

V

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN AT HOME AND ABROAD

IN the many vicissitudes to which we, as mortals, are exposed in the battle of life, even the most casual observer must be impressed by the great contrast afforded in the sheltered lives, the calm and peaceful paths in which some seem privileged to walk from the cradle to the grave, untouched by this world's sorrows and disappointments; and the storm-tossed experiences, the buffetings of fate, of others apparently selected to endure in their full intensity the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

In my own case, at my husband's death, the uneventful years of childhood, the wonderfully happy girlhood at Hampton Court, the domestic occupations of my London home, when babies arrived in rapid succession, and the tending of an invalid husband, which had hitherto occupied my thoughts and cares, became tales of the past, in the stern necessity of facing the more strenuous duties of the upbringing and education of five children, varying in age from seven to fourteen, and the selection of their future careers, these matters having been sadly neglected in the serious illness of the previous years. My father-in-law, whose judgment and advice would have been invaluable to me, died but a few months later, and the only assistance I received in these difficulties was my dear mother's kindness and help in affording me and my children a second

home at Hampton Court, and the counsel and advice given by the children's guardians, my cousin, J. Stopford Ram, Esq., dear old Dr. Freshfield, a warm friend and wise counsellor, and also Sir Bargrave Deane, at that time President of the Divorce Court, whose grave and decorous demeanour giving constant reminder of the sanctity of the marriage tie, seemed so well suited to his position in the Divorce Court. He and Lady Deane were warm friends and many pleasant luncheons were enjoyed at their invitation in the delightful surroundings of the Inns of Court and the agreeable society of leading men of the Bar. Lady Deane would give us many amusing examples of the gratitude of suitors in Sir Bargrave's court for the relief afforded from undesirable husbands and wives, and of the peculiar ways in which this gratitude was expressed, and of one man particularly thankful for his escape from connubial worries who in his gratitude declared he must send a Christmas gift to Mrs. Deane of what he valued most in the world and which turned out to be an over-ripe example of some special kind of melon.

Like other women placed in a similar position, my great wish was to make up as far as possible to my children for the severe handicap they had experienced in losing their father at so early an age; to become, in fact, both father and mother in one—a task which experience teaches us is somewhat difficult of achievement; while the ardent desire to find for my sons (endowed with many natural gifts) professions and careers in life best suited to their capacities and tastes and their future advancement in life, coupled with the firm conviction that a thorough mastery of foreign languages was the great secret of success, governed all my educational schemes and inspired the determination to obtain the best training available, both at home and abroad.

With these objects in view, the first move was to find suitable preparatory schools for my two younger boys and a vacancy, though late in the day, at a house at Eton for my eldest son, then thirteen years old.

In recalling my first visits to Eton, I have still vividly in mind the great kindness shown by the several Eton masters to whom I applied, armed with introductions from mutual friends, and who, with much-appreciated forbearance, made no criticism regarding the failure to enter names at an earlier date, in the sympathetic recognition of the peculiar circumstances of the case. Mr. Luxmoore and Mr. Vaughan, honoured Eton names, were especially helpful, and but a fortnight elapsed after these personal interviews before vacancies were found in their respective houses for my eldest son in the immediate future and for my youngest boy later on, while my second son, whose health required a prolonged sojourn in South Africa, was placed at Evelyngs, Mr. Worsley's excellent preparatory school, pending his departure for the Cape in the following year.

The assistance given by friends at home was almost equalled abroad by French and German professors whom I approached but two years later in my foreign educational campaign seeking for reliable families of good standing where I could place my younger sons, and for tutors who could best prepare their elder brother then working for the Diplomatic career.

In a seven-weeks' tour in various parts of Germany I visited sixteen German towns, and commencing my inquiries at Hanover and in other northern districts, where the purest German is spoken, I proceeded to southern German localities, including Weimar, Darmstadt, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt and Heidelberg, with the object of placing my sons in different households and of obviating

the danger of the exclusive use of their own language by brothers placed in the same family or school.

This tour was of exceptional interest as revealing the extraordinary thoroughness of the German system of education and the splendid way in which professors in the schools and universities, and parents at home, ably second State efforts in this direction. For instance, to preclude interruption in classrooms and distraction from work in hand, the temperature of these rooms was ascertained by tubes carried through the walls and all heating arrangements in the school manipulated from outside. Nor could one fail to recognize that the teaching of patriotism to children from quite an early age, as part of their school instruction (a system ridiculed in this country until Lord Meath and other patriots realized its importance), undoubtedly fosters a love of King and Country and a greater devotion to the Fatherland. Maps and pictures hung on the walls of the classrooms, replaced every week to give new representations of German military prowess, German supremacy in world politics and the leading part played by that country in the culture and civilization of the world, undoubtedly had some influence on the enthusiastic youth of the day. Again, one could not but appreciate the wise discrimination which, after giving to the children of all ranks a first-class state-provided education up to twelve years, distinguished from that age between the promising and less hopeful pupils, and, while supplying the excellent continuation classes in *ober-schules* and gymnasiums for those who could profit by them, relegated other children of an inferior mental calibre to domestic employment or work on the farms. Is there not also something to be said for the method adopted, not only in Germany but in other continental countries, of sending boys and girls of the upper ranks to the excellent elementary

schools provided and thus saving the double expense incurred by English parents in paying heavy preparatory school fees for their own children, while having as well to finance a free national education for all other classes? Nor has it been found that this association of one and all in the schools during instruction precludes the close and more intimate acquaintance with children of their own class when once school hours are done. But when it comes to the position allocated to sports and games in modern education, English and German opinions will certainly be at variance, for, if the fetish of sport is carried too far in this country, few will fail to maintain that the qualities of endurance, discipline and "give and take," essential features of youth and manhood, which we believe are undoubtedly fostered in the exercises and athletics forming part of public-school life, are not better inculcated at an early age than left to mature in the swagger military organizations and clubs, in the duels and face-slashings of Heidelberg and other universities in later life. But these are experiences of more than fifty years ago—time may have brought many changes in 'Deutsche' habits and customs, though strongly marked militarist tendencies still seem to keep the upper hand.

My stay with Frau and Fräulein Nienstadt at Weimar is amongst the pleasurable recollections of my foreign experiences. Mother and daughter (the latter married an Englishman later and suffered some severe restrictions during the Great War), were a charming couple, though failing to boast the prefix "Von," without which they had not the *entrée* into high circles. Here, in this delightful spot of fascinating associations with Goethe and Schiller, my youngest son later found a home and the care and attention necessary at his early age, and here such a mastery of German and French was gained that

he won, later, at Eton, the prizes for foreign languages two years running, justifying the importance I had attached to linguistic advantages. Each of my children paid visits to this same German family in later years, regarding its various members as warm and valued friends.

The time spent in France also in search of families and schools where perfect French could be learnt, though interesting in its way, had not the attractions of the German tour. Nor did I note amongst the French people I came across the importance attached to a first-rate education so apparent in Germany. The French professors with whom I became acquainted, though honestly desirous of doing their best for their pupils, seemed to lack the intense interest and enthusiasm of the German educational authorities. My most vivid impression of the particular professor, from whose house my son attended the Lycée close at hand, is of a tall, gaunt figure, arrayed at any hour of the day in a dressing-gown and skull-cap.

But the great success of my research work in France was the discovery of the charming Reveillaud family—a homely, devoted mother, interesting daughters, and clever and intellectual sons, though, like the Nienstadts, members of the bourgeois class. Her “little son,” as Mdme Reveillaud called my youngest boy, who was only ten years old when placed in this French entourage, regarded her as a second mother, while, again, as in the case of the Nienstadts, a lasting friendship was established and visits frequently paid by my children and grandchildren to Versailles in later years! The devotion of Madame to her adopted son was shown in many ways during those two years he remained in her charge, and on one occasion was notably demonstrated in the absolute refusal to allow the Health Commissioners to take him to a smallpox hospital when a severe attack of chicken-pox caused the

suspicion that he was suffering from the more serious complaint. How much one wishes for the opportunity of repaying such great kindness, all the more necessary where the tender years of the child necessitated motherly care even more than educational facilities !

These trips abroad, first to find domiciles for the different members of the family, then to take them to their several destinations, and later to fetch them back to this country, stand out in vivid remembrance. It was a frequent joke amongst relations in those days that I placed my sons all over Europe in order to gain the desired excuse for fetching them home again, in the expeditions abroad I loved so well !

I remember now the daily walk after taking the waters at Hamburg and victimizing my youngest son, then a proficient German scholar, with the repetition of German declensions in the vain hope of impressing them on my memory—the time when I fetched my elder son from Halle to bring him for a few days' holiday to Berlin—and the kindly interest shown by a German officer travelling in the same train, whom we later discovered was of high standing in the Army, and who befriended us in every way while in the great city. Again, the astonishment and reproof of the guard on a German train, who insisted that I must accompany my youngest boy, then returning to the Nienstadts and not allow him to travel alone at such an early age ! And still fresh in my mind is the letter of the German professor who, when my second son chafed under the constant supervision considered so necessary in the German educational system, wrote, with the greatest sympathy, " We also have a son who gives us sorrow ! " And once more, the politeness of the two German officers into whose railway carriage I was, on another occasion, unceremoniously bundled by the porters

at the last moment, having nearly missed my train; the bowing and clicking of heels which ensued when the two men in question most helpfully picked up and deposited my various boxes on the rack above, as the train moved out of the station, and the kindness with which other officials would run by the train as it left the terminus, to impress upon me where to change and where to get out! Certainly in those days there was politeness and courtesy to record in my foreign travels, though in the case of Army officers there seemed the general opinion that an outward veneer of extreme politeness was strictly enjoined in military training whatever depths of villainy were concealed below. For the time, however, this conduct compared favourably with the disgust and impatience many an Englishman would probably have evinced, if expected to act as a railway porter!

Nor must I omit, in telling of the help given to my family abroad in the acquisition of foreign languages, the experiences of my eldest son a few years later at the house of the so-called Mlle de la Pompe who derived her synonym from the name of the street in which she lived. It was here that so many budding diplomats were sent to gain a thorough knowledge of the French tongue and to acquire a true Parisian accent.

This lady, of very uncertain age, lived with an elderly mother and, by a combination of firmness and common-sense and probably some powers of sarcasm, kept the young men—in whom she took the keenest interest—steady to their work and impervious to the temptations of the French capital in the guiding principle impressed on them that, if they looked for success in their examinations (and nearly all were keen on a diplomatic career) it was folly not to make everything subservient to these ends and to refuse to concentrate for a short time on the

object in view. Marvellous also was her administration of domestic economy in making once a week a large fowl provide the midday meal for five hungry young men without arousing any serious disaffection.

Mlle de la Pompe had, naturally, her favourites, and I recollect the warm terms in which she spoke of the present Lord Berners, the talented musician and artist, who was studying French at her house at the same time as my son. The place was strongly recommended by the Foreign Office authorities as propitious for the acquisition of French, but it must have been a queer *ménage* while the dear old mother added to the peculiarities of the establishment by remaining totally aloof from her surroundings—only exclaiming as any fresh difficulty arose, “ Qu’est ce que c’est que ça vis à vis de l’Éternité.”

CHRISTMAS AND SUMMER VACATIONS

But I am anticipating events, for these foreign tours occurred at a later date. In 1898 and 1899 holidays were spent at Nairn or at my cousin’s (Mr. Whitmore) small country place in Gloucestershire; more memorable was my first visit to South Africa with those who were then making the history of that country; these were the chief events in the family records of these years.

It has been said that the most enjoyable moments in a fond parent’s life are found in the home-coming of their sons from school at the end of the term, and the second happiest moments on their return to their several destinations when the holidays are over. Certainly in my case there are most pleasurable recollections of the recurrent holidays of Christmas, Easter, and above all, the summer-time spent in Gloucestershire or in Scotland.

Our London house had been kept up partly for the

reason given by a cynical observer, that the great metropolis was the most convenient jumping-off place for visits elsewhere, and partly because the facility with which it let, in those prosperous Victorian days, justified our visits abroad and holidays spent in the places most in favour at the moment. Nairn, with its lovely air, delightful surroundings, and pleasant society composed to a great extent of friends with young people of the same age as my own children, had great fascinations, and more particularly appealed to us as being the home from time immemorial of our Scotch ancestors, of whom we were justly proud—the Roses of Kilravock. In the sixteenth century one of these ancestors figured amongst the four claimants to the throne of Scotland, and all through the succeeding centuries, Cawdors and Roses, close neighbours, had the great distinction of being constantly at war with one another—the height at which Kilravock stands giving considerable advantage in those days over the lower placed Cawdor Castle.

Coming nearer to our own times, the Burgoyne connection with the Roses was effected by the marriage of my grandfather, Sir John Burgoyne, then only a Captain in the Royal Engineers, quartered at Fort George, with the beautiful and witty Miss Rose of Holme Rose—first cousin of the Roses of Kilravock. It was a love match and their mutual admiration and attachment to one another lasted throughout their whole lives, till my grandfather's death at the age of eighty-nine was followed by his wife's decease but a few months later.

My grandmother figured in the pages of a book entitled *The Journal of a Highland Lady*, from which a certain part of its contents had later to be eliminated as a too faithful presentation, given in its first edition, of the failings and scandals of Highland society of that date. Lady

Burgoyne, or as she then was, Miss Rose, was there described as a "woman of great beauty, fascination and wit," and it is interesting to follow the various vicissitudes of one who, from being the gayest of her sex, fell under the influence of a great Nonconformist Divine, and became herself a confirmed dissenter. The lovely expression of her countenance in the years I remember her testified to the spiritual peace and happiness she had acquired, and to the complete surrender of her whole being to higher influences. With these connections it is not surprising that we greatly valued the affection and warmth of our reception by Scotch cousins, the pleasant times spent in their society and the charms of the lovely Inverness environs. Golf, picnics and the many expeditions to places of note in the neighbourhood filled up the all too short days of the summer holidays.

The Christmas vacations were almost as happily passed in the charming home of my cousin, Mr. Whitmore—delightfully situated in one of the prettiest of Gloucestershire villages, with the limpid waters of a fascinating little brook running through the village street. Theatricals, small dances and skating parties afforded endless amusement, and more particularly, "Waxworks"—the favourite pastime of the day—attracted young and old alike, although a trying ordeal for those personating the more tragic figures of the past, who were at their wits' ends to maintain the gravity called for in the laughter-provoking sallies, the impromptu humour and the extravagances of our excellent showman, my eldest son, when he exhibited, with pride and many personal allusions, his masterpieces of the show!

The young members of several families in the neighbourhood contributed to the hilarity of these entertainments. My cousin, Mr. Whitmore, then M.P. for Chelsea, was

the life and soul of our parties, in the geniality of a character which, though deeply absorbed in political interests and historical pursuits, was combined with a great sense of humour and love of young people, so successful in endearing him with young and old alike.

FIRST VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA

Educational cares, the business affairs unavoidable after bereavement, short residences in the London house, and the pleasant distractions of holiday outings at Nairn and in Gloucestershire, filled up the two years of 1898 and 1899 and led up to one of the most enjoyable events in my life—the first of a series of visits to South Africa, which took place in the next few years. The first voyage was prompted by the growing urgency of placing my second son, for reasons of health, in a family in Cape Colony, and was made possible by the kindness of my cousin, Lady Lily Greene, who recognized my need for a change, after the sad experiences and the strenuous work of the preceding years.

Sir Conyngham Greene—of the Diplomatic Service—had then just been appointed to support in Pretoria the efforts of Sir Alfred Milner at Cape Town to reconcile the conflicting interests of Boers and Britishers alike. For more than a year the latter had endeavoured on the spot to unravel the tangled mass of politics and grievances so loudly voiced by the Uitlanders on the one hand and by Kruger and the Dutch Government on the other. The tyranny exercised, where Englishmen were concerned, the blind opposition offered to the inevitable development of the gold-fields by English subjects and other nationals alike; and the penalizing franchise laws, which discriminated so severely between the voting powers of

Englishmen and Boers in the Mitvatersland districts, were all points which the English Government hoped could be satisfactorily settled by the outstanding ability and diplomatic talents of the High Commissioner (his keen appreciation of the political position in Egypt and his classic "England in Egypt," had already received its well-earned recognition). Sir Alfred was ably seconded by the services in Pretoria—the seat of the Boer Government—of the brilliant young Englishman whose acumen and judgment were at that time the theme of the British Press.

It was undoubtedly a great opportunity for a humble individual like myself, deeply interested in the political problems of the day, to make the journey under such favourable auspices. How well I remember every detail of that interesting voyage, from the first day when I nearly lost the boat train in calling for a new blouse on the way to the station! The discussion in the boat train on the most potential antidotes for sea-sickness, the altogether novel surroundings of that first dinner of the élite on the South African liner, the *Saxon*, and my great disappointment in finding, after many self-congratulations on my immunity from sea-sickness, that the ship had remained stationary just outside the channel to avoid all danger of collision in a sea fog!

Sir Alfred Milner was naturally the leading personage on the ship, and I fully appreciated the compliment of being one of those included in the small party at the High Commissioner's table! The other members were Sir Conyngham and Lady Greene and Lord Belgrave—the latter an attractive young man, who, according to the rumours of the day, had been sent abroad by his grandfather to avoid too early a marriage, and who curiously exemplified the Eton substitute of "good form" for

religious observance, by summing up a discussion at our table on the "fors and againsts" of card playing on the Sabbath by the thoughtful remark, after much deliberation, "It isn't good form to play cards on a Sunday!" Colonel Hanbury-Williams, the Private Secretary, admirably fitted to the post and a perfect Master of the Ceremonies, and his attractive wife, known at the Cape as "Sir Alfred's lady!" made up our party, and mounted guard at the first dinner to protect their chief on either side from those by whom he might have been bored—while Lady Lily Greene and Lord Belgrave were my neighbours at the table, with Sir Conyngham Greene *en face*. But the next day Sir Alfred announced his intention of coming round to sit at meals between my cousin and myself, and by his great versatility, his sense of humour and his vast acquaintance with men and matters, greatly contributed to the enjoyment of those at this end of the table.

Sir Alfred's successes at the University, his varied experiences in earlier life, in journalism and editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* made him conversant with every leading topic and man of the day. To me his chief attraction seemed to lie in his wonderfully human character and outlook on life and the frankness with which he approached each and every subject when no obvious reason for reticence was in question. Though duly reserved where secrecy should be maintained, there was none of the official reserve which prevented full discussion of unimportant matters. A further charm which naturally appealed to his women friends was the faith so often lacking in clever men in the ability and discrimination of many of the fair sex.

I remember well the cheerful and amusing conversations which even distracted from incipient *mal de mer* and to which all at our table contributed their full share.

Leading events in England, on the Continent and in South Africa, all came in for due discussion, though a shadow of doubt and uncertainty, mingled with anxious forebodings, seemed associated with any talks on South African affairs.

It was interesting to contrast the absolute ignorance then prevailing in England of the serious position of affairs at the Cape, and the threatening of a possible and perhaps inevitable war, with the preoccupation of statesmen, soldiers and Boer officials, in the menacing aspect of the situation in South Africa; and it was equally interesting to follow the impressions formed by those who on the spot had studied every phase of Dutch and Uitlander developments. It had been urged by critics of Sir Alfred's policy that his strong proposition in favour of the British element in South Africa had influenced his judgment and governed his proceedings; yet, as the High Commissioner maintained, he had arrived in South Africa with a bias in favour of the Boers and the desire to deal fairly and tactfully with them. Only in a year's careful study of the situation and of the extravagant demands of the Dutch was he forced to recognize that the maintenance of peace and accommodation between Britishers and Boers was practically impossible, and that the Dutch were only waiting for a time to bring conclusions, when England was employed elsewhere.

It was then all the more embarrassing for the High Commissioner to find that some of the new-comers in South Africa, and more particularly the Military command, had in less than three months and with far fewer opportunities of forming impartial conclusions, fully accepted the Boer point of view, definitely adding to the difficulties of the High Commissioner's administration. Whether later events qualified Sir William Butler's earlier convic-

tion and caused him to alter his opinion, is open to question. But a small straw shows which way the wind blows and a glance at the composition of his parties in the dining hall of the "Mount Nelson Hotel" was sufficient to indicate to the onlookers, in the preponderance of Dutch guests, the General's obvious sympathy with those then causing so much trouble at the Cape.

Other interesting folk on board the *Saxon* were Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox and their fascinating little daughter of eleven years of age. Lady Algernon, with her gracious smile for one and all she came across, was deservedly a great favourite, while her daughter already gave promise of the beauty and grace of later years. She and my boy of the same age were great friends, and I was proud of the general verdict of the men on board that my boy's behaviour compared most favourably with the practical jokes of the other youthful members of the passengers, and more particularly, of a dare-devil young man who gained the sobriquet of the "Imp" and was a thorn in the side of all those he came across! Mrs. Chapin, an American lady of intellect and great intelligence, was also an agreeable companion, with whom Sir Alfred had many long and interesting conversations. We had also on board the great magnate and financier Mr. Freddie Eckstein, later Sir Frederick Eckstein, whose integrity and probity equalled, in the opinion of all on board, his financial acumen and genius. He and his wife were then on their return voyage to their home in Johannesburg. These friends, with some of lesser lights, all contributed to a pleasurable change of companionship on board the *Saxon*.

The passengers on a great liner are well acquainted with the stereotype customs of each day of the voyage. The early morning, when sea-sick folk fall the greater

victims to *mal de mer*; the rest on deck in the long deck-chairs, the opportunities for reading and conversation till lunch-time—with the interruption of refreshment offered in the form of not too appetizing beef tea at twelve o'clock—the meals where food is supplied in such abundant profusion that even the stomach of the most voracious eaters revolt in due course; again the deck quoits and other sports, so amusing to watch; the afternoon siesta, followed by the friendly gatherings for tea, or the games of bridge played nearly all day in the men's smoking-room; the pacings round the ship before dinner, and the delightful summer evenings generally passed when approaching the tropics in watching the lovely phosphoric effects on the waves below, and the early retirement to bed, where the creaking of the woodwork and other sounds connected with a huge ship seemed strangely to soothe rather than to annoy. With such a monotonous routine the enviable breaks of the lively conversation of congenial folk at lunch and dinner came as welcome interruptions and gave the occasion for interesting and amusing intercourse, interspersed with a good supply of gossip from the smoking-room, modified for the ladies' benefit, and with the more serious discussions on home events, politics and international affairs. Discoveries from day to day of mutual friends at home and abroad and of common interests seemed to introduce a more personal element into earlier acquaintanceship—while the idiosyncrasies of our fellow passengers favoured some interesting psychological study.

There were also more lively interludes and distractions in our life on board ship. The many games and sports which gave the exercise so necessary on a sea voyage, and especially the games of quoits, at which I won one of the prizes presented by Sir Alfred, the Fancy Dress

Dance, for which I was lent the Hospital dress of the nurse whom I had taken out to wait on me and attend to my son, should occasion arise ; and the lively Ball at which the Kitchen Lancers would not have disgraced the antics of a fast social set in London—all contributed to vary the life on board.

Nor must I omit the dinner which I gave to my own party—chiefly to make use of the champagne I had brought with me as a cure for seasickness, but which was fortunately not required for this purpose ; the quiet Sundays, with the Service we all attended round our respective dinner-tables ; Mrs. Chapin's Sunday School efforts for the children on board and the pleasant tea-parties, which seemed all part of the day's programme.

At the end of the voyage my own personal affairs assumed at our table a somewhat undue prominence, in the determination of cousins and friends that in the pleasurable programme mapped out for the full enjoyment of my visit to South Africa, a stay at Johannesburg, where I could see for myself the position of affairs, should follow the weeks to be spent at the Cape and its suburbs, and precede the visit to the Conyngham Greenes at Pretoria.

But there were difficulties in the way of carrying out this project, in the unsettled state of affairs in Johannesburg and the prevalence of lawlessness in the town, owing to the influx of undesirable nationals of all countries, which made it inadvisable for any woman travelling on her own to patronize the Johannesburg hotels. This state of affairs was so well recognized that even a staunch supporter of British interests, whose opinion carried considerable weight, might well maintain that the only point he had in common with Kruger was his intense dislike of the Uitlanders. It was therefore decided in our little party that the Ecksteins should invite me to their charming

home and thus solve the problem. At each meal I was greeted with anxious inquiries whether I had received the desired invitation, and each day I had to give a reply in the negative, coupled with the assertion that I would not tout for an invitation! Finally, however, before we landed, Mrs. Eckstein took me aside warmly to press a personal visit, and I was able at dinner to gratify the wishes of my table companions and to report to them the fulfilment of their hopes and plans!

The last few days of a fairly long sea voyage are usually devoid of any special interest, and if those travelling alone have some apprehensions of being thrown on their own resources in a strange land, when the support and companionship of those around them on board are naturally withdrawn, some compensation is found in the excitement of facing new adventures and in the warm welcome so many receive from friends and relatives on their arrival at the Cape. In my case the greetings of Colonel Du Cane—one of my oldest friends—and my cousin, Captain Adye—the knowledge that the Greenes would be staying at Government House for a few days, and the kind hospitality of Sir Alfred in asking me to make Government House my second home, did much to cheer one's spirits and to remove a latent sense of loneliness.

Few who have made the voyage to the Cape will forget the magnificent panorama unfolded to the eye as the ship approaches Table Bay—with the striking effect of Table Mountain looming high above the town, in the brilliant sunshine of a South African clime. Few would not appreciate the blessing of a comfortable bed and good fare after the cramped conditions of a small cabin and monotonous food on a great liner.

Accompanied by my boy and by Colonel Du Cane and Captain Adye, in the smart uniforms the two latter donned

in Sir Alfred's honour, we proceeded to the hotel, where many agreeable acquaintances were made through the introduction of mutual friends in the few weeks of our sojourn there. A warm and lasting friendship was also formed with Lord and Lady French, who were then residents in Mount Nelson, partly for Lady French's health and partly to give scope for her husband's business activities. Here, again, in the almost daily meetings with Sir Richard Solomon—one of the most broadminded of Cape politicians—a closer acquaintance was made with the various intricacies of South African politics.

But following the example of most visitors to South Africa, we soon became wearied of town life in the hot summer months and migrated to an hotel in the suburbs, where living is of a little more unconventional nature and the beauties of Cape Town environments can be fully enjoyed. The "Vineyard Hotel," Wynburg (then at the height of its popularity both with visitors to the Cape and with South Africans), was managed by two capable but arbitrary ladies, who kept all visitors in excellent order. While resident at the "Vineyard," many friendships were formed with the leading Dutch families living in the neighbourhood—Jutas, Cloetes, Bertrams, etc., who exercised great hospitality in their charming homes and whom I have since had the pleasure of receiving as guests in England. I shall always consider "Constanzia"—the home of the Cloetes—one of the most beautiful spots I have ever visited. "Groot Schaurre"—owned by Mr. Cecil Rhodes—was full of attractions, with its admirable architecture, its lovely grounds and the huge space allocated for the preservation of the "big game" of those parts.

"Newlands," the summer residence of the High Commissioner, was in close proximity to the "Vineyard" and

there we met at delightful parties at Government House, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Smuts and other leading Cape statesmen, as well as distinguished visitors to South Africa; Lady Londonderry and other well-known people, to whom Sir Alfred afforded generous hospitality. Parties in the day, receptions at night, with the interludes of acrostics and piquet, when *en famille*, were the order of the day.

It had been decided by the Home Government before the High Commissioner's return to the Cape that more etiquette was to be introduced into the receptions at Government House, that all were to stand when the High Commissioner appeared and that the guests invited to the various functions were to assemble in one of the ante-rooms adjoining, until the host made his appearance and led the guests to the dining-room beyond. These innovations, then considered necessary to raise British prestige, gave much umbrage to the Dutch politicians, who resented the new State ceremonies introduced, while, it must be acknowledged, many Englishmen also considered these alterations inadvisable under the circumstances.

The menacing clouds of approaching hostilities and the war preparations, which it was obvious were being made by the Dutch, were clear indications of the coming storm, while the absolute confidence of the Boers in the final result should conclusions be tried, and their contempt for British military prowess, seemed to increase from day to day. How many a time I have seen the smiling air of superiority exhibited by Dutch onlookers as our English troops traversed the streets of Cape Town and its environs and heard of the contemptuous consideration of British representations in the firm belief that victory would attend the Boer cause should an issue be forced later.

But the time soon arrived for the visit arranged to

Johannesburg and Pretoria, and having placed my boy with the Naval Chaplain at Simonstown, whose son was his own age, and with whom he was to study, I embarked on the long journey of 1,000 miles to Johannesburg. Railway travelling in those days was not an enviable undertaking in the slowness of locomotion, the long delays at stations, the dust which penetrated into each and every carriage, the ceaseless blowing of horns, disturbing one's repose, and the plague of flies which settled on each and everything eatable at the railway buffets where we partook of refreshment. I fully appreciated the end of the tedious journey and the hearty welcome awaiting me in the charming home of my kind host. Mr. Eckstein's wonderful grasp of South African affairs and his perfect acquaintance with existing conditions in the Rand, the kindness of his attractive wife and the delightful escapades of their original and fascinating children, all conduced to a most agreeable visit, while the sound advice of my host, which I had been told to invoke before placing the £3,000 I had made by some successful sale of property in England, in the mines, enabled me to effect an excellent investment and revealed the injustice of the Boers in classifying all Uitlanders alike in their sweeping charges of money-grabbing extortion.

I remember, even now, calling at Mr. Eckstein's office and thanking him for his kindness in sparing time to see me when large queues were waiting outside for a word from the great man, and my surprise at the humility of the reply made by one of the greatest financiers on the Rand, "It will be a great thing for me to find my level on my return to England. Here I am omnipotent—there I shall soon find my bearings and my own nonentity!" Words such as these prove that amongst the many objectionable exploiters of the mines there were to be found

others who fully appreciated the fact that a huge fortune acquired did not necessarily constitute a claim to the world's admiration, nor justify an exaggerated sense of personal merit.

It was while I was staying in Johannesburg that I had a novel experience in going down a coal mine 1,500 feet deep. I had some qualms about this adventure, which were not removed when I was informed that the visitors who had descended the mine but two days previously had been shot out in a summary manner when the lift reached the bottom, a truck having been turned over, as if discharging coal, owing to the failure of the managers to inform the controller of the lift that passengers and not goods were in the car. However, my journey was safely accomplished and it was an experience I would not have missed.

The greater impression engraved on my mind, and probably shared by all visitors to the Dominions, was the lack of luxury and even comfort obtainable in a country where such vast wealth was accumulated. No wonder that frequent visits to England in earlier days and a residence in the Mother Country later on were almost invariably the programme of those who had been so successful in South Africa, though the lure of the Veldt and the desire to increase their fortune still conduced to the return of many to the Rand.

The premonition of war in the near future—so apparent at the Cape—increased in threatening significance as one approached the Mitvatersland district and the capital of the Boer Republic. Jealousy of so-called British interference and resentment of British influences, no doubt accentuated by the ill-judged Jameson raid, were each day more apparent, and deeds of sabotage were not infrequently associated with acts of personal violence. The

morning I arrived in Johannesburg, the whole place was agog with the brutal attack in his office on Mr. Money-penny, *The Times* correspondent, while other instances of more successful outrages proved that life and property were in grave danger under the existing régime.

Pretoria and Johannesburg—but a short distance from one another—might be to all intents and purposes separated by thousands of miles, so totally opposed at that time was the standpoint of view and psychological traits and interests of their respective inhabitants. While in Johannesburg financial concerns preponderated and the mining magnates, though oppressed by Kruger, were the more powerful section of the community, in Pretoria, the capital of the Republic, Dutch politicians and statesmen, with their slow methods, prejudices and intense pre-occupation with nationalist considerations, contrasted to a marked extent with the fevered activity and the lust for gold of the neighbouring town.

In Mr. Eckstein's home financiers concerned with the gold and diamond trade were naturally the principal guests and one could but recognize how their ability and initiative had so wonderfully developed the resources of the country. But in Pretoria, staying with the Conyngham Greenes, the society which frequented their house was largely composed of the Dutch leaders themselves, on whose exaggerated ambitions and many prejudices it was hoped Sir Conyngham Greene would exercise a moderating influence. At small dinners, at garden-parties and at large evening receptions the Dutch element was assiduously cultivated in the vain efforts to bring them to consider impartially conflicting interests in a reasonable light. In view of the facility with which these burghers seemed to turn their ploughshares into swords in the war, it was interesting to meet those who later fought with so much

bravery and ingenuity but at that time were directing the political destinies of their country. The whole atmosphere was charged with underlying dynamic forces and new developments were occurring every day. One of the first drives taken in Pretoria was to see the house of the Great Oom Paul, the mainspring of Dutch policy and intrigue, who, seated on his balcony, smoked the traditional long Dutch pipe with the air of self-satisfaction and confidence in his social as well as political acumen, which later led to the refusal to accept Queen Victoria's hospitality after the war, on the ground that it was safer to refuse, as he had heard that the Queen was a very designing widow !

Lady Lily's beautiful garden, to which she gave so much personal attention, was a picture in itself, and many happy hours were spent in the pleasant grounds in close conversation with Dutch guests and their wives. The more opportunities I had of studying my cousin, Sir Conyngham Greene's character, the more I appreciated how entirely he possessed the true diplomat's talents of great apparent frankness, coupled with a reticence about anything and everything concerned.

Nor was the return journey south devoid of adventure, for by this time it was clear that amongst other systems of espionage, the private bag containing dispatches of the English Government, sent weekly to the Cape, was being rifled, and the contents abstracted or perused. As an instance of these pilferings, the seal of this diplomatic bag was broken, and I was entrusted to take it with me to Cape Town. I well remember my misgivings that, in the discovery of the important errand on which I travelled, the Boers might take some measures not altogether to my advantage to confiscate the proof of their guilt ! However, the commission was safely accomplished and one

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES

of Sir Alfred's staff relieved me at the Cape Town Station of my somewhat onerous burden.

On my return to the Cape, I found that my son was very happy in the Simonstown Chaplain's home and that most of my friends remaining longer in South Africa had returned to their winter quarters at Mount Nelson. Here also we were joined by Lord de Malahide and his son making a world tour, and picnics, expeditions and small dinner-parties took place in the last few weeks I remained at the Cape.

But even in the short time of my stay in Pretoria, it was evident there was no improvement in the strained relations between Dutch and British subjects, and the cheerful evenings we generally spent at Government House were overshadowed and a sense of reserve and secrecy apparent when any Dutch politician was present. A last dinner-party was given in my honour on the night before I left South Africa and the parting with the kind friends who had befriended me in a strange land and the cordial and friendly nature of their farewells dwelt in my memory for many ensuing years. The passage to England was devoid of any special distractions and, although I made some friends on board, there still remained a great contrast between the delightful hours of the outward journey and the dull days of the voyage home. A warm welcome, however, from relations in England did much to compensate for the more humdrum domestic concerns which naturally occupied my time and thoughts from the day of my arrival in England.

SECOND VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA

In the following winter I went to Egypt, accompanied by my elder daughter and my elder son, who was then working

at Oxford for the Diplomatic Service. This was made possible in my son's case by the kindness of the President of Magdalen College, who recognized, in a way I hardly expected, my representation that travels abroad were at any rate part of a liberal education and sanctioned an expedition up the Nile.

My second visit to South Africa occurred in 1901 and was necessitated by the state of my son's health, for the childish illness of measles had followed an attack of scarlet fever and it was thought inadvisable to bring him back to England at that time of the year.

The journey out was uneventful, save for the escapades of a young lady thrust on my protection at the last minute by an anxious relative, and who immediately embarked on a thorough-going flirtation with a married secretary of a financial expert who had been sent out to detect a leakage of expenditure at the Cape. The lady in question confided to me each day her hopes and fears, and others on board seemed bent upon pouring into my ears the lady's various delinquencies—while the great man himself constantly urged me to keep the young lady in order and away from his secretary—a task most impossible to fulfil! Mary Moore, the celebrated actress, was another of our fellow passengers, then going out to nurse a sick son, and who was seen off at Southampton by Sir Charles Wyndham, and, poor thing, was continually haunted by the fear that Miss Lena Ashwell, then taking her place at Wyndham's Theatre, would supplant her, not only in the various parts, but in the great actor's affections.

The war was then in its second phase. The position for Great Britain had much improved—the Black Week at the Cape, with its three disastrous battles, was a tale of the past; the siege of Ladysmith had been raised and Baden-Powell rescued from the position at Mafeking. A short

time prior to my departure from England, the relief of this latter place had been attended by extraordinary outbursts of rejoicing and many protests were raised against the rollicking and jovial manner in which the news was received in London. I also remember well the General's mother, seated on the balcony of her house just opposite Hyde Park Corner, with an enormous portrait of her son poised beside her. Still, there were many vicissitudes in the prolonged struggle. Lord Methuen had just met with reverses at Modder River, the bridge there was destroyed and guerilla warfare threatened to postpone indefinitely the conclusion of hostilities.

On arrival at the Cape it was difficult to decide the best thing to do for my son's health. Though much better for his stay in South Africa, he could not return to England until later in the year. The plague precluded his remaining at the Cape, where even with the utmost care he ran great risk of contagion, and war regulations forbade expeditions in the Colony. The plague was then at its height—every piece of money presented at the shops was washed in disinfectants, and a yellow flag, which seemed to figure in every street, betokened a danger zone and centre of the disease. The concentration on war problems also interfered with a strict supervision of sanitary precautions, and I recollect the perturbation in a wedding party, when the driver of a Cape vehicle which was to convey the bride and bridegroom to the church, excused his tardy appearance by the explanation that he had only just returned from taking a plague corpse to be buried at the cemetery!

In despair I appealed to Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, and to the surprise of my friends, who had heard that no permits were given for travelling up-country, Sir Walter kindly issued a pass to Modder River and thus enabled me to remove my son from danger and to carry out the request of many in England to visit the battlefields where their relations had

fallen and the graves where they were buried. Regulations were still in great force on the departure of each train from Cape Town, and it was not an agreeable experience to find ourselves shut up in a stuffy room where an overworked official proceeded to take the temperature of each individual with a thermometer which had been used by one and all without seemingly any cleansing or disinfectant treatment ! Nor did the night journey make up for these disagreeable preliminaries. The caution necessary, where the enemy was close at hand, made for endless delays, more particularly at each station, where hoots and whistles never ceased and quite prevented any quiet rest.

The arrival at Kimberley was equally disappointing, for most unfortunately we made for the hotel which had just been besieged and where insanitary conditions prevailed, owing to the overcrowding of troops in the small space available. It was here, I feel sure, I contracted, in the persistent attentions of a mosquito, the dangerous attack of dysentery of which I nearly died on my return to the Cape. The visits to graves of relations in the neighbourhood no doubt accentuated the evil and the unhealthy conditions of life at the moment in battle areas all contributed to the same end.

It was at Kimberley that an old friend—Colonel Pretymann—commanding in these parts—came to our rescue, and on receiving a note from me, arrived with part of his staff and insisted on our moving to a better hotel. The escort he provided justified visits to the battlefields and gave the protection needed, where Boers still infested the country. How well I remember the thrill of excitement when we came to a danger zone, and the order was given "Throw out Scouts," which was obeyed with military precision and promptitude.

All through our stay in Kimberley, Colonel Pretymann's

kindness and influence were exercised on our behalf, and personal directions given for our safety and comfort on the return journey to the Cape protected us from the hardships and difficulties which might otherwise have occurred. Our adventures at Modder River were also of an exciting character, for the capture of Graspan Station just below by some Dutch commandos resulted in the communications being cut for the time with Cape Town. Great excitement prevailed at the hotel where we were staying and every man and boy was under arms for the night. My own son, aged fourteen, was delighted with this, his first experience of military service ! The childish illness he had contracted three months earlier at the Cape had precluded his joining the Town Guard there, when all over twelve years of age were invited to do so, and led to an amusing incident, for, when once well enough to present himself on his recovery to the Commanding Officer, he was asked why he had not joined sooner, and gave the pathetic reply, " Please, sir, I had the measles ! "

But already I was suffering with the premonition of approaching illness, and only the kindness of Sir C. Elliot, in making me use his State Apartments in the train and share his wholesome food, saved me from a collapse on the way to Cape Town. On arrival at Mount Nelson, my life was declared to be in danger. Two nurses, my maid and three doctors were in constant attendance. Prayers were offered in many of the Cape Town churches, and with all these good influences at work I at length took a turn for the better. Nor should I omit recording my deep gratitude to Lady Hely Hutchinson who came, dressed in the most becoming sister's costume, to help nurse me through my illness. But in the prejudices of an invalid against a friend's attentions, these well-meant efforts were discouraged by the doctors, and I am not surprised that in my evident preference for

trained nurses Lady Hely Hutchinson described me at a later date as a very troublesome patient. Again, I appreciate even now the kind ministrations of the English priest of one of the railway missions on all occasions when allowed by the doctors to see me. This was not my first revelation of the devotion and self-sacrificing lives of many of the so-called mission workers in South Africa who have often later returned to do excellent work in England. Archbishop Carter, Bishop Furse and the Rev. Pat MacCormick, are all instances of the love and respect many of these men have inspired in their spiritual work both at home and abroad.

My long illness and the urgent need of my son's pursuing his studies in England led to his departure some time before I could be moved. In these dreary months spent at Mount Nelson and the pitiless pattering of continued rain which occurs at the Cape at that season of the year, my only distraction was the gossip brought by my various nurses of the "doings" at Mount Nelson and the great interest aroused, even in an invalid, by the tales of Lord Kitchener's "drive" at the Cape—his successful raid in the middle of the war, when he descended on the hotel, without any warning, and in the space of a few hours cleared out every available man for service at the front!

To add to my troubles (although this incident was withheld from me at the time) my maid, with the intelligence of some of her class, proceeded each day to inspect my jewel-box, with the door left wide open, thus greatly facilitating the observation of any chance person outside, with the result that the whole of the jewels were abstracted by some of the less desirable elements amongst the visitors at the hotel! Two months later, I was carried on board a Union Castle liner and remained a prisoner in my cabin all the way home. It seems wonderful to relate that after these

disastrous events I should have ventured once more to the Cape two years later, this time accompanied by my younger daughter, who there became engaged to my cousin, Lord Courtown. Such is the lure of the African continent.

South African affairs were vividly in my memory throughout the following years, and, when on a visit to the south of France during the Boer War, I was particularly struck by the antagonistic attitude of the French people and their sympathy with the Boers, I felt inspired to produce my first literary effort in an article on the injustice of the Boer cause, which was published in the *Riviera Times* by a former editor of *The Times* in England.