) evening, my brother and I in Titchfield Street noticed some service going on at the end of a long passage, and strolled in curiously.

Two long candles were burning on the altar (not very remarkable for at St Pancras the two candles have always been lighted on dark evenings) the service that of the future All Saints Margaret Street was nearly over, and presently the minister came down past us; thinking I recognised Chris. H- lean and lanky, I spoke to him, "Hallo! what are you doing here?". In sepulchral tones he replied "Follow me to the vestry and I will inform you". Concluding that it was a mistake, we came away, and next day on duty as dresser in the Surgery, whilst I was relating the story, H passed the door. "Yes!" I exclaimed, pointing him out with my finger, "for all in the world an extraordinary resemblance". Asked why I had pointed the finger of scorn at him, matters were soon explained. Himself always exemplary in conduct and language, it seemed that his father was Angel of the Irvingite Church in Gorden Svuare. In those days one used often to stroll into Grays Inn, where the little lady immortalised by Dickens, used to wander with satchel full of documents protruding*

Kings College is much changed though Jelf no longer presides, how terrible were those lectures of his on the 39 (forty stripes

save one) Articles; there is the same gloomy stairs down to the dissecting corridors and rooms, with the swinging doors which after last lecture so resounded to weird like behind you returning with something forgotten, from the grim moonlit line of tables covered with sheets, beneath which you knew bodies were lying in process of dismemberment.

In the Strand there is still the house where we got a good glass of wine from the wood, as in Jermyn Street is the corner pub which was noted for the strongest of ales, by common repute fed with horseflesh. The way home from the College, traversed with comrades, not one of whom since Hulke's death now survives.

Covent Garden was the Convent Grounds in which the Monks grew an abundance of vegetables, also fruit from a row of trees on S * & also buried their dead* On the N * a brick wall ran parallel to the avenue of elms in LongAcre. Seized by Henry VIII th it was given to Somerset, & on his attainder in 1552 to the Earl of Bedford whose ancester John had made himself useful as interpreter to Philip of Austria & his wife when shipwrecked off Weymouth*; they brought him to the favourable notice of Henry VIIth to his great advantage* The garden with 7 acres (LongAcre) was then valued at £ 6.6.8 , In 1631 Francis 4th Earl laid out the large Square with fruit & vegetable garden in centre & in D&D 1671 the market the was formally established Charles IInd* The N* & E* was enclosed by a Piazza, & the S* by the brick wall of Bedford House in Strand ; &

the neighborhood became a fashionable promenade, with wellknown residents; Lord Crewe 3p of Durham, at whose door foundlings were depositnd; the Duke of Richmond ;Sir Kenhelm Digby;Lady Mary Stuart Wortley; & Earl Ferrers hanged for murder of his servant; & other nobility; also Kneller painter to five kings * In N*W* corner stood the Bedford Coffeehouse where Garrick, Quin, Foote, Shertdan, used to resort on south side of market sheds was the notorious nighthouse " The Finish where highwaymen divided their spoil in Grey dawn* When the Western dSquares came into existence its glories faded its mansions beca its became the abode of tavernkeepers ladies of disrepuaable character Mohocks & pickpockets armed with Coteaus made the neighbourhood dangerous

"Where holy Friars told their beads,
its latest appellation is Crand Seraglio to the nation*"

Evans's at Covent Garden is now scarcely recognisable, where Von Joel whistled over a stick, and a fine choir sang excellent chorales, and where one encountered celebrities as Sergeant Ballantine, and other well known men. Originally The residence of Lord Archer & cin 1774 converted into an hotel one of the first it became Evans s in 1841 but in 1879 the licence was not renewed & it is now a sporting club*AT drury Lane one misses the sentries; they have lately been taken off having been placed there during the riots in time of Geo* II nd*

Originally York Place belonging to See of York, distinguished says Stryne, "by a sumptuous magnificence that most probably has never been equalled in the palaces of many of its kings"; covering with garden three acres, garden & with stairs to river; siezed by the king without payment when Wolsey in disgrace embarked for Esher and the place was named Whitehall, almost destroyed in 1698 by fire.

We took Eileen to see Kensington Palace, where William and Mary narrowly escaped being burnt to death, and rushed out into the garden to watch the men carrying buckets of water. In the restored building, Mary held drawing rooms, and on her death here, William refused for a time to leave the Writing room; then riding at Hampton Court, he accidentally fell off his pony and returned here to die.

In the S.E, rooms the Duke of Kent and Victoria resided, and here we see the room in which our Queen was born May 1819. There are two courts, and outer and an inner, and in this latter, a night sentry used to pace till taken off on account of the man on duty being found about 1 a.m. in a fit speechless condition*

Along the dimly lighted passage - his beat - without answering his challenge, a figure glided noiselessly. The figure was strangely dressed, but he was too frightened to notice it particularly; it disappeared, and he fell in a dead faint; he would rather face anything than stay in that passage.

A young soldier, with much bravado, begged that he might be placed on sentry there, no figure be it man or devil, should pass him without giving the watchword, and if not answered satisfactorily he would either fire or pin him to the wall with

6½

his bayonet. When the time came for his relief, he too was found unconscious on the ground, with his bayonet broken. He said that when the clock struck I a.m, a figure came towards him and in a dress unlike anything he had ever seen. He challenged when quite close, and got no answer, and could not see his face though now within 20 paces. When quite he again challenged loudly - "The password or I fire". The figure gave no answer but continued slowly advancing as though it heard nothing, and actually passed the indignant sentry who thrust at it; the bayonet passed through it into the wall, making a deep mark was shivered to splinters, but the figure glided calmly by. Lord Cardigan was sent for, but he, a strict disciplinarian, could not persuade the soldiers to do sentry there again.

Rumour said the figure was George IV who died suddenly of heart rupture under extraordinary circumstances - Oct.25.1760. There seems no record of any previous sentry having seen it, though it appeared two nights in succession; but that the second, a young soldier, however foolhardy, should also have seen it is explicable by suggestion.

(Countess Munster's memories p 67, who tells another spectral story of her sister's place Weymess Castle.)

Few probably remember the days, or rather nights, when the Quadrant was covered with a heavy Doric colonnade, one of the most picturesque features of Nash's architecture, a shield in rain, but converted into a nuisance at night by becoming the hunting ground of vice. But its removal 50 years ago, was effected to afford more light to shop windows. We should be grateful to Nash that in designing Regent Street, he rose above the naked brickwalls that had everywhere made the streets uniformly hideous and dingy. It was designed to give direct communication between Carlton House and Regents Park, and was at first planned straight through Foley Street, on site of Langham Hotel, which Nash bought and sold again, projecting the tower and spire of All Souls, so as to form a graceful termination to the view up the new street. That his contemporaries were not impressed with his stucco fronts, is hit off in some amusing rhymes, as -

"Augustus of Rome was for building renowned,
And of marble he left what of brick he had found,
But is not our Nash, too, a great master ?
He found us all brick and he leaves us all plaster".

But the composite has survived the sneers, in and even now almost every house in the street.

Westminster Abbey, associated with my old friend Frank Buckland, holds the Coronation Stone a piece of which I should much like to have analysed & compared with the Perthshire rock according to Andrew Laing, similar* Formerly all this neighbourhood was like the Abbey itself dedicated to the honour of God & St Peter; Peters Eye (island) still lingers in Battersea, & the Cock in Tothill St, where workmen at the Abbey were paid their wages was probably named after the cock of St Peter * A fine salmon from the Thames was offered on the high altar on St Peters day, to the patron saint of the craft & on this day the Fishmongers company went in procession to St Peter Cornhill, their titular saint.

The Marble Arch or the old Worthing St road, oiginaally erected by Nash at a cost of £ 75 000 as an entrance to Buckingham Palaee, was as I remember moved to its present position in 1851, to replace a brick gateway by Sir J Soane; northward the road plunged into the forest of St John on to Edgeware* This main road was closed by a turnpike with 3 gates, & inside this was a triangular gallows replaced later by a moveable one ; this was Tyburn, where so many martyrs won their Crown. The victims were hanged, & instanatly cut down to have the heart torn out, after which some even spoke then quartered & placed on London Bridge * AS they passed the last house _ Hospice of St Giles on top of Holborn Hill- a cup of red wine or ale is given them; on along Watling St. through green fields with no houses, up to Tyburn hill, to the scaffold with gallows on edge of road, strapped on a hurdle*

Originally "a triple tree" was used, afterwards about 1759 replaced by a moveable gallows, when dread buildings were about to be erected in Maribone Fields, and later the place of execution for Newgate was proposed to be removed to Stamford Hill, and later to the Northern heights, near Mother Redcaps, but no galleries or temporary stages to be erected for spectators - which might earn £20 on a fine day, neither project being carried out.

Think of the constancy of these martyrs! of Henry Walpole, I4 times on the rack, tortured into a mental and bodily wreck, without extracting from him a denial of his faith.

Here in 1760, Earl Fervers was executed for murder of his steward, who had given evidence against him in the cause of separation from his wife. Dressed in wedding clothes he arrived in a landau, and six, preceeded by a company of Grenadiers and Sheriff in a carriage and six, bedecked with other ribbons and in the rear a troop of horse, - The carriage of the Sheriff and a mourning coach and hearse, through four miles of crowd. "I suppose" Ferrars remarked, as he bowed to them, "they never saw a Lord hanged, and will never see another". For he had petitioned to be executed on Tower Hill, where his Ancestor Elizabeth's Earl of Essex had suffered, rather than in the place assigned to common felons. Hanged with a rope of silk, according to his wife, protesting that her death would be more painful than his - she was in fact burned to death 47 years later in one of the rooms of Coomb Bank - having it was thought, fallen asleep in her dressing gown and then fallen into the fireplace. But so furiously burnt the fire, that the only fragment of her body discovered was a portion of one thumb.

When in 1783 the gallows was removed, Tyburn became Park Lane, and soon after Grosvenor and Dudley Houses inaugurated the present street of Wealth.

We took Eileen and our maid to see the Tower, where the other day I was disappointed at not finding my old friend J.H.D, whose term of Lieutenantcy has, it seems expired, and Godfrey Clarke has succeeded him; but we were courteously received by General Milman. Bridget was born in the Tower when her father - a Sergt Major in the Guards, was quartered here, and was naturally anxious to see the place. In the Armoury ~~not poss.~~ the Armoury, so deceptive were the wax figures that she put her hand on that of a policeman, and turning round, said, "This is real is'nt it?" But the wax was warm, and to her confusion the policeman smiled.

The Regalia has no interest for me, an Orchid has far more, but my thoughts ran back to Charles's time, when in 1673 the notorious Blood actually succeeded in carrying off the crown, as told us by Scott in his notes on Peverel of the Peak.

Soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot, Keeper of Regalia by King Charles, he through a reduction of emoluments, was allowed to exhibit the jewels, and employed one Edwards, a confidential servant of his father's. Blood came as a parson in cassock and girdle, and cloak, with someone whom he called his wife, who whilst being shown the Regalia, feigned indisposition and was invited in and attended to by Mrs. Edwards. Blood ~~next~~, in return, brought 4 pairs of white gloves as a present from his wife, and his visits became frequent. To further requite her kindness, he one day offered to bring his nephew, with £200 or £300 a year in land, "and we will make a match with your daughter", so the parson was invited to dinner, said grace with great devotion, and casting up his eyes prayed for the King and Royal family.

After dinner he went to see the rooms, and admiring a handsome pair of pistols hanging there, asked to buy them as a present for a young lord, his neighbour. On the day appointed, the daughter and the old gentleman were dressed up ready, and the parson arrived with three others - one his son-in-law, all armed with rapiers and daggers and a brace of pistols. Two entered with him on pretence of seeing the crown, the third stayed on watch at the door, ostensibly to look after the young lady, who sent a maid to report on the appearance of her intended. The girl mistook the guard for him and went back to report. Blood told Edwards to show the crown to the two inside, who knocked him down. One secreted the Orb, Blood held the crown under his cloak, and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, when Edwards son arrived unexpectedly from Flanders, and they decamped. Blood shot a warder, and they gained the gate where horses were waiting for them, but Edwards came up in time to resuce the Crown and Orb. Blood received a free pardon and an annuity of £500.

Some of the Irish crown jewels were actually stolen, and replaced by imitation. Wellesley (Wellington) who was Chief Secretary at the time writes "I have settled the business of the Chancellor of St. Patrick: He will have literally copper collars, for they are of copper: W - the father of ---- stole the money for the gold collars, and bought copper ones, no doubt equally effective. Other countries ~~have~~ been less fortunate, and have seen their Crown jewels dispersed or sold. The French went in the Revolution, and Marie Antionette's jewel-case now belongs to an American, Mrs. Bradley Martin. Queen Louise, great grandmother of the Kaiser, sold her jewels during the Napoleonic Wars in he, country's dire distress, so like Spain, Germany's jewels are comparatively new.

To me the most interesting prisoner was Raleigh, who was here four times; once after being condemned for implication in Cobham's plot in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart, for 13 years. Most of this, as in his other detentions, was spent in the Bloody Tower, till his health suffered and he was changed to the Garden House; here he wrote in the grated window, worked in the little garden on which it opened, pacing the terrace on this wall, afterwards famous as his walk In the Garden House he distilled essences and spirits, compunded his great cordial - Meantime his family suffered severly; as he writes -

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have;
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

Conditionally released to carry out his project of goldmining in Guiana, which resulted in the loss of his eldest son and failure; his followers mutinied and he returned to suffer the original sentence and be beheaded here for high treason. This was his third imprisonment in the Tower, and here his son Carew was born. His first imprisonment was passed in the Brick Tower, the residence of his cousin Sir George Carew, his fourth in the Wardrobe Tower; but he was never in the dark narrow crypt shown us as his cell.

Raleigh's History, first genuine edition was published by William Toggatt in 1614, for Walter Burre, anonymously, and the second followed in the same year, corrected; then a third avowed

all fold. On December 14th a peremptory mandate by Archbishop of Canterbury, by royal order, came out for immediate suppression and destruction, of the book. From the number of copies still extant, probably only a small number were publicly burnt.

As one stands on the green on the site of so many executions, or judicial murders? what visions crowd the imagination.

Here Sir Thomas Moore, said to the headsman "Wait till I have put my beard aside, for it has committed no treason". He was proud of his beard.

But more vivid is the closing scene of the execution of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. Incarcerated in the Deputy Bridges' house, for nearly 8 months, on that Monday morning she was roused by the hammering of the carpenters fixing the block. Then she saw her husband Guildford, being led from the Lieutenant's door opposite. An hour passed, and she heard the rumble of a cart over the stones, which she knew contained his body. Spite her weeping attendants she forced her way to the window and looked out on Guildford's body, and saw the headsman waiting for her. Giving her small book of devotions (Psalms)bound in vellum) containing two scraps of her writing, to Bridges, prayerbook in hand, she walked across the green through files of soldiers. At the block she covered her eyes with a white kerchief, and said to the executioner, "I pray you despatch me quickly", she knelt and felt with her fingers for the block: one of her women guided her hand, and laying down her head she said "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit".

In the British Museum side by side, lie a letter signed by Lady Jane Grey and an order signed by Mary Tudor. The first speaks of the second as a bastard, the second of the first as "a quene of new and pretty invention".

There is also a book of illuminated prayers said to have been used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold.

The story of Nithisdale's escape, was I thought a fitting pendant to such a tragedy, and greatly amused Eileen, and we recalled the circumstances at the Queen's house. His wife resolved to secure his release, but was refused even permission to see him unless she remained to share his imprisonment; so by bribing the warders, she gained admission into the house. There she found that his window looked out on the ramparts, Water Lane- on that side was no way of escape. There only remained the passage through the Council Chamber along a passage, and down the stairs, past the warders with halberds, two sentries with loaded arms and bayonets fixed, keepers in the passage and on the stairs, and two more sentries at the outer door. She observed that the place was thought so secure, that the keepers were careless, and that their wives and children went to and fro as they liked. She determined to dress him, though a tall man, in woman's clothes, in cap and skirt with painted face, curls wreathed round, and pass him through. When she thought him clear, she in a loud voice that all might hear, bade him Good night, and drawing the latch string through the hole, pulled the door to with a snap - "Do not disturb my Lord" she said to his servant "he is at his prayers".

She drove to the Duchess of Montrose and told her, who thought her miseries had driven her mad. Next day when the King heard, he was angry, then laughed, as the comedy of the situation struck him - "For a Lord in his position, the very best thing he could have done". Meantime a man in waiting for him had conducted the woman to Drury Lane and thence he escaped to the country in the dress of a servant of the Venetian Agent.

Another now unused room in this (Queen's house) is memorable for being occupied by Queen Elizabeth for a short time, when in close custody for supposed implication in Wyatt's attempt; another in which Elizabeth shut up Darnley's mother the Countess of Lennox.

Another now unused room in this (Queen's House) is memorable for being occupied by Queen Elizabeth for a short time, when in close custody for supposed implication in Wyatt's attempt; another in which Elizabeth shut up Darnley's mother the Countess of Lennox.

On passing the Mansion House, we were reminded of the £15000 exacted towards its erection from Sheriffs, who conscientiously refused to receive Anglican Communion which was ~~compulsory on~~ accepting office. Wealthy dissenters were therefore nominated and a fine of £500 exacted. Here stood an aquestrian statue of Chas. II., trampling on slaves, originally one of John Sobrieski, scarcely finished, purchased by an Alderman (Vyner) who removed the head and replaced it by that of the King, whilst the crushed Turk beneath was converted into Cromwell.

Our old middy friend Peter, whose mechanical genius withdrew him from the Navy to study naval engineering, has, with a similar enthusiast as partner, a workshop at Clerkenwell. He shewed us the smallest engine yet made, but it has to be coaxed and the fly wheel worked steadily till the works become heated to maintain the speed. Arthur volunteered to relieve the partner, and under the stress had to be carried into the open air in a fainting condition. Peter is studying bird movements, and has great hopes of this motor, but the greater difficulty of governing and balancing in mechanical flight, midst storm and wind has yet to be overcome.

Not long after he & the Hon Ble Everard

He and Everard F- were staying at Lord Braye's and having accomplished a successful flight, and demonstrated the powers of his machime, he was urged against his inclination, to made another ascent. the day was wet, and the bamboo stretcher broke; he fell through some 40 feet, and was carried to the house to die. He had formed a partnership with a similarly enthusiastic engineer & we used often to call at their workshops, where Peter took pride in a little engine he had built for aerial navigation, the smallest yet made. A

Eileen took Mrs W s great grandchildren to Mde Tussauds always a delight to the youngsters, and I myself, well remember in Baker Street days, when Napoleon's carriage was still an attraction: Captured near Genasse, four miles or so from Waterloo, and hour after the battle was over, by Prussian Fusiliers of 4th Regiment, it was sent to the Prince Regent, and eventually sold by him to Mr. Bullock for £2500, who exhibited it in London and Brighton, where in old Castle Stables, it was visited by such crowds that, Satire wrote -

"Six noble horses the great Napoleon drew,
Now, one Bullock draws a thousand asses."

In the Carriage was a splendid sword, it belonged to Mourad Bey, chief of the Mamelukes, and was surrendered by him in the midst of a fierce action in Egypt, to Murat, afterwards King of

Naples, and is depicted in a large painting by Eros at Versailles. The sword was given by Murat to Napoleon Bonoparte. When the latter met the Directory, on his sudden return from Egypt, not wishing to frighten them, he wore plain clothes, but over them this beautiful sabre, as stated in Irelands "Life of Napoleon". Intending no doubt that it should adorn his triumphal entry into Brussels, the Emperor had it in his carriage at Waterloo. Prince Blucher presented it soon afterwards to the Duke of Wellington; by him it was given to Lord Anglesea, who commanded the cavalry, and by him to my father, his A.D.C. during the campaign. The sword had a repoussé silver-gilt scabbard, and the blade, which is as sharp as when wielded by Mourad Bey, has jewels set in the upper part."

Built in Brussels for his expedition to Russia this carriage was about the only equipage that escaped in the disastrous retreat. It carried Napoleon to Dresden and brought him back a second time in disgrace - shipped with him to Elba it returned with him to Cannes, nor would he quit it though State carriages were sent from Paris to convey him in triumph to the Tuilleries.

The carriage, sometimes confused with this, was Joseph Bonaparte's captured at Vittoria by the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons, one of which seems to have seized and looted it, when a party of the other (which is uncertain, probably the 13th) under an Officer, who rebuking the marauders, appropriated the booty, which was afterwards allotted to the 14th, who gave a handsome Mess table to the 13th. Between the two regiments there existed a great friendship, having long been brigaded together as the "Ragged Brigade", from their warworn dress and equipments.

Another carriage was captured by the X.R.H, on

On the 25th, the advanced guard formed by the Hussar Brigade had reached Crésour, near St. Quentin, and the following day the Tenth advanced to Mattiquies, in the valley of the Somme, having its outlying piquets on that river. Vivian had on this day sent forward Lieutenant Slayter Smith, of the 10th. Hussars, as far as Nesle, with directions to proceed if practicable to Roge, and gain information concerning the movements of the French army. Lieutenant Smith, having reached the latter place, ascertained that the French troops had left the town the night before, and that a body of gendarmerie had marched out at one end of the town whilst he and his party had entered by another. On returning from Nesle, he had proceeded but a short distance when he perceived a carriage moving rapidly and coming from a cross road. He ordered the driver to halt, and found in the carriage a military looking man, who, after some evasive answers to his questions, acknowledged himself to be General Lauriston, aide-de-camp to Napoleon, and stated that he was going in the first instance to his country seat at Vaux, near Le Cateau, and then to join the King Louis XVIII. He added that he had gone to Paris to raise an army for

His Majesty, that he had not only failed in the attempt but had narrowly escaped being arrested. Having given this explanation, he entreated Lieutenant Smith to allow him to continue his route, but the latter, considering it his duty to make him a prisoner, took him that night to Sir Hussey Vivian, who then desired Lieutenant Smith to proceed with the General to the Duke of Wellington. On reaching His Grace's quarters at one o'clock in the morning, and intimating his errand, a curious incident occurred. There was no guard at the house, not even a sentry, and Smith had some difficulty in rousing a sleepy servant from among his fellows to announce him. The Duke was engaged in conversation with a Frenchman. On a table in the room appeared the débris of a repast. Having explained to the Duke the name and rank of the individual he had brought with him, His Grace said "Bring him in". On hearing the name of Lauriston, the Frenchman before mentioned, who had been sent to the Duke by Fouché to treat for a cessation of hostilities, became greatly alarmed, and begged to know how he might escape without being recognised. His Grace remarked, "There is but one door and one window, take your choice". He preferred the door, and escaped by passing behind the Duke's back as Lauriston entered. An animated conversation ensued between the two generals and an hour had elapsed in this way, when the Duke gave his orders to Lieutenant Smith for the disposal of the general, whom he subsequently sent to the King, much to his annoyance, since he was thus obliged to appear before His Majesty as a prisoner instead of a volunteer.

The funeral of General Sir Donald Stewart was a grand military spectacle; Shaftsbury, returned for temporary duty from the reserve after his marriage, was in command of the X.R.H, and whilst speaking to him an old soldier, came up who had been my Hospital Sergeant at R.Pindi and was very pleased at our meeting again. I had not seen Sir Donald since he was staying with Lord A. Russell in Halifax and he spoke of Boyce Coombe as a model Military Secretary. Not such a pageant had I seen since Lord Raglan's funeral in the Crimea; and earlier that of the Duke of Wellington in Piccadilly.

Which reminds me of sometimes seeing him on his way through St James Park to the Horse Guards, a tall man with prominent aqualine nose, sitting erect on horseback, looking straight before him, in blue frock coat, and white trousers, strapped tight at foot. An earlier reminiscence of 1842 was seeing the royal procession from the Mall near Sutherland House.

The daughter of the house is wife of a son of an old acquaintance in Malta, a famous archæologist, and her sister is head of the Convent in which the discarded daughters and wife were interred when a few years ago the death of his brother left a sailor heir to an exalted position, had to marry deceased's fiancee, and the marriage was declared illegal, there the wife soon pined away and died, and the girls were brought to England.

A visit to St. Pauls, Knightsbridge, recalled many episodes; Bennett's sermons, which attracted a large congregation of young men from all parts of the town, he seemed to be speaking to yourself, and his catechistical instructions in the afternoon, showing how little the Liturgy compared with the Bible and Greek testament reading, had taught us. — Then trouble with the bookseller churchwarden, led to his placing his resignation unreservedly in the hands of Bishop Blomfield, who suddenly accepted it after he had built St. Barnabas for his poor outlying district. What an offertory that was! the largest known heaps of jewellery thrown into the plate (bags were only used afterwards at St. Barnabas) The little Church was lovingly built, by men who believed they were Catholics clergy superintending & working

the dark inner walls as carefully finished as those exposed to view, as became the House of Him who sees All. Bennett when travelling, carried an altar-slab, on which to consecrate, like Catholic Priests, and told us that in the Eucharist we were perhaps touching Christ. Then the farewell sermon at St. Barnabas on "The night cometh when no man can work".

When S* Barnabas (we were told to omit the t as more Roman) which with its oak screen, ~~within which the clergy officiated~~, & the locked brass gates within which the clergy officiated till a desk was placed outside resembled no other church) was modified the stone altar was removed to a passage beneath the cloisters where last I saw it though there are country churches the stone altar as I have seen in several places remains undisturbed* There

There was some further question about the Church early in 1857, what I do not remember, but Wilberforce, and Tait, then living in Lowndes Square, went down unexpectedly one evening, to observe.

Bennett's next neighbour was Laura Bell, queen of Courtesans, and the story at Mess was that one evening he mistook the door and was ushered up into her drawingroom, where she received him most affably. Possibly he left some good impression, for she married Thistlewaite and led an exemplary life; -

"She has died well,
And if she lived not all so, as one spoke,
The sin pass softly with the passing bell".

At Farm Street, I met Father Humphreys, who used to come into Perth in 1857 when a clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, ~~of whose subsequent history we heard in Cork, where a married sister is living~~ He told me that George Fortescue was in the British Museum, where I surprised him in the throes of a subject Catalogue; His brother Lawrence had lately been home on leave, and we had just missed him. Here also we found Sidney Colvin, one of the many boys at Little Bealings in Ipswich days whose brother through an accident in the ridinb school exchanged to the 7th fusilners and died in India Commanding whilst we were at Muttra*

Berkeley Square has the unique brassplate of a nobleman on one of its western doors. Every residence of this family has

traditionally borne this with the name (Perrvis) engraven, since the first Earl who dressed like a labourer, and worked in his garden with his shirt sleeves rolled up, after which he adjourned to the nearest tavern for a smoke and a drink, introduced the custom.

In August, I spent a few days at Aldershot with the Colonel of the Welsh, and drove over to the Camp town, less interesting than the ground we crossed, which recalled old fielddays, when there were dwarfed and fewer trees - but met many old friends.

The Cambridge University Volunteers arrived and were encamped in our lines, and the senior Officers came to lunche.

On several occasions we spent some pleasant hours with W.Simpson, at Willesden, now troubled with bronchitis, but keen as ever on Archaeological subjects. We had the memory of many excursions and excavations in India together. He didd in October and his extensive assortment of curios, dresses etc. sketches and collections from all parts of the world was a wonderful exhibition drew a crowd of sight seers in Pall Mall. During the winter, Elmes and I attended a course on Paleontology at South Kensington by an Edinburgh Professor whom he knew; also on Egyptology and Assyriology at the British Museum, where George Fortescue had succeeded Bromidis as Keeper of the printed books.

The baby who was so nearly measured for his coffin on board the Tamar, has grown up a handsome young man. His people have all settled in Ceylon, teaplanting, where the daughter has married, & the brother become engabed*

It was a great pleasure to see Mrs. W- and her husband again after fifteen years. At the wedding we meet several old friends in the 19th. - Mrs. Hereford, now a widow, the Bennetts &c, but the breakfast absorbed all the afternoon.

In winter Col. Elmes and I attended a course of Paleontology at South Kensington by an Edinburgh Professor whom he knew, and Assyriology at the British Museum, learning something of Hamarabi and recent excavations, where cities, at least three, have been found built one upon another, witnessing to the immense period of time afterwards of the Egyptian monuments and hieroglyphics, for it seems strange to wander through rooms of mummies whose

description one cannot decipher - henceforth the sarcophagi became doubly interesting. In the midst of this, on Tuesday 10th January 1899, Mrs. W- told me that Fraser last evening brought with him a paper containing a halfpage paragraph account of the discovery of a body of one of the early Pharoahs of a dynasty of which few are known; the name of two syllables beginning with M- and unlike Egyptian names. Fraser had read it -he told me - in the train, and Mrs. W- having read a portion ~~of it~~, put it aside for me, but in the morning, as usual, the paper could not be found. At the British Museum, or at the Egypt Explor. Office opposite, nothing was known about it; I searched all the usual Dailies, and the ~~Daily~~ Mail said they kept an Index of all matters. but it was not there, and they sent me to a chipping Agency, where the superintendent remembered seeing it, in the Daily Mail he thought, and promised to send me word, which never arrived. Elmes' son, laid up at the time, remembered it, and a Syrian acquaintance said he had read it in his Egyptian Arabic [illegible]ine, but having thrown the number away he obtained fresh copies from Cairo, in one of which I found the finding of several bodies; another [illegible] altogether.

Elmes and I took some curios to the British Museum for a critical opinion, The heterogeneous department over which Reid presided, was well worth penetrating; the various curios that crowded his sanctum would have absorbed days to investigate. My little paper from West Africa was decyphered a bit from the Q'uran, and a little idol from the same source which Elmes supposed to be

valuable was passed as worthless. ~~Sic~~ transit gloria Mundi.

An old neighbour in Natal is developing softening of the brain and occasions great anxiety, for his wife will not see the necessity of a constant male attendant. He will elude ordinary watching and escape for a walk, sometimes not to return; the police have therefore been warned. His final walk was as far as the New Coronet Theatre, a striking object, whence he could ~~not~~ retrace his steps. Sometimes he is painfully amusing, coming down to dinner with his coat on back to front, and other similar eccentricities. One evening when Arthur was there, and he had escaped, a wire arrived that a man answering his description who could not account for himself, had been brought by the police to Holloway workhouse at North London; so Arthur and the daughter hurried off to the rescue, to find her father had received the customary bath and been put to bed; he expressed no surprise at their rousing him, or at being brought home. Arthur did not get back till after 2 a.m.; next day in her drive round the Park, ~~he~~ succeeded in convincing his wife of the immediate necessity for an attendant.

Arthur went to Dinan for French, and stayed with Bobbie, and the X.R.H, at Canterbury, where Brab is commanding the station; we spent some time in the Cathedral, and endeavoured to picture the two memorable events, connected with Becket, of which it was the scene. On his way to the Court (at Woodstock or Windsor) he was in London, and ordered by the boy King, - "to go and perform

his sacred duties at Canterbury; there he found the long promised restitution of his property, apparently as far off as ever, and the De Broc family occupying and enjoying his estate at Saltwood, and the rest of his Archiepistopal property as for many years past. Saltwood they had turned into a den of thieves. On Christmas day he again excommunicated these robbers. On the afternoon of Tuesday Dec. 29th, he was visited by four Knights, Hugh de Morville (died 1204), William de Tracy, Reginald Fitzurse and Rich. le Breton, who in the name of the elder King, from whose court they had come, again commanded him to absolve the Bishops. He repeated his former answer, that he could not go beyond the instructions of the Pope. After a violent altercation the Knights withdrew, to return with an armed force supplied by the De Brocs; his attendants dragged the Archbishop into the Church - then all save three, hid in the dark recesses, the gloom of the December evening lit up only by various Altar-lamps, when the knights burst into the north-west transept since known as 'the Martyrdom', where the shrine of St. Benedict still exists. Behind the central pillar, since removed, the Archbishop was for a moment hidden, as

as the heard armed men approach the door leading from the cloisters into the N. transept,& which the Archbp. had forbidden them to fasten " as God's house must be closed against no man." He was going up steps of Choir when the 4 knights with a clerk Hugh of Horsea,, burst into the transept crying "where is the traitor Thos. Beckett?" to which he returned no answer,; but at "Where is the Archbishop,he stepped down into the transept, "Here am I, no traitor ,but Archbishop & priest of God.What seek ye? " "Your death traitor." "I am no traitor & will not stir hence.

Fitzurse sprang back, and Beckett took his stand between the pillar and the north-east wall, of which some of the stones drenched with his blood still remain. They tried to drag him out of the church, but Becket put his back against the pillar, and shaking Tracy by his coat of mail, flung him headlong to the floor. Fitzurse struck at him but only dashed off his cap; Tracy with more effect slashed at him breaking the arm of Grim the Monk, trying to save the Primate. "Slay me but touch one of my people - you are accursed." Again they commanded him to absolve the Bps.,but he gave the same answer as before. Failing to drag him out of the Church,-for he & his crossbearer Grim, now only attendant,were more than a match for the five; but Grim was hampered by the Cross when they drew swords & covering his eyes with his hands, he commended himself ,& the cause of the Church, to God & Blessed Mary,the patron Saints of this Church,& to St. Denis;& with bowed head ,received their ~~blows~~ strokes; the first made a gash on crown of his head he fell sideways on his left shoulder: Grim's arm uplifted intercapted the blow, but he relinquished the cross, which the Archbp.took as the next

blow he exclaimed "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit; at the 3rd. he fell on his knees - turning towards the altar of St. Benedict on his right hand murmured "For the name of Jesus ,& for defence of the Church, I am willing to die a."as he dropped face downwards at full length in front of the walls of St Benedicts Chapel; Richard le Breton struck him a blow so terrible that the top of the skull was shorn off& the sword broke in two pieces. *Hugh of Horsea the subdeacon scattered the brains over the floor; Hugh de Morville had struck no blow at all. Hugh of "H" cried " Let us be gone this man will rtse no more" Five hours later the body was found, & buried next day in the Crypt without religious service, which could not be held in the desecrated Church till reconciled; the exact spot was between the central pillar against which he had set his back, and the massive wall at corner of St. Benedict's chapel; a slab in the pavement, marked by a singular square insertion, is thought to have been one of those stained by his blood.

The body was first buried in a marble sarcophagus, in the ancient crypt, at the back of the shrine of the blessed Virgin, between the altars of St. Augustine and St.John Baptist, till transferred with great solemnity, early in the following reign of Henry 111, to a sumptuous shrine East of the Chair in choir above, but the place became the most noted pilgrimage in Europe, and the scene of miracles and visions. Canonised on 21st February 1173, on 1st July 1174 the King Henry II did public penance at his tomb and was scourged for his snare in the sacriligious crime. On July 12th 1174 the choir was burnt down, and when rebuilt, the body was translated (7th Sept. 1220) by Archbishop Langton to the Shrine in Trinity Chapel behind

the High Altar; the boy King,
Henry 111 assisted at translation of the relics, with Pandulph, the Legate, Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary, and the Archbishop of Rheims. Small wonder then that for so many years, the shrine became a place of pilgrimage for all Europe. here Chamer's pilgrims saw it. the most popular place of pilgrimage in Christendom, as the Canterbury pilgrimage. Treasures and jewels were heaped upon the shrine till in Sept. 1538, it, with the rest, was destroyed. The last great jubilee of the translation was in 1520. Mde de Montreuil on her way home from Mary of Guise in Scotland in 1538 saw it, and a month later nothing was left of its splendours save the bare stones we see to-day marked by the knees and footprints of many thousand

Henry in revenge for the humiliating penance imposed on him summoned A Becket in April 1538 in the form of a writ read at his tomb; defendant was tried

at Westminster, the defence being undertaken by an advocate nominated by the King, while the Attorney-General was briefed for Henry 11; the Saint was condemned, and it was decreed that his bones should be burnt, and all his offerings forfeited to the Crown. The burning appears to have been evaded, or remitted, and the bones discovered in 1888 in a stone coffin in crypt almost under the site of the shrine. The skull, severely fractured on left side, could not have been that of the Archbishop, as Father Morris shewed, and whose conclusions the learned Doctor endorses; however, the shrine was destroyed, the gold and precious stones with which it was blazed being taken away in 26 carts. by the spoilers

Henry on the 10th November 1538 proclaimed him no martyr, but traitor, and ordered all pictures of him and images, to be put down; so of our most famous English Saint, we have no figure but that on his episcopal seal - form tall and slender, bearing dignified, handsome features strongly marked, and refined.

Trinity was held on a different day in various parts of the world, till Beckett, immediately after his consecration, ordered it to be kept on the first Sunday after Pentecost, which Pope John XXII made universal.

Then that other scene passes before the eye. Henry II crossed in a gale to Southampton, and entered as a penitent, barefoot, with no other covering than a woollen shirt, and a cloak to keep off the rain, the stones in the street stained with blood.

Trial under Henry VIII, of doubtful authenticity (July 11th 1538) body to be disinterred, and burnt. Wilkins, Concilia 835-6, 841. Letters and papers Henry VIII pt II. p49. Bones found January 88, could not have been those of St. Thomas, evidence for burning far outweighing that for burial.

with his bleeding feet, he entered and did reverence at the slab where Becket fell and was solemnly scourged by Bishops and Monks before the tomb; after which he received absolution, and passed the night fasting, resting against one of the Norman pillars on the bare ground, his nude feet still unwashed.

Another great Archbishop, Anselm, also cannonised, is equally in defence of his spiritualities a protest against the Anglican continuity theory.

On the 29th I went down to the conjoint, X.R.H, and 15th Hussars races at Folkestone. Bobbie rode his old horse Slame, and carried off the Baker Cup - mid a large concourse of old friends, Cherry Holland etc.

Then we t went to Cromer, where Herbert is in partnership with Dr. - to keep a house for him,

Cromer was only discovered little more than a century ago, when some visitor remarked the excellence of its beach at low water, its beautiful, and diversified scenery, and the simple manners of its inhabitants; two or three families of retired habits, living however, near a large and handsome Church. A line of cliffs a little south at Trimingham next Sidestoand, 300 ft high line the coasts from Sheringham, and are here very conspicuous; they contain the so-called Forest bed, which out seaward is again met with, whence

trawlers have brought fossil bodies of the Mastodon and its congener, with which it is usually found, the Elephant,- different from the two species now existing,- rhinoceros, hippopotamus, pachydermatous herds which for ages occupied forests and marshes, leaving only their bones to testify to their existence; beaver, ox, and several kinds of deer, specimens of which we saw in the Museum at Norwich Castle. During the pristine age, this region must have been more full of large animals than the Africa of our day.

This cliff along an exposed coast is gradually falling away; one afternoon our walk along towards the lighthouse, was interrupted by a chasm, a huge mass of earth had slid down, and formed a promontory out into the sea, leaving the lighthouse dangerously near the new edge, the sea is also undermining the cliff in various places. Two million tons of land are now estimated as being lost annually on the Holderness coast.

Cliffs are easily eroded on N.E. coast, some 3ft per annum, according to recent estimates; they consist of an esturian deposit resting on sandy stratum of crag. Old records show that numerous villages stood at points now well out to sea.

It must not be forgotten that the sea makes erosions on one coast. but deposits on others; Geologists agree that at one time the existing coastline between Flamboro and Spurn heads, had no existence, so that a line drawn roughly from Bridlington to Hull, through Beverly, would mark what was then the seashore of the East riding of Yorkshire. The whole Holderness coast seems to have been built up since the Glacial period. Now the sea is steadily creeping back towards Beverly,

according to some estimates "at the rate of ten yards a year*

Along the bank over the sea grows the Buckthorn ' Hippophae((name given to some plant now unknown a horse medicine horse-light) rhamnoides ' found very locally on S. & SE. coast; prolific in yellow berries succulent & gratefully acid in salad; eaten by Tartars & rubbed into fresh fish by Bothnian fishermen to give a grateful flavour The leaves are closely covered with scales & silvery on underside & the young shoots are dense & rusty; every part of the plant will dye yellow. Its peculiarity of having male flowers in small clusters, we were too late to see.

In the sand are a few unumual plants' the seaholly(Eryngium) stiff & hard with bluish white prickly leaves' & pale blue flowers; the stout glaucous-horned poppy Glaucium luteum, with its fugacious yellow flowers & long pods*; the sea lavender Statice limonum flowerstem erect & leafless, branching into a corymbose panicle & bluish purple flowers in loose spikes, with green bracts colored at edge' & the Seapea(L maritimum its flowers also bluish with hairy pods on which some 300 years ago the starving people of Suffolk strove to keep themselves alive*.

The scenery is certainly very beautiful and varied, and there is abundance of colour, and the red poppy has caused the immediate neighbourhood to be called Poppy-land.

Of the many beautiful views, we like best that towards the lighthouse cliff, mid Sea buckthorn and Wild migionnette, the hum of bees and occasional cries of gulls - with the cliff in foreground and the sea beyond, and with sufficient local colour in the red-

roofed houses grouped round the Church tower, and one or two other prominent buildings. The Church is handsome and for a village, very large, as are some other of the numerous Churches in the country In Norwich itself, there are over fifty, so that it is called the City of Churches.

My brother-in-law diversified our walks by a little geology, and pointed out the conical fracture of the flints in the roadside heaps, from which fair specimens were picked up showing the cone when split; there is one in Jermyn Street Museum and a fossil sponge has occasionally been found inside, suggesting that this is one origin of flints; and besides sponges it is wellknown that both minute Animalcules and plants absorb silica from seawater; though we are by analysis unable to detect its presence. All flints are derived from the chalk, however distant they may have been washed: Outside is a whitish coating of decomposed flint. There are crystalline and amorphous varieties, the former as quartz, or rockcrystal, of 6 sided columns ending in similar sided pyramids from an inch to a foot in length, and Chalcidony, the latter amorphous as Opal. When coloured yellow by iron oxide it forms the Scotch Topazy Cairngorm when violet by manganese, Amethyst. Chalcidony is silica deposited in rock cavities and where this occurs in successive layers forming bands, Agate; when this has little cracks which refract light in colours, it forms precious Opal. The crystalline flint is slightly harder and heavier than the amorphous form; it is also soluble in water containing carbonate

of potassium or soda when it is deposited in crystalline form.

i . Rubbing two pieces together evolves a distinctive odour, possibly due to some cause at present unknown, unless caused by volatilization of minute particles through friction.

At the dinner this year, H.R.H, brought the Duke of York, who sat between him and Downe, and Bobbie now occupied the left: The latter made a good speech, and was rallied by the Prince for having persisted in riding races, even though to win. It was a large dinner of over 70; I sat next J.P.N. Phillips, Durham, Allsopp and Halford - with Manners Wood, Harry Monk Byng and Southampton opposite. Lovett was there, whom I had not seen for many years.

Here we heard of Eddie Wood's death, he had been ill for some time, and next day many of us went down to Shorncliffe for his funeral.

Brab represented H.R.H - Molyneux struggled down painfully crippled with rheumatism- we had not met since he left Muttra. David appeared in a gorgeous full dress of the 12th Lancers, which he afterwards took off and packed up to himself carry, for when we reached Charing Cross, seeing he had no servant, like him - I helped with his cases. H ~~H.R.H~~ ~~Colonel~~.

Arthur came back from Dinan, where the large English Colony interferes with practising French; and joined the new Military College here, where he has nice associates. Later

through Colonel Blackburne (whose father was in the VD, G ds) was gazetted to the 3rd batallion South Lanc. Regt, which in Decr(13th) was unexpectedly embodied; for we intended that Arthur should have two years training before going into the Line, but our calculations were upset by the stubborn defiance of Kruger.

The Napiers came dows for a short visit, & Jimmy & I made excurtions; Felbrig was the most interesting place in the neighbourhood, now the property of Mr Ketton, whose sisters keep house; he bou.ht the place, lands & woods, China & family pictures, heirlooms & titledees, everything includang traditions of & family ghosts; of those one was, no less a personage than Windham the statesman, who frequents the library at night & takes down his favourite books, which however he replaces before dawn, thereby evincing possession of physical powers in which ghosts are ordinarily deficient, as in the previous Wilberforce case.

Windham, according to Macaulay "first gentleman of his day, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligent spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the highbred", who died in London in June 1810 from a tumour following injury to knee and an operation, caused by a fall whilst helping to save the valuable library of his friend North, aged 60.

"Even in death as manly as his life
He fixed the moment for the Surgeon's knife

Wrote to his friends with bold accustomed hand
Arguing the problems that perplexed the land,

His last fond thought the heart he loved to spare,
And to life's partner, life's dread risk unknown,
He closed the door from which there came no groan".

; Windham the statesman was the

last of the real race, the nephew who succeeded him Lukin, adopted the name and with the notorious "mad Windham" who died in 1866 even this race ended, and Fellbrigg was sold to a ~~retired Norwich~~ tradesman who had made a large fortune. The house is full of curious things, among them a number of papers relating to properties in the village of Shipden, which has been for centuries under the sea. According to fishermen, at low water, portions of the old Church of St. Peter, submerged in the 14th century with other treasures of the vanished village, which is mentioned in Domesday Book, may still be seen.

From similarity of strata on both sides, it seems probable that this submerged forest is the remains of a wide tract of fen which once connected Norfolk with the continent.

Finding the custodian of the keys in the tiny village, we visited the little old church, standing by itself mid a few trees and tombs, in the grounds, at some little distance from both village and hall. We were joined by some enthusiasts on Monumental brasses, which it seems are abundant in this part of the country, and are favourite subjects for copying by rubbings, the method of which they explained. Delighted with the specimens here, which occupied most of the flooring, they said they were the most beautiful they had yet come across. Brasses were it seems few in 13th century, more in 14th and in 15th they attained the highest excellence in execution and design, and in 16th the faces became portraits. The brass all came from abroad, and English work can be distinguished

from Flemish by having the figures cut out to the outline and inserted in corresponding cavities in the slab - known as figure brasses. Flemish work is more florid in design, with shallower lines, and the broader ones cut with a chisel shaped tool instead of the lozenge shaped burin.

In former days this county fas studded with churches only a few miles apart; each with its parsonage; of the 731 churches 22 ha have disappeare * There were also 77 monastic establishments' and 142 free chapels; but of the parsonages' 22 have been suffered to fall into ruin abode of nettles and brambles; many parishes have been united*

The old woman, who had lived here all her life, was steeped in the history of the family (Windhams) whose memorials round us each had its legend - she told us that many antiquarians come here and take rubbings. She also told us of a Windham buried here recently, at least his bones, and shewed us his grave; his ghost had wandered for some time outside the mansion towards a pond close by, which lately they had emptied and found the bones, which had been buried here, since which no ghost had been seen. The pond is quite small and near the end of the house. The present owner, a distant relation is said to have bought the property on condition that in default of issue it reverts to the Windhams; the place is most solitary, and no wonder the neighbours people it with ghosts. the woods were old, solemnly still and delightful, full of repose, but the

at back of Mansion, towards the lodge, is said at midnight to be haunted by a dog, unusual form of apparition, that went in search for his master and perished of starvation, beside his murdered body.

The superstition th at Dogs have a future life exists among Indians

Who thinks' admitted to that equal sky'
His faithful dog shall bear him company*

As Swinburne sings" At a dogs Grave"

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death' though death's dark wave rise high'

Such life as this among us never came to die*
To die*

Andrew Lang relates the story of a dog ghost on authority of a naval Lieut* he was sitting with several other men and a fox terrier round the smoking -room fire i n a country house' when the heavy' shambling footsteps of an old dog and the jingle of his collar were heard comtng up the stairs*" Heres old Peter!" said one guest; " Peters dead " wnispered his Owner* All of them heard the sounds pass through the closed door' and patter into the room*The fox terrier bristled up' growled and pursued the invisible across the carpet* from the hearthrug sound sounded a sh ake' the jingle of a collar ' and the settling of a body*

A more extraordinary story was that of the" dog o' Manse"; a dog ghost not the ghost of a dog* According to the accoust given to Bp* Rattray by Wm* Soutar' the Perthshire man who saw it in1728- 30' it first appeared vaguely as something like a screeching fox' which dogs refused to chase* Next time i t was a big' dark gray dog' which touched him on the hip'the spot remaining painful all night V After oseveral such appearances the phantom confessed i tself to be David Soutar' who had killed a man 35 years before' and now appeared as a dog because when he did it h e was accompanied by a dog*; not very satisfactory; but human bones were found buried under a bush at the spot indicated by the ghost* It is however impossible to to conceive of animals as immortal; for these stories of ghost dogs some other solution must be found: as for the supposed corroberation in the last case ' that may have been a coincidenc e V* if all are not instances of demoniacal possession V.

Now, some years later at Southsea a family in the next street recently home from India assert that a strange dog accasionally becomes visible and disappears in their Dining-room; it did not appear to me, but when my daughter came back and asserted she had seen it, we made closer enquiry. According to Mrs Hughes her mother i., it is seen at various times and frequently; preceeding them, sometimes following up-stairs, but never entering a bedroom; at the door it fades away. Occasionally it is seen to leave the house with Col* H* but never beyond the gate. My daughter had heard of this, and one day on entering the dining-room, to avoid the housedog, having nearly stumbled over its duplicate, for they were much alike, exclaimed: "Why you have two dogs!" "Then you have seen the dog!" her friend replied. She told us that at that moment she was not thinking of the matter, and is positive she saw the housedog and afterwards its replica, an Aberdeen greyish-brown terrier. Frequently the dog followed Col.H. on leaving the house, and suddenly disappear at the gate, but the Colonel will not acknowlege to have ever seen it; the housedog often accompanies him to the Club, meantime the replica appeares in the dining-room. Whether any of the servants have seen it, or Mrs H.'s little boy, we cannot ascertain, the subject might cause a scare, and the child would think it their own dog. The dog died about a year after [illegible] since which the supposed ghost has not been esseen

[illegible]onington Hall in this neighbourhood, that Dr. Jessop [illegible] saw the ghost of Henry Walpole the Jesuit (Athenieum) [illegible] went to Lord Oxford's to examine a rare book in the library and sat up to make notes and by eleven o'clock was the only person downstairs. The room was large and opened into the library. The six small volumes he wanted he took down and placed at his right hand, and sometimes reading and sometimes writing, he was absorbed in his work till nearly 1 o'clock, when he rose, wound up his watch, and ~~set~~ opened his last volume. After half an hour, just as he was beginning to think his work was drawing to a close, "whilst I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow, and turning my head there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon; the face was turned away but I saw his closely cut reddish brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow and corner of right eye, the side of forehead and the large high neckbone - He was dressed in an ecclesiastical habit of thick corded solk or some such material close up the throat, with a narrow edging of about an inch broad of satin or velvet, serving as a stand up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure the left, and both were in perfect repose, and the right with its large blue veins was like the hand of Velasqueg's dead knight in the National gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity

and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought of a sketch book upstairs, shall I fetch it? Then he sat and I was fascinated, afraid not of his staying, but lest he should go. I lifted my right hand from the paper stretched out to the pile of books and lifted the top one, why I cannot explain. My arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. Disappointed, I went on with my writing, as if nothing had happened, for another five minutes, and had got to the last few words of my extract, when the figure appeared again, in exactly the same place and attitude as before . I turned my head again to examine him more closely, and was framing a sentence to address him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice - I turned to my work again, and finished writing the two or three words - shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell; the figure vanished. Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire, wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me. Then there stole over me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. Yawning, I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced 5 of the volumes, the 6th I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing. By this time, I had lost all sense of uneasiness, and blew out the four candles and marched off to bed where I spelt very soundly".[4]

[4] (Athenæum 1880 p 54.)

Princess Schwartzenberg had left her youngest children in Vienna, the future Cardinal then a baby of 6 months old, was in his cradle one night, when suddenly his nurse, an old & very respectable old woman, bu no means either clever or imaginative, fell on her kneesexclaiming," Jesu, Maria, Joseph There is the figure of the Princess standing over the baby's cradle." Several nursery maids who were in the room heard the words but saw nothing; but to her dying day the nurse affirmed the truth of the vision & there being no telegraphs, it was not for many days after that the news of Princess S's death(perished in fire at Austian Embassy Paris in days of first Napoleon) reached Vienna.

Capt. Marryat, the novelist awoke one night in mid-ocean, to see his brother, whom he had left in London, open the cabin door and gaze at him for a moment, and then vanish. He noted the time, and on reaching port found that at that moment his brother had died. Edward Fitzgerald clearly saw his sister and her children having tea in his drawing-room, & she quietly withdrew so as not to disturb them,- at that moment she died in Norfolk.

Here is a late one told by the observer in the pulpit, the Rev. Father Hubert, Rector of the Passionate Monastery, Ardoyne, Belfast - One night after he had retired to rest, he was roused by a knock at his bedroom door. The attention of another Passionate Father, who slept in the adjoining bedroom, was similarly attracted. The two opened their doors at the same time, and before them appeared

(Lady Bloomfield Reminiscences Court & Diplo Life, II. p266.)

Another case is given on authority off Miss Hosmer, P 305, but this was at the moment of death, ere the spirit has entered the prisonhouse.

Tennyson & His Friends.

the figure of a Passionist Priest who had been dead some time. After a while, the figure disappeared and they re-entered their rooms. But at another time the knocking was repeated, and at last Father Hubert resolved to question the apparition. He carried out his intention in the presence of other Fathers, and the ghost replying to him, said the rector had not fulfilled a promise to pray for him a certain number of times on certain occasions. Father Hubert thereupon remembered having made such a promise, and the apparition was recognised by him and two other Father's as that of the Priest to whom the promise had been given.

The prayers were said for the repose of his soul, and the apparition presented itself no more. According to St. Thomas, departed souls may be permitted to appear on earth for various wise reasons, one of them being that the spirits in Purgatory may obtain prayers.

The apparition of Philip Weld at Southampton is well authenticated. He appeared to his father and sister, walking along the turnpike road; suddenly they saw him on the opposite side, standing between two persons, one a youth in a black robe. His sister first to perceive him, exclaimed "Oh papa did you ever see anything so like Philip?" She thought nothing of it however, and they walked across towards the figures. Philip's face looked happy, smiling at the shorter young man in black robe. Suddenly these all seemed to vanish, and they only saw a countryman who Mr Weld had distinguished through the figures, which gave him the impression that they were spirits. The girl thought no more of it than one does of seeing a great and unexpected likeness, and the matter passed out of her mind, nor did she remember it till Dr. Coxarrived to announce the death of her brother. The saintly student was at St Edmunds Hall, and whilst boating with others turning in very deep water, fell in and was drowned at the very time of the apparition. The father was at Stoneyhurst some time after, and there recognised in the house of a friend in the neighbouring village in a picture of Aloysius Stanislaus Kotska the black robed companion to whom his son had a great devotion.

IA young Guardsman whilst readisg in the library at WindsorCastle was reported to have seen th e ghost of Qusen Elizabeth pass through an outer window to former garden steps &disappear* on investigation it turned out to have bnen a joke of the Librarian & the ghost to have bean a cleaning woman who passed through the room*

Cath Times Dec. 8/05 confirmed by Father St George O S A

Summa Quest. VIII IXIa a 8

These reliable stories are arranged in three classes, apparitions at the moment of quitting the body, of which many authantic cases are on record; return of a soul permitted for some special holy purpose, other instances are not well substantiated for]

It is necessary before accepting a ghost story in the press, to ascertain corroboration. One that "happened not many years ago in one of the oldest Catholic families in England", and is perfectly true, was three years later contradicted in toto, by the person who happened to himself have performed the most important achievement in the story which had taken place more than half a century ago.

P 45

Here is another story also from Eastern India. A young officer, Capt. L.E.M. marching to Dinapur in 1862, arrived for the night at the Dak Bungalow some 15 miles outside: it was about 8 o'clock, and having ordered dinner, he sat down to a novel. Presently a Pathan (outcast) entered the room and, passing within a few feet of him, walked through the front door out into the garden. Knowing that Pathans are not allowed into Manipur, he stood up and watched him with interest: it was quite dark outside and the man soon disappeared. Calling the Chaukidar, he asked what the Pathan meant by coming into the bungalow.

"Not a Pathan, Sahib," he replied;"but his ghost. He comes often and he beckons to me, but I take no notice."

Much surprised, the officer asked for an explanation: "It was Mitchell sahib's servant, who died here two years ago and was buried in the compound beyond the gardens,": a statement verified on his arrival in Manipur. Captain J.C.Holloway B.S.C. was a few years ago serving in Thakmayo (Burmah) : one night Mrs.H. says she saw a figure, veiled or shrouded, pass between the band stand opposite and the verandah and then disappear. Captain H. returning from rehearsal with a brother officer, the latter called his attention to a stranger standing at the gate and as he remained stationary, both went towards him and challenged him, for all had gone to bed, but without reply the figure disappeared. He was seen on several occasions by members of the family.

Hecho tells us that all apparitions are caused by divine miracles, and by the operation of angels, good or bad, apart from knowledge of the deceased.

There remains a class of mysterious appearances such as the following repetitions of events and lastly Demoniacal hauntings, which even the Psychical Society can not unravel.

Lady Wantage's nephew was walking out at Lockinge House one day not far from the house, when he saw a man kneeling upon another who was lying on the ground. Running to the spot, he aimed a blow at the assailant, with the result that his stick passed clean through him, and a moment after the vision had disappeared. Of course, the story was derided by everyone who heard it, until it happened to come to the ears of a farmer on the estate. "Why Sir", said he, "that was where the murder was committed!" And then he told the story of how some time previously a gentleman had been murdered on that very spot by his servant, who had knelt on his victim just as Lady Wantage's nephew had described.

Just beyond Fellbrigg park, at Alymerton, the high heathland is remarkable for its numerous hollows, said to be dwellings of primitive inhabitants, and called shrieking pits, for shrieks are said to be heard from them, and a white figure rushes about wringing its hands. This country appears to have been densely populated by the Iceni, as indicated by these supposed dwelling pits. There is the site of a large village consisting of remains of several thousand inhabitants, it begins at Fellbrigg, and extends to Beeston, and is divided across the middle by a bank, the base of which is from

12 to 20ft in width. At each end of this encampment are two large burial grounds, where have been found quantities of pottery. At Weybourne, just beyond Sheringham, there are above 1000 pits, supposed to have been Iceni dwellings, or hiding places. These Iceni conquered the pre-historic people of the stone age, Iberians or Silurians who used bronze weapons, one of their Kings Prasutagus in middle of 1st century of our era, thought by leaving the Romans, half his kingdom to secure the rest for his Queen Boadicea (Bondoiuka) but the Romans seized the whole, and the Queen and her daughters were maltreated. The Iceni flew to arms, joined by the Trinobantes of Middlesex and Essex, and slaughtered some 70,000 of their enemies. Suctonius hastened to the rescue and A.D. 61 totally defeated Boadicea with her two daughters with great carnage, of according to the contemporary Tacitus, some 90,000, and the Queen poisoned herself.

Another interesting place was Gunton, where creepers have penetrated the ruined front c muod damaged by fire in in 1882, but there are some fine trees in the Deer park, and the gardens are well kept in Lord Suffield's own hands; here originated the mulberry coloued strawberry among other novelties; several seedlings are now being nursed; the gardiner gave me a wrinkle in the Asparagus beds - that whereas the female exhausts itself in the accumulation of berries for reproduction, it is better for market purposes to make the beds mainly with the male plant. The Park is one of the largest in the country,

contains over 900 acres; the avenu approachi g it is very f fine
contains over 900 acres; the approaching avenue is very stately'

& from the gateways lofty towe r120 ft high there is an extensive view*

In striking contrast to these old places are the painfully new and trim grounds of Lord Battersea's pretty house at Overstrand, converted from the unpromising seashore with infinite painstaking. A large garden party here included the suffragan Bishop netter known as suffering, for on visiting a rural Church he remarked that the flag was halfmast high, asked who was dead. "That's for you my lord; we puts it up whole for the real Bishop, and half for the sufferin'".

C S. Hoare M.P. possesses the ruins of Beeston Abbey, or Priory, ... halfway to Sheringham,) provided always that his sheep sleep there, they may wander freely over about 1000 acres belonging to his neighbours, and his shepherd is authorised to levy blackmail from all of them if they would escape this invasion. A right distinctly established in the reign of Elizabeth. there were' before the Reformation'77 Monastic houses in this County.

In the reign of EdwardVIth' the Earl of Warwick' with an army that contained 1000 German mercenaries' crushed here the labourers who had taken arms against the semiserfdom to which the new statute had reduced them crying 'Z Rather the Turks than these Landsknecht" as these Ger-

in this neighbourhood, and near Thetford, thought to be a hybrid of Falcata, and with deeper coloured flowers.

Hunting little crabs seems a favourite diversion for children, leaving the bathing machines for the elders. When Allen the philanthropist recommended seabathing, it was thought so dangerous as to savour of madness. But he had a machine constructed at Weymouth, that he might bathe his bare body in the sea,-our bathing machine of to-day, the public who watched the process with dread and astonishment were reassured. But such nude exposure did not become popular for many years, till George IV previously prepared by a course of baths&altwater baths in his room- wvisited Weymouth wiah his family-* " Yet stays Miss Burney" Burney, "think of the surprise of His Majesty, when the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water, than a band of music concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save Great George our King".

The Museum at Norwich proved well worthy of a visit, the gem of the collection is a specimen of the Great Auk (Alea-impenius), there is also a fine Great Buntard (Otio tarda) and a good assortment of relics of Paleolithic and Neolithic man.

In the reign of Ed* VIth*' the earl of Warwick with an army that contained 1000 german mercenaries' crushed here oe the Mousehold Heath the labourers who had taken up arms against the seemiserfdom to which the recent statutes had reduced them and cried' Rather the Turk than theseLandsknec

necht ' as these Germans were called* After a fight of 3 days the rudely armed peasants resolved to risk a pitched battle'; but afterlosing 2000 men on the Field' they entrenhed themselves' resolved to fight to the death* Distrusting the Earl they again and again refused pardon to his heralds; til he at length came himself and pleged his word: then they threw down their arms* But the unscrupulous Earl hanged the leaders on the oak of Reformation; others were hanged ' drawn' and quartered' in the marketplace* The leader'Capt* Robt* Ket' tanner of WaWymondham' was hanged in chains on top of the Castle' and his brother from Wymondham steeple; the Germans fanted Warwick to hang more *

Here too a public Library was founded oldest in the country' by a bgift of books in 1608 to the city now incorporated in the public Library* Bristol followed in 7 years later ' Manchest er in 1653 *

On one visit to London, we went round through a new country, and got a view of Ely Cathedral, second largest in England, being surpassed by Winchester by only a few feet. The transepts unite in an unique octagon tower surmounted by lantern at west.

With the yellow of the Bird's-foot Trefoil (Lotus cornienlatus) which is flowering throughout the summer, the blue Viper Bugloss (Echium vulgare) and fields of red poppy, there is abundance of local colour. Another yellow flowering plant, is so rare as to be worth looking for, Medingo sylvestris Fries, only rarely found

a great Tower,

The country now became one vast garden under glass, for supply of Covent Garden.

Returning from a stroll along the sands one morning, on Bridget asking for the correct time, my wife discovered that she had lost her watch. At the Police Office she was given the address of a visitor who had just been there with such a watch, and on her return home she found that this lady had just called with a watch the maid recognised. So my wife followed her home to encounter an old friend of Indian days, whom otherwise she would not have met. The lady had also been walking on the beach, and had just remarked how strange it was that watches were daily being advertised as lost, and yet she had never chanced to find one, when within the next few paces she was attracted by a gold watch and chain lying upon the ground.

In ~~October~~ August Herbert's wedding took place at the Oratory, and shortly after we returned to South Kensington, leaving the house for the newly married couple.

On the 9th ~~October~~ 1899, Kruger issued his ultimatum, and to our surprise was shortly after joined by our supposed friend Steyn. 54,000 Boers marched down into Natal five weeks before our reinforcements from home could reach the Cape. Fortunately Bulwer instead of carrying out the fixed plan of operations, decided to go on to Natal with all troops he could muster, and obstructed the Boer advance on Durban whose occupation, as was afterwards discovered, was to have been the signal for Cape Colony to rise, with consequent loss of South Africa.

Arthur's outfit occupied us; he and the other youths were all ordered to join, and the College was broken up - the Principal himself also going to the front. The night before Arthur left, we dined with Mrs. J.W, and he in his painfully new uniform; but the boots became so distressing, that we hurried home and they were taken off with difficulty. Next morning he entrained at Euston, and there met another young South Lancashire sub (Gordon) so they travelled together.

On my way to Aldershot to take farewell of the X.R.H, I met Bobbie at Waterloo, with Lord H- who at lunch, felt sure the Government had accurate knowledge of Boer Armaments; I said our private information from Durban warned us of guns and ammunition being landed and despatched to Pretoria disguised in pianoforte cases.

David was very busy in the Orderly Room; Lady A- had been for a galop with Mrs. Making; I told them that Officers must be prepared for Boer tactics of picking them off; so it proved unfortunately, for in a little while both were widows; one died of fever, and the other was killed at the head of his regiment, trying to save the guns at Diamond Hill, "What a glorious death" as he said of Cornish at Malta- Lady Downe held a farewell reception, and Reggie asked me to go and see his baby. Byng was limping about, maimed by inoculation for typhoid.

Nicknames are spontaneous and often hard to explain, but the X.R.H. Officers brought theirs from India, where the natives found the exact name impossible. Bryan became Buldoo & Barclay Byculla Meakin was called Beacham without relation to pills when Fred Lygin became Lord Beacham - a lady once remarked to him at Maddresfield among his ancestral trees, "Guess you made a good pile out of your pills"

At morning stables Charlie Crichton showed me with pride a saddle his father had used with us in India, and which he had furnished with extra D's. Lady Downe held a farewell reception, and Byng was lame from typhoid serum, I had urged

Hurrying back to Aldershot, I hastened to a party of Natalians, where we would meet many, now, ancient friends. The beautiful girl, who had adorned our bachelor parties at Beaufort Lodge, whom my comrade would have proposed to, but for her broken front tooth, as he said, and with whom my successor fell hopelessly in love, so that his Commanding Officer complained that he spent so much time in gardening - or mooning - over in fact a little verbana bed in front of his Cottage, almost opposite our [illegible] upper gate, and whose honeymoon was suddenly overwhelmed by shipwreck on the East Coast, stripping her of almost everything, she was entertaining a Colonial party of my old friends. It was late when I arrived, but there still remained her cousin, sister of my old brother Officer, when we first met at Grahamstown, engaged to an Officer in the 5th, who had left her a widow, and the sister-in-

law of Dean Grene of Maritzburg, now looking after the fatherless children of George Moodie, who in my time was only too glad to be asked to dinner, then did some surveying for the Transvaal Govt, who, void of money recompensed him in land, which proved to be invaluable, and who had ended his days in luxury at Capetown - and others.

The flat belonged to Mrs. F. A. Steel, whose Indian experience had given her a wondrous insight into the intricacies and moods of the natives, whom she seemed to understand better than most Europeans who live a life altogether apart from those whose swaying & fateful impulses we do not attempt to unravel *

In Regent Street people are attracted by an incubator for hatching chickens; supposed to be a novelty, but like so many other things, industriously practised by the Egyptians of old. They were, and are still famous for artificial hatching in buildings called in Upper, el-furroog, and in Lower Egypt, el-firakh, of which there is a description in Lane 11. 94, and in Purchas' Pilgrimes 1625, as a modern invention, the hatching of eggs covered with chaff in firewarmed places, where a man was employed to turn them over.

Watching the Roughriders drilling in the Park on the ground now occupied by the Exhibition, where the two Elms are still standing, one's thought revert to that wonderful structure, whose attractions interferred with our summer lectures, where

a notice on the door, met us with "Professor in attendance on the Queen", therefore we too adjourned to the Exhibition. Paxton built it in imitation of the conservatory at Chatworth, when Architects had failed to evolve any suitable scheme, and the project held fire. The Duke, who was fond of floriculture and frequented the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, rented from him, met Paxton and was so impressed by his intelligence that he made him head gardener at Chatworth, there he built the Conservatory, then the largest in the world. So trusted was he that one day the Duke gave him a large cheque (£30,000) on condition that he must not ask the purpose. Paxton heard that the bank was in difficulties, drew, and saved his Grace's

On the 1st March 1900 the welcome news arrived of the relief of Ladysmith; and the streets everywhere were en fete. The little Union Jack was universally displayed and carried, even on perambulators. Some weeks later, about 10 o'clock one night (May 18th) we were startled by a strange and unwonted roar, as of many voices, and we rushed out to see the crowd pass, mad with excitement, for Mafeking had been relieved early that morning (4 a.m.) - shouting and gesticulating as no English crowd had ever surrendered themselves to do before, We drove up through a throng of shouters that beseiged the residence of Baden Powell's m mother, who was sitting on the balcony, along Piccadilly and walked up Regent St. Everyone seemed to have thrown off all restraint, men in evening dress from the theatres and restaurants, danced wildly along the pavement, seizing every lady they met. whirling them round

in turn. They were not intoxicated, but simply wild with unrestrained excitement, so long pent up. Some friends, who were just about to go to bed, covering their night attire with a dressing gown, and in slippers, actually drove in an omnibus to the City and back, enjoying the Carnival. For days Knightsbridge was blocked by an admiring crowd summoning Mrs. Baden Powell or her daughter to the balcony to wave their handkerchiefs.

About 9-20 p.m. "MAFEKING IS RELIEVED" had been placarded outside the Mansion House, and by 10 o'clock the streets were being patrolled by long processions or organised pedestrians, singing and waving Union Jacks and cheering for Baden Powell

From the Mansion House as far as the War Office and St.James's street between 10 and 12 o'clock there was a continuous roar of more or less articulate applause and an unbroken array of flags."

Mafeking had been attacked night after night - even funeral parties fired at - and had survived a desperate attempt at storming on the 12th. According to Lady Sarah Wilson they breakfasted on horse sausage, and lunched on minced horse and curried locusts".

So we threw off our national reserve for Parisian exuberance, and theatres and places of entertainment emptied themselves into the streets, where for two nights, till Sunday, all old and young, abandoned themselves to Carnival . From the Mansion House, to the War Office and thence westward, a mass of roaring humanity surged through the streets, absorbing or carrying all before them.

As Saturday morning dawned, every vehicle displayed a flag, the streets were festooned with bunting. At the Stock Exchange the only quotation throughout the day as "Mafeking". All day long processions surged through the streets, more elaborate than on the previous night. A vast crowd of butchers, in blue frocks, swept along Piccadilly, many with portraits of Baden Powell on their backs; a more artistic one was of the Art Students from S.Kensington, in white smocks, dragging a triumphal car, surmounted by a bust of Baden Powell, formed in readiness, over a massive moulded British Lion, which had been modelled during the night. Night was brilliant with illuminations, every one carried flags, rosettes, red, white, and blue windmills, and in their absence tin trumpets; even elderly men forgot their dignity, and everywhere even in the country, Britons were mad with joy.

This efforescence was out of all proportion to the event. Mafeking, compared with Ladysmith and Kimberley, was unimportant, it was in ~~fact never~~ surrounded, for dispatch riders went in and out freely, and there was at no time any dearth of food. But the outside world was supplied freely with sensational sketches of the omnipresent chief whose egotism put his own head on the postage-stamp in place of the Queen's.

As one travels by rail just now it is remarkable how the railway slopes are becoming covered with primroses. The flower is being exalted in honour of Disraeli, worthily, for it is an aggressive pushing plant which used to be sought for in plantations and hedgerows, thriving in

clayey soil & shady situations* Now it is driving out the oxlip from the opsn fields'& even the Eastern boulder claydistrict where this once dominated is now being invaded on al l sides by the primrose*; Hooker thinksthat the Oxlip is being gradually hybridised out of existence by the aggressive Primrose *

Now we again had the pleasure of meeting the Kerrs at Norfolk House, also the Gains boroughs, all of whom my wife had not met since Indian days.

InJuly I went on a visit to the X.R.H. at wWoolwich& soon after we went to Brighton where were several old friends Marsland V D G ds Who has married & settled here &3 and a former Major of the 99 th whsse son has just succumbed to typhoid in S Africa * Mrs. Macdonald ald is at Preston where recently a skeleton (woman) was found when digging for foundations in the garden, and buried in the churchyard across the road; since which te ghost has not been seen

In olden days our western limit was Palmyra Square beyond which were fields, now transformed into Hove (A.S.Hof a dwelling) which

was a Manor at the Conquest; it now stretches to Shoreham and has lately been made a Municipality.

A pleasant day was spent at Arundell whose renovation is not yet completed; it reminds one of Wynnes Folly at Glenbeigh where comfort is sacrificed to Mediaevalism and gloom * It , is mentioned in the Will of Alfred the Great, and in Doomsday Book, supposed to be derived from Hirondelle, charger of Bevis of Hampton, great warden of the Castle whose sword Mongley, is kept in the armoury. Granted at the Conquest to Roger de Montgomerie, who commanded the Breton allies at Hastings, and held by his sons till 1118, it was given to the Albini of whom the last died without issue in 1243; the Earldom then passed to John Fitzallan, -through marriage with Isabel, eldest daughter of Earl Hugh - who took the arms of the Albini with their estates and titles. Richard Fitzallan's daughter and heiress, married John Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, and their daughter brought Arundel by marriage to Sir Robert Howard, whose son John was in 1483 created Earl Marshall and Duke of Norfolk, and according to the legend "Since William rose and Harold fell,

There have been Earls of Arundel,
And Earls old Arundel shall have
While rivers flow and forests wave".

And says Fuller, "the Castle is of great esteem, the rather because a local Earldom is cemented in the walls thereof".

Says Sir Thomas Elyot of the Castle - "Other remembrance there is of diners horsés by whose monstrous power men dyd exploite incredible affaires, but by cause the reporte of them contayneth things impossible , and is not written by any approved autour, I will nat in this place rehearse them, sauying that it is yet supposed that the Castell was made by one Beaunize of South Taunton, for a monument of his horse Arundell, whiche in ferre countriyes has saued his maister from many periles".

Late in the last century Sir J. Lade wagered to carry the diminutive Lord Cholmondeley from the Pavilion twice round the Steyne, and a crowd assembled. "Strip" said his lordship. John gasped. "I engaged to carry you but not an inch of your clothes"; and Sir John pocketed the stakes.

Even in 1860 when quartered under the Dome, the Pavilion has been chiefly associated in my mind with the disinterested, noble-spirited, generous and ~~a~~ loving ~~sty~~ woman, whom, as Chas. Greville testifies, everyone believed was really married to Prince George, father of Princess Charlotte whose name the regiment bore. Born at Tong Castle or on the neighbouring Hatton Hall Farm, on the borders of Shropshire, of an old Catholic family of Smythe, her father a younger son of a baronet, excluded by his faith from honourable employment at home, had held a commission in the Austrian army. Educated in an English convent at Paris, Maria was in her 18th year married to Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, a valetudinarian of 44, who died shortly after, and three years later to Thomas Fitzherbert of Swymerton, Staffs, and Norbury, Derbyshire,

who, two years later, in the Gordon riots whilst protecting his co-religionists from the fury of the mob, contracted a chill, was taken to Nice, and died there.

In 1782 she was a prominent figure in London society at her house in Park Street, and at Twickenham; her chief charms were her dark hazel eyes, set in golden hair which she allowed to grow naturally. Her path was now crossed by George, Prince of Wales, gambler and drunkard, a slave to his passions. From his dangerous frantic siege she fled to the continent, not however before by a subterfuge she had accepted his betrothal ring. "On a grey November" day, four members of his household drove up and told her that the Heir Apparent's life was in danger, and that it could only be saved by her presence. At Carlton House she found him in prostration, dabbled with gore and bleeding profusely from a wound he was said to have inflicted to take his own life. He vowed that he would die unless she consented to become his wife, and allowed him to place the betrothal ring on her finger, and she was moved to consent. Next morning she hastened abroad. Crazy with love, the Prince, at one time filled the air with amorous ravings, at another despatched couriers to discover the hiding place of the lady.

Early in December 1785 she returned, and on the 15th was secretly married to the Prince at her house in the Park Street by a clergyman, just ordained, who for a bribe of £500 and promise of preferment, performed the ceremony; the Rev. Johnes Knight, having, after accepting the commission, yielded at the last moment to compunction. Orlando Bridgeman, whom he afterwards created

Lord Bradford accompanied the Prince, but does not appear to have been present at the ceremony. The marriage which involved grave constitutional problems, became town talk, and at last was mentioned in the House. Fox deliberately asserted the rumour to be a "diabolical fable", with an emphasis that made the lady his enemy for life.

Then hopelessly in the toils of usurers who would make no further advances, and completely under the influence of Lady Jersey, the Prince acceded to his father's desire that he should enter into a, to him, repugnant marriage with Caroline of Brunswick from whom he separated on the birth of their first child Princess Charlotte.

In 1800, having secured the Pope's approval, Mrs. Fitzherbert consented to resume cohabitation, and the succeeding 8 years were the happiest in her life, and from this time all the Royal family seemed anxious that she should maintain her ascendency over her husband. With the Regency came the final breach, for her husband was now the slave of Lady Hertford, and when in 1820 he became George IV, he fell completely under the influence of the Marchioness of Conyingham, whom he appointed his "Lady Steward". On June 25th 1830 the King died, and when the body was prepared for burial, the minature of Mrs. Fitzherbert which she had given him in the days of their young love, still hung from his neck. King William shewed her every kindness, and gave permission for her to use the Royal liveries, and she was treated by the members of the Royal family as one of themselves. In 1833 all the correspondence between herself and the Prince was burnt at her house in Tilbury

Street, but by interposition of the King, the Duke of Wellington, the King's Executor, consented to her reserving five documents which were deposited at the Bank. Mrs. Fitzherbert died in 1837 aged 81 at Brighton, where she had ever been looked up to with respect ~~admiration~~ and affection.

The packet has lately been opened, and contains, as expected the marriage certificate, written by the bridegroom, signed by him and his wife, and the witnesses. When, after the repugnant union with the German Princess, he in illhealth and attacked by remorse, once more turned to the woman he loved best, the Prince wrote a long rambling document, in which he said - "By this my last Will and Testament I now bequeath, give and settle at my death all my worldly property -- personal and other, to my Maria Fitzherbert, my wife, the wife of my heart and soul. Although by the laws of this country she could not avail herself publickly of that name, still such she is in the eyes of heaven, was, is, and ever will be such in mine". (Italics in the original)

Under the centre of the nave of St. John Baptist's Church which she had largely helped to build, was shown us the grave of the unfortunate ~~Mrs. Fitzherbert~~, wife who was buried there in 1837. The marble monument, erected by her adopted daughter Mary (Seymour) Dainer, shows three wedding rings on the third finger, left hand, of her kneeling figure.

Princess Charlotte in May 1816 married Leopold afterwards King of the Belgians, and died in childbirth in the following year - her regiment is the V.D.G's.

The ancient parish Church of St. Nicholas, which old Wagner restored nearly fifty years ago, dates from Henry Vll, and in the adjoining graveyard is a monument to Phoebe Hessell who served as a private in the 5th foot, and was wounded at ~~this~~ disastrous Fontenoy in May 1745, and who attained to her 108th year.

Everyone goes to the Dyke, now the light railway makes it so easy; we however preferred the more invigorating driving over the downs, where in old days we rode up and down in vain attempts at a hunt. This natural fosse is 300 feet deep, by which according to legend, the devil intended letting in the sea some night, to submerge the weald and its numerous churches, some of which are plainly visible from the top ridge. But an old woman happened to look out from her cottage window, with a candle in her sieve, and he mistook this for the rising sun and decamped. That he still hankers after the neighbourhood may perhaps account for Lee the Gipsy Queen being presiding oracle of the place; she is said to have foretold Miss Dallas York that she would marry a Duke, and greatly enhanced her reputation; though from her stately appearance anyone might have hazarded such a prophecy. Some of our party interviewed the gipsy in her caravan, but were told nothing startling, and something false, they excused the freak as only a harmless bit of fun.

(one of them in showing her hand remarked "You cannot tell what is going to happen" "Well" replied the old woman "I will show you the beautiful gown sent me by the young Duchess of Portland, whom I told would marry a Duke, and she remarked, "Why I have never seen one" "But you will, and after enjoying a princely life for a few years, all will melt away"." When she became a Duchess she sent me this black silk gown, which she proudly showed.

Here we met a friend of Mrs Banfield the Hon. Mrs. F--, once known as Queen of the Curragh, whose sister Ida had married Frank W--. Frank got into difficulties in the bog one day, and was taken to their house - where also Prince Eddie used to make himself at home to escape from the rougher life of barracks. She & her daughter were great swimmers&daily disporrtsd thnmselves hear thn pierV

Early in November we returned to South Kensington & on 3rd 13. I went to Woolwich & spent the day with the X R H Byculla, Annesley, etc and again on 3rd of December when I called on the Doctor who had attended me at Aldershot & Mrs G., whose present of a silver ~~candlestick~~ Teakettle ~~he~~ he shews with prideV

A young subaltern son of a former CO. of the X R H who had to leave because his father would not for the second time pay his debts turned up in S Africa one day now a Corporal he was sent with a party to the remount depot in caharge of his former Ridingmaster to take over remountsthe RM at once recognised the boy && presently asked him to come into his tent & have a wash. Then suddenly he accosted him by his former nickname in the Regt. *

He went to Canada and with empty pockets was met at entrance of the town by a

gentleman who asked if he knew anyone who would come as general servant and groom, and he gladly offered himself. They discovered that he was a gentleman, and received him at their table. When the Boer War broke out he joined the volunteers and one day now a Corporal, went with a party to take over some remounts. his old riding Master happened to be in charge and recognised the boy, asked him into his tent to wash, and then accosted him by the nickname by which he had been familiarly known in the regiment. His position was brought to the knowledge of his uncle Lord -- on the Staff, and he was attached for duty [illegible] as Transport officer to his former regt, in place of Charlie Crichton captured at Sanna's Drift*

Then he went to Burmah & started a Polo club After a time he returned to England & started horse breeding ; but he appeared at his fathers funeralV

In the winter Sir Ambrose Shea & I attended the Requiem mass for Lady Denbeigh ; Father Bampton dflivered the orationV Shortly after a Memorial service was held at St Pauls Knightsbridge on the day Dallas Yorke was buried, to me a novslty-, at the end of a portion of the burial service we all stood whilst a funeral march was playedV The Church was filled & after a Talk with Portland, Byculla - still in great trouble - & I drove away together. The contrast between a Requiem & a Memorial Service was very striking to one who believes in the Commmmion of Saints, & like the Jews, in prayer for one another, & for our

whole

e loved ones unable now to pray for themselves" as a good & wholesome practise" for their aid & to stimulate our affectionate remembrance. This Memorial service is but a social gathering of friends of the departed, whereas we commemorate them in what St Chrysostom calls " the tremendous Mysteries of the Mass" observed, as St Augustine tells us, "by the Universal Church; for the souls in Purgatory - detained till purified from all venial sin & fitted to enter Heaven, are still members of the Church" recieving benefit from Masses, prayers, & almsgiving, on earth".

My brother and I went to the Motor Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall; my last visit to this place, at the International Dog Show, was with Mrs. and Miss P-, almost 40 years ago, when my pockets were stuffed with choice biscuits for her favourites.

The conversazione at the Royal Society was a great treat as several novel inventions were exhibited.

The X.R.H., Depot have removed to Hounslow, where I met Junks returned from the front.

From S. Africa comes a curious story of an R.E. Officer, who built a pontoon bridge, which as soon as the fastenings were released, was carried away by flood. He also blowed up a building by dynamite, with a number of transport-mules that he should have ascertained, were grazing on the other side.

Late in January (1901) I lunched with the Depot at Woolwich. Wath told me he was surprised at meeting Arthur in Colesbury, as Arthur was at recognising him. My son's letters had informed us that the Officer passing through in charge of remants from Na port was picketed near, and asked of course to lunch. Arthur was

astonished to see him wearing their plume (Prince of Wales' feathers) there seemed something familiar about his face, and after mutual recognition, they dined together at the Hotel.

One evening, the bell of the neighbouring Church suddenly began to toll; and we knew that the Queen who had only been reported ill a few days before, was dead. Next week we saw the funeral procession passing through Hyde Park amid immense crowds. Herbert, who was with Lord Battersea's party, had a splendid view of it, approaching and turning at the Marble Arch.

We ~~My wife and her sister Mrs. W. Bill~~ on April 4th, met Nellie at Tilbury with her Amah (Chinese nurse) whom we had to place in a home till her return to China with another lady. Her husband arrived a fortnight later.

Li Ching, now Admiral, came to call on her one day at Cheefou he has two wives, one with small feet, and one more modern, with large. He remembered us and the old times at Halifax, and would like to go back to them, but had been so long away that he had forgotten English manners, as was evident in buttering bread with his fingers. He pressed her to go back to Hongkong in his ship.

Birdnest soup, she tells us, is a luxury of wealthy Chinese, being very expensive, but esteemed nutritious. The Collocalia, a race of Swifts, are famous for large salivary glands, of whose abundant gelantinous secretion, the nests are formed; it looks like isinglass and in its best condition is white, though much of it has, through exposure, to be cleaned, and bleached in hot water. Most of it comes from the Malay Islands and realises 3 sovereigns a pound. As many as 3½ millions have been exported from Borneo in one year. The birds build in caves, which they occupy alternately with bats, the latter by day.

on his return to bring some roots home - probably he remarked that it was a novelty. At any rate, here he is, and so is the Calla, only it was despatched then and there to a well known Nurseryman, with the result that a few are abroad on the market at a very high price.

Nellie's husband being appointed to Portsmouth, we all, including my niece Gwen, went to Southsea. The place was much changed, and the Common on which we had witnessed the Peace Review in May 1856, considerably built upon. Since our last stay there in 1880, the western portion has been occupied by Government House, residence for C.R.E & A, gymnasium and recreation grounds etc. one used to walk diagonally across to the Dockyard, now on the narrow intermediate portion now stand huge blocks of barracks.

Our old friend Jimmy is Adj.-General, and the Baker-Russells are at Government House, whom we had not seen since Simla days, when her jhampans were conspicuous for their fantastic liveries.

Across at Ryde, I found my old friend Lewis, retired from business in Halifax to a fine place overlooking the harbour, whom

Next we met Maxham, whom I had left a Staff Asst-Surgeon in Natal, engaged to an old friend of my wife's family - recently P.M O. at Capetown, till his wife was suddenly seized with paralysis, and he had come home to retire. He told me that my old friend Colonel H.R.Browne was here and I went at once to see him, and was received by his daughter, who with her mother had stayed with us at Muttra.

~~I~~twas

It was evening and dark, and for some time she did not remember me, her mother was ~~out~~ dead, and the General was out, but afterwards we often met. I had last heard of him through his Military Secretary in the Manchester, at Tipperary, who told me of the accident at a fieldday when his leg was broken by a kick from the horse of an A.D.C.. After service in Jamaica, he had returned to Jabbalpur, where he was commissioned when we passed down homeward, for the sake of climate and old friends. Here, though a battalion of his old regiment was quartered in barricks, he knew none; having been abroad so many years, all home friends had died, and he determined to return to Jabbalpur, giving me "a piece of the colours of the XXth <u>one of my treasures,</u> you may like it in remembrance of old days. Itwas a great pleasure to meet you again. England is very well for those who have their ~~frien~~ friends also with them. Mine are all under the sod, or are represented by a new generation of whom I know nothing"

Onthe beach was an old sailor who said he had served on the Juna with us going out to India, and with the regiment back to Egypt, and home. On his next voyage he accidentally fell down the hold, and was so injured, that both hands had to be sacrificed; cheerful as ever, he presides over a telescope that commands all the vessels in the harbour. When crossquestioned by Whartes, an old sailor, he persisted that the ships officers were other than those we remembered, so he may be all things to all men. The daughter of a sergeant of the 7th Dn.Gds.,(linked with the Vth Dg. Guards during the Crimean War, and therefore affiliated) is now selling ~~flowers~~ flowers here, Irish by descent. Mrs M-, born at Buttevent in Vll th D.C. stopped to listen to a ranter on the beach, who said,"I served the devil for twenty years before I was converted.(I know what I am talking about)" "And why did you not serve another year, and you would have got your pinsion"?, with which thrust she passed on.

A West Indian planter tells me that Havana cigars are not to be had for 6d apiece. Connoisseurs on this side smoke them at 2/6 and in exalted spheres the cost is about 30/-. The prime tobacco is only produced on a limited area, and the whole crop is bought up by a great house. The soil on which the execellence depends should be analysed, and then the same quality might be nearly produced in other plantations in the neighbourhood - but the monopolists prefer

Colonel Bamfield came home severely wounded in the leg; for two days he had remained on the veldt before being brought in - he employed his time in writing to his wife.

Col B, leaving the main body in the river bed, advanced cautiously up the slope under a sharp fire; whilst kneeling he was wounded ~~in the leg~~; the bullet passed across just above the knee between the tendon and bone and out on the opposite side. He cried "Go on Men!" and presently finding himself alone began a letter to his wife. Late in the evening a Staff Officer returning with an order, came up and discovering him stopped to bandage up his wounds. Later some of his men came back, and as he could not be brought in, carried him under a tree, where they spent the night.

They are staying at the "Cecil" under Lady Dudley's arrangements. I lunched with them to meet Surgeon General Hamilton, who in our day at Muttra, was renowned as a marksman - and his wife. The Colonel is an amateur painter, and he and I have wiled away some pleasant hours in the Galleries and at Hertford House. At the Dudley the attendant was an old N.C.O, of his right the Welsh, and I recognised him with a pleasure that he appreciated. The walls were hung with works of the impressionist school, and the point of view had to be as distant as possible. Near at hand the design dissolved into mere splashes.

At the Temple show, whilst a group of New Yellow Colla attracted our attention, another interested observer came up, and mentioning Bulawago, we entered into conversation. A Royal Engineer, he had been there laying out the township, and on his way up, noticed in a missionary's garden a patch of this new coloured Colla, which he had never seen before; and determined

On the beach was an old sailor without hands who had served on the Jumna with us going to India, and with the regiment back to Egypt, and home: On his next voyage he accidentally fell down the hold and was so injured that both hands had to be sacrificed; cheerful as ever, he presides over a telescope and commands all the vessels in the Channel.

When crosquestioned by Whartes, an old sailor, he persisted that the ships officers were other than those we remembered, so he may be all things to all men. The daughter of a 7th D Gds linked with 6th D. Gds during Crimean War, and therefore affiliated, now selling flowers here, Irish by descent.

Mrs. M- stopped to listen to a ranter on the beach at Southsea, who said "I know what I am talking about, for I served the devil for twenty years before I was converted" - "And why didn't you serve another year, and git your pinsion"?, with which thrust she passed on.

to maintain the exclusive price.

D. H. Dunne is here yachting, whilst one of his boys is at the Gymnasium, shortly to enter the old regiment of which he is now Colonel.

Next we met Tibbetts, another Surgeon General, whom I had last seen at Nauheim on our return from Gandamack.

Long after Tippett's death, we discovered from Kosialli's chit, that the faithful old Bhisti had been with him at Fizabad till June /63 "when this man joined our predecessors the XX H. "the best servant I ever had". His chit was kept by mistake, but the old man would not serve again.

A relic of Brittevant, where her father was serving in the 7th Dr. Gds, our linked regiment during the Crimean war, though long in England, has not yet lost her native wit. She tells us that recently she waited for a minute to listen to an itinerant preacher on the common, who shouted "Yes! I served the devil for twenty years!" "Pity" she said she could not help retorting, "you had not served one more and got a pinshion".

Fl. Sr. Barnes was transferred to Inverness, where we all followed in October, Nellie taking Gwen with her; and up the Highland railway had a most enjoyable journey, through the beautiful country, now covered with snow, that General Lawrence and I traversed forty years ago. After a while we settled down on the ridge overlooking the Ness, close to Mrs. Peile, who was at Dovedale with us, and whose husband was one of the survivors of cholera, when the Manager died: The General, is hale and hearty now, and much occupied in parish affairs, helping the Bishop. Churches are almost as numerous as Mackintoshs, and another is building; all but two Presbyterian. The inhabitants gather in little clusters at street corners in animated Gaelic discussion, which we were told related to church affairs, or rather minute argument.

With a conservatory attached to the library, in which the African Sparmanma was coming into flower, and plenty of room with northern light to paint, the mid winter passed pleasantly - my niece having a talent for the brush; Eileen and her governess, revelled in the snow, and have the snow plough to keep the drive clear.

53½ 53½

A retired Officer close by is deeply interested in our Israelitish origin, and brought us some books on the subject which had been dismissed as untenable on our return from India, and the keystone of which is the Coronation Stone, Bethel, on which Jacob slept. Skene, however,

says there was no connexion between the stone at Scone and Lia Fail at Tara, and that the legend of their wanderings like those of the tribes with which they are associated, are nothing but myths and fable. Fál is the god we have in Inis-fail, isle of Fál. The Lia Fail was properly the Temair (Tara) of Fál. and temair meant man hill. The stone was also called in Fál 'mor'- the great Fáll.

This Lia Fail(throne of Fál),is reputed to have at Tara, screamed under every King it acknowledged,&with it carried the Milesian sovereignty; which shows the poetic value of these legends. Tara is explained to be Arat (Hebrew for Ark)read in western mode, from the left; &the Ark itself is believed to be buried on that hill.

As for the numerous Mackintoshs, in Nicholas Cameron's time

.Hutchinson Northumberland1778II.166.)See Hume,who quotes Walsinghampp60&Trivet p299)

Shaw, son of Macduff 6th Thane of Fife, assumed the name of Tosach - chief's son; Macduff and his descendants became hereditary governors of the town. In 1508, however, this passed to the Earl of Huntley.

After Culloden, 36 of Prince Charles' followers were executed here; and after 1745, though crowded with winter visits of aristocracy and packed with mansions of neighbouring landed proprietors built in Flemish style, there were few houses which had not plastered rooms, and were not thatched with heather or straw.

Then ~~a grandson arrived to Nellie, and~~ the groom was taken ill, and was found to be living in a loft under the stable roof, without a fireplace, and his clothing constantly damp without any means of drying; he was only a retainer.

Up the long hill, once strewn thick with the corpses of the Highlanders retreating from Culloden, we drove in the spring to the scene of that last battle in our Island, ~~and took Eileen over the field~~. The heathery ridge slopes downwards towards the pine girt prairie; The grassy mounds in line are conspicuous, graves of the slain, notable a little later mid the ruddy heather, and a little to north of the road is a depression called Stubb's hollow, and near it two thatched cottages, the King's stables, where Cumberland's staff stabled their horses.

Disguised as an English clergyman, and with a not very clean shirt, Charles landed on 25th July 1745 - on south shore of Lock-na-Nuagh - (between Moidarel and Arisaig)

with a retinue of seven followers, afterwards known as "seven men of Moidart". and sent for young Clananald, with whom among others came a kinsman, Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart, who endeavoured to dissuade him from an enterprise, hopeless without an army at his back, In their hesitation he noticed the eager sympathy of Kinloch's younger brother and appealing "You at least

will not forsake me", "I will follow you to the death", and the staunch response moved the Prince to tears. The Macdonalds hesitated no longer, so the die was cast.

In Inverness he was hospitably entertained by the Dowager Lady Mackintosh, the only house which had a room without a bed in it; hunting each morning and spending the nights at concerts and balls; never was Inverness so gay.

With banners flying and pipes, he, when Cumberland had reached Nairn, marched out to Culloden, mid huzzas and universal goodwill of the inhabitants.

The night (of 15th) was spent in an abortive march to fall on the camp at Nairn, to return utterly broken down, and dispirited. Next morning Charles had nothing but a morsel of bread and a glass of whiskey; provisions were brought in by foraging parties, but ere they could be cooked, the enemy was advancing across the plain and the 5000 fatigued and famished Highlanders had to get into position.

The clans, 5-6000 strong were drawn up across the moor towards Culloden House, west of the line of graves. Macdonalds' claimed the right as at Bannockburn, Gladsmuir and Falkirk, but placed on left were sullen under the supposed insult. The Hanovarians under the Duke of Cumberland were in two lines, each of six battalions, second facing intervals, as enechelon, to receive the formidable impetuous onset, customary among Highlanders; two guns, sixteen in all, were between each battalion.

Their shot soon ploughed the ground in front of Prince Charlie, on an eminence behind the first line, which commanded a view of the whole field, and killing the groom who lead his spare horse. This artillery fire continued for half an hour, and the clansmen mown down by it and exasperated at inaction, demanded to be allowed to charge. Before an answer came, the Mackintoshes rushed wildly against the Hanoverian centre followed by the whole right line, impetuously sweeping all before them; the English front ranks were broken, but beyond they were met by the second line bristling with bayonets, from which belched volley after volley. Lochiel, severely wounded, was carried to the rear, almost every man in the front rank was killed, and leaving the field covered with heaps of slain, the survivors fled in confusion. The terrific rush of the front wing had spent itself in vain, while the left, Macdonalds, stood sullen, slashing the heather with their broadswords, breathing rather defeat than insult. In vain the Duke of Perth called to his Glengarry regiment "Claymore!", and offered to himself become a Macdonald for the rest of his life; the angry clansmen refused to move.

Keppock rushed forward, but only a few followed, his own clan stood motionless, and he fell pierced with balls, exclaiming "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!". But as the enemy came nearer, far from avenging his death, they turned and marched off the field. A portion of the reserve retreated, colors flying and piper skirling into Inverness; but after a combat of forty minutes the Stuart hope lay dead.

A highlander of great strength Golice Macbane too badly

wounded to flee, placed his back against a turf wall, and for long with claymore and target, defied his enemies. Seeing the unequal combat, "Save that brave fellow!" cried some English Officers, but the Dragoons, maddened by the injuries he had inflicted, cut him down, though not till thirteen lay dead around him. They say the type of these clansmen is no longer to be found'; such was the drain to feed the kilted batallions :war so exhausts the 'national physique' leaving the weaker to preserve the race.

The English butchered all the wounded left on the field; with bayonet and sword; the road into Inverness was strewn thick with dead; and next day the woods were searched for fugitives, who were all massacred without mercy; a cabin in which some had taken refuge was burnt, and mid the ashes 32 blackened corpses were found.

The prisoners - men of rank spared; were treated with appaling cruelty; the prison was filled and then the Church; then they were sent in transports to London mid sufferings indescribable, one vessel had 150 confined in the hold, and only 40 survived. -By Cumberland's order wounded were deliberately slaughtered as rebels who had forfeited the privileges of war - The Duke is remembered as the "Butcher"; for his barbarity some excuse him as a German Officer.

After the battle he went into Inverness and occupied the lodging in Church Street, in which the Prince had been living. "I've had two kings' bairns as lodgers," afterwards said Lady Mackintosh, "and to tell the truth I wish I may never have another". Another savage, Genl. Hawley, writes "There be so many more homes to burn and I hope still some more to be put to death, tho' by computation there's about 7000 houses burnt already, yet all is not done."

Prince Charlie fled up the bank of Loch Ness to Gortuleg near Foyers, where he and Lovat appear to have had a stormy first meeting.

The other leaders, Chiefs of clans, Athole and Lord

George Murray, the Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilby, thinking to maintain a guerilla warfare, assembled at Ruthin Castle; we see the grey walls of its keep lower down just south of Kingussie, on the old road, as the train passes Badenock, But Charles gave the short order - "Every man seek his own safety as best he can". He had landed with seven men, now at the head of many thousands he abandoned his enterprise - rash from the beginning - & ultimately escaped to Bebencula one of the Hebrides*

Isles, where Flora Macdonald aided his escape, for which she was imprisoned for a short time in the Tower, till released in the general amnesty. From his experience among the heather he is said to have roused the admiration of his followers by the skil with which he brought down grouse on the wing*

Had the Highlanders never existed, according to Burton, Scottish History would not materially have been affected, as Highlanders did not emigrate. There were one or perhaps two Gaelic regiments, but the majority of the 20,000 Scots who followed the victorious banners of Gustavus were recruited in the Lowlands, as were also the Scots regiments in France, King's bodyguard, etc, all expatriated through hostility to England, not according to Michelet, very popular, being "saes a vin and mangeais de Mouton" So Scot, in ennumerating the comrades of Quentin Durward, has not one Highland name, only Lindsay, Guthrie, Cunningham, Crawford, etc,- mostly from Forfar.

Venison was a welcome meat, and for long afterwards we were regularly supplied; the only meat worth eating. One tenth of the country has been converted into deer forests; red deer (C. Elaphas) whilst a much greater area has been devoted to grouse which unfortunately comes to table only once a year: Bear, beaver and wolf are now extinct. The finest specimens are found in Sutherlandshire,

a stag with twelve points is Royal, but long years ago Irish were found in bogs with forty. Only a century ago venison, specially as minced collops, was a common food, and salted; some 60 head would fall in a day's shoot./a/

On the Sutherland estates (our greatest landowner) there was a memorable clearance in 1814, homes built by the peasant farmers, on land reclaimed from waste, over 794,000 acres, were pulled down over their heads and set on fire.

Strong parties for each district, furnished with faggots and other combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of this devoted people and immediately commenced setting fire to them with the greatest rapidity [redacted] till the whole [redacted] were reduced to ashes and smoking ruins. During one of those days a boat lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore; but at night she was enabled to reach a landing place by the light of the flames! /b/.

300 were burnt in two parishes alone, and in nine years, to 1820, 15,000 people were ejected, banished as imigrants, on to the

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a. Pococke. b. Mc.Leod Memories p.6.

barren bleak, West Coast, with no herbage, men who had kept 20 to 30 cows, to try and exist on a precarious herring fishery, and what shellfish they could find. Goaded by a public subscription, the landlord thought to relieve distress by a dole of meal and seedcorn, for which, however, payment was rigorously exacted, and the people were ordered to build houses of stone, or quit; men who spent their nights at sea had to collect stones all day. An eyewitness described the burning of a house in which was lying the wife's mother, bedridden, almost a century old; "the old witch" exclaimed the factor, "let her burn, she has lived too long". The blankets in which she was carried were in flames before she could be extricated, and she died in a few days. The County Population is 3,000 less than a hundred years ago when 1.782,000,725 acres were deer forests and its population is less by 3000; but the Marquis was made a Duke. According to Gilbert White this red deer was a irristable temptation to youths who possessed neither gallantry nor manhood, till they became hunters, or in fact Deerstealers.

As Mrs. W- wished to see me at Eastcote, and Arthur would arrive home invalided, early in March, I went to London, where Arthur joined and came back with me. Shortly after I returned to town for the Holyweek ceremonies. In April Barnes was again appointed to Portsmouth, and we all again went there. As Mrs. Napier was away, for the first two nights I dined with Jimmy, with a rechauffey of old times.

Shortly after Capt. Caperley, an old friend of my daughter's, arrived from China, and he and Arthur spent much of their time on his yacht.

When quartered in N.W. of Bombay Presidency, our Catholic Padre had to travel many miles, and to cross the Gulf on a raft of skins, rewarded solely by offerings which averaged some five rupees; he refused even a cigar, as he had been reduced to give up tobacco, and an occasional smoke would only cause distress. My brother Officers, non-Catholics, were on one occasion so impressed that they promptly subscribed 50 R. which I presented. He was extremely touched and said it was just what he needed for urgent repair of his little Chapel. Some time after he received a legacy which he used to enlarge it

Mont Pelee was holding festival, and some 10,000 or more visitors were mingled with its 30,000 inhabitants, and the reuption on the 8th May destroyed nearly all, by a furious blast of burning sand and poisonous gases. It is ominously rumoured that immediately before, a party of scoffers went up the Mountain and contemptously flung a crucifix into the crater. No such a parallel has ever occurred of the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah.

At the dinner Kerr presided with Downe and Brab on right and left; I sat next Southampton, Valentia and Howard Walden opposite and Gainsborough and S.P.N, just behind.

Over at Newport, we found Batho, lately P.M.O, in Guernsey, whom I met at Grahamstown as Staff Asst.-Surgeon engaged to a young lady whom he afterwards brought up to Natal; she had since

died, and he had married again. We were mutually glad to have met again, and under the umbrageous mulberry tree in his garden had a long talk of old times, of Major General Lawrence of Balaclava notoriety, of Major Blanc[illegible], whom I sent him to bring down, and he brought the body. Worried with rheumatism he is trying electric baths out of which a Doctor is making a fortune, but as B soon disappeared, either the change of climate from Guernsey, or the treatment did not prove as efficacious as each was tempting.

The summer journey across the Island was delightful, specially through the forest in centre of island.

Not till his death was announced, did we know that my old chum Charley Balders, whom we had last met as P.M. 3rd Hussars, whose Mother Lady Charlotte, in whose late house I was quartered on joining at Balincollig in 54, and who presented us each with a silk housewife, had been living on the Island for some time. We spent some time in London with Mrs. W-, and went with her to the Rose Show at the Temple, which is as brilliant as ever. On the 30th, my daughter arrived from Halifax U.S., unable to renew her annual vows through continued ill health, at a time when her mother was in bad health.

Then We were sent for a change to Brighton for the dry invigorating air, and the yatchsmen, Capt. Caperley and Arthur, came round to Shoreham. Here at the mouth of the Adur (Portes Adurin)

John landed after the death of .Richard and Charles fleeing from worcester, embarked October 1651, after spending the night at the kings head West St: his adventurous flight had been impressed on me by visits to Boscobel & the oak in which he is said to have hidden, till compelled to take refuge in the priests hole at top of the stairs on approach of his pursuers.

Disappointed of a passage from Dorsetshire, he passed through Hampshire in disguise as Mr Jackson and lay concealed at Hambledon till his companion Reuben Philips had met Col. Gunther and ascertained that he had provided a vessel at Shoreham.

One day after lunching on board Eileen and I were persuaded to return in the yacht; our voyage occupied the afternoon, for there was a dead calm. As we approached Brighton the line of houses and street lamps looked strange but pretty from the sea; we had intended ~~getting~~ dining in for dinner, but had to be content with a scratch meal on board, not till after 10 a.m. when in the darkness did we succeeded in getting in, to be carried ashore on the sailor's back.

So next time we ventured to sea, we declined the service of the yacht, and went by steamer to Eastbourne, past dread Beachy (Bean Chef) Head, whose perpendicular cliff is 575 feet high, the home of thousands of puffins and other seabirds.

The yachtsmen having exhausted their ready money in ~~stocking~~ provisions, left for Cherbourg, and found themselves stranded, for when funds arrived at the post-office, there was no one to identify them, and for some days till the Consul could be found, "mi-lords" swaggered about without a franc in their pockets. Every morning the harbour-master came for his dues, to be mollified by a drink; ~~then~~ the Consul could not identify them, but ultimately took their word as British Officers.

Early in October we were [illegible] to return to Southsea.

With Caperley and Arthur and some girls, staying with us, the winter passed gaily. The men got up a Domino dance, Ten of Clubs, as they styled themselves, which went swimmingly; the girls when dressed looked well, specially the beautiful Princess, and we held a reception beforehand that the uninvited might inspect them, which Mrs. Howe, Mrs I.P.N, and others thoroughly enjoyed. Caperley is writing a book on Japan, but from the many distractions he retired to the country to finish it! The copy is inscribed to us "in memory of many happy days beneath their roof; days which should have been devoted to the writing of this book, but which were far too pleasant to be thus wasted".

Japanese phrases were of course quite usual; here are some - O Nayo, (honourably early) means Good morning; Good evening is Kom-ban wa!, or this evening as for; and Konnishi wa! (this day is as for) means Goodday. O Yasumi Kudasai, or (less ceremoniously Nasai, that is Honourably resting, condescend - is equivalent to Good-night. Hagimete, O me ni Kakarimashitu, is In the beginning, honoured eyes have I laid (on you) that is, I am honoured in making your acquaintance.

As ghost stories in India are uncommon, Capt* Casserley related his experience of one when stationed in 1897-8 at Fort Asirgarh, Central India, - "an old stone fort in a good state of preservation with walls 40 to 50 ft high, on the summit of a hill 800 ft

in height, the last 100 ft being hand scraped and absolutely sheer and precipitious. It was first used as a fort in the 7th cent. A.D., by Asa Aheer, hence the name Asa Aheer ghar (house). Under the Mogul dynasty the fortifications were enormously extended and strengthened. Taken in 1803 by the British from Sindhia, it was given back only to be recaptured in 1819, and retained. The walls are 1½ miles in circumference and enclose the ruins of an old palace, a prison with wonderful underground cells and passages, a Mosque in perfect preservation; as also signs of the British occupation, in barracks, ruined bungalows, two small Churches and two cemetries. Until 30 years or so, ago, the garrison consisted of a British battalion, one Company of Artillery and a wing of a native regiment. But in my time there was only a detachment of 50 Sepoys and one British Officer. Even this has been taken away and it is now deserted.

I was there with Musalman Sepoys; one day my Hindu syce asked permission to leave my service, and after much pressing, stated that his reason was that he was afraid of the "Shaitans" (ghosts) in the Fort. He asserted that one night he was sitting with my butler and sword-orderley (both Musalmans) in the compound of my bungalow, which was formerly the British Soldier's Hospital, when they saw several white soldiers passing along the road by the

compound. Among them was a Sergeant smoking a pipe and carrying a lantern. The butler and orderly, being interrogated separately, confirmed his tale. Asirgarh is away out in the jungle, the nearest white men being at Khandwa, 40 miles off, and the nearest British soldiers at Mhow, nearly 100 miles away.

My curiosity excited, I interrogated my native Officer and some of the detachment, and found that the Sepoys believed that they frequently saw white soldiers in the Fort at night. In fact no sepoy would go out after dark alone, and without a lantern. One night when I was absent from the Fort, out shooting in the jungle, the sentry inside the gate (which was locked at tattoo) saw, in the dusk, a white Officer approaching the guardroom from the direction of my bungalow. Thinking it was myself, he turned out the guard, who all saw the Officer. But the mysterious visitant did not come up to them, and disappeared. Next morning the havildar of the guard reported to the native Officer that I must gave got back into the Fort without entering by the gate, as I had come down to inspect the guard on the previous night, but had turned back without doing so.

On enquiry from Officers who had commanded detachments of my own and other regiments in Asirgarh, I found that the Sepoys frequently thought they saw white soldiers around the fort at night, but no British Officer is known to have done so.

634
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Some few years ago there stood an old two storied Villa in well timbered grounds, not many paces distant, which was pulled down and replaced by an angular terrace of several large houses, the first three of which are on its actual site. Shortly before this, the late occupier had committed suicide by cutting his throat in a bedroom. The house No. 1 was taken by a widow and daughter, and when the latter entered the room behind the drawing room, appointed for her bedroom, she saw a gentleman at the toilet table apparently in the act of adjusting his tie. She rushed out and told her mother that the room was occupied by a gentleman, and when no one was found there, she became frightened and refused to sleep in that room and it was not occupied. Some time after a married daughter and her husband arrived from abroad, and to them the room was allotted. That evening, both of them on entering it, saw a gentleman at the dressing table arranging his neck tie. "Didn't I tell you so" was the younger daughter's exclamation of triumph, "and you would not believe me"! Whether the newcomers had heard the story is probable, but they had not objected to the room, and both the lady and her gallant husband saw the figure, The room has not been used since, and it is in fact locked.

That the occupants of the new house had heard of the suicide in the former house is extremely improbable, nor does there seem any close connexion than would exist with a similar suicide that happened in one of houses at the other end of the terrace.

V. (64) (65)

The following strange story was told us of a country house, where a visitor who arrived so late that his host excused himself retiring as he was fatigued by the long day's shooting; and he shortly after also went to his room. Presently he saw a young lady lying on the sofa, and wondering whether he was dreaming, he gazed at her. The door opened and a gentleman came in, and advancing to the sofa, raised his hand with a dagger in it, which he seemed about to plunge into the lady. My friend fainted. Next morning at breakfast, he recognised a lady at table as the replica of his vision, and some little while later he met her in town and she told him she was going to be married. One day when calling, he was asked by her people to accompany them to the house of her fiancee, for which they were just starting. The moment he saw him he recognised the man, who in his vision, had threatened the young lady with a dagger. Should he tell her? He decided not, and shortly after they were married and left for India.

One hears many romantic stories, sometimes one after another, and it is impossible to recall them when opportunity to note them arrives. Here is one - A smart young middy being on the sick list when the ships departed, was left in charge of a boatswain at a lonely station in the Pacific. Shortly after his time for examination arrived, so he got the boatswain to conduct the ordeal. Having passed as Acting Lieutenant became senior to the boatswain, put himself in orders as Commanding Officer, and then gave himself leave, and returned home. At Liverpool he reported his arrival to the Admiralty, and was ordered (wired) to report himself immediately. Driving to the station he found that the last train for town had just left, so he ordered a special and reported himself. The special was queried, but passed -

A story of the Austrian Emperer appears to be authentic. The son of a poor woman had for some crime been condemned to death. The distracted mother went round collecting signatures to a petition to present to the Emperor the night before his execution but was told at the palace gates that the Emperor had retired and could not be seen. In her despair she entered the ~~parish~~ village church and after praying a long time before the astar of St Anthony of Padua left her petition upon the altar In the morning she heard that the Emperor had signed the petition the doomed mans reprieve - getting access to his majesty he told her that near midnight a monk had from the neighbouring monastery had brought the petition and he had signed his reprieve. * * The Emperor rode to the monastery but the Prior assured him that no monk had been sent at such an hour to disturb his majesty and summoned all the monks to be interviewed in turn but the Emperor failed to identify his visitor. Before leaving the Emperor was escorted through the Chapel and identified the large oil painting over the altar Your Majesty must be mistaken said the Prior for that monk left this monastery ages ago * that is St Anthony of Padua. Thtt replied the Emperor was my visitor last night*

A derelict of the war appeared here, Elkington, led about at first with a shield over eyes that had been torn out by a Boer shot in the trenches; which were commanded by hills, protected by a shallow ditch with earth thrown up in front, and constantly shelled. When a shell fell, the occupants huddled together, Elkington would light a match, and at once a shell burst in his front, and a piece struck his cheek, and another cut through both optic nerves. He goes about very independently with a green eye shade, and generally with someone alongside, but is getting to resent guidance. One day his young comrade, and old friend released his arm, and he at once rocked against the lamppost. He began to learn music, and shortly afterwards at our house sat down and played the piano, and then cards, and walked about just as if he still possessed his sight. He was found in bed reading a block book outside, the bedclothes thrown over his head. You would not imagine him to be blind. He was one of two similarly injured, but he is quite happy under his unfortunate condition.

I spent Easter as usual at the Oratory, and we moved up to Town in spring for the Flower shows and Royal Academy.

About to leave London, I paid another visit to Veitch's Nursery, where in the ferneries, a clever German Schneider has during the last few years been successfully experimenting in fern crossing, not hitherto attempted, P. Schneideri being a well marked example. His skill does not seem to have been appreciated, and his labour condemned as waste of time, so he has left and is we are told, travelling for a tobacco firm, his toil ending in smoke.

Francis Thompson was rumoured to have translated portions of Sakuntula, and I enquired of his executor, who did not think he had any acquaintance with Sanscrit or any Indian friend. But it was interpreted in his poems; they reminded me of Heine; poor fellow, to whom the gift of De Quimsey's confessions attracted him to the misuse of opium, to sink in squalor and poverty, till a poor waif of the streets saved him and fled lest their relationship should be misunderstood, ~~fled~~ away so that he searched for her in vain "lovingest tender thing". Pain was to him a consecration, like St. Francis, a poverty, a divine gift. His range of reading is astonishing, and he lived in an atmosphere of Catholicism and song.

~~it th~~

My old friend J.W- is becoming feeble and for some time we have been trying to induce him to install the electric light, on account of his habit of carrying a lamp into the library in search of some print, of which there are boxes filled; in fact he rarely came home without some bargain he had picked up. His after dinner nap over, he settles down to his hobby of putting in appropriate prints to some book of poetry, just now it is Byron; and occassionally he wants to go in search of one from the adjoining library, and his hand is becoming more and more unsteady: Should he fall, or even upset the lamps on the table, he would be burnt to death, before the spreading fire had raised the alarm. Also we have persuaded him to make a fresh Will, in accordance with present circumstances and his son's marriage; This he said he had done, and the electric light was to be installed, and inaugurated at one of his bachelor dinners. So as we were leaving for Ireland, we went to say Goodbye, and found Miss W- in the dismantled drawing-room watching the workmen gilding and picking out the ceiling and fixing the electric light. Even the City yielded its attractions, he showed us the bronze statues, three pairs, for which he had given a large price to hold lights on the mantels and sideboard. Next day, On Sunday I found Mrs. W- on the sofa in the diningroom and J.W- on a chair in the window, little dreaming that we three, whose lives have so long run together would in this world never meet again.

On the 16th we crossed over to Cork via Milford, and on the 18th received news that J.W. died suddenly in his country residence.

on the very day we left London. The body was brought up to No.2 but the lights were not used, and then taken back to the country for interment. Then it appeared that he had never signed the last Will of which he had told us as he had made, and I concluded signed; for nearly seven years this house had been a home in London. For almost fifty years he and I had been friends. The dinner party never came off and all his collection of prints and old books were packed away and the house dismantled. I never again entered the house where I had always met a welcome home.

We stayed with my daughter for three months; there was an exhibition in the grounds under our old house in Cork, which the King visited on Saturday August 8th. Henry, a Director of the little railway from Monkstown, arranged that our train should run parallel, so it started as the Royal vessel passed; the line was laid with detonators which expressed our welcome up to Cork, and from the Club balcony we witnessed the procession headed by the Lord Lieutenant (Earl of Bandon) in a creditable turnout with outriders, through the crowded streets of loyal people, who, whatever their faults, respect the occupant of the throne.

At the luncheon, the Mayor seeing that the Queen was scarcely eating anything, said "Sure M'am your after eating nothing" he was knighted.

A hurricane for twenty four hours spread havoc around, tall elms, with widespreading surface roots, swayed and snapped, or fell around the house, and pines top heavy with no tap root, bent lower and lower, ever threatning to crash down. In the neigh-

69

bourhood many a tree that will be missed, has fallen; at the College, old Elms block the drives and are being sawn in pieces leaving huge gaps in the upper avenue. At Lea Hall, the large mushroom-shaped purple beech in the field near the river lies prostrate, its great bowl of earth standing like a huge target erect towards the house, and unfortunately too unweildy to be replaced. The result was that every lofty elms near the houses were cut down, as too dangerous neighbours. The elm will send out lateral roots near the surface for a distance of 40 yards- each of which will send up suckers, till the old tree is surrounded by a forest of its own family. Perhaps because the seeds are being winged, and carried to a distance to fall, and mostly perish. The tree is interesting as its ancestor is conjectured to have been brought home by Crusaders from Palestine, where it is also found.

In a water colour painted some fifty-four years ago, the line of lofty elms above Rookhurst, shown as a villa, are not seen, nor yet a similar tree which had been cut down as too near the house. They must therefore in the meantime have grown rapidly to some fifty feet.

Arthur and his wife came over to Kinsale and took a draft to India. Eileen and I met them at Queenstown. Shortly after a telegram to Welbeck announced the death of Lord William Bentick (Nov.4th) at Ismaila on his way to India; his brother and Lady Henry were with him; another departure, strange that both Dongie and he, whom it struck me greatly resembled one another, should both have died suddenly from heart disease. As we were

Walter H. Carol. (1798 p153.

crossing to Southsea I was unable to attend the Memorial Service at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

On our next visit we travelled by Fishguard, and returning viewed the shore with great interest. Here, towards the end of February (1797) a hundred years ago,-some 2000 French were landed, piloted by Irish, out of range of the battery, and were left on the beach without tents and only two days' rations. The Welsh flocked in from all sides and in that time, 8000 of all sorts were assembled, mostly armed only with picks, and straightened cythes, and pitchforks; there were no old soldiers among them, but two or three half-pay officers took the lead. There were also some 400 women, with red flannel over their shoulders, whom the French thought were soldiers, so that without food and intimidated, they lay down their arms under promise of their lives; They were sent into Haverford West; some 200 missing straggled about the country. Their arms arrived in 30 carts, 1900 muskets and bayonets, and cartouche belts each containing 19 rounds of cartridges and bullets, several kegs of powder and boxes of musket balls and 18 brass drums on which were painted the tree of Liberty.

16 cartloads of kegs of powder arrived at Haverford West, secreted in caves at Fishguard, and some 2000 stand of arms were found buried in sand, for before leaving Brest they had been told that several thousand Welsh would join them.

71

An unfortunate incident in the Naval Manoeuvres has caused excitement - Five submarines and several destroyers were scouting off the Nab Light Ship in somewhat foggy weather on the lookout for the attacking Home Fleet from Sandown Bay with diving and A.I. and was struck by the Berwick Castle outward bound about 3 p.m. and sank immediately with 2 officers and 8 men. The junior Sub Lieut. had volunteered for the occasion, only son of an Admiral living at Gosport. Day by day anxious eyes had watched the salvage boats working over the wreck. At last after 31 days it was lifted and swung beneath the lighter. In somewhat foggy weather the melancholy procession began to move about half past two into shallow water of St Helens bay, where the freight was hauled up taut. The Belos (salvage ship) too towed, and on one side was a destroyer with Captain Bacon on board, and tug and Dromedary (salvage) on left, and another followed. Very cautiously did the little fleet come in, but off Clarence Pier got aground, fortunately after some delay was refloated and taken into the Dockyard.

On opening the vessel next morning Lt. Mansergh was standing upright in the Conning tower, all were at their posts in the different compartments: partially stripped as usual when below on account of the heat. The bodies were placed in coffins and taken to Haslar, where an inquest was held, and at five o'clock an imposing funeral, attended by 53 officers and over 400 seamen on Duty and many others who voluntarily joined the mourners. The band of H.M.S. Excellent headed the procession, which we witnessed from the Hospital grounds, having first visited the graves which were tastefully decorated with flowers.

Mrs Elms for some years the subject of cancer, has succumbed after several operations which no doubt postponed the inevitable end; her youngest boy, tea-planting in Assam, arrived in time to see her. My friend later married his daughters' governess who shortly after, suffered from sclhirrosis of liver which he persuaded himself was contracted cancer. Soon after her death his tongue became affected; the piece was removed but he died.

72

A Colonel who came with the idea of settling here, was taken into the Club, and on his return expressed an unfavourable opinion, for they, the members, were all a lot of old fossils. His boy with a turn for Natural history, made no remark, but went next morning over to the Club, and asked the Hall Porter if he might be permitted to see the fossils,"my father says you have a lot of them here". The man was puzzled and took him to the Secretary, to whom he renewed his request. That Official assured him that this was a Club and not a Museum, "But my father told us" affirmed the disappointed lad.

For years we have ceased to resort to **planchette** for amusement, but it seems there is one in the house, and as Everard was with us and greatly interested, it was hunted up. Nell writing asked who E was in love with? It was a casual question and no one expected the immediate reply."Lady Mary - " Where is she? "At - " Then across the room to E "Do you know Lady M - ". He replyed with a blush and came eagerly over to inspect the writing and was confounded for she was staying at the place named and only he in the room knew; was the thought transferable. Nell tells us once her husband asked to what ship he would be appointed? "One beginning with R " was the reply. "Nonsense there is no likelihood" Shortly after he found himself appointed temporarily to the Russell

77

Batho, who was in Natal with me, is ~~a~~ M.O. in the Isle of Wight, and Colonel Holmes and I went over; the road across the Island is ~~de~~ delightful, his Cape wife died some time ago & he has ~~re~~ married again; we sat under a mulberry tree & talked of the old Cape days & of his journey up country to bring down Major Blaymire & brought back ~~his~~ his body* We had to repeat the visit to finish the reminiscences* After a year's submersion the unfortunate A[illegible] was towed in solemn pr procession (Dec.) led by Trinity boat into dock, & next day ~~as solemnly~~ buried* The bodies were One of them son of our friend the Admiral' did not belong to the vessel but volunteered for the occasion to perish* We the bodies were through a concourse of people to the cemetery; we had a close view of the long procession from the grounds of Haslar Hospital as it wound into the cemetery*

Elliot, with whom I corresponded, being in Brighton broken in health I went to see him & had a long talk over Balaclava which refreshed my memory. An acquaintance Miss H. ~~is~~ organising a series of lectures on Music and Elmes chose Mozart and Weber, whilst I took Beethoven and Wagner; Green, old Bandmaster, now R.M.A., sent me a quartet who gave illustrations. giving "a vivid description of the Master, his character, & the circumstances under which many of his works were produced; showing a keen appreciation of the immortal creations of this great genius" Wagner was a more difficult subject, it was not so easy to attempt useful illustrations without a full orchestra. Miss Elmes however gave a touching rendering of the prayer

In August we went with a ~~[illegible]~~ party to Cowes, and had an excellent view of the illuminations and fireworks from near the Royal yacht.

78

On the fiftieth anniversary of Balaclava, Sandeman & Godman gave a dinner at the Junior to the survivors within reach for which I went up to the Langham: in the evening sitting in the lounge next me waes a face that seemed to revive old memories, without my being able to recognise it; he was talking to his daughter about shore-rights in Wales & business there-with at the Admiralty, We entered the Club simultaneously, & uncloaking I at once recoginsed Tom Hampton (or Lewis); we had not met for forty years. There sat down from left to right' S Sandeman Wm Russell of the Times Genl H Mussendnn 8th Hussars, Col Geo Philips, 23rd Regt, (to which I was first gazetted) Myself, Col Hampton-Lewis, Genl R.T. Godman CD Halford, & Col Swinfen all V D G ds, Genl A Nugent & Prendergast of the Greys. and sir Henry de Bathe * Other survivors were unavoidably absent' Ellict (Scarlets A.D.C.) through illhe health Clyn of the Royals Wombwell and Tredegar XVII th Lancers & Capt Percy Smith 13th Hussars. Russell, now ~~old~~ ie very infirm; we rad ind- of our meetings at Oppenheims Store over sour claret and news from the front* There is a story of Russell & his Diary worth repeating: he & Delane & another were travelling together when a dispute arose about some date which Russell said whs in his diary & produced it but at the same time lost his eyeglass inside his clothing & un- able to see it, he handed the book over to Delane who read "Delane tells me such is the case, but he is such an awful liar that one dosent know*

Chap. XXX

Et Apres.

In Feb 1906 Mrs W. was seriously ill and I went up to be near her: she was for ~~several days unconscious~~ several days she was scarcely conscious but managed to mutter she would endeavour to come back: she recovered but was ever afterwards an invalid. In Augt she was brougth down by her daughter Mrs Hand Lilas and the Doyles we recieved her at appartmenas on the front and were with her as often as possible, but she could not leave her bath- chair. In the following spring Miss H. went with me to the Cathedral, and was astonished at the numgers of men who attended ourservices: ~~and was~~ but we got wet coming back and again I had double pneumonia: Father H. adminis- tered the last Sacraments though in my opinion I was not going to die day and night nursed. A month was spent in reading and preparing subjects for painting, till able to be driven about.

Lying awake one night after recovering, I perceived a mist in front of me, condensed into the form of a girl, approached my bed; as I raised myself to observe it the head seemed to to lean forward over my bed, but the face was indistinct. I put my hand to touch it, and felt nothing, but the figure receded, and then seemed to sink into my Wife's bed and disappear. "Are you awake?" I called out. "Did you see that -that figure leaning over me?". But she had seen nothing. Resmuning my first position I endeavoured to solve the evident illusion, and notised that a slender beam of light from the street, struck the windowframe and was projected through the folds of lace curtains towards where the figure had appeared as I was lying on the pillow, and which - in my raised position- disappeared.

In autumn we crossed over to Cork to recuperate and stayed with our daughter and returning, went up to see Mrs Wiseman. Eileen going back returning to Hillside School

The summer was spent at Emsworth near our old friends the Osburns, Facey old stocking and his family, and the old peopte at Winsley, Jonny Green and [illegible] a wife, Here also we mel Major & Mrs Pelly, a relative of Sir Louis With a boy in the navy at Portsmouth, and who afterwards followed us, when the house proved damp & unsafe, & we returned to Southsea.

There were a variety of Fungi in the adjoining fields besides the usual Agarics, Blewits (A Personatus), delicious Marasmius in circles of every size, Hygrophorus Virg, & Niveus, ivory white and others one could a[illegible]

P3

always cllect a basket full no-one would enjoy them with me there was only one poisonous species repulsive in gaudy coloring whobich turned from crimson to purplish black when gathered ✗The musician who in Halifax used to beguile me at her piano on the Arm in Halifax is maried to a n Ra officer in the neighbourhood, and Capt (Jonnie) C reen ✗ wife are also here✗

Elliot Scarletts A D C in Crimea has after a long illness gone (1st July) to his rest RI P * Swinfen Writes No doubt our kind friends look upon us as fossils

look upon us who have so long passed the allotted term of life as fossils and so we are in many respects but as dear Aleck Elliot used to sing in one of his songs " our hearts are both youthful & mellow "*& thats is something to be grateful for at any rate

A magnificent fleet was reviewed by tKing Edward off Cowes in july ✗ itt extended far into the Solent so that we obtained a good view from the pier at Lee ✗ Browndown CampEileen s scholfellow From Guernsey is staying with her Browndown was the scene of Englands last fatal duel years before the fort was built(20thMay)45; Capt Seton was fatally wounded by LT Hawley RM. but at the trilal was acquitted as his Advocate argued that death resulted foom the surgeons extraction of the bullet

Meeting Majo r Pelly one eventng (6th of May)10 we got the evening bulletin & concluded that the Kings case was hopeless &.in fact he died that nightWhen Mrs George K, called to seehim the Queen herself took her into the room & shewed her the body of her father* There flashed through my mind that scene of Marie Correlli s where the prince of another world asks to have a good look at him that he may recognise him the more readily hereafter

In September our old X X friends Webster were over at Ryde the daughter is staying there with her husbands people lately a Judge in Cey lon where the boys are teaplanting the eldest travels over the world as a an expert teataster & is shortly t marry a Frfnch lady.

In January we went to Bournemouth and stayed with the Banfields whose smoking den is most comfortably draped with carpets and other Moorish presents from Kaid Maclean an old brother officer We visited the Napiers at Hinton Admiral Mrs N died some time ago suddenly: immy and the elder girl hagone over to Clopton for a meet of the hounds & ball The Durhams who have setthed close by came over to lunch so we were quite a regimental party and later an Admiral whso had served in the Crimea joined us We next visited the Durhams Phil has ornamented the hall with paneling self carved and in the shrubberyhe he has built a fitted up a workshop odecorated with paintings and sketches from his hand he was one of the regimental artist band Returning through London I dined with Mrs W iseman and for the last time taking with me our latest addition a dimunitive Pug which she placed in front of her and admired I always thought you disliked Dogs was her comment; I got my first pet was a present from her daughter & She is now at Windsor Cort with in a stones throw of her old abode, Orme Square.

2

A Southsea acquaintance staying in the house has been reduced to attempting the stage. The sisters came as strangers their mother in delicate health and father engrosed in his profession, left to themselves they found amusement & entertained young naval officers who, as casual visitors on shore for a sprey, lounge about between the hotel bars & the teasops with such society as they can pick up, even at times marrying the barmaid. The Military Subs. quartered here for a definite period, & so far residential, are more strictly looked after. One afternoon the girl was taken by her companion into the Registry office & went through a marriage ceremony just for a lark, for which he gave a five pound note. The Captain had gone on leave, & had entrusted the boy as acting paymaster with the cash, on his return there was a deficiency this note was missing and traced to the Registry office, so the marriage was made public. Dismissed the service the boy went to Canada where the wife followed later, to find him without employment, at the end of his means in a room almost bare of furniture and verging on starvation. Her father went out and brought her back to give birth to a child that fortunately survived only a short time and she obtained a divorce ... ...

Returned to Southsea we heard that Elmes had died of Cancer for which the tip of the tongue had been removed some time ago had been buried at Wymering near his first wife; the ashes of the other had been taken over to her people in Germany. Doyle, 'after prolonged suffering' - good Catholic though he was - had also been carried off by the same scourge

Henry's mother succumbed after an operation

Another submarine disaster occured early in 1912 (Feb 2nd) almost on the same spot as before; A3 at manovers in passing under the mother ship struck it with the conning tower disabled her screw, a rush of air showed that she had gone down with 44 officers, Ormand in command, Thornton, Colin Campbell and Richardson. Owing to the absence of the O/C on leave Ormaad who had only been six weeks married, volunteered for the service and was lost, Brodie who had that morning slipped on the frosty ground and dislocated his knee, escaped, but he had once saved the life of his junior at great risk, hampered by heavy clothing and sea-boots, when off Cromer in july 09 C11, commanded by his cousin, collided with the S* S* Eddystone and 13 of her crew perished. This timee the submarine was raised in six weeks andn on 15th of Ma ch the bodies were buried

After a long illness Mrs Murphy has departed, & Clifton becomes another Sisterhood in Cork; the garden was one of my chief pleasures there & the passionflower I brought from Roscrea, a great attraction. Her husbann had been created a Count oby Powe Pius & had written a book on the Chofch, of which he gave me a copy shortly before his death.

Then my Dearest friend of all whose affection had never faltered through these many years quietly, in presence of her Grand daughter quietly ceased to breathe. Her secretary, in hwhom she had unbounded confidence, having discovered that provision was made for her

in the will was found to be surreptitiously administering morphia to hasten matters & dismissed*

Elliot had b en dead some few years) now Tom (Hampton -Lewis) has gone in a at Bodior one f his places in Anglesea he has been blind for some time & at Xmas his daughter wrote that Godman wcomplains he is also afflicted with old age & that he cannot any longer do much hunting & has had to give up dearstalking but thanks to my doctor I am getting on well although for years I used to put down a bottle of champaigne every night, I only drink barleywater & milk it is 18 months since the last operation - but my sight is not improving, & in right eye am stone blind; Iam getting Kinglake read to me, then Russell "

We now moved to Addlestone where a suitable house has been found; but the son of my old friend Beale(who lived once he in the neighbourhood) who has till lately been Dean of K*C*L* says the neighbourhood is so damp that he had toleave it ;There are in fact too many treesand their bark is clothed with moss on all sides; but we are on gravel in which however you find water at a depth of 4 feet* in this gravel polished flints are found abound; evidently an old seaside* Some of the trees areverydeal old ;

On our lawn is a fine huge Sequoia one of a line though tso what is points no neighbour can explain; behind is a row of Birch trees neath which deadly Which appear masses of deadly scarlet Amanita; but in compensation further along' one finds the delicious Morchella Esculenta alas too few but

we are encouraging it by soil brought from pinewoods on the way to Woking where a basket of Fungi can always be gathered in season among the rotten wood* on the Neighbouring golf linrs clumps of beautiful Blewits are found heliotrope tinted at the end of the lawn is a circle of trees ten including two Spanish oaks(Q*Suber) and in a line therewith two similar circles equidistant in SW direction whose object is forgotten This was once in Windsor Forest & is reputed to have been a favorite hunting ground of Queen Elizabeth who is reputed to have used an old mansion as a hnnting box hereabouts the house though Crouch Oak only a quarter mile away rather than box hing usutlly under the oak now called Crouch though only a quarter away- return to th e old house whose low ceilings are days*

We occasionally drove to Windsor whnre Swinfen Poole are in quaters as Military Knights of Windsor Chertsey we pass the old Church

We occasionally drovn ts Windsor where my old friend Swinfen and now Poole are knights*Chertsey has a legend about its Curfew bell which originally hung in the Abbey and tolled for the funeal of Hen* VIth murdered in the Tower and buried here " without priest' oferk' torch or taper' singing or saving*" Here according to legend' Blanche Heriot' to save the life of her sweetheartNeville'condemned to die at sundown' climbed the curfew tower and held the bell- clapper to prevent the curfew being rungthat night* a story that Albert Smith dramatised*

At Kidderminster the reverse occurred for a traveller returning from Bridgenorth Fair lost his way and wandered to the edge of a precipice and in another moment would have fallen when suddenly the curfew rand and revealed his direction; in gratitude he left a bequest ts provide for the ringing of the curfew at that hour for alr time*

In October my friend & Dr Fortescue whom I had known a baby boy in Perth died at the British Museum after a long illness leavtng a lasting memorial in the Subject Catalogue; seldom did I enter the Library without calling to enquire for him his brother Lawrence With pride he would speak of the fifty miles of shelving, soon to be extended in the new wing Each year adds some 30,000 books and 250,000 newspapers, those from the country going to Hendon. The Reading room seats some 450 for an average of 700 readers, In student days I worked in the long room, and my perpetual green ticket, had it been kept all these years would have saved the renewals* Years ago at Aldershot I had a book from the Library with sketches of the Himalayas & some years after wrote for the full title but the Book could not be found: further enquiry elicited that "The Library" was now at the Club, & the Book by a Lady was in Prince Alberts * In vain I sought it in the Catalogue, and appealed to Fortescue; Dr Garnet was there & said, Come with me." & took me into the maze of shelves below. Presently he halted and searching closely, picked out the volume. What wonderful memory!

On my birthday this year I was greeted as the only surviving medical officer of tie campaign active in mind & body.

At the end of the year Codman also died he had just been gazetted Colonel of the old Green Horse, & his wife tells me he heard of the appointment just before he died. A keen soldier he subsided into the country Squire. only Swinfen & myself remain of the Crimean Green Horse

60

At Mass we were astonished to see the Tobins from Halifax' they are staying with their nieces the Mapothers who have come here for health; they went on to Rome, & later came back on their way home in spring*

Eileen was married :(June 3rd) at St Charles Borromeo Weybridge' to Lt* L Lionel Pelly R* N* whose family are old acquaintances he has recently returned from China, whence he used to send her many tokens of regard*

We went over to Windsor to see the Swinfen's ;& later Eileen & I spent some hot hours at the Flowershow at Holland Park; in the following week we drove over to Windsor to the local Show ; & left early to visit the Castle but neither the Swinfens nor Poole were in we were disappointed for Swinfen has been growing weaker from Heart trouble & when winter permitted of my going over to see him he was too weak to see me : I never in fact saw him again ; he passed away on M* 22nd June, & was buried at the family vault in Kensal Green on the 26th Eileen drove me over & I followed my old chum to the requiem Mass* Two officers & a few men followed & of the old green horse & detachments of 2nd Lifeguards, & with Band & Coldstrea followed through the crowded streets* R* I * P *

Russell is very infirm' and in fact survived only a few more years* As God man got into Halfords Brougham' Tom remarked" And he has 3000 a year"* we walked home together talkang of old times' and of that memorable dinner at Leeds given by Halford' memooable for the winebill*; also of his fencing with the girl's mother at Holyrood Palace and the Cottonspinners dinner at Burnley with its early morning ride;* next morning we breakfasted together with his daughter; he owns a large part of Anglesea' with two residences which ou naval daughter has since visited ; then he went off to the Admiralty on estate business' and we parted never to meet awain *

Phillips joined the 8th Hussars in 51 ' and at Balaclava had his horse shot under him; and with Pte Brown' wounded in both hands' was attacked by Lancers whom Phillips kept at bay with his revolver' till they were recalled; when the two escaped back to their lines*

The view is one of great beauty and endearing charm, and the landscape is limned with the "touches of sweet harmony." It comprises a survey of several counties, with the Thames meandering at the base; the historic Runnimede in the foreground; and the towers of Windsor Castle rising on an eminence in the west. From the contemplation of a scene so idyllic Denham wrote the beautiful lines:—

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs:
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet Eternity.

armed themselves in any way they, as individuals, think best, and who are quite unable to act together to attain the end in view." With the best will in the world no good can result from the employment of a rabble.

It is useless to float great companies to manufacture stuff of the nature that has already been made, and well made, by others unless the commercial organisation is such that markets will not only be held, but extended; unless the technical organisation is such that new methods and new products can be created to meet the needs of the times, and unless our professional organisation is such that the best