

H. H. A. : LETTERS TO A FRIEND  
First Series - - - 1915—1922

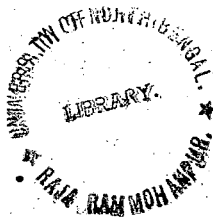
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H. H. A.

LETTERS OF THE EARL OF  
OXFORD AND ASQUITH  
TO A FRIEND

First Series  
1915—1922



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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN the literary executors of the late Lord Oxford granted to the owner of these letters permission to publish them, they stipulated that they should be edited by someone of their own appointing : and they handed to me the task—knowing that my great admiration for Lord Oxford would make me interested in it, and relying on me to remove any passage from the letters which might give pain to private people. Occasions for such discretion have proved surprisingly few, considering the easy, open, intimate nature of the correspondence : I trust I have not failed in this, the most important of my obligations. But with the fate of the editor of Fitzgerald's letters before his eyes, who, while Browning was still alive, let pass the sentence, " I am relieved to hear Mrs. Browning is dead ; thank God no more Aurora Leighs ! "—how can an editor, without a tithe of Aldis Wright's capacity for taking pains, be sure that some enormity has not escaped him. If by chance it has, in my case there is even less excuse, for both the publishers and the recipient of these letters have shown, while preparing them for the press, that they have an even stricter sense than I of what might possibly give offence.

What Lord Oxford would have felt about the publication of these letters, she who was so deeply attached to him knows better than I. But in my opinion, and in that of his literary executors, his attitude would have been one of indifference—provided that remarks likely to wound others were not given

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permanence in print. I do not think he would have minded his affection and gratitude towards herself being given that permanence and publicity. As these letters show, their friendship, which lasted from 1915 till his death unchanged, undiminished, was a source of refreshment, rest and delight to him. Lady Oxford, and his family, understood this; he knew that they understood. If he had been in the habit of quoting German (I never heard him do so) he might have said of the lady of the letters, "Du bist die Ruh'." Why should the world not know—if it were interested—how refreshing that tributary to the current of his ageing life had been to him? Why not, if she wanted to publish his letters? A concern for her welfare, material as well as intellectual, runs through these letters—and gratitude: gratitude for having shed for him that glow, which is the only substitute for youth, upon games of golf and chess, sight-seeing, theatre-going, expeditions.

It had been delightful to take her down the paths of literature he knew so well; he could enjoy his too-familiar favourites more, reading them again as it were with her eyes. She must look in places where he had found treasure; she must learn his favourite poems by heart; she must learn Greek; she must philosophise a little. "What a new and almost unfathomable mine of interest and delight we have only this week discovered," he writes, referring to the Greek Anthology, which of course he knew well. "That is one of the great delights of our life. It is 'an arch wherethrough' there is always gleaming 'an untravelled world,' which we will go on pursuing." The news that she has been sitting at the feet of a Professor of Literature provokes a

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little jocular jealousy. He loves to play the Dominie : but he is prepared to follow her, with docile though hesitating steps, in exploring new movements in art : at any rate he ultimately commissions a bust from Dobson. Such is the relation revealed in these letters, with their undercurrent of complete reliance on her sympathy.

Sooner or later the private lives and letters of a famous man become common property ; they may as well become so while they can bring benefits to those to whom he was attached. With the proviso I mentioned, I think Lord Oxford would have been indifferent about the publication of his letters. He was a man of extraordinary forbearance and a Roman *æquanimitas*. In his contempt for personal explanations in public life, and in his indifference to outside opinions, he resembled the Duke of Wellington. In this case I can imagine him saying, "Publish if you must—and be blessed." He was not interested in himself ; he was interested in what he had done and in what he could do. He would have preferred his own life to lose its personal contours in the history of his country, but this was not possible. He wanted men to weigh carefully his actions and decisions ; and very few have welcomed more sincerely complete investigation into the part he had played in politics at every stage of his career. This bent of his mind, this sense of proportion, is clearly seen in his own *Memories and Reflections*, which he had intended to make a more personal book than *Fifty Years of Parliament*. He failed completely to make it a piece of self-portraiture. It was not a nervous shrinking from publicity that prevented him from showing his emotions in that book, but a life-long habit of estimat-

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ing the importance of things apart from his own feelings about them : this was the secret of the reliability and soundness of his judgment in affairs, and of his integrity.

I recommend those about to read these letters to look up Chapter XVII in Volume I of his *Life* by J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith, the one entitled "A Personal Chapter." The whole of it is important in this connection, but in case the book may not be to the reader's hand, I will quote one passage from it which is directly pertinent. Mr. Cyril Asquith has been speaking of his father as he was in times of relaxation, "after driving Roman roads through a political jungle, weighing words in scrupulous scales, building bridges between irreconcilable colleagues, arriving painfully at healing formulæ." He continues :

"The same revulsion from the solemnity and restraint of his official round finds expression in his correspondence. His letters to men are few, and disappointingly concise and practical ; with women, whether in conversation or on paper, he was always more at his ease, and the correspondents to whom he wrote letters for the sake of letter-writing were invariably feminine. From Margot he was too seldom separated after marriage to write to her regularly, and to her and to his children he disburdened himself in talk ; but he discovered a need for some receptive and sympathetic female intelligence, outside the circle of his family, to which he could communicate as a matter of routine the spontaneous overflow of thought or humour, of fancy or of emotion. A whole succession of women friends . . . responded to this need, and his letters to them

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furnish some equivalent for the diaries which he had kept spasmodically in the 1890's and discontinued later. The same hyperbolic language, the same license of dispraise and more rarely of eulogy as have been noticed above mingle in these communications with flights of playful imagination and a mass of literary gossip."

Mr. Cyril Asquith adds that the contemporary notes in some of his father's published work consisted largely of these and similar letters. A certain number of the present letters also served him as *aides-mémoire*. Lord Oxford could not conceive that his letters, once they had conveyed their news and his affection, could have any value. But of course they had a value to his correspondent. They have also a value for us who are interested in his character. He would have deplored, perhaps, our sense of proportion, yet he shared it where other famous men were concerned.

Like all men of strongly masculine temperament, women were important in his life; like most men whose habits of thought are very independent, he had few male confidants. He deliberated alone. When he sought easy communication, he turned to women; with them he liked, as he says in one of these early letters, "to toss his thoughts." And in such relations he was, as these letters clearly show, far more conscious of what he received than of what he bestowed.

The lady of the letters stood apart from the main current of his life. In herself, and also in this respect, she was evidently the intimate woman-friend he

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needed. She has withheld her name from this book, but I received no instructions to delete references from which she may be identified. I presume, therefore, that her motive has not been secretiveness, but a desire that the readers' thoughts should dwell only on the writer of the letters.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

*November 1933.*

EASTON GREY, MALMESBURY,

13th June, 1915.

DEAR MRS. —,

I want to tell you (if I may) how much I have enjoyed your company and, I hope, your friendship, and making the acquaintance of your dear little Peter. I shall not forget either you or him, and you may be sure that I share to the full the anxieties, which must always be pressing upon you, for your gallant husband.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

H. H. ASQUITH.

MUNSTEAD HOUSE, GODALMING,

Sunday, 27th June, 1915.

DEAR MRS. —,

I was delighted to get your charming letter. Have you left Easton Grey for good, or only for a

JUNE 1915

change? As you will see by the address above, I am spending Sunday not far from you, and indeed we motored yesterday evening through Haslemere into your immediate neighbourhood.

I am glad that you read Sir Thomas Browne: no such English has been written since. "I am in England everywhere" is very characteristic of his blend of tolerance and insularity. Do you know his *Hydriotaphia*? I must have another dip into him as soon as I can find time to turn round. I am rather ashamed of the little I have read lately. I had a bad disappointment in *Angela's Business*—by the author of *Queed*<sup>1</sup>, the best novel to my thinking of recent years. So I have been "seeking solace, of an intermittent and desultory kind," in turning over again Edward Fitzgerald's Letters, which I expect you know. Of the unheroic, dressing-gown and slippers they are quite first-rate. He quotes a good thing from Bacon's Essay on Friendship: "With a friend a man tosseth his thoughts." A very good test, don't you think? Fitzgerald thinks the metaphor may be from hay-makers tossing hay, but that seems to me far-fetched.

I had a letter this morning from Sir Douglas Haig, describing the recent operations. He is (wisely) very keen for the promotion of young officers to command

<sup>1</sup> Henry Sydnor Harrison.

APRIL 1916

brigades and even divisions: I daresay you agree with him. Write again soon.

Yours affectionately,

H. H. ASQUITH.

THE WHARF, SUTTON COURTENAY,

*Easter Day, 1916.*

MY DEAR MRS. —,

It was a great pleasure to see your handwriting again. I hope that by now you are quite strong. I should have liked to motor over to Easton Grey and perhaps have a glimpse of you. But I fear it is impossible, as we are almost over-guested (not in quality but in number) here this Sunday. I escaped with a real sense of relief from London late on Thursday afternoon, having been engaged for the best part of a fortnight in a similar occupation to that of St. Paul, when "after the manner of men" he fought with beasts at Ephesus. (Have you any idea, by the way, what he means? Perhaps Mr. Games<sup>1</sup> can throw some light.) However, they are back now in

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Hughes Games, who sometimes preached at Easton Grey.

APRIL 1916

their cages—for the time being—and I am spending a more placid Easter than I could have hoped for.

When we meet again I will tell you of my visit to Italy, and my shoulder-rubbings with Popes and Kings, and how I was balked at the last moment of delivering a speech in the purest Italian to a Milanese crowd.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the end of March, at the invitation of the King of Italy, Mr. Asquith went to Italy. The Anglo-Italian alliance was then just a year old. He has described his interview with the Pope in *Memories and Reflections*: "We went in a lift to the top of the palace, and then in a suite of unpretentious rooms, decorated with some French prints, we were received by the Pope—Benedict XV. He was the scion of an old Genoese family, had spent a large part of his life in diplomacy, as Nuncio at some of the principal European capitals, and spoke French with ease and fluency. He was not a man of imposing appearance or presence; to my eyes the most impressive thing about him was his costume. He was dressed completely in white, except for his purple shoes, with a fine diamond pectoral cross round his neck . . . Our talk was naturally confined to the War and germane topics: the Pope carefully refraining from indicating any leaning of his own to either side, and I giving no encouragement to a feeler which he incidentally threw out that he might act as mediator." On the return journey Mr. Asquith received a telegram saying that it was hoped that at Milan he would deliver a short message of farewell to our Italian allies. Accordingly, he set to work in the train composing a speech in the purest Italian he could muster. "When the train drew up at Milan, I discovered to my horror that it was the English community there who had expressed a wish for the harangue. So I descended and found a small company of my fellow-countrymen in a waiting-room, whom I addressed in their own tongue. Just as the train was re-starting, a couple of the editors of two

APRIL 1916

Oddly enough, I read some years ago the works of your latest discovery, Amanda Ros.<sup>1</sup> She is or was the daughter of a porter at some wayside station in the North of Ireland.<sup>2</sup> She has quite a streak of something like genius. I am glad you persevere with Bishop Wilkins<sup>3</sup> whom I now recognise as the real founder of the Royal Society. I recommend Quiller-Couch's Lectures just published on *The Art of Writing*. I have just read them, I hope with profit.

Write soon,

Ever your affectionate,

H. H. A.

principal Italian newspapers boarded it and begged me to say a few parting words in Italian. I pulled out the MS. upon which so much pains had been apparently wasted, and made them a present of it" (*Memories and Reflections*).

<sup>1</sup> The author of *Irene Iddesleigh* and other surprising and fantastic works of fiction, also of a rare volume of verse *Poems of Puncture*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Asquith was misinformed. Her first husband was station-master at Larne.

<sup>3</sup> John Wilkins, 1614-1672, Bishop of Chester. At one time Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, later Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the first Secretary of The Royal Society. Author of *The Discovery of the World in the Moon*, *A Discourse Tending to prove that the Earth is one of the Planets*, *Mathematical Magic*, and *An Essay towards a real Character and a Philosophical Language*.

JUNE 1916

10 DOWNING STREET, S.W.1,

21st June, 1916.

DEAR HILDA,

You have sent me two most delightful and welcome letters—rain or dew upon the parched grass. I hope you will continue to give me often such much-needed refreshment.

I loved your quotation from the *Hebrides*. Do you remember another saying of the very human Sage that his idea of pleasure was to be alone with a pretty woman in a quick post-chaise? I feel sure that he would have admitted that the sensation was doubled in intensity if he could have been in the same society in a well-equipped Rolls-Royce.

You must now attack Boswell, and in all his volumes, and with the annotations of Birkbeck Hill. There is no more remunerative reading. I am encompassed with all sorts and sizes of problems and worries and cares.<sup>1</sup> It is a real relief to know that I have your sympathy and love.

<sup>1</sup> Among the greater of these had been the Compulsory Service Bill which came into effect as from June 24th. "For myself," he wrote, "I adhered throughout to the view that if the change was to come, it must be by general consent, and I have never had a harder task in public life than to secure the fulfilment of that condition." Early in the year the Labour Party had denounced Conscription, and during the spring there had been differences of opinion in the Cabinet. Finally,

JULY 1916

Can you come to us one Sunday at The Wharf?  
When?

I have browsed now and again in the *Pastures* of  
Bishop Wilkins—quite a good shepherd.

It is nearly 1 a.m. and I believe I have to go to bed,  
but I wanted to say "Goodnight" to you.

Ever your affectionate,

H. H. A.

10 DOWNING STREET, S.W.1,

25th July, 1916.

DEAR HILDA,

I was delighted to get your letter. It is too  
sad to think that T's husband is killed; but I am  
afraid it is so. I tremble to think what will happen

the Bill passed with only 37 dissentients, among whom were  
Sir John Simon and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The passing of  
the Compulsory Service Bill was a good example of Lord Oxford's  
faculty of "timing" the introduction of a controversial but  
necessary measure so as to avoid the greatest amount of friction.

JULY 1916

to her. And his loss is a terrible waste. He was not *chaire à canon*.

I don't hold by the maxim of Jesus the Son of Sirach: "Bow down their neck from their youth." I never put it in practice with my children, and I hope you won't—with Peter or his successor.

James Thomson (though now little read) was a real poet and observed and studied Nature before even Burns, let alone Wordsworth and Co. I am glad you are reading him.

I am (as usual) encompassed by a cloud of worries, anxieties, problems and the rest. "The time is out of joint," and sometimes—indeed often—I am tempted to say with Hamlet, "O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." Perhaps I wasn't.

Lucy<sup>1</sup> is here with us for a night or two showing all her usual courage, and Puffin<sup>2</sup> arrives for his holidays to-morrow.

Ever your affectionate,

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Graham Smith.

<sup>2</sup> Anthony Asquith.

AUGUST 1916

10 DOWNING STREET, S.W.1

Wednesday, 2nd August, 1916.

12.30 p.m.

It was a great delight to me to get your letter of the 30th.

You will be amused to hear that I have just received a request from a man who is about to publish a Johnson Calendar to be allowed to dedicate it to me (among other reasons) because I am the only public man or writer who has "quoted him correctly." I will give you twelve guesses as to what the quotation was.

He, Dr. J., dared not drink, because he could not do so in moderation ; and in the Green Room, to which you refer, he felt himself equally liable to be overborne (if I remember right) by the "white bosoms and white stockings" of the actresses.

I am glad that you feel tigerish when you think of my environment. What of your own trials? I hope they will soon be triumphantly overcome. I am afraid it means a temporary cessation of your most welcome letters.

H. H. A.

OCTOBER. 1916

10 DOWNING STREET,  
WHITEHALL, S.W.1,

11th October, 1916.

MY DEAREST HILDA,

I have been a long time in answering your sweet letter. This has been a great blow<sup>1</sup> to me and I am much shaken by it. There is or ought to be every kind of consolation and I have numberless letters from all parts of the world and all sorts and conditions of people. But I don't know that it all helps one very much.

I am glad that you are back again at Easton Grey, which is a place of real peace, as well as "a flowery solitude." You have excellent companions too in Dr. Johnson and Burke and your poet of the Seasons.

I spent Saturday and Sunday at The Wharf, which was fairly restful : but since then I have been plunged up to the neck in Cabinets and Committees and War affairs. To-day I braced myself up to propose a vote of credit in the House of Commons : a trying and difficult speech, especially the last part of it. I got on rather better than I expected as everyone was very kind and sympathetic.

I hope and believe that we are going soon to spend a Sunday at Easton Grey, when I shall have the joy of

<sup>1</sup> The death of Raymond Asquith.

NOVEMBER 1916 .

seeing you. Meanwhile write to me, and tell me all your interests.

Ever your loving,

H. H. A.

THE WHARF,

19th November, 1916.

I am in your debt for two very nice letters. I am glad you like the Johnson ; on the next opportunity I will write your name in it. Your *Seasons*, duly inscribed, has found a comfortable place for itself on the shelves here. I see you are taking your *King Lear* in small doses. I put it very high among the plays ; Lear's "Never, never," etc., is almost the most tragic thing in Shakespeare.<sup>1</sup> But one always comes back in the end to Hamlet. I like Peter's<sup>2</sup> *mot* about right

<sup>1</sup> "Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never."

Act V, Scene 3, *King Lear*.

<sup>2</sup> His correspondent's son, aged four, after being chastised, had said that he was aware of what was wrong and of what was right, but that he preferred "wrong."

• D E C E M B E R 1 9 1 6

and wrong ; few Hedonists are so outspoken as to the basis of their creed—or practice. You won't find a way to Heaven for him through H. Spencer's arid wastes. It is astonishing what a lot of rubbish has been and is written about Education—by the greatest as well as the smallest of writers—from Plato downwards. As in so many other things—*solvitur ambulando!* At best that is what Puffin is trying to do in his first term at Winchester. I spent the inside of last week in Paris—colloguing and arguing and give-and-taking with politicians and soldiers. It is an ill-jointed world at present ; and one is sometimes tempted to think that to have been born in it in these times was a bit of “ cursed spite ” on the part of the Higher powers. Write to me soon,

I am always your loving,

H. H. A.

WALMER CASTLE, KENT,

Sunday, 10th December, 1916.

I have two sweet letters from you still unanswered : I have been a shocking correspondent lately, but you will make excuses for me.

Sunday 16 Dec 16

Dearest Alice,

I have two

sweet letters from you

still unanswered: I have

been a shocking correspondent

but lately, but you will

make excuses for me

If you want to understand something of the

Since history of recent events  
you should look at the  
article called 'A Leap in the  
Dark' in this week's 'Nation'.

When I fully realised what  
a position had to be created,  
I saw that I could not go  
on without dishonour or  
impotence & a toll; and  
nothing could have been  
worse for the country &

the two Curiously enough  
almost exactly the same thing  
has been going on in France,  
where the same prices has been  
at work producing nearly, if not  
quite, the same result

You cannot imagine what a relief  
it is not to have the daily stream  
of boxes & telegrams sent to various  
Institutes, Committees & Colleges  
to - which are spending heavily  
through the sea

it is a funny day, but the vast  
crowd of Skitting in the Dours  
is a wonderful sight. I am  
writing in the little room where 2  
years ago one Sunday Kitchener &  
French visited me, & had a bottle  
royal which I had to compose  
Violet in love & the Crew's &  
Jimmy Rothschild's.

The King offered me the Seaten,  
but of course I refused.

I am glad you are reading the  
book of Job. I think I must  
repeate by memory of it.  
When you direct. Ever your lover.  
H. M.

DECEMBER 1916

If you want to understand something of the inner history of recent events you should look at the article called "A Leap in the Dark," in this week's *Nation*. When I fully realised what a position had been created, I saw that I could not go on without dishonour or impotence, or both; and nothing could have been worse for the country and the war. Curiously enough, almost exactly the same thing has been going on in France, where the same forces have been at work producing nearly, if not quite, the same result.

You cannot imagine what a relief it is not to have the daily stream of boxes and telegrams: not to mention Cabinets and Committees and colleagues, etc. We are spending Sunday here by the sea: unluckily it is a gloomy day, but the vast crowd of shipping in the Downs is a wonderful sight. I am writing in the little room where two years ago one Sunday Kitchener and French visited me and had a battle royal which I had to compose. Violet is here and the Crewes and Jimmy Rothschilds.

~~The King offered me the Garter, but of course I refused. I am glad you are reading the Book of Job: I think I must refresh my memory of it.~~

Bless you, dearest,

H. H. A.

JANUARY. 1917

THE WHARF, SUTTON COURTENAY,

2nd January, 1917.

It was a great joy to get your letter to-day. I believe I once on a time stayed in your Hotel at an election, to make a speech for my brother-in-law, Eddy, and his Pamela.<sup>1</sup> Hence perhaps the photograph which you were sweet enough to salute. I am not sure that I quite relish the vision of you as the Colonel's wife instilling sound doctrine into the minds of the callow subalterns. I can imagine a better employment for you.

I used to know your Cathedral.<sup>2</sup> It is a wonder of chaste early English: almost icily perfect. But it does not give one the same sense of dignity and richness as (for instance) Durham or Lincoln.

I am glad that you have Dr. Johnson for company: he will keep you from feeling dull. It is good news to know of the "hoops of steel."<sup>3</sup> It is the same with me.

I had a long and very interesting talk with Laura the day I left Easton Grey. She is a rare creature, and you should get to know her well.

<sup>1</sup> Lord and Lady Glenconner.

<sup>2</sup> Salisbury.

<sup>3</sup> His correspondent had quoted the famous passage from *Hamlet*.

FEBRUARY 1917

We had, in addition to the family, a few intimates here for the last Sunday of the old year. Now we are quite alone except for Nan. It is a novel sensation for me to be master of my own time all day long. I have been reading Shakespeare's *England* and Stow's *Survey of London* with some dips into Heraldry and browsings in *The Ship of Fools*—written by an old monk called Barclay just on the eve of the Reformation.

Write again quickly,

Bless you,

H. H. A.

FORBES HOUSE,

HALKIN STREET, S.W.,

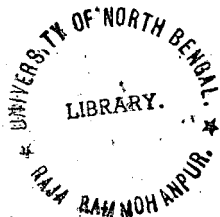
10th February, 1917.

It seems a long time since I wrote, and yet things with me have been creeping in "petty pace" from day to day. I made a short expedition to Scotland, and this week I have been two days at the House of Commons, and attended a funeral service and wedding, finishing up this morning by a visit to McEvoy's

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FEBRUARY 1917

studio. He is painting Elizabeth, and his walls and floors are covered with half-finished pictures of the attractive young women of our acquaintance. He has quite a genre of his own, and when he comes off the result is very good ; but as with so many of his type of faculty it is a case of hit or miss. I was faintly amused by your rather dismal catalogue of things read. I read *Ethan Frome*<sup>1</sup> some years ago, and it impressed me greatly. It is her best work ; have you read her new volume of Short Stories, *Xingu*? Some of them—particularly “Autres Temps”—are quite good. “Broke of Covenden” I dimly remember ; certainly much above average. Rosebery’s *Chatham*, on the other hand, is a most meagre and disappointing performance. My boy Oc<sup>2</sup> was at last allowed to command his own battalion in the Naval Division, and they were in the rather heavy fighting at the beginning of this week. He was wounded in the left arm ; slightly, but badly enough to be sent home. You want a big book? Have you read from cover to cover and unabridged, Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*? If not, do so at once (there are 7 Vols.) : and then try to answer the question—why all the best biographies are of Men of Letters and not of Men of Action.

Write,

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> By Edith Wharton.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Asquith.

MARCH 1917

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.,

21st March, 1917.

I have been a very bad correspondent of late, but I have often thought of you, and I was delighted by your disclosure of your flirtations with the Archdeacon. That dignitary was once defined—I think by Sydney Smith—as “a person who discharges Archi-diaconal functions.”<sup>1</sup> Your friend seems likely to add to the conventionally accepted list.

I am amused at your taking a course of Whyte-Melville. I agree that in its way *Market Harborough* is a masterpiece. Are you for the time “off” Shakespeare and the Bible? I have at last got my books into something like decent order, but I have not yet selected which to re-read; with the exception of *Monte Cristo* which I have not read for thirty years, and of which I take a nightly dose.

Beb<sup>2</sup> is now at the front with a battery of R.F.A., and I am afraid that Oc, who is practically healed, will go back to his Amphibians<sup>3</sup> at the beginning of next week. I have been remaking the acquaintance of General Smuts, who is much the most remarkable of our Colonials.

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> The definition was Lord Palmerston's.

<sup>2</sup> Herbert Asquith.

<sup>3</sup> The Naval Division.

APRIL 1917

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.I.,

21st April, 1917.

Thank you so much for your sweet letter. I am glad that you enjoyed (as I did) our time together; it ought to have been longer, but we made good use of our opportunities—didn't we?

It is a pity you have not got your own copy of the Oxford book<sup>1</sup> at hand. I was sorry to hear that Peter had merited castigation, and that you had felt bound to inflict it. I don't remember ever having that part cast upon me, but I am afraid I was a lax parent and not at all a model to Fathers.

I see you are making progress with Lockhart; my memory of much of it, particularly the early chapters, is very faint. I am sending you the Calendar and such of Gilbert Murray's *Euripides* as I can lay hands upon.

Which of our churches did you like the best? We had the pretty Mrs. Arkwright (Violet's late tenant) among our Sunday guests. She has nice manners, and puckers her brow becomingly.

I went yesterday to the American Service at St. Paul's, which was quite impressive, and in the after-

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford Book of English Verse.*

A P R I L 1917

noon with Eliz: and Puff to see their gigantic, world-record-breaking Cinema *Intolerance* at Drury Lane. It is, as Dominic Sampson says, "Prodigious," and quite worth seeing.

Bless you,

H. H. A.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

*Sunday, 25th April, 1917.*

I was very glad to get your letter from Liverpool and delighted to hear that you are coming here on Tuesday, the 29th. It ought to be externally very pleasant then, and in any case it will be a great joy to see you again.

I envy you seeing the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas again. It is almost the only form of music that has ever given me real pleasure.

Did I tell you about the man who wants to marry —? He is very rich and in some ways eligible; one drawback (if it is one) being that he is what is

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called a "natural son." You know how things get exaggerated, especially on the lips of your sex, and a niece of mine was heard the other day to say, with a look of horror in her eyes : " I hear that he is illegitimate *on both sides* ! "

I picked up at Bumpus's two so-called novels, the reading of which would fill any one with gloom : *My People*—giving a most lurid picture of the squalor and hypocrisy and self-seeking and obscenity of the Welsh farmers and peasants ; and *The Stories of the Revolution* by the man who wrote *Sanine*—truly Russian in its incoherence, with a plentiful supply of intermittent horrors.

Now that you are back again at Easton Grey, write.

I go to London to-morrow and return here Friday for Whitsuntide.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

Friday, 11th May, 1917.

I was very glad to get your letter. I suppose your wounded warrior will have returned by now : I hope perfectly recovered.

MAY 1917

I trust that your needle is not going to dethrone your books. Why should a soldier's wife need them less than other people's wives? I remember an old judge (who apart from the law was quite illiterate, but a great sportsman) who used to say with much complacency: "On the night of the 11th August every year my boys and I start for Scotland with our guns and rods: and, thank God, not a bloody book among the lot of us." I suppose there are few people left who would be quite as frank as that, but it is the real, if unavowed, point of view of a typical class of Englishman.

I am glad you read your daily calendar.

I think you had better go back to the Gospels. (Will it be your first reading of them?) I don't think you would find much to edify you in Romans, Corinthians etc.—though personally I find a very occasional dose of St. Paul interesting and stimulating.

We have had some anxiety this week about Violet<sup>1</sup>; whose recovery was unaccountably interrupted on Monday. The last two days she has had rather a high temperature, and the Doctors were afraid of pneumonia. Happily she seems to be much better this morning, and is almost normal.

I have been tasting for the first time the suppressed novelist D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Do you

<sup>1</sup> Lady Violet Bonham-Carter.

JUNE 1917

know it? To parody the old criticism (good though powerful) I should say it was tiresome though inclined to be nasty. I must try and find something more satisfying. Suggest a Sunday in the near future for The Wharf.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

15th June, 1917.

I was very glad to get your letter. I thought we had a divine time together—golfing, driving and sitting in the Mill House garden and (what is more important) getting to know one another better. What a good thing it was that I didn't succumb when I had the opportunity to the temptation that was too much for Porphyria's jealous admirer, but I never felt in a less murderous mood.

I returned your Bishop Wilkins, as I felt sure you would soon need some spiritual milk, and there is less water in his than in most preachers, and to-day (after your two quotations from *Paradise Lost*) I am sending

J U N E 1 9 1 7

John Bailey's *Milton*, which I think you will enjoy. It is perhaps rather on the ecstatic side, but that is not a bad fault in a critic of Milton.

So you are going to practise the Voltairean maxim which is the refrain of *Candide*: "Il faut cultiver votre jardin?" I hope that in addition to your spade and spud, you will equip yourself with a treatise on elementary Botany! (Do you shrivel at the sneer and the humiliating memories which it evokes?)

Lavery's picture of me made a little progress yesterday, while the fair lady prattled to us both. She had just bought a second-hand guitar which she thinks will be becoming. I am going to lunch to-day with Lady Crewe to meet a famous female agitator—Miss Mary McArthur—otherwise Mrs. Anderson.

I wrote a line of congratulation to Rhoda B. on her *Thorn in the Flesh*. Since then I have read a little love story (*The Lovers*, by Mrs. Pennell) which is not bad of its kind. I think I shall take to some more Shakespeare and a little Roman History. I wish you were coming to The Wharf to-morrow.

H. H. A.

JUNE 1917

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W1.,

22nd June, 1917.

I ought to have replied sooner to your Sunday letter, and it is no real excuse to say that I have been rather "busy." Are you glad that I have your "intellectual welfare" at heart? What an odd way of putting it! I don't know why the somewhat lurid text from St. Luke should have smitten your conscience. I should think there were very few people who had less reason to make excuses. Reading Milton, digging and pruning in the garden, putting the children to bed on Sunday, with an occasional dip into Wilkins' sermons: here surely are all the materials for a perfect picture of a blameless woman's life.

How do you like Bailey? He is a trifle too flamboyant, but his selections seem to me to be good. Birrell was dining here a couple of nights ago, and I reproached him for the ridiculous title of his book.<sup>1</sup> He confessed that he had no defence. The only other literary Lion (perhaps I ought to say with the Heralds "Lioncel") that I have come across this week is Belloc, who roared and guffawed for our amusement, at Lady Cunard's luncheon table on Tuesday. "The Agitatress" was in a very mild mood, dwelling on the

<sup>1</sup> Probably *In the Name of the Bodleian*.

JUNE 1917

anxious moments she had passed through during the air raid when her baby was out playing in the Square. Has your versatile new parson begun yet to lay out the links? I am sure you must be burning to avenge your defeat at Huntercombe. Since you left it has been too hot to play, but I am hoping to have a game on Sunday. I have read nothing these last few days that I can pass on to you.

Write again without delay,

Bless you,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

29th June, 1917.

As you call special attention to the promptitude of your letter I may point out that it is dated 23rd May, 1917, and would, therefore, seem to have taken some five weeks in the post. All the same, perhaps all the more, it was very welcome, and added (as you say) one or two more characteristic traits to my *Portrait of a Lady*. Your Scott readings will, I fancy, have to be

JUNE 1917

suspended as I understand that Lucy is coming to Sutton Courtenay for a little visit. You are quite right to take your time over *Paradise Lost*. I should have thought that an annotated edition was almost a necessity. Milton is full of obscure allusions and often lapses into the grossest pedantry : as for instance in the invocation to light, to which you refer.

“ So thick a *drop serene* have *quenched* their orbs,  
Or dim *suffusion veil'd*.”

My editor declares that this points to two kinds of blindness : “ *Gutta serena* ” a disease of the optic nerve, and “ *suffusio* ”—cataract ! It is a bad blot, as is the line soon after :

“ And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,”

which Bentley rejected as spurious.

I have been (after a debauch of novel reading) taking a dip into Roman History : the last century of the Republic : one of the most depressing chapters in history, though Sulla and Cæsar are really dramatic figures.

I don't feel sure about your movements just now : I hope that “ *The Wharf revisited* ” is a fairly early item in your social programme. I fear the prospect this Sunday is not good : it pours with rain.

H. H. A.

JULY 1917

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

Sunday, 8th July, 1917.

I am writing this in the Barn while outside the rain descends, with a resolute, pitiless, perpendicular downpour. It is a great bore: so much here depends (as you know) on sun and the possibility of life in the open air.

I like your lines from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is full of beautiful things, but it is a silly story, and taken all together does not compare, to my thinking, with *As You Like It*. An occasional dip into Shakespeare relieves the stress of *Paradise Lost*, doesn't it? I suppose you are going to persevere to the end: as Dr. Johnson grimly remarked (of *P.L.*), "no one wishes it were longer."

I drove down here yesterday afternoon with Elizabeth and Sybil Graham. It was a perfect day, and the country looked as well as it can in July. It is all the more disappointing that we should wake up this morning to November. Lucy is here at The Mill House which she shares—quite virtuously—with a middle-aged artist named Lawson who attempted to make a sketch of me while I was playing Bridge last night. Our guests include Massingham of *The Nation*,

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who is good company, and the Laverys. He came intent on producing a big landscape, but it is not an artist's day.

I think of going to France to stay with Haig for some days about the 23rd or 24th, and the two following Sundays I shall be at Wilton and Pixton, so make your plans accordingly.

H. H. A.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

8th August, 1917.

DEAREST HILDA,

I am not quite sure whose turn it is to write, but with my usual magnanimity I give you the benefit of such doubt as there is.

I did quite an adventurous thing last week, going off all by myself to stay from Friday till Tuesday at Pixton on the borders of Somerset and Devon close to Exmoor. I found for companions three young women, all married—one of them being my daughter-in-law,

AUGUST 1917

Cynthia,<sup>1</sup> and two more or less young men. The weather was perfect, and the country new to me, and I greatly enjoyed my jaunt. I picked up and read another Rhoda Broughton : (she is fast becoming my favourite authoress !) and I played golf twice with my hostess on some rather tame sea links at Minehead. I am looking forward to renewing the struggle with you, and hope to get a little practice in the meantime at Huntercombe.

Will it be convenient to you to come here not on Saturday the 18th, but on Monday the 20th ? It is ages since I have seen and talked with you and yet the Barn in which I am writing seems full of memories of you. I drove down yesterday with Lady Lytton and her boy who has come for a few days as play-fellow with Puffin. Elizabeth is here, and Violet and her baby occupy the Mill House.

I thought you would squirm when you came at last to "He for God only, she for God in him." *A propos* of your resurgent feminism, I am reading rather a clever novel—*A Candid Courtship*, which deals with the topic, by a woman I never heard of. Some of the chapters have good headings—as this, from Blake, who visited the Garden of Love :

"And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds  
And binding with briars my joys and desires."

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cynthia Asquith.

S E P T E M B E R 1 9 1 7

Do you hear often, by the way, from your friend the Archdeacon?

Write soon,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*5th September, 1917.*

I see you have got into a thoroughly biblical mood—4 lessons a day is rather a lot and I hope will not produce a sense of surfeit. What about “the origin of the Nicene Creed”? If you have begun to interest yourself in that very unedifying chapter in Ecclesiastical History, I strongly recommend a course of Gibbon—whom I fancy you have not read? You will find the whole story there painted with masterly irony by the brush of a very detached and mocking outsider.

I observe that D. was taking away the Pascal in her honeymoon kit. I don't fancy she is a profound French scholar, but the bridegroom has enough “culture” for two.

S E P T E M B E R 1917

The last three days we were at The Wharf the weather was perfect. We had a new element on Sunday in the person of Mrs. Satterthwaite—the champion tennis player : apart from her tennis, quite pretty. She turned out to be a relation of mine ! as we are both descended from some people called Wrigley in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I played two days running at Huntercombe—not well : you would have given me a sad towelling.

We came up yesterday afternoon and went in the evening with Puffin and Elizabeth to see the spook play at the Savoy—a silly story full of rubbish but very well acted on the whole. We are just off to Munstead to poor F. McLaren's<sup>1</sup> funeral. To-morrow (Thursday) Puff and I go with the McKennas to Cornwall for a few days. Don't fail to write to me there—the address is Minto House, Newquay, Cornwall.

I love your letters and wish for more of them.

“ He lit many fires in cold rooms ” is not a bad epitaph, is it ?

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> Francis McLaren. He was killed while flying.

SEPTEMBER 1917

NEWQUAY, CORNWALL,

10th September, 1917.

It was delightful to get your letter here. I went to poor Francis McLaren's funeral at Munstead on Wednesday : and on Thursday Puffin and I travelled here with the McKennas, with whom we are staying till to-morrow. They have a nice little villa overlooking a small tidal river, and completely screened from the hideous sea-side town. The weather has treated us very well, though there were showers yesterday. There is fairly good golf, and quite exceptionally fine rock scenery along the coast. We have had no neighbours or visitors, except the Geoffrey Howards who are across the road in what the auctioneers call "a maisonette." I have greatly enjoyed the change, and I am sorry to leave.

I thought you would soon cut down your Scripture reading to a more reasonable diet. You must certainly take to Gibbon, though he will not help to rebuild the fabric of your faith. It is curious that such a shocking infidel should have apparently got on so well with Dr. Johnson. I daresay being more than twenty years younger and for other reasons he treated the Sage with deference.

S E P T E M B E R 1 9 1 7

I have not read as much as I expected here: some moderate fiction, and Walpoliana and a bit of Lord Harvey which makes me inclined to follow in your footsteps and have a real pull at H. Walpole Letters.

We go to The Wharf on Wednesday morning for my birthday, and my present intention is to cross the Channel on Friday. I am amused at your spending a day of psychical research with Violet Little. Twenty years ago she and her sisters used often to come to us. Poor dear! I am afraid I thought that she had drifted into ghostland herself.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

21st September, 1917.

DEAREST,

I have just heard from Lucy your terrible news.<sup>1</sup> It must have happened while I was out there. Somehow in all tragedies, actual or possible, of the war, this one had never entered into my imagination. That you of all women should be called upon to face this cruel desolation of your life is to me all but

<sup>1</sup> Her husband was killed in action in September 1917.

•        S E P T E M B E R    1 9 1 7

unthinkable. My heart bleeds for you and I would give more than I can tell to be able to put a healing finger on your brow.

Do you remember those fine lines near the end of *Samson Agonistes*?

“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,    ..  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in death so noble.”

There is something simple and sublime, which lifts and soothes in their very austerity.

When you feel that you are able, write me a line to tell me how you fare. I shall be thinking of you constantly, and feeling for and with you and longing (be sure of that)—if only I can—to help. •

God bless and keep you,

Ever your loving, and devoted

H. H. A.

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•  
20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

28th September, 1917.

It was sweet of you to write. I am glad that you find comfort in my letters, and in my thoughts of you

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and love for you. You know how real they are. But as Theseus (I think) says in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "The best in this kind are but shadows"—at such a time.

I am sure that you will find it a help to read—even to break new ground, such as Gibbon: but not forgetting to "interpose" a frequent turn to our beloved Book of Verse.

I am just back from Leeds where we had a wonderful turn out, and I spoke with more satisfaction than I generally feel. I visited a shell-filling factory where there are about 8,000 girls: a truly stupendous sight: they do the same work that was done by 16,000 a year ago.

I am coming to speak at Liverpool (of all places) on Thursday, October 11th. I don't suppose you will feel able to go to the meeting, but I wonder if there will be any possibility of my seeing you? You might consider this. Just off to The Wharf, where I hope to spend most of next week.

Bless you,

Ever your loving,

H. H. A.

OCTOBER 1917

THE WHARF,

SUTTON COURTENAY,

2nd October, 1917.

I saw this morning a letter which you had written to Lucy : so that I know that you are now installed at Liverpool for the time. I fear that your life both in itself and in its surroundings must be a sombre tale from day to day. I would give a great deal to come and have a real talk. Perhaps it may be found possible next week. I have been here ever since I got back from Leeds, and for Sunday we had rather a tennis-playing party : the Satterthwaites, D'Aberron, F. E. Smith, etc. They have all disappeared and our only guest for the moment is Baker,<sup>1</sup> with whom I hope to have a round at Huntercombe this afternoon. It seems a century since you and I had our last encounter there : do you remember ? Except for a day in London on Thursday I shall stay here till I go to Liverpool next week. Puffin has gone back to school, and Elizabeth flits to and fro between here and Cavendish Square. The weather can only be called divine : indeed yesterday (1st October) was the finest day we have had this year. If only you were here !

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Harold Baker.

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I am glad that Easton Grey finds a place in your plans for the future.

I have read (or skimmed) the *Life of Dilke*—a dullish book in two huge vols. about a dullish man. Is there anything that I can send you to read that you would like? I have just been looking into Mrs. Browning: would she be of any use? You are so often in my thoughts.

God bless you,

H. H. A.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY, BERKS,

*Saturday, 6th October, 1917.*

Thank you for your letter. Margot showed me one you had written to her which it touched me to read.

I am not sure that you won't find R. Browning more to the purpose just now than his wife: indeed I am sure that you will. Of course you must have got him among your books—your own, or the "good stuff hidden away" in your present abode. If by chance he is missing, I will send you one of mine.

OCTOBER 1917

We came back here yesterday after a night in London. The raiding season is over for the moment, but it has left behind it an after-swell of nerve-shock, if not exactly of panic, which is very discreditable. I shall be here now till Wednesday and I must try to think of something to say to your fellow-citizens<sup>1</sup> on Thursday. It is not altogether easy, as the international ice is at present very thin.

How is it going to be possible for us to meet and have a talk? I believe we are to stay the night with the Lord Mayor, who apparently lives at a place called Mossle Hill out of the town. What about Friday morning? I am so ignorant of the terrain: perhaps you could make a suggestion.

It is true to say, darling, that you are often in my thoughts, and I long for nothing more than to be of real use to you. Can I?

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

13th October, 1917.

I can't tell you what a joy it was to see you yesterday and to find, as I knew I should, that you were facing

<sup>1</sup> Liverpool.

OCTOBER 1917

life with courage and hope. You have so much to live for : and it is a real and deep delight to me to know that you think I count, and am going to be a help and, whether far or near, a companion to you. It is a very good thing that you are among your books. I should certainly drop Dryden in favour of Gibbon. You may find his stiff brocade rather trying at first, but after a time—for he was a great artist—it becomes a real delight. I have been plodding through a volume of Creighton's *History of the Medieval Popes*—a painstaking book after the approved style of the Stubbs School—but what a contrast. We had a long, rather dreary journey and dined last night with the McKennas. Massingham of *The Nation* was there and Lady Scott : but it was not exciting. It is wet again to-day and I do not much look forward to my Sunday at The Wharf.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

27th October, 1917.

I gather from your last letter that you are beginning to tire of your "tramway" life and pining for the air

of the country. Is it necessary that you should stay as long as you originally planned in such uncongenial surroundings? Even the satisfaction of seeing the provocative effects of your red rags<sup>1</sup> will pall after a time. Lucy is still pursuing her artistic education at the Slade School with undiminished vigour. She dined here last night with the Glenconners and some others. Pamela<sup>2</sup> sat next me, and had a "literary" conversation. She is a great Jane Austenite, and had just returned from a lecture on that immortal woman: so I was glad to be able to stump her out completely by asking her what was the Christian name of Mr. D'Arcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. I wonder if you know? So far as I remember, there is only one clue to it in the whole book.<sup>3</sup>

It is a beautiful day and we are all off to The Wharf for Sunday. My tennis-playing cousin, the illustrious Mrs. Satterthwaite, is our principal guest.

Pamela (who is a good judge) strongly recommends a new American novel: *The Bent Twig*. It apparently deals with what is called the co-education of boys and girls, so you had better get hold of it.

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the baiting of a reactionary father-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> His sister-in-law, Lady Glenconner.

<sup>3</sup> He signs himself "Fitzwilliam Darcy" in his letter to Elizabeth Bennet which was handed to her at the park-gate of Rosings.

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

1st November, 1917.

I believe that by the calendar it is All Saints' Day. I don't know whether that is an anniversary that moves you much. The Collect (which I think is Cranmer's) is a very good one. What brought all this into my mind is that I have just returned from a Memorial Service at St. Margaret's for Lady Ripon, at which they sang Milman's hymn "The Son of God goes forth to war": whether by accident, or as appropriate to the day, I don't know.

We had quite a formidable raid here last night: it began just as they were going up to bed about midnight, and lasted off and on until 2 in the morning. The servants were all huddled together in the basement, but I think their nerves are improving. The bombs, of which there were a good many, seem to have been dropped mainly south of the river. As the moon has begun to dwindle, we shall probably be less harassed for the next fortnight.

I am rather depressed by the immediate war outlook, what with the catalepsy of Russia and the collapse of Italy.<sup>1</sup> What a contrast to the prospect a year ago!

<sup>1</sup> Caporetto.

NOVEMBER 1917

Gilbert Murray, whom you know in verse, came to lunch yesterday with a pretty daughter who carries messages for the Flying Corps on a motor cycle.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*3rd November, 1917.*

I have two delightful letters from you telling me the things I want to know.

I am all for your pursuing your "literary adventure," let the grim aunts cackle as they may. Is your Professor Vaughan a man of about 60, with initials "C. E."? If so, he was at Balliol with me, some years before the Flood, and is, I know, very competent in the domain of English Literature. I am afraid if I were to be "in his shoes" on Monday, we might be found talking about something else than the classics. What do you think?

I am amused to hear of your "latest squint." There is no trace of it in the photograph nor in any of my memory pictures. Glasses, as I know by experience, are a horrible nuisance, and I hope you will very soon be able to discard them.

NOVEMBER 1917

As the result of my interview with Walter Long, I have now received a white badge, which authorises my car to disregard all the ridiculous restrictions.<sup>1</sup>

I think I told you that I have finished *Jane Eyre*: by way of complete contrast I started last night Mrs. Wharton's new book *Summer*, which seems promising. As things go, she is a really clever writer. My Popes have been dragging rather heavily of late: they are a dreary lot, with very few exceptions; the pious literary Catholics, Chesterton, Belloc and Co. must need a lot of eye-wash. It is a bad wet day, but I am going to the Wharf after lunch.

H. H. A.

20<sup>1</sup> CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

9th November, 1917.

I am glad that you enjoyed your first lecture. Aristotle, indeed! The "Poetics," I suppose. We are getting on. If you are really going to dig in this mine, you should get Butcher's editions, and perhaps (incidentally) rub up your Greek. The great philo-

<sup>1</sup> These badges were issued by the Government during the period when petrol was restricted.

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sopher wrote the vilest style in literature : so much so that his admirers have had recourse to the theory that what we possess of his " writings " are really notes of his lectures taken down by his students and disciples.

Are you feeling " forlorn " ? Poor darling—I wish you were within range. But I shall see you next week. Let me know in good time and with *exactitude* what your plans and movements are.

Last night we had (what, thank God, is rare with us) a musical evening : a niece of Joachim's—d'Aranyi by name—played the fiddle, and (amongst others) my prospective daughter-in-law Anne sang—very nicely I thought—with one Novello, who is by way of being a sort of rag-time composer. I also had a final sitting with Lavery : he can do nothing more to the picture—for better or worse.

I shall go to The Wharf to-morrow for Sunday. Write to me.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

12th November, 1917.

I was very glad to get your letter at The Wharf. I forget where T. lives, nor do I know the name of your

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Mother's London hotel. But wherever that may be, you will be very welcome if you will come and see me here on Saturday morning—the nearer all the better. Meanwhile I daresay you will let me have fuller details of your plan of campaign. I like your description of the Librarian; there are few people in these degenerate times who remind one, even externally, of the real Johnson. I expect you will become great pals. Gibbon is without doubt the best read in the library.

We had a fine and sunny Sunday at The Wharf, where the company was unexciting—Lillah McCarthy, Mrs. Joshua, Lord Buckmaster and a very nice girl called Kathleen Robson, who is a friend of Elizabeth's. In the afternoon we drove to Boar's Hill and called on John Masefield, the poet, whom we found in khaki, feeding his rabbits, and still struggling with his narrative of the Battle of the Somme. He is a delightful man.

By way of a change I read a few chapters of *Dombey and Son*. I have not yet braced myself up to *Wuthering Heights*. The world seems to be going to the devil at a great pace just now. There are very few redeeming spots, but you are certainly one of them.

H. H. A.

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

13th November, 1917.

I work your postman hard, don't I? I have just come from a Memorial Service at St. Martin's to Basil Blackwood,<sup>1</sup> of whom I was really fond. These functions have begun to resemble one another almost painfully, but this one had some special features. The American hymn, "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord," and the regimental march of the Grenadiers, which is played entirely by invisible drummers and gradually fades into silence. It is quite the most impressive thing in military music: more so, to my thinking, than The Flowers of the Forest which you hear (on bagpipes) at a Scots-Guards funeral. There were a lot of people there, for he was very popular: including my daughter-in-law, Cynthia, who was much attached to him.

We are having Col. House, the Head of the American "Mission," to lunch: he is President Wilson's own particular *âme damnée*.

I am thinking of collecting for publication in a small volume what I call Occasional Addresses, i.e.

<sup>1</sup> Younger son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. He was a remarkable man with a gift for humorous draughtsmanship, as readers of Belloc's *Bad Child's Book of Beasts* will remember.

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speeches which I have made during the last twenty-five years on strictly non-political subjects. I have rummaged out a few already, and in a short time I think I can put together a decent size compilation. They are on very heterogeneous topics—criticism, biography, Omar Khayyám, the Royal Society, two rectorial addresses, and some two or three appreciations of dead contemporaries. Do you think it is a good idea?

H. H. A.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

27th November, 1917.

I was lucky enough to get two letters from you this morning: one re-directed from The Wharf. I am glad that your clouds are taking a more "sober colouring." I don't want any *tractate* bearing upon women's suffrage—even though it may have been in old days among your treasured possessions. How does *The New Republic* bear re-reading? I should think it must by now have worn thin and even thread-bare, like so many of the once vivid and vital topics which fill up too much of J. Morley's recollections.

NOVEMBER 1917

I remember its first appearance (i.e. *N. Republic*) : it had quite a *succès de scandale*.

Mrs. Kidd and I have not yet met, so the tangle of the tangible and intangible has not so far been untwisted.

I am beginning to feel rather alarmed about your Librarian. A quickened pulse and an endearing nickname ! All the premonitory signs of brewing danger. As Clough pointed out long ago—great is the power and magic of juxtaposition.

It is a pity you missed the lectures<sup>1</sup> on the Sublime and Beautiful. I believe the better opinion now is that the treatise is not by Longinus, but by some other gentleman of an unknown name. I must look this up : also L.'s relations with Zenobia : it is becoming difficult to keep pace with you in your lightning marches through the kingdom of learning. I love your description of poor Vaughan's antics of despondency.

I agree about the joy-bells : it was a lamentable lapse.<sup>2</sup> One could not help thinking of Sir Robert

<sup>1</sup> A course of lectures which Mrs. — was attending.

<sup>2</sup> The Battle of Cambrai was fought on November 20th, 1917. "When on November 21st the bells of London pealed forth in celebration of the victory of Cambrai they tolled out old tactics and rang in new." The first great tank battle in the whole history of warfare. On November 20th, from a base of

NOVEMBER 1917

Walpole's famous "Now they are ringing their bells : soon they will be wringing their hands."

There is nothing really to tell of our Warwick adventure.: it is a wonderful place in a fine setting and there was something that did not quite fit in with it in our hospitable Yankee hosts; kind and good-natured as they were. I went to see Augustus John's Exhibition to-day : I had not realised before the range of his power, despite his freaks and diableries.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

29th November, 1917.

I have no letter from you to-day. No doubt you are too absorbed in Aristotle and Longinus to find time or thought for sublunary frivolities. I can picture you with a wet towel round your brow and a pair of rimmed spectacles on your nose grappling in the twilight with the problems of what the Germans call *Aesthetik*. Or perhaps you are leaning on the

some 13,000 yards in width, a penetration of no less than 10,000 yards was effected in twelve hours. But alas, all that ground was lost again.

NOVEMBER 1917

proffered help of the pseudo-Johnson of the Library. Anyhow the hungry sheep look up and are not fed—which means in plain prose that I miss my letter.

I am making a little progress with the collection of material for my Volume. I don't quite know whom to get to publish it. I have just finished J. Morley and a baddish novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and have just begun to cut the leaves of Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Does that convey anything to you? If not, you might apply for light to your new literary guide and philosopher (do you observe the symptom of the green passion?).

Bless you all the same,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

30th November, 1917.

*St. Andrew's Day*—

Does that convey any message to you?

The plot thickens! the Librarian<sup>1</sup> (damn him) has, I can easily see, begun to hypnotise and enmesh you.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Sampson, the Romany scholar and Librarian of Liverpool University.

N O V E M B E R 1917

Certainly, in my wildest dreams of your literary future, I never cast you for the part of Dr. Watts' Editress. It is (as I daresay you realise) an arduous *métier*, for he not only versified the Psalms and wrote "How doth the little busy bee," and "There is a land of pure delight," but was the author of a Treatise on Logic (which I have at The Wharf) and an almost countless family of philosophic and theological offshoots. He also wrote a work on the *Improvement of the Mind*, which is praised by Dr. Johnson. Have you yet read it?

Meanwhile it is worth you reading again what Dr. J. says (I think in his *Life of Waller*) against the hymn as a vehicle of poetry. One phrase I remember: "Repentance has no leisure for cadences and epithets." Dr. Watts made a spirited reply.

I am delighted at the thought of you immersed in this atmosphere.

We went to a play last night—*Billeted*—by Miss Jesse, the authoress of *Secret Bread*, etc. It was quite amusing and very well acted.

Write,

H. H. A.

DECEMBER 1917

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

12th December, 1917.

I daresay you have thought me neglectful, but the last two days I have been a good deal preoccupied. On Monday I stayed alone at The Wharf to think over my speech :<sup>1</sup> rather a ticklish affair. Yesterday we

<sup>1</sup> *The Times*, December 12th, 1917. Birmingham Speech. This was "the clean peace" speech. He was treading difficult ground, as he had to deal with the Lansdowne Letter, which had raised a storm of abuse but contained what Mr. Asquith recognised as a great deal of good sense. He repudiated the interpretations which had been put upon Lord Lansdowne's letter, that it amounted to a confession that we were suing for peace.

"I take the stress of his main argument—apart from subsidiary points—to be this : that the Allies, while pursuing the war with vigour and purpose, should endeavour to make it increasingly clear to the peoples of the world, both belligerent and neutral, that the only aims for which we are fighting are rational and unselfish in themselves, and are those for which we entered the war : and that by their attainment, we are convinced that we may look for a durable peace, safeguarded by the conjoint authority of an international League. To use President Wilson's latest words, the aim is to bring into effective existence that 'partnership, not merely of Governments, but of peoples, which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace.' Even now there is abundant evidence, not that the Governments, but that the peoples of the enemy countries are kept artificially in the dark as to our real purposes, both for war and for peace, and I for one shall continue to do what I can to raise the veil and to let in, if it may be, some rays of light." (Cheers.)

DECEMBER 1917

started after an early lunch for Birmingham. After a rather ceremonial early Dinner, given by the Lord Mayor, we went on to the Town Hall where I found a wonderful meeting and a noble reception. You will have seen what I said. It was listened to in the most flattering way to a speaker—that is, not with tumults of applause, but with strained and at times almost breathless attention—until the end. Then I had to go to an overflow meeting: and after that supper, and a toast or two—and at last to bed.

You know the lines—they go back to the reign of Henry VII—

“For tho’ the day be never so long,  
At last the belles ringeth to evensong.”

I found lying about a copy of Macaulay's Essays—which I read in the train both going and returning. I hadn't taken a dose of him for years: my admiration of his knowledge and style (with all its patent effects) grew with each page. If only anyone could write like that now! Read over again his Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes: it is worth a Jew's ransom.

Ever your devoted,

H. H. A.

DECEMBER 1917

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

15th December, 1917.

It was a great delight to see your handwriting again this morning. I hope your anxieties about Anne<sup>1</sup> are over.

I think you will enjoy an occasional dram of Macaulay. He is considered (like Dickens and Scott) rather *démodé* by the younger generation of to-day, and there is no doubt something irritating both in his assured air of omniscience, and in what I think John Morley calls his hard metallic style. But he easily overtops anything that we can produce now. Do you know Trevelyan's Life of him? One of the most delightful of biographies.

I have made progress with my little collection of addresses, and Gosse has made arrangements with Macmillan to publish it on what authors and booksellers consider "very favourable terms," which means in this case a royalty of twenty-five per cent. on each copy sold. As far as I can make out there will be about fifteen pieces: a most miscellaneous assemblage of "fine confused eating," ranging in topics from criticism and biography to the "English Bible" and the "English Bar." I don't know how

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent's daughter.

DECEMBER 1917

long it will take to publish it, but you shall have one of the first copies.

I hope I shan't miss you when you come to London. I am just off to The Wharf : a lovely day.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

21st December, 1917.

This ought to be waiting for you when you arrive at Grayshott. It seems safer to send it there than to Liverpool.

I have been reading Colvin's *Life of Keats*—just published. It is what the critics call a "monumental" work : nothing can ever be added to it. I like Keats better, and think more of his power, after reading it. Fanny Brawne was a bit of a minx, and he got much more pain than pleasure out of his love for her. The picture of the Leigh Hunt circle (what was gibed at as the "Cockney School") is very well tho' rather elaborately drawn by Colvin. It is quite a book to read.

~~Puffin~~ Puffin is back, and I am just going out with him to buy presents. We move on to The Wharf to-morrow

JANUARY 1918

—an almost unwieldy family party, including Cys and his Anne, and little Cara Copland.

I have booked you for next Thursday there : so don't disappoint me.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

19th January, 1918.

I rather agree that you should alter the name of Sandlands, but the choice of a substitute requires careful thought. The blackbird duly alighted here, but I have not yet had time to test his notes.

I am afraid that your Dominic<sup>1</sup> is rather gypsy-ridden, and that before long he will be foisting *Lavengro* upon you. There is no harm in *The Bible in Spain*, but I hope you won't join (with Birrell and others) the sect of the Borrovians.

I have just finished correcting the proofs of my own little venture. I have abandoned fancy titles in favour of *Occasional Addresses*. Don't you think I am

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Sampson.

JANUARY 1918

right? It takes up about two hundred pages (I have added to what I told you an appreciation of Jowett) and is very nicely printed. I must now try and write something in the nature of a Preface.

You will see the announcement of Oc's third D.S.O. in the papers to-day. His wound is a very tiresome one, but he writes that he hopes to be sent over here by about the middle of February.

Did you see that *John Bull* has started an outcry about the "German woman in Downing Street"? This time the hidden spy turns out to be the faithful Hanemann who seems to have been there in attendance on Lucy some time in the Autumn of 1914, and to have written letters on Downing Street paper. This curdles the blood of all the Bolo-hunters,<sup>1</sup> who are in full cry.

I am glad that you are sleeping better: but 5.30 is too early to wake. I am off to The Wharf this afternoon.

Bless you,

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> Bolo was a Turkish spy executed in Paris.

FEBRUARY 1918

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

11th February, 1918.

So you have become a ballad-monger ! I am not sure that you will carry me very far with you into that territory. The Dominie has evidently some curious kinks in his literary judgments.

I was rather pleased yesterday, on glancing again through Trevelyan's *Life*, to discover the great and impeccable Macaulay committing a " howler " of the worst kind through lapse of memory. It happens to be a rather favourite bit of mine in *All's Well that Ends Well*. (I daresay I have cited it to you in a despondent mood.)

" Let me not live  
After my flame lacks oil, to be the scuff  
Of younger spirits."

Macaulay (*à propos* of the moribund old Hallam) quotes it : " to be the scuff of meaner spirits." I wrote to Trevelyan, who is an old friend and colleague, to ask whether his attention had been called to such a unique slip : for Macaulay's was as a rule a faultless memory.

Our Sunday went off quite well, rather ~~over-~~Sweded though we were with three natives and one

FEBRUARY 1918

adopted Scandinavian in the person of E. Gosse.<sup>1</sup> It was a divine day and the vegetation is perilously forward. I hope you have settled your difficulties about Sandlands.<sup>2</sup>

To-morrow we have Cys's wedding and the re-opening at the House: quite a full day. I am so glad it is all right about the 22nd.

Bless you,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

18th February, 1918.

There is a cryptic remark at the end of your last letter, which I cannot mentally decipher after many attempts: "I like the one better than the three now." Does it mean that you have suddenly been converted to Unitarianism, and turned your back on St. Athan-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edmund Gosse was the recognised interpreter of Scandinavian literature in this country. The first time the name of Ibsen was mentioned in print in England was in an article by Gosse in *The Spectator*.

<sup>2</sup> His correspondent's house on Boar's Hill, Oxford, into which she was settling at this date.

FEBRUARY 1918

asius' and the Nicene Creed? I know that, like Bishop Menon (and myself), you sit pretty loosely to some of the orthodox tenets, and therefore I am not the least shocked. But I can't see why a course of the Dominie's Ballads should have shaken your faith in the Trinity—though I suspect him, as you know, to be a bold bad man. So perhaps the "three" and the "one" belong to some other plane of thought. Pray put an end to my bewilderment as soon as possible.

There is what is commonly called a "crisis" simmering and indeed seething here. No one can say exactly how or how far it will develop. I don't suppose there are many people who are burning to take over the management of a concern which has been brought during the last twelve months to the verge of bankruptcy.

We gave over The Wharf for this week-end to the Honeymooners,<sup>1</sup> which was perhaps lucky: as the politicians were toing and froing here all through Sunday. We also incidentally came in for two air-raids: last night's is said to be a pretty bad one. I wonder if it would do if I wrote to you on Wednesday to the Boar's Hill Hotel. Let me know.

Ever your loving,

H. H. A.

<sup>1</sup> Cyril and Anne Asquith.

MARCH 1918

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*Saturday, 16th March, 1918.*

I am glad you have already got in the way (after the fashion of the Psalmist) of lifting up your eyes to the Clumps. I can imagine the ghost-ridden air of Easton Grey, emptied of all the people with whom one has associated it so long.

It was funny you should have encountered ———: he is fluent and facile, but a bit of a wind-bag. If I were you, I should "spare to interpose him oft" (as Milton says) at Boar's Hill. Another link with Easton Grey is T. who has again begged me to go and see her: which I have said I will do to-morrow afternoon.

I have done quite a lot of speaking this week since I wrote last: on Wednesday at old Runciman's dinner to about eighty Liberal M.P.'s at the House of Commons, which was quite a success: on Thursday at the Reform Club at the unveiling of my picture: and yesterday (for ten minutes) at a fearsome gathering of Liberal women from all parts of the kingdom, presided over by Lady Aberconway. We dined last night at the French Embassy to meet Clemenceau who is here for one of the Inter-Allied pow-wows: of which I gathered he does not think much. I had a long and quite interesting talk with him: no Frenchman has a better or quicker gift of expression.

A P R I L 1 9 1 8

We are staying here for the Sunday, but the House adjourns on Thursday, and we shall be at The Wharf next Saturday, the 23rd, and I expect stay there for over a fortnight : so I hope to see a lot of you.

H. H. A.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

*1st April, 1918.*

What a day ! I am sure you are not able to discern the Clumps through the rain. When are you going to descend upon us from your heights ? Soon I hope.

We have been rather overcrowded this week-end : seventeen at dinner in two rooms last night—of whom seven were family. The latest addition were Goonie Churchill <sup>1</sup> and Lady Tree. The party will melt away to-morrow into quite modest dimensions.

What are you reading, I wonder ? Are you still entangled in the Dominie's meandering jungle of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Gwendoline Churchill.

A P R I L 1918

Blake-iana? What did you do with my letter? I am sure you haven't the courage to post it. Your friend Paulton is still with us, and has been heard to refer incidentally to the "green lights in Mrs. ——'s eyes." So you see you were under close and penetrating observation. Do you remember Enobarbus's description of Octavia in *Antony and Cleopatra*? "Octavia is of a holy cold and still conversation!" Do you ever aspire to be of that type? Or do you prefer to be remembered for green lights and other such outward manifestations of what Margot calls "temperament"?

Write to me,

Bless you,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

18th April, 1918.

I was longing to hear of and from you, and I should have written before, but that I thought you would be by now in London and would have made a signal. I hope the last traces of the influenza have disappeared: though there is not much to draw one out of doors on

A P R I L • 1 9 1 8

these dismal days, particularly you, who can look out of your window Clump-wards, and take in with your eyes all that beautiful foreground. As you know, I am hopelessly and unconvertibly anti-Krasher<sup>1</sup> and all his kind—more especially inside a humane and civilised home. Not that they are much more tolerable outside. I was delighted to find this passage the other day in one of Macaulay's Letters (after he had just come in from a country walk with two charming young women *and* a dog) : "How odd that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation." So much for Krasher and his tribe.

Your William<sup>2</sup> sounds like a man of discernment. We all come to The Wharf to-morrow (Friday) for week-end : I hope I shall see you. I am depressed by the news and daily and often hourly damn the French.

Do you remember Dr. Johnson could "make nothing" of Poll Carmichael when he "talked to her tightly and closely" ? "She was wiggle waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical." Happily you don't resemble Poll.

H. H., A.

<sup>1</sup> Krasher was his correspondent's bull terrier.

<sup>2</sup> An inefficient man-servant who retired every afternoon with *The Times* to "read Mr. Asquith's speeches."

JUNE 1918

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

28th June, 1918.

Thank you for your graphic description of your pleasant surroundings. The ecclesiastical "properties" which fill my imagination appear to be conspicuously absent. The "masses of books on white shelves" sound attractive. Does she specialise in any particular line of literature?

I hope you got the Lecture.<sup>1</sup> I have an amusing criticism of it this morning from old Mahaffy, the Provost of Trinity, Dublin. Amongst other things, he says that I "wholly overrate" Jane Austen and Carlyle's *French Revolution*, "which is no proper history at all, but what Mr. Carlyle thinks about it." "Neither Browning nor Meredith knew how to sing," and he puts in a word for Victorian architecture!

We had Mr. Branting, the Swedish Socialist, and his wife to lunch yesterday. He is a striking-looking man and talked good sense in rather indifferent French: very superior in every way to the Australian Hughes, from whom I see there is a column of crude and arrogant nonsense in the papers to-day.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *On the Victorian Age*, Oxford Press. A subject suggested by reading Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*.

<sup>2</sup> Hughes' Speech. *The Times*, June 28th, 1918. "The British are indeed a long-suffering, a generous, and a credulous

JULY 1918

I am staying here over to-night, as we have the Henleys to dinner : he returns to the Front to-morrow. I shall go by the morning train and alas ! look wistfully across the river for a figure with a basket. But you will be here Tuesday : with another Sonnet (word-perfect) in your wallet.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

24th July, 1918.

I am all for evening readings of Carlyle. They banish for the moment what Tennyson calls the "rustic cackle" of Boar's Hill : and you can always when so-minded abstract your attention, and go on pilgrimage—to one shrine or another.

people. In the face of the Brest-Litovsk and Rumanian treaties, which have reduced Russia to economic vassalage, in the face of the German economic domination existing in this and almost every other of the Allied and neutral countries before the war, there are still people in this country who advocate the policy of the open door and see, or pretend to see, in any departure from it national disaster. They are ready to hand over to Germany the keys of the citadel of their own country ; they would lead us to the destruction to which Bolsheviks led Russia."

JULY 1918

I hope your imagination is not to be found prowling in the Land of Midian, or (still worse) caravanning with the Romanies.

“Mamma”<sup>1</sup> is in some ways an undefeated Victorian. After all, the red Bible is not going to be raffled for among the white elephants. I am glad you are going to take its sale into your own hands. You must let me know what it fetches.

I was amused to read in the report of the Isaacs’ trial<sup>2</sup> to-day Miss Hobhouse’s answer to Sir J. Simon’s question. “Now that Mr. Murray has given evidence and you have heard his voice, can you say whether he was the man you met in September 1914?” “Yes, I know he is the same because he draws.” Would you recognise him in the same way?

I am glad you have marked your Browning—particularly “Le Byron de nos jours.” How are the Sonnets getting on, and the Diary? Next time we are seated in the Mill House garden we will have some more chapters of Autobiography.

Nothing much is happening here. I dined with the usual crowd (including the Midianitish Chief<sup>3</sup>) at

<sup>1</sup> Her mother.

<sup>2</sup> *The Times*, July 24th, 1918. A libel action in which Mr. Godfrey Isaacs claimed damages against Sir Charles Hobhouse with reference to the Marconi contracts for the Wireless Stations.

<sup>3</sup> Their nickname for Lord D’Abernon.

AUGUST 1918

Mrs. Astor's last night. The Duke of Connaught lunches here on Friday: don't you wish you were coming! I hope you deepened the favourable impression you have made in donnish Oxford at Mrs. H's.

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

1st August, 1918.

I am truly grieved that you feel depressed and crushed. I wish we could spend a day together wandering about Oxford or in the Mill House Garden. Do you remember, near the end of the "Statue and the Bust,"

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is the unlit lamp and the unglowin' loin."

One of Browning's favourite themes is the tragedy of slipped opportunities: as, for instance, in *Le Byron de nos Jours*: have you read it again since that morning when we read it together in the Mill House? And how does your Sonneteering progress? Gray's *Elegy* looms ahead.

AUGUST 1918

I go off at 10 to-night, and hope to be at North Berwick soon after 10 to-morrow (Friday morning). The address is : Glenconner, North Berwick, N.B. I don't think I told you about our luncheon at the Palace. It was a homely and almost frugal affair : nobody there but the King and Queen and Princess Mary and the second son, Albert. The King is very perturbed at the developments of the alien hunt, remarking with truth that his own grandfather was a full-blooded German. They were all very nice to us.

I was looking for some books in Bumpus's shop just now and my eye was suddenly caught by the title *A Dominie's Log*. Without further inspection I bought a copy for you and am sending it by the post. I hope the contents will bear out the promise of the exterior. I also got hold of Quiller-Couch's *Studies in Literature*, just published, which ought to be good. I always think him a fine critic. I shall write to you next from Scotland.

All blessings,

H. H. A.

AUGUST 1918

GLENCONNER, NORTH BERWICK,

*3rd August, 1918.*

I have not much to report since I wrote. Before leaving on Thursday night I dined at the Drogheda with a rather miscellaneous company, including the inevitable American, Major Griscom, and a Rumanian inventor called Cesaresco (or some such name) who is said to be one of the marvels of the world. I had a very comfortable journey and for a wonder slept continuously in the train. I got here about half-past ten yesterday morning and found this villa in the occupation of Margot and Elizabeth and my three step-sisters-in-law. They are all nice girls and rather gifted—drawing, music, etc.,—without being exactly clever. As their father must have been 75 when the eldest of them was born, they make a very good show.

We all went yesterday afternoon to Archerfield, where we lived for six autumns and winters, and played golf on the links there—the best private links in the world. I had not touched a club (as you know) since last November and felt rather a greenhorn, but I did now and again a fair shot. The girls play well, having begun at the right time and been taught in the best school.

AUGUST 1918

This place is said to be chock full but happily not of our acquaintance.

I am reading Q. Couch's new book *Studies in Literature*—which is full of good things. I hope you got some juice out of *A Dominie's Log*—it could hardly be less succulent than your friend's literary output.

H. H. A.

GLENCONNER, NORTH BERWICK,

5th August, 1918.

I have not heard anything from you since I left London. I suppose the posts, which are few and far between, are to blame.

We lead an even more uneventful life here than you do among the Hill men and women. The place is swarming with Tennants—small and full-grown: mostly small. In this house there are my three young sisters-in-law, and across the road broods of Cranbys and Colquhouns with their respective mothers: a very presentable lot, I must admit, as babies go.

I played golf with Katherine (No. 2 of the sisters—aged about 15 and a skilled violinist) on the big links

AUGUST 1918

on Saturday. We had a very good and fairly level game, but she beat me in the end. I should very much like to take you on again—but not on those vile long-haired links where you refreshed yourself with Moreland's Ale. I once played there years ago, and vowed never to repeat the experiment.

We all went to the Episcopal Church yesterday morning to "commemorate" the fourth anniversary of the war. I did not find the service particularly impressive.

There are not many books here, but in ransacking the shelves I came upon a Life of the Winter Queen—Elizabeth of Bohemia—for whose wedding the *Tempest* was written, and the Moon of Sir H. Wotton's "You meaner beauties of the night." It is too long and not over well-written, but it is quite interesting. She was certainly by a long way the most attractive of the Stuarts (it is fortunate for our Royal family that they are descended from her and not from Charles I) and had more than her share of the family ill-luck.

Write to me,

H. H. A.

AUGUST 1918

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

*23rd August, 1918.*

Your letter this morning was a great disappointment, and although you seem to be thoroughly enjoying your spell of Lotus Eating (which apparently includes both posing and painting), I cannot refrain from a selfish hope that Mamma will insist upon your immediate return. Anyhow let me know to-morrow the best or the worst.

Two events of varying degrees of importance have happened these last days. The first is (though you will hardly believe it) that the day before yesterday, on about the hottest afternoon of the year, I climbed on foot to the summit of the highest of the Clumps! See what you miss by your unseasonable and protracted absence. You might have been my companion in the great adventure of this "first ascent." "The unlit lamp and the ungirt loin"—with a vengeance! The other incident (which you had better keep to yourself, for I am not sure how much Lucy knows) is a visit we had yesterday from H. G.,<sup>1</sup> who came over on purpose from Paris to have a talk with me. I will tell you all about it when we meet;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hugh Gibson of the American Embassy.

SEPTEMBER 1918

for the moment I can only say that it "looks like business."

Cys and Anne and Lady Tree leave to-day and the Derenburg family arrive at the Mill House for a few days. The heat has gone and the sky is clouded. I hope you are still learning Sonnets and things.

H. H. A.

CREWE HALL, CREWE,

28th September, 1918.

I was glad to get your little letter and to know that, even within range of the magnetic Serb, you missed the Wharf—and me.

By the way, we discovered that it was the impeccable Clouder <sup>1</sup> (!) who, in a moment of unusual literary curiosity, temporarily commandeered your Mr. Perrin and his colleagues. He blushed under the soft impeachment. I spent Tuesday and Wednesday alone, and very nearly lifted up not only my eyes but

<sup>1</sup> The Asquiths' butler; the book was *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*.

SEPTEMBER 1918

my person to Arne's Hall. The railway strike was in full blast : so I motored up to London before dinner on Wednesday—the first time for months.

I am amused at the developments of your grievance-  
airing with L. G. I hope you won't become one of  
Bottomley's Press Pets.

We all came here in time for dinner on Thursday,  
and spent yesterday in Manchester. I made any  
number of speeches, (1) to the Liberal Delegates, (2)  
to a bunch of Film-makers and producers ! (3) to the  
big meeting at the Free Trade Hall (1½ hours), (4)  
after a dinner at the Reform Club : and did not get  
back here till midnight. The whole affair was voted  
by everybody a great success. I wish you had been at  
the great meeting, where I had a wonderful reception.  
There was a lot of "thrill" in the atmosphere to  
which I know you would have responded. Oddly  
enough, the part that was most wildly applauded was  
what I said about Ireland.<sup>1</sup> I am rather hoarse to-day

<sup>1</sup> *The Times*, September 28th, 1918. "We are witnessing  
the easily foreseeable results of the crude mishandling this last  
Spring of the Irish problem of military service. I purposely  
do not go further into that aspect of the case except to express  
the hope that Ireland (including Ulster) will of her own free  
will make good the quota which she owes to the defence of  
worldwide freedom. I desire to insist upon that, which is  
fundamental, and involves both the honour of our statesmen  
and the moral authority of this country as a partner in the  
Allied cause. We are pledged, all of us, to arrive, without

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but otherwise none the worse. We return Monday, but I fancy I shan't get to The Wharf until Wednesday : so write to Cav. Square.

Bless you,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

8th October, 1918.

It was a great joy to get your letter this morning. I always think the last time the best and this one was no exception to the rule—altho' (from my point of view) you wasted the best part of a precious day in peacocking it in your finest plumage in London for the benefit of the Brigadier, Movies Audiences etc., etc. What is the "sinister figure" that haunts you? Not

slackness or delay, at a solution of the secular problem of the relations of these two islands. There is nothing in the whole sphere of our Imperial and domestic policy so immediate in its urgency and so far-reaching in its consequences as that we should be able to enter the Council Chamber of Peace free from the reproach that the only part of our Empire to which we are afraid to grant self-government is that which lies nearest to our own shores." (Cheers.)

Sir E. C.? You must bring me the diary<sup>1</sup> for the usual revision: I shall be curious to see how much of the truth it tells—or suggests. I am probably the only person, except the writer, to whom it conveys its full message.

I came up here yesterday morning, a day sooner than I intended, as I wanted to be in touch with people about this German Peace Note.<sup>2</sup> It is pretty sure to be “turned down” at once by the bloody and blood-thirsty Americans. I should make it the peg for counter-proposals, demanding evacuation, reparation, and adequate guarantees.

Lansdowne and Gilbert Murray are coming to lunch: E. Grey after lunch: and Lord Reading about tea-time: so I am not wanting for counsellors.

Puffin had a musical party here last night: four stringed instruments played by the “Jelly” family and Hugh Godley, with Ilona at the Piano! A. J. Balfour was amongst the guests. I hope to get away Thursday morning: what about your coming to The Wharf? Weren't you sorry to read of the sudden death of Robert Ross?

<sup>1</sup> Her diary ultimately succumbed to “revision.”

<sup>2</sup> On October 4th Prince Max of Baden was appointed Chancellor and Germany addressed a plea for Armistice to President Wilson, and on October 8th President Wilson sent a temporising answer to the German Peace note.

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THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

27th October, 1918.

I am very much afraid it will be impossible to come to you to-morrow. But the memory of yesterday "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust." The hat is an excellent frame. I had rather a melancholy drive back, despite the company of Horace Walpole in whom I found these priceless lines from a poem called *Dorinda—a Town Eclogue*, about 1774 :

"The faithful hand can unobserved impart  
The secret feeling of a tender heart :  
And oh! what bliss—when each alike is pleased,  
The hand that squeezes and the hand that's squeezed."

The author was R. Fitzpatrick, who was a boon companion of Charles Fox.

There is rather a ramshackle party here—our last—of tennisers, bridge players, and politicians. Summerfields is ravaged with influenza : 50 boys down with it—including Michael McKenna, whom his parents are not allowed to visit. I think the only unfamiliar face to you among our guests is that of my namesake—Sir G. Askwith, whose quiet, cynical method compares favourably with that of your *bête noire*—E. M. Do

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you realise that I go off on Thursday night on my Scotch pilgrimage, which will last till Sunday night?

Bless you,

Ever your devoted,

H. H. A.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

30th October, 1918.

I am glad you find the little Gray easy to read and learn. I see that the "infamous influenza microbes" (as our priceless Duke of Rutland calls them in *The Times* to-day) are rife in Oxford: so I hope you will keep as much as possible to your pure-aired altitudes. Did you read in the same paper the account of the Raleigh Tercentenary Tribute at the Mansion House? Sir I. Hamilton's speech is quite a gem: "Butterfly heart of a Virgin Queen," etc. Gosse's "panegyric" is very Gossian: some wag seems to have said that he was going now to ask your Sir Walter Raleigh to write a panegyric on Gosse. The account then would be all square.

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I dined last night at Buckingham Palace to meet a Japanese Prince, who was accompanied by some ten or a dozen attendant Japs, all of the same height and apparently of the same age. The men of that race never look either young or old. You would have felt quite at home: the two Marys and Sir William Robertson were there, but alas! no Admiral Sims. I had a longish talk with the King. I said the war had brought a slump in Emperors which neither he nor I could have foreseen four years ago: Russia murdered, Austria a fugitive, and Germany on the verge of abdication. He agreed, and said these were not good days for monarchies! I interchanged a little badinage with the younger Mary.

Elizabeth and I leave to-morrow night for Glasgow. You might write to Kilmaron Castle, Cupar, Fife, where I shall be on Saturday morning. I am sending a little book to Peter, which I hope he will like.

Bless you,

H. H. A.

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

6th November, 1918.

I am sorry you are in the blues. I can't see where the pin-pricks find an entrance : surely just now you are leading a model life, uncontaminated by the taint of contact with The Wharf.

I have not made any further progress with *The Pelicans*, having sandwiched in some of Lord Campbell's Lives and Horace Walpole's Letters. The last-named is pre-eminently a book to skim and skip : it then becomes quite readable and sometimes very amusing. But as a letter-writer H. W. is not on the same plane as Gray or Byron.

It will be a great joy to see you as soon as the 20th, and I hope it will come off. I suppose that to-morrow we shall be told the final decision about this accursed General Election.<sup>1</sup> If, as seems more than likely, it

<sup>1</sup> On November 2nd, Mr. Lloyd George wrote a letter to Mr. Bonar Law in which he said that he was convinced that there ought to be a General Election as soon as possible. The idea was that the two parties in the Coalition should combine for election purposes and wipe out the Opposition. This letter was read aloud to a meeting of the Conservative party on November 12th. The plan was kept secret during the interval, but rumours reached the Asquithian Liberals and a deputation waited on Mr. Lloyd George urging that the Coalition and Liberals should reunite—naturally without result.

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is to be upon us soon after the end of the month, it will be difficult to make any plans, as one may find one's self roaming about like the Wandering Jew. Meanwhile, I am anxious to see what has been the result of the American election yesterday.

Chaundy has sent me rather a nice old copy of *Reliquiæ Walthoniæ*, in which I. Walton's Life first appeared. I will show it you when you come.

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

16th November, 1918.

Your letter came this morning and was very welcome. Why is the 14th December an unlucky day for the Hanoverians? Ask Mamma. I am anxious to know.

We lunched yesterday with the King and the two Marys, and left them pretty early to start on their drive. They are much pleased with the enthusiasm of the crowd, which has "bucked" them up after the depression produced by the recent and still-continuing slump in Crowns. President Wilson is

N O V E M B E R 1918

coming after all and is expected to arrive here about the date of our polling day—December 14th. The King is going to put him up at Buckingham Palace. I confess he is one of the few people in the world that I want to see and talk to: not quite in the spirit of Monckton Milnes, of whom it was said that if Christ came again he would at once send Him an invitation card for one of his breakfasts; but because I am really curious to judge for myself what manner of man he is. Gilbert Murray, who was here this morning and knows him, thinks that I should like him.

We are going this afternoon to the Nonconformist Thanksgiving at the Albert Hall.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

19th November, 1918.

Thank you for your letter. I am amused that Mamma should put a black mark against the 14th December, because on that day King Edward's life was "despaired of"! He made a quick and complete recovery, lived happily for many years, and died in the month of May.

Have you never seen any of Haydon's canvases? There are one or two in Edinburgh, and I think one on the back stairs of the National Gallery here. They are terrible productions.

We had a very good meeting of the London Liberal Delegates last night at Westminster. They are very angry about the Election, and the attempt to rush in everywhere gagged and blinkered Coalitionists.

Did you like my quotation from Shirley in my speech about the King yesterday? <sup>1</sup> Do you know that in the early 18th century he was almost the most popular of our dramatists? *The Cardinal*, which neither you nor I have ever read, was considered a masterpiece. Even Charles Lamb speaks of him as "the last of a great race."

<sup>1</sup> "There are some lines of one of our old poets which are perhaps worth recalling, as they sum up and express the feelings of many of us to-day :

'The glories of our blood and State  
Are shadows, not substantial things,  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings.'

"And at the end of these fine lines he adds, what we in these testing times in Great Britain have seen and proved to be the secret and the safeguard of our Monarchy :

'Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'"

NOVEMBER 1918

Edward Grey is coming to lunch to-day : also M. Venizelos, who is head and shoulders above all the other small-state politicians.

I expect in the course of a few days I shall have to go on the stump to a variety of places. It is an accursed business.

Ever your devoted,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

25th November, 1918.

You see I keep my advantage by always being a letter or two ahead of you. I wonder how many people (except the professionals) have read through the whole of L.L.G.'s Saturday speeches. I confess that they bored me to death, except the blackguardly passage in which he described the Maurice incident as a conspiracy to overthrow the Government and prevent the unity of command.<sup>1</sup> I will give him snuff

<sup>1</sup> In a motion that an inquiry be made by a Select Committee instead of two Judges, as proposed by the Government, into the

for this. I doubt whether so far there is much interest in the elections, despite the efforts of the newspapers to keep the pot boiling. The whole thing is a wicked fraud, which will settle nothing. I have only one speech to make this week—at Huddersfield on Thursday—but next week I shall be busy all over the place. I wish there were any chance of seeing you : I miss you terribly.

charges brought against the veracity of the Ministers by General Maurice's letter to the Press, Mr. Asquith had been particularly careful to insist that this motion was *not* in intention a vote of censure on the Government. His only comment on the issues to be discussed was, "I hope, I more than hope, I believe, that in regard to some of these matters there has been genuine and honest misunderstanding," and he went on to say that, "I know that there are people—not, I think, in this House, but outside—gifted with more imagination than charity, and with more stupidity than either, who think of me as a person who is gnawed with a hungry ambition to resume the cares and responsibilities of office. I am quite content to leave foolish imaginings of that kind to the judgment of my colleagues in this House and my countrymen outside. If I did feel it my duty, if I were to find it my duty to ask the House to censure the Government, I hope I should have the courage and the candour to do so in a direct and unequivocal form. I certainly should not have selected for that purpose a motion like this, which is limited to suggesting the desirability of an inquiry which only two days ago was admitted from that bench to be appropriate and expedient, which, so far as its scope is concerned, would be confined to the examination of two or three very simple issues of fact, and from which the Government would, as I am sure they think they would—I do not want in any way to prejudge that matter—emerge not with diminished, but with enhanced, authority and prestige."

NOVEMBER 1918

In the midst of my study of the works of Delafield and Boggs, I interpolated yesterday another female writer Enid Bagnold by name, and read most of a *Diary without Dates* which she has given us. I met her out at dinner the other night, and thought her quite an intelligent and not unattractive young woman. Have you read it? Experiences of a V.A.D. in a hospital at Woolwich : a most unpromising subject, but it is quite cleverly handled with a light delicate touch. I still dip into Hugh Walpole, and I am going to tackle (for the first time) the Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Bless you,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

30th November, 1918.

Elizabeth and I had a very successful visit to Huddersfield. There were two fine meetings, both full of enthusiasm. There is no doubt that the Liberals there are in the best fettle, and breast high against all this coalitioneering. The next morning we went round hospitals and dye works and factories : E. made an excellent little speech to the women

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and girls at their mid-day meal in the canteen. I found a little dinner party prepared on my return here last night : nobody very new except the wife of one Jowitt,<sup>1</sup> a barrister, whom I think you have met at The Wharf. She is nice-looking, and seems to be a cultivated young woman, who moves in rather "precious" circles. She turned out to be quite a good bridge player. I agree about *Paul Ferrol*—which I once read ages ago. Yet it had a great vogue among the Victorians, when Dickens and Thackeray were at their best. I am glad you are making progress with the *Elegy*. I hope you keep up your Sonnets. It is high time you broke loose from the maternal roof for a spell. Couldn't you come up for a night or two in the week beginning December 15th? I think we shall all go to The Wharf for Christmas : that is something to look forward to. Lucy is still here, but she is practically convalescent. I leave for Scotland by the night train to-morrow. I shall be back here Wednesday morning, when I hope to find a letter awaiting me. Bless you,

H.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Attorney-General, 1929-1931.

DECEMBER 1918

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*4th December, 1918.*

It was a delight to find your letter here to-day, after spending two nights out of three in the train, going to and returning from Scotland. I was in Fife on Monday, and there encountered a would-be candidate in the person of one Mrs. Hope, who recalls the worst type of Suffragette. She is an ex-actress, and now that her husband has been killed in the war she has gone on the stump. Happily, I hear to-day that she was not validly nominated: so she won't be able to run. I am, however, to have two male opponents, which is a bore, as it will involve my going there again towards the end of next week. We had a very fine meeting in Edinburgh last night. To-morrow I go to Hull, and on Friday to Alderley Park, Chelford, Cheshire, where I shall be till Monday morning: so write to me there. We shall almost certainly come to The Wharf for Christmas. I have been reading in the train Canon Barnett's Life by his wife: two thick volumes. I knew him well—her also—for over forty years: and with all his limitations he was a fine character and left things behind him which survive.

FEBRUARY 1919

I am rather in need of something to read on my journeys : I loathe all this knocking about, but it has to be done. Bless you.

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*4th February, 1919.*

I hoped to have heard from you this morning. I set to work as soon as you had gone on Saturday morning and drove up in the afternoon. The meeting was a great success : there were said to be ten thousand people ; I wish you had been there as it was a good audience, and I found no difficulty in making myself heard. We had supper here—family, my three daughters-in-law made a very good appearance ; and we had also Sir J. and Lady Simon.

The publication of the letters between me and Ll. G. is for the moment an unsolved mystery.<sup>1</sup> He says he had nothing to do with it, and for once I believe he is telling the truth. It is certain that they can only have come from Downing Street—stolen or

<sup>1</sup> Letters exchanged between them previous to the fall of the Asquith Government, December 1916.

A P R I L 1919

more likely sold. One would like to know what the Yankee magazine paid for them. It is a great outrage to print such things, tho' I have no particular reason to mind. The only thing that will be new to most people is that Ll. G. insisted on Balfour going, and that I refused to part with him : for which I was rewarded by his being, two days after, the first of the Tories to go over to Ll. G., for whom he has jackalled ever since.

It is bitterly cold and bleak here and the tubes are on strike : which doesn't improve people's tempers. I shall come to The Wharf after lunch on Friday and will send the car to fetch you that evening about six. It is quite a bona fide party.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

3rd April, 1919.

I loved your quotation from Hayden : he was a little previous in his forecast of the future of monarchy: even in the recent general clearance, we have (as the King of Spain remarked to me) only got rid of thirty-five, including all the smaller German fry.

A P R I L 1919

I shall motor down to-morrow afternoon probably with one or two guests. If it is really fine, don't you think we might golf at Huntercombe, on Saturday afternoon? You could come over to lunch: Write by return to The Wharf to say how this strikes you.

The Women Liberals have been having a real orgy of "reconciliation" this week, and Violet has been at all their meetings. They mingled a little bloodshed with their pacific embraces, as in the vote for the Committee yesterday Mrs. Lloyd George was actually at the bottom of the poll and next lowest to her was the Whip's wife, Mrs. Freddie Guest. They seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and this morning have settled down to discuss the inviting topic of "Purity : one standard for both sexes."

Meanwhile the Peace Conference has become a battle ground. France v. England and America, and the Northcliffe Press is warning Ll. G. to be on his good behaviour.

Here is a little literary problem for you : why, when Hamlet's father died—a natural death as everyone supposed—did his brother succeed to the throne, and not Hamlet himself, who was of full age? There is nothing in the play which sheds any light on this simple question.

H.

Alas! the poor journal !

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W. 1.

TELEPHONE  
MAYFAIR 2238.

3 Apr 1919

Dear Sir - I liked your suggestion from Haydon: he was a little 'previsous' in his forecast of the future of monarchy: even in the recent general election, we have (as the King of Spain remarked to me) only got rid of 35 - including all the smaller forms of monarchy.

I shall be in town to-morrow  
(Friday) afternoon, probably with  
one or two guests. If it is really  
fine, don't you think we  
might go at Havercombe  
on Sat. aft? You could come  
over to lunch. Write by return  
to the Chief to say how this  
strikes you.

The Women Liberals have been  
having a real orgy of 'reconcili-  
ation' this week, and Violet  
has been at all their meetings.

They wiped a little blood-stain  
with their pacific embraces, as in  
the vote for the Committee yester-  
day, but they were actually  
at the bottom of the hole, and  
least comfort there was the ship's  
wife and Puddy's guest. They seem  
to have promptly enjoyed themselves,  
and this morning have settled  
down to discuss the exciting  
topic of 'Purity: One Standard  
for both Sexes'.

Meanwhile the Peace Conference  
has become a battle-ground

France v England & America, &  
the horkcliffe Press is warning  
H. G. G. on his good behavior.

Here is a little literary  
problem for you: Why when  
Hamlet's father died - a natural  
death as every one supposed - did  
his brother succeed to the throne,  
& not Hamlet himself, who was of full  
age? There is nothing in the play  
which sheds any light on this  
simple question.

When you demand -

from your doctor

H.

Alas! the poor journal!

A P R I L 1919.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

24th April, 1919.

It was sad to leave you after our divine too short time together. The memory of it enriched my thoughts in my long and solitary drive.

I found here every sign of what Shakespeare calls the "prologue to the omen coming on"; a welter of wedding presents, which continue to dribble in with a current of quite satisfactory volume. Miss Way<sup>1</sup> is in her element: riding the whirlwind and directing the storm with poor little Cara<sup>2</sup> as understudy, writing cards and going errands and fetching and carrying. Meanwhile the fiancés<sup>3</sup> lounge away the days in prolonged tête-à-têtes. They were both here at dinner last night with Margot, Puffin and me: only Ronald Graham not of the family. We had, however, quite an interesting lunch: the Greek Zaharoff, the Midianite, Maud Cunard and J. H. Thomas the Labour leader, who talked really well of things both at home and abroad. We are going to dine to-night at Sir Ernest Cassel's. I hope to get to The Wharf

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Asquith's secretary.

<sup>2</sup> Cara Copland, a cousin of Mrs. Asquith's.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth and Antoine Bibesco.

M A Y 1919

to-morrow afternoon, but I fear I shall not see you till Sunday.

Ever your devoted,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

15th May, 1919.

I leave early in the morning for Newcastle and hope to find you here when I return on Sunday morning. Last evening was a terrible waste which I bitterly resent : and I would have given anything for you to have seen the moon on the waters and this morning the marvellous display made by the tulips and forget-me-nots. I wonder how you fared at the rehearsal : I should have loved to have been " behind the arras."

I drove up early, and went with Margot to the Cavell funeral at Westminster Abbey, where, oddly enough, there was a crowded but most undistinguished and unrepresentative congregation. The most impressive thing was the " Réveill   " on the Drums, which gave

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one a quite dramatic feeling of an advancing and then retiring force.

Antoine and Elizabeth and Marthe came to lunch. The two former accompany us in the train to Newcastle to-morrow. They seem very happy and contented. How I wish you were coming.

H.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,  
BERKS,

21st July, 1919.

I am alone here to-day and it seems most unnatural that I should not be fetching you from the Hill for lunch and golf. I don't like these vagrant habits of yours. I have stayed on to try to patch together a few ideas for a Free Trade speech at Plymouth to-morrow. I shall return from there by the midnight train and be in London Wednesday morning. To-day I think I shall motor up in time for dinner.

You would see in the papers of Diana Manners' (that was) accident. She fell through a sky-light in

JULY 1919

the roof full 30 feet, and it was a marvel that she escaped with a broken leg. Viola was standing beside her watching the fireworks, and saw her suddenly disappear leaving only her hat behind. Mrs. Holden, at whose house it happened, is putting her up, but it will be six weeks or two months before she can move.

I took some of my guests yesterday, a hopeless day, over to Garsington where, in addition to the usual crew of Bretts, Gertlers etc., we found Goonie<sup>1</sup> and Mary Herbert and, stranger still, the two McKennas. Ottoline was looking her best and wildest; "the burning bush" formed by her cut hair was loosened and impressive.

I have now read three Scotts: *Anne of Geierstein*, *Fortunes of Nigel* and *Rob Roy*—the last much the best. I shall take a holiday now from the "Wizard" who, with all his powers, was the sloppiest and most slipshod of writers. I took down the *Message of the March Winds* from the shelf here (Mill House) this morning and read it aloud and looked at your inscription.

H.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Gwendoline Churchill.

JULY 1919

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

30th July, 1919.

I hope your day among the soap-suds turned out better than you expected.

Lillah McCarthy came to lunch : her theatrical venture has turned out badly, as she produced two plays, one by Arnold Bennett and the other by Phillpotts, which were both dismal failures.

Before dinner I went to see Diana Manners and found her wonderfully installed in the Holden drawing-room, surrounded by flowers enough to fill two or three ordinary hot-houses, and kept amused by a steady influx of visitors—such as Maud Cunard, Thomas Beecham and Ruby Peto, who all appeared while I was there. The surgeon, Sir A. Lane, and his assistant also came during my visit and undid her bandages and showed me the extraordinary net-work of weights and pulleys and cords by which the overlapping bones are being gradually drawn apart. It will be a great thing to heal a case like this without touching the leg with knife or rivet or any surgical tool. She seems in very good spirits but complains of pains in the back, due to being always in the same position.

JULY 1919

I am just off to the Foch luncheon at the Mansion House. I drive down with Violet and Cys and Ann to-morrow afternoon. Shall I come or send for you for lunch and golf on Friday? It would be delicious.

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

31st July, 1919.

It was delightful to get your letter. We went yesterday to the Luncheon in honour of Foch. I had a little conversation with him, and I thought he talked a lot of nonsense about Germany sinking never to rise again, etc. "Quel dommage (as Talleyrand said of Napoleon, not as soldier but as Emperor) que les soldats soient si mal élevés!" Haig, who sat next us, also has his limitations, but he got through his little speech without any flaring *gaffes*.

Do you know how strong the evidence is that both Shakespeare and Goethe detested dogs? <sup>1</sup> I shall come for you to-morrow about one.

<sup>1</sup> Goethe resigned his directorship of the Weimar Theatre because the Grand Duke commanded a performance of Pixere-

AUGUST 1919

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY, BERKS,

25th August, 1919.

The boys, Puffin and his friend, are going to Boar's Hill to-day to lunch with the Gilbert Murrays and play tennis. It is no good my coming with them, but I hope to see you to-morrow or Wednesday morning. The Governor of Jerusalem<sup>1</sup> left early this morning: he was a most remunerative guest and we all wished he could have stayed longer. He told a good story of — who came from Egypt on a week's leave to Jerusalem and at once foregathered with a young Jewess. He asked Storrs (who was an old friend) if he might bring her to his house, to which the Governor promptly said *No*.

— : Isn't there a place here called Gethsemane—a garden, with olives and trees and things, where one might go?

court's play *The Dog of Montargis*. He would not permit the classic stage of Weimar to be trodden by a dog, a scruple which the Grand Duke no doubt thought excessive in a dramatist who had written a well-known play with a poodle in it: perhaps this was in Mr. Asquith's mind.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Ronald Storrs.

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STORRS : There is, but if you take the girl there I shall set my black Christian police on you.

— : But aren't there mosques—with things called minarets ?

STORRS : There are : but if you are caught with her in a minaret you will be torn to pieces by the Mohammedans ; etc., etc.

I had a good game with Bluey <sup>1</sup> at Huntercombe yesterday, and was glad to find that my power of driving was at last returning—I hope to stay. Cassel <sup>2</sup> comes to-day for a night or two. I will let you know about Lucy, she may very likely prefer to come here.

H.

PALAZZO MOROSINI,  
VENEZIA,

*12th September, 1919.*

I hope you have got my letters. I have written pretty regularly. I have so far only one from you

<sup>1</sup> The Rt. Hon. Harold Baker.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Ernest Cassel.

S E P T E M B E R 1919

written from Easton Grey which I have already acknowledged, but the post is not yet in, and I may perhaps get one this afternoon. It is my birthday—a long time since I spent it out of England. I think one counts less by anniversaries as one gets on in life : 40 years ago I should have been tempted to look upon a man of 67 as a “lean and slipper’d pantaloon.” Margot and the Bibescos and Puffin have all given me some beautiful old books, bought here with great industry and cleverness, for it is not easy to discover a bookshop in the place. I think also of your delightful Woods’ *Athenæ Oxon* : which reposes on its shelf at The Wharf. The weather continues to be perfect, and as our luggage (which had been held up in Switzerland) arrived at last yesterday, we have clean clothes and can face life more serenely and boldly. We dined last night with the wife of your Midianite, Lady D’Ab., who has the best floor of the prettiest, both in situation and equipment, of all the palaces on the Grand Canal. She is in very good looks and quite at home here after ten years of villeggia touring. Horatio Brown, who was a contemporary of mine at New College, was there : he has lived in Venice and written books about it for over thirty years, and was the bosom friend and biographer of J. A. Symonds. His *âme damnée* at Oxford was and continues to be Sir Herbert Warren. He is steeped in the atmosphere of this place and knows more about it than any of the

S E P T E M B E R 1 9 1 9

natives. Lady D'Ab. lent me a French novel—*L'Inconstante*—which seems to be readable. We have been exploring (not too strenuously) day by day, and went, two days ago, with some friendly polyglots from the Lido in a steam launch to Chioggia—an island about twenty miles down the coast—where we dined in the open air and voyaged back by moonlight. But I won't weary you with the most tiresome thing in the world—a sight-seer's diary. By the way, how is your Journal getting on? I hope you haven't locked it up again. I must stop now.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

30th September, 1919.

It was impossible to write yesterday before post time, or I would have sent you a little letter.

We took the Geoffrey Howards with us in the motor (as there were no trains) on Saturday to Bignor where we spent Sunday with the Reas. He is one of our Whips and has some nice children, including a girl who is just finishing up at Cambridge, and with whom I was able to discuss the characters of some of the

Renaissance Popes. It is a beautifully situated Park a few miles from Arundel. I think the West Sussex scenery very difficult to beat. On Sunday we drove over to Littlehampton, where Geoffrey and I had a round of golf: quite good sea links. As V. Phillipps<sup>1</sup> was one of the guests we talked "machine politics" after luncheon and dinner. The weather was divine, and I enjoyed the outing a good deal more than I expected. We drove back (with many punctures) to find this town heavily involved in the railway strike. The 'buses were still running, but it is quite possible they may cease to-day. I had intended to go with Margot to the Russian Ballet in the evening, but I was rung up by J. H. Thomas and had him here immediately after dinner. He was in a very *émotionné* condition and told me that every hour of his day was a new experience of hell. He made one or two quite chimerical suggestions, which I convinced him were absurd. He is in a tragic position—responsible for and actively directing a strike in which he does not believe, tho' he maintains that on the merits his men have a good case. The alternative was for him to go, to lose all his hold over the men, and to leave the strike in the hands of wild and irresponsible spirits. A hard decision to have to take, wasn't it? I don't think the strike can last long:

<sup>1</sup> Vivian Phillipps, Mr. Asquith's secretary.

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there is no principle involved, and the men have a very vulnerable case and no public sympathy. The Government have all the cards in their hands, if they know how to play them.

Meanwhile our League of Nations meeting to-morrow has been indefinitely postponed, and the same thing will I suppose happen to my projected expedition to Wales next week. All one's movements in these days are uncertain, but I hope now to come to The Wharf Thursday. I will let you know precisely to-morrow.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

*2nd October, 1919.*

I have sent one of the servants to Waterloo to retrieve Mamma's baggage, if it is possible at present to do so; and I hope to be able to bring it with us to-morrow, (Friday). We shall drive down after lunch, and I will send the car on to Boar's Hill where it ought to be a little before six—carrying the missing luggage, and I hope bringing you back to The Wharf.

The weather seems to have broken : to-day it is both cold and wet—but I trust it may mend so that we may visit Huntercombe on Saturday.

The process of bridge building is still going on between the strikers and the Government : I have not yet heard this morning's developments. The strike was a hopeless adventure from the first.

I met our friend "the Major"<sup>1</sup> (now completely demobilised) at the Geoffrey Howards' last night. We were only six people and there was no opportunity for fly-casting. His main contribution to the humours of the evening was a story (which found great favour with our host) that the real reason why Henry VIII beheaded Anne Boleyn was that she would eat biscuits in bed! Is that up to the Liverpoolian standard! However, you will be glad to know that he was in great form and spirits and played bridge with much manly vigour.

I came upon a stray copy of the Minor Works of Oscar Wilde and found some of the farcical stories (Lord Arthur Saville's Crime, etc.) quite amusing bedside-reading.

<sup>1</sup> Major Horace Crawford.

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

23rd October, 1919.

Thank you so much for your letter. I am glad that you enjoyed our time together as much as I did. The meeting was a great success : indeed there were two, both crowded and enthusiastic ; I wished you had been there. Much the best report of my speech curiously enough was in the *Daily Telegraph*.

I had a conclave of old colleagues here yesterday morning to talk over things. They are rather a dusty lot. When I spoke at the Caxton Hall of the Government orchestra as composed of "wood and wind," Margot pointed to Herbert Samuel and Masterman who were seated on the platform side by side.

I have now read through *Reynard the Fox*—no slight undertaking as it must be well over two thousand lines. It is really a marvellously clever performance, both in technique and in vividness of observation and description. No one else but Jan<sup>1</sup> could have written it—and yet one feels all along that it is a

<sup>1</sup> John Masfield.

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waste of power. I don't feel impatient (especially after your description) to sample *Curtains*.<sup>1</sup>

I am going out to lunch—contrary to my rule—with the Master of Elibank, to meet Lord Rothermere!

Elizabeth arrives from Paris this evening and stays with us. So you have taken to sitting at the bedside of sick undergraduates? You are really a versatile woman.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1;

28th October, 1919.

I was not acutely sorry when the last of our week-enders drove off fairly early yesterday morning: they were not an exhilarating lot. I played twelve holes on Sunday afternoon with Rawle, a nice fellow. He used to be nearly scratch and had no difficulty in beating me.

We drove up and found Lucy here: she is paying one of her periodical visits to H., and seems in very

<sup>1</sup> A book of poems by C. H. B. Kitchin, written while he was an undergraduate.

good form and busy with her art. We went in the afternoon to the christening of Cynthia's baby, which was done at Marylebone Church by Dr. Morrison, the Rector. He is a Scotchman, and used to be a prison chaplain and a great Radical, in old days when I was at the Home Office. I was shaking hands with him when Barrie (Sir J.), who was one of the Godfathers, came up and they interchanged greetings. Leaving the Church Barrie said to me: "That parson comes from the same little town as I, Kirriemuir in Forfarshire. Last time I saw him he was on the other side of the counter in the little draper's shop there, and sold me (a small boy) some needles": I suppose forty or fifty years ago. The Scots certainly spread themselves over the earth.

I leave for Aberystwyth on Thursday morning, and hope to motor back from Wales to the Wharf on Saturday. I shall see you Sunday?

I have copied out for you Landor's rather arrogant lines.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "I strove with none, for none was worthy of my strife."

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

29th October, 1919.

Do you like to be written to so often? I love your letters, and writing to you is quite a selfish pleasure. I was glad to get yours this morning. It is to the good that you feel you are making progress with your drawing. Lucy is always hard at it: she has brought with her a wonderful water-colour sketch of a head by Nellie Barnard who had a first-rate model in Nan Lucas. Diana <sup>1</sup> and Laura <sup>2</sup> have just been in to see me.

I haven't yet been able to stir the booksellers up to find your *Lucretia*. I must get hold of Enid Bagnold's poems: she is a clever creature. As for your "methods" of getting into touch with strangers they afford me much more amusement than indignation. I can assure you you would find an occasional dose of "Melloney" <sup>3</sup> far more repaying than hour-long tête-à-têtes with the Jordans etc. Have you finished *Reynard*? Which reminds me of the Foxes: I should like to know more about the father—playwright etc.

I have begun Festing Jones' Memoir of Samuel Butler. It is the kind of biography I like: very

<sup>1</sup> Countess of Westmorland.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Lovat

<sup>3</sup> *Melloney Holtspur*, a play by John Masefield.

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detailed and written in the true canine Boswell spirit. He (S. B.) was an interesting freak with all sorts of more or less developed talents, and wrote excellent English: he loathed all the Victorian heroes—political, literary, or social. But the really attractive figure in the book is a little lame lady who was rather in love with him—Miss Savage: she is worth a hundred Butlers. You should read it, though there is much that is skipworthy. I am charmed with Peter's *mot*: pray get him *A Book about Engines* for me, if you can find one. I go to Wales to-morrow.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

11th November, 1919.

It is a pity that you should be to-day so near and yet so far. Did you, I wonder, make the two minutes' stop on your journey, when the clock struck eleven? This sort of ritual is not to my taste, and I remained in my den here, contemplating one Great Western van and one taxi which (whether by choice or by chance) were immobile in the Square. Margot went out on the top of a 'bus into the heart of the city, and

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even Lucy adventured as far as Whitehall under the care of the faithful Way. I have not yet heard their reports. (Margot has just returned: she got as far as the Mansion House and says it was a wonderful scene, but not *émotionné*).

We went to the Banquet to the Poincarés at Buckingham Palace last night. It was a big affair and (as John Burns would say), "All the stops were pulled out." I sat next my usual boon companion—Mrs. Austen Chamberlain; quite a nice woman. After dinner I talked a little with the King and with the President and his wife, who is an old friend of mine. We are going to another of these functions to-night at the French Embassy, with the President as host. He has brought over eighty-five cases of china, silver etc., from the Elysée for the occasion.

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

12th November, 1919.

No doubt your day out with the Patagonians prevented you from writing yesterday. Massingham

came to lunch, and seems to be in a more rational frame of mind than of late. He was loud in his praises of Moscovitch's Shylock at the Court, which, he says, is the finest piece of acting since Salvini. We must fix up what to see when you come next week. I hope to drive down to The Wharf perhaps with Elizabeth, this Friday morning, and will send the motor on for you. It will be delicious to see you again.

Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, came to see me yesterday afternoon, and spoke very strongly of the feeling for me in France. He is the *âme damnée* of Clemenceau, who, he says, can have the Presidency of the Republic if he wants it next January. I told him I didn't think it was at all Clemenceau's *métier*: he hates rites and ceremonies, and ought to die as he has lived—an unliveried free-lance. Afterwards we went to the French Embassy to dine with the Poincarés: there were about eighty guests, but it was not a particularly good dinner, and, apart from one course of fine Sèvres, we were disappointed with the contents of the eighty-five packing-cases. After dinner I had another long talk with the King, who was in his best form. I told him of General Byng's model speech, which delighted him greatly. I sat at dinner next to Clementine Churchill, who made herself very agreeable, and when the King had done with me I took on the new Lord Mayor—who would

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make an admirable model for a Caldicott drawing of an alderman. Prince Albert came up and told me that his sister was longing to talk to me: so we sought out Mary II and I interchanged some pleasantries with her: she is quite coming out. We are just off with Elizabeth to see her new house.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

13th November, 1919.

I hoped to have heard from you to-day, but I suppose you are still encumbered by your apron-strings.

I am driving down in the morning with Margot and Elizabeth and will send on the motor to bring you to lunch. We will all go in together to Oxford on Saturday evening to the dinner at Balliol. I don't know how you ought to be dressed.

We dined last night with the H. McLarens (who are coming to The Wharf this Sunday): the McKennas were there, and he discoursed on the Bank rate, Stock Exchange loans, and other such juicy topics.

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I am for the moment rather at a loss for something to read, having finished last night *The Golden Scorpion*—a well-reviewed detective story, but only just good enough to get through.

Three Liberal members for Leeds came to me furtively this morning, in Nicodemus fashion, to implore me to reunite the Liberal party. They were good, well-meaning men, un-confined, and yet not professing “free” Liberals. I reminded them of Alphonse Karr’s reply to someone who was advocating the abolition of Capital punishment : “ Que Messieurs les assassins commencent ” ! and (by way of object lesson) pointed to what is going on at Plymouth, where Nancy Astor has received (as against an excellent Liberal) the benediction of Lloyd George and his “ Liberal ” colleague Fisher. We had quite a nice talk and parted on the best terms.

Bless you, dearest,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

26th November, 1919.

I suppose you were up here yesterday in your Patagonian car, which is certainly a useful addition

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to the apparatus of the Hill. We leave early on Friday for Birmingham, where the meeting is in the afternoon, and shall get back via Oxford to The Wharf in time for dinner that evening. I know it is no use asking you as you are going to the Petersen play: but will turn up, with or without Tertia,<sup>1</sup> to lunch on Saturday.

I have spent more than an hour this morning "bust-ing"<sup>2</sup> in the St. John's Wood studio. I think it shows some signs of progress, but it is still to my eye on the large side.

Aubrey Herbert<sup>3</sup> has just brought to lunch a Turkish lady, wife of the chief man among the Albanians. She was not bad looking and talked excellent English. She told me her Father was for 30 years Governor of Crete, had 6 wives and 40 "Odalisques," and under the good old régime put to death anybody whom he thought better out of the way.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the Rev. J. J. Beresford and wife of Horace Mann.

<sup>2</sup> Sitting to Mrs. Sheridan.

<sup>3</sup> Aubrey Herbert, eldest son of the 4th Earl of Carnarvon by his second marriage; traveller and soldier; M.P. for the Yeovil Division of Somerset, and a recognised authority on Turkey and Albania. He was one of the young Conservative M.P.'s who opposed the Black and Tan policy in Ireland, and voted against the Coalition Government in the "Maurice Debate." He died in 1923.

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Miss Ruth Draper, the American "reciter," is now here (5.30 p.m.) and is going through her repertoire in the drawing-room to an audience of about 40 ladies and 3 men (including Max Beerbohm). She has a good deal of talent, but does not quite carry one away.<sup>1</sup> I must slip back and see the end of her.

THE WHARF,

30th November, 1919.

It was very unsatisfactory yesterday : we had not a moment to have a word together. All the same it was delightful to see you so well equipped and so like yourself. Violet was delighted with your Vineyard Shop, and seems to have fallen a victim. Later on, Antoine and Elizabeth arrived, with Aubrey and Mary Herbert : I put her very high among our young women both for looks and intelligence. He was the most accomplished burglar in Oxford when he was at Balliol years ago, and is the hero of Buchan's *Greenmantle*. I finished *Redgauntlet* last night : I now put

<sup>1</sup> He changed his mind about Ruth Draper, for whom he had later a great admiration.

D. E C E M B E R 1 9 1 9

it among Scott's best. Hardly one of the characters is either under or over drawn.

I wish you were alone : I would then have proposed that we should go to the Village revels to-morrow evening and that you should come on here for the night. But with Mamma *in esse* and a brother *in posse* this wouldn't work. All the same I think I shall probably stay on till Tuesday morning. I go next Saturday for the night to Cambridge to stay with Keynes<sup>1</sup>: I shall try to motor from there here on Sunday morning.

Ever your devoted,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

22nd December, 1919.

I made the most of my Sunday opportunities, going to a Dissenting Chapel in the morning and to St. Paul's in the afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> J. Maynard Keynes, the economist.

The former was the more interesting, as I heard for the first time Dr. Orchard,<sup>1</sup> who is now one of the fashionable preachers of London. He is well worth hearing, as he knows what argument means and talks excellent English. But his sermon would have shocked my Puritan forbears: as someone once said of a discourse of Magee's, there "was not (from their point of view) enough Gospel in it to save a tom-tit." Pamela McKenna is one of his devotees, and sits under him twice every Sunday.

We had some people to dinner, including the Odescalchis whom we met at Venice, and young Lady Hartington. She is the Salisburys' youngest daughter, and tho' not quite pretty and decidedly untidy has a good deal of charm. I told her I had not expected to live to see the day when the best safeguard for true Liberalism would be found in an unreformed House of Lords and the Cecil family. We played bridge afterwards, and I had the satisfaction, with my daughter-in-law Betty as partner, of extracting some Bradburys from the well-filled case of Lord Reading.

I have nearly finished *Guy Mannering*: it is quite readable, though rather complicated: my seventh Waverley this year. When someone asked Sophia

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Orchard was the Congregationalist Minister of the King's Weigh House. He subsequently joined the Church of Rome.

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Scott about the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, she said :  
“ I have not read it : Papa says it is a bad thing for  
young people to read bad poetry.” He never thought  
much of his verses. I must go out and buy Christmas  
presents : I go to The Wharf to-morrow morning.

H.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY, BERKS,

1st January, 1920.

I hope you had a good ride and that the gloves kept  
your hands warm. Our party was reinforced by the  
return of Margot and Puffin (who report the pianist  
Rubenstein to be the greatest of geniuses) and the  
advent of Nan and Antoine. Nan has gone out  
walking to Abingdon with D. and E. : they would  
fit very well I think. I have sent to Huntercombe for  
your clubs, and the car will leave them to-night when  
I go into Oxford for dinner.

We saw the old year out in the conventional fashion.  
The new one cannot have a worse record of wasted

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opportunities and mischievous performances. How are you getting on with Keynes?

I finished the Autobiography of Lilly the Astrologer in the time of Charles I and Cromwell—a plausible impostor if there ever was one. He tells of a clergyman of those days who was hauled up on various charges of impiety and loose living. One of the allegations was that he had baptised a cock and called it Peter.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY, BERKS,

4th *January*, 1920.

It was a blow not to be able to slip off and see you this morning, but I could not decently get away from my guests. Tell me how you are circumstanced in the early days of the week, and we will concoct plans.

I always had a strong feeling that we should not quite pull it off in Spen Valley, but the Coalition dummy polled more than I expected. I have little doubt that these damned women voters are to blame. Michael Dewar says that a speaker was imported who

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told them that, if they voted Coalition, they would get sterilised milk for their children for nothing ! When you see the ignorance of what are called educated women, this is not incredible. I always liked Disraeli's story of his wife : " She lived so much in the present, that the past and the future had little interest for her : I remember her once asking which came first—the Greeks or the Romans."

The McKennas came over to tea yesterday from Nuneham. To-day the Odescalchis (Dora Labouchere that was) are motoring down from London to lunch. We have two really nice guests this week-end : Michael Dewar and Natalie Ridley (old Count Benckendorff's daughter). It is about time I began my article on "Cabinet."

Bless you always,

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

20th January, 1920.

I do trust that you have got rid of the last traces of your mysterious *malaise*. I never knew you to be afflicted in this way before, and I hope it will be the last time.

We drove up in good time to receive our "young visitor,"<sup>1</sup> the fellow guestswith whom we provided him being the two Bibescae, Soveral, Birrell, Sir D. and Lady Maclean, and my niece Kakoo Granby,<sup>2</sup> who was in wonderful looks. The Prince has excellent manners, and has come on immensely in ease and *savoir faire*. He talked quite amusingly of his experience in America, and I think is not sorry to be off again in March, even to so dismal a goal as Australia : I fancy the evenings at the fireside of Sandringham Cottage pass with somewhat leaden feet. Both Soveral and Birrell were in excellent form, and Lady Maclean, who is still young and quite good-looking, surveyed the scene with glowing cheeks and glittering eyes. Perhaps your friend Dunn might have put in a little additional flavour, but the meal was a great success.

We went to a large rather dull banquet in the evening given by Evelyn Fitzgerald at Claridges, and I played bridge with Pamela McKenna and Bluey<sup>3</sup> and the young wife of old "Putty"<sup>4</sup> the General. The news from Paisley is much more promising, but we shall know nothing definite till Thursday.

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Now Duchess of Rutland.

<sup>3</sup> The Rt. Hon. Harold Baker.

<sup>4</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir William Pulteney.

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20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

22nd January, 1920.

Thank you for a very nice letter. I am delighted that the *malaise* has disappeared. I wonder whence it came.

Should I enjoy *Uncle Remus*? It is thirty years or so since I read it.

As you would see by to-day's paper, the Paisley people have at last got down to the right side of the fence. I don't look forward with much pleasure to the adventure, which however has to be faced. For one thing I am not very fond of going back to Scotland, for another, the issue is extremely doubtful, notwithstanding that the press is practically all with us. My present plan is to leave here by the night train on Monday. I shall see you before I go, possibly on Sunday. I am going to Cambridge to-morrow to speak to the University Liberals and shall come to The Wharf on Saturday.

Edward Grey dined here on Tuesday. He was in good form, and played bridge afterwards without spectacles. Last night we dined at a sort of banquet at Sir E. Cassel's. I sat between Lady Sarah Wilson and Sylvia Henley : so I was quite well off. Anthony

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Henley, who is in C——'s business and was really attached to him, says that he had become terribly bored. Things would have undoubtedly got worse and worse. The Mammoths of Mammon are not often good matrimonial investments.

You must find me something to read on my pilgrimage. How does the Irish book work out?

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL,  
GLASGOW,

30th January, 1920.

I was delighted to get your letter yesterday, but I was so hustled that I could not reply before post time. I loved your quotation : from the *Republic*, isn't it? You must send me the Irish book when you have finished it as I am rather starved in the way of appetising reading. I can see that you are almost persuaded to be a Sinn Feiner. No wonder.

We are having a wonderful time here, and if outward enthusiasm were a reliable index we should not have much doubt as to the result. But street crowds and photographers and meetings are most untrustworthy guides. There are about fifteen thousand

women on the Register—a dim, impenetrable, for the most part ungettable, element—of whom all that one knows is that they are for the most part hopelessly ignorant of politics, credulous to the last degree, and flickering with gusts of sentiment like a candle in the wind. Then there are some thousands of Irish, who have been ordered by their bosses to vote Labour—as if Labour ever had done or was ever likely to do anything for them. It is on the whole an incalculable problem.<sup>1</sup> The only certain factor is that the

<sup>1</sup> On the death of Sir John McCallum, early in January, who had held Paisley by the narrow majority of 106 in the “Coupon” election, Asquith was invited to contest the seat. In his speech on the Peace Treaty he warned the electors against the danger of attempting to annihilate the Central Powers by exaction of impossible reparations. “This is a bad and doubtful debt and a prudent man of business will not let it enter into the account at all. I would like to add upon that point that I think it would be wise if those who have the stewardship of our finances and are forecasting their possible future resources, were to take a similar course, if not identical, in regard to the sums which are, on paper, due to us from the various Allies which we have helped to finance during the war. I would rather we forwent receipt of what we lent in pursuit of the great common adventure than that we should do anything to cripple and maim their powers of recuperation and prosperity in the future.” This warning, which proved only too true, was seized upon by his Coalition opponent as a proof that Asquith was “a pro-German.” Paisley was plastered with placards, “Asquith is going to let Germany off.” In his final speech in the campaign Mr. Asquith reiterated his warning and added, “I have not a word to qualify or retract. This is silly as well as scandalous and as scandalous as it is silly.”

F E B R U A R Y 1920

Coalition man—a foul-mouthed Tory—will be well at the bottom of the poll. The meetings are wonderful : always a lot of opponents there, but while I speak they never interrupt and you could hear a pin drop. They are among the most intelligent audiences I have ever had, but the heckling is of very poor quality. Violet<sup>1</sup> is a marvellous success as a speaker. The poll has now been fixed for Thursday, the 12th February. I often long for you to be here.

CENTRAL HOTEL STATION,  
GLASGOW,

5th February, 1920.

Your letter this morning was more than welcome and I was much touched by your account of your Aunt Edith's end. It seems to have been for her a happy one. Do you remember Byron's wonderful lines—the best he ever wrote?

“He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled,” etc.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Violet Bonham-Carter.

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We are still in the thick of the fight here : happily it will be over, so far as fighting is concerned, next Wednesday evening. It is not easy to say whether we gain by its prolongation : our friends think that we do, and certainly there is a growth of outward signs of enthusiasm. Sir J. Simon spent yesterday with us and gave most useful help : his speech at the big meeting in the evening was the best I have ever heard him make. Violet is a tower of strength, and I only hope she will not have a bad breakdown when it is all over.

I had a wonderful *tie* sent to me to-day from Bradford, a composition of tanks, machine guns, blazing suns etc., in black and silver grey.

Next week Lord Buckmaster is coming to us for the last two nights : the people here look rather askance on outside assistance. Elizabeth is not well enough to travel, which is perhaps as well, as she would not be able to do any speaking.

I am reading *Dr. Thorne* when I go to bed at nights and find it an agreeable sedative. I shall perhaps follow it up with *Framley Parsonage*. I have not tackled the Irish book yet ; it is too near to the sphere of politics. I am very well and my voice so far has stood the strain without cracking or breaking.

Bless you.

FEBRUARY 1920

THE WHARF,

22nd February, 1920.

To my great chagrin I cannot possibly get off to see you, as I had hoped, this morning. We are overcrowded with people, including a strange Frenchman called Mouet, who is something high up in the League of Nations and has to be looked after. Amongst others we have the Henleys and Desmond MacCarthy, who is always good company. Antoine has taken him into Oxford this morning.

It was tantalising to see so little of you on Friday. Some young men produced a good impression—particularly, I think, Beverley Nichols. Gilbert Murray came over to lunch yesterday, and brought with him a Miss Philpotts who is the head of some big Girls' College. There also turned up independently an undergraduate from Christ Church—Cazalet by name, whose people are millionaires. He was quite interesting as he has been in Russia the last 2 years—most of the time in Siberia with or near Kolchak, of whom he has no high opinion. He gave us an account of the murder of the Czar and his family, who were all shot and stabbed to death in the same room. Except for one or two Letts, the assassins were all Jews. I am reading *Three Black Pennys* by Herge-

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sheimer, which some people think wonderful: it abounds in the worst mannerisms of Henry James and George Meredith.

I go off to London to-morrow morning: write then. We start on our Paisley excursion at midnight on Tuesday and shall be back Thursday morning. I fear we shall not get to The Wharf next Sunday. How lucky that we had those divine days together!

Ever your devoted

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

26th February, 1920.

A thousand thanks for your letter. As you say, the "imprinted" blessing worked like a charm. I was present during most of the counting, and it was clear after the first half-hour that we had won, but the majority steadily increased as fresh ballot boxes were opened till it mounted to close upon 3,000. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of the whole business was the sorry figure cut by the wretched Coalitionist

McKean : he fought dirtily and deserves the penalty he has to suffer of losing his deposit.<sup>1</sup>

We had a gigantic farewell meeting—nearer 5,000 than 4,000—in the early evening, at which Violet made one of her best speeches, and when we took the night train to Glasgow we were nearly done to death by the demonstrative attentions of the University students. However, we got through, and after another tumultuous greeting at Euston this morning, arrived here for a late breakfast. We found a magnificent wreath over the front door, a characteristic gift from Lady Tree : and more letters and telegrams than it is possible to count.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The result declared on February 26th :

Asquith : 14,736.

Biggar (Labour) : 11,902.

McKean (Coalition) : 3,795.

<sup>2</sup> “ The Paisley campaign was an extraordinary effort which many of the old hands in Scotland thought fit to compare with Mr. Gladstone’s Midlothian campaign. Asquith’s speeches were as far as possible removed from ordinary electioneering effusions. They mapped out in orderly sequence the whole ground of Liberal effort in domestic and international policy. If it is remembered that they were delivered in January 1920, Asquith’s criticism of the Treaty of Versailles, his plea for moderation in the matter of Reparations, his warning against the dangers he saw lying ahead that the New States would surround themselves with Tariff walls unless steps were quickly taken to provide Customs Unions, and above all his bold statement—denounced at the time as ‘insanity’—that Dominion Home Rule would prove to be the only solution of the Irish question, remain striking examples of wisdom and

FEBRUARY 1920

It is Elizabeth's birthday, and Puffin is up from Winchester for the day. We are all going this afternoon to a matinée of B. Shaw's *Pygmalion* with Mrs. Campbell and Marion Terry in the chief parts.

H.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

28th February, 1920.

There is nothing in the world which I long for more than that you should be happy and that I should have more share than anyone else in making you so. I bless the first of March which brought you into the world, and by strange and devious paths to me. I have sent you what seems a nice edition of Sterne but have not written in it lest you should have one already. It can easily be changed. I loved your letter this morning: I knew you would feel with me as few can. I am glad that you went to the Union Debate<sup>1</sup> and saw (to

foresight which have been more than justified by events" (*Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith).

<sup>1</sup> The subject of the debate was "That the Peace Treaty was an economic disaster for Europe."

M A R C H 1920 •

parody Dr. Johnson) the “Tory dogs get the worst of it.”

I am submerged with telegrams and letters from all sorts of people and from almost all parts of the world. Most of them are very pleasant reading, and some of them quite touching, especially those from men and women one has never heard of. I will show you some when we next meet. Meanwhile you might look at the enclosed from Jan : which please return as I must answer it. We shall, I expect, have a great turn out on Monday when I take my seat. We went with Puffin to see a *matinée* of *Pygmalion*, which has some very good bits, but as a whole is disfigured by Shaw's worst and most characteristic faults—paradox worked threadbare, tedious and flippant irrelevance, and intolerable prolixity.

Bless you with all blessings.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

2nd March, 1920.

I also am glad that “Asquith Day” came on your birthday. As you would see by the papers, we had

• MARCH 1920

a tumultuous but most enthusiastic procession from here to the House. I haven't seen such a crowd in London for years. The medical students enjoyed themselves thoroughly at the expense of the car, which it will cost the Insurance Company about £100 to put in repair, and of my new top hat, which they annexed as a trophy and (as their ringleader writes to me this morning) as "a memento of your triumphant venture"! It was a wonderful sight when we got to Westminster and I wish you had been there to see it. In the House the Coalition Liberals distinguished themselves by maintaining a stony silence when I took my seat. We were entertained there later at a very gay little dinner given by our own small lot.

I am glad you like the Sterne: I hoped they would be to your taste.

We mean to come to The Wharf on Friday and I hope (as does Margot) that you can come there that evening to stay till Monday. Do manage this. It seems years since I saw you. Like you I am in the middle of a Trollope: *Framley Parsonage*.

MARCH 1920 •

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

23rd March, 1920.

Thank you so much for your letter. It is again a lovely day and I hope you will have a good long ride. I suppose the architect thought, or pretended to think, that your interest in his art is purely impersonal.

I dined again last night with Antoine and Elizabeth *à trois* in her bedroom : the doctors will not allow her to get up, still less go out, which bores her on these fine days. In the middle of our repast we were invaded by Mrs. Leyer accompanied by Sir. W. Tyrrell. She had a large envelope in her hand, which she delivered over to Antoine saying, "Antoine, here is £171,000 : keep it for me." It was all in what are called Treasury Bills, which look like big bank-notes, and we counted them out on the bed and found that the total was right. I doubt whether I had ever seen so much money in one room. The explanation of this strange proceeding was that the authorities have at last been worried (against their will) into prosecuting the Golden Ballot as a lottery. She was advised to withdraw at once the accumulations from the bank, and brought them to Antoine because he enjoys diplomatic immunity and he and his house cannot be

MARCH 1920

searched. Meanwhile she has got Sir John Simon as her counsel and is going to fight it out. An amusing incident, wasn't it?

*A Remedy against Sin*<sup>1</sup> is one of the objects of marriage: see the office of Holy Matrimony in the Prayer Book I gave you.

20 CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1,

31st March, 1920.

I could not write yesterday as I had to speak early in the Debate and was very busy all the morning. I took some pains with my speech, and said all that I intended. Five years ago it would have been rapturously applauded, but this House is the most impossible place, and though they crowd in and listen attentively there is practically no response. A more woolly-headed flock of dumb-driven sheep (especially the so-called Coalition Liberals) it would be difficult to conceive. Nine-tenths of them know that it is a thoroughly bad Bill, absolutely unworkable,

<sup>1</sup> The title of a novel by W. B. Maxwell.

and only meant for eye-wash : but that won't prevent their voting for it almost to a man.<sup>1</sup>

Puffin arrived from school yesterday and went with Margot to Bach Passion music at St. Paul's in the evening. Not being that way inclined, I dined alone with Violet and Bongie.<sup>2</sup> V. goes off to-day to make a speech for Runciman at Edinburgh.

We are all coming down to-morrow to The Wharf, and I shall try and come over to see you on Friday morning : I presume you will not have gone to the Three Hours' Service.

This house is a sad spectacle of dismantlement and chaos : to-night is our last night in it.

<sup>1</sup> "The session of 1920—my first as member for Paisley—was largely taken up by a Government Bill, which, as I said at the time, was passed for the purpose of giving to a section of Ulster a Parliament which it did not want, and to the remaining three-quarters of Ireland a Parliament which it would not have. I put forward as the alternative my Paisley plan of full Dominion Self-Government, repeating my adherence in regard to Ulster to the principle of county option. The Prime Minister scoffed and declared that my plan was one which no party or section of a party in Ireland countenanced, and that the Government scheme 'held the field'; a hackneyed but dangerous metaphor" (*Memories and Reflections*).

<sup>2</sup> Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter.

• APRIL 1920

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

27th April, 1920.

Your letter this morning was a great delight. I am glad you loved the lines I sent you. But for you I should have been tempted to almost desperate things. Slandered and back-bitten by unscrupulous enemies, and scolded and goaded by well-meaning and ill-judging friends, your sanity and unfailing understanding and incomparable sweetness have been, and are my salvation.

It will be splendid if you become a member and delegate of the Federation.<sup>1</sup> I do hope you will bring this off.

Do write to me. It makes all the difference.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1,

29th April, 1920.

Thank you so much for your little note : you don't say whether you distinguished yourself with the bow and arrow.

<sup>1</sup> The Women's Liberal Federation.

A P R I L 1 9 2 0 .

I shall come for you to-morrow about one—to take you back to lunch and stay.

I went last night to Lincoln's Inn to receive in my capacity of Treasurer the new men being "called" to the Bar. I dined afterwards in Hall with my brother Benchers who are not a very lively lot—mostly judges and ex-judges and hoary K.C.'s, whose conversation is as "shoppy" in its way as that of a table full of golfers or hunting men.

When I got home I found ~~M~~argot playing Bridge with Lords Buckmaster and Askwith, and that rather neutral unemphatic figure Nevill Foster, who used sometimes to come to The Wharf. I joined in and won heavily for me.

Ll. G. is to make his statement about San Remo this afternoon, and I shall have to say something—but there are not likely to be any new revelations.

I have just finished the second of Lady Murray's Harrison Ainsworth's *Windsor Castle*, all about Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn and Herne the Hunter. It is a wild travesty of history, and written in a bad Early Victorian dialect, but it is quite readable. Have you yet begun *Virginia of Virginia*?

H.

• M A Y 1920

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1,

3rd May, 1920.

Thank you so much for your letter this morning. ~~I hope you found what you wanted in Matthew Arnold: in some moods there is no one more rest-giving and patience inspiring.~~ All yesterday my thoughts were with you and were not distracted by a rather tiresome game of golf with Christabel McLaren and a peculiarly Balderdashian discourse on the "Resurrection of the body" (what a topic!) at evening Church. I hoped to have caught a glimpse of you *en passant* at Huntercombe this morning: but Violet and Mrs. Jowitt, with whom I drove up, wanted to go by way of Oxford, and we then took the road to London by High Wycombe and Beaconsfield; which is on the whole a pretty route. The wind seemed rather blustering for good golf, but I hope you were at the top of your form.

I had lunch with Antoine and Elizabeth and am writing this on my way from there to the House. Violet has chosen as her topic for her second £100 article, "Cant." I told her to trace the three stages: *Pose* (the new attitude), *Culte* (the group of new sectaries), and *Cant* (the dialect or jargon in which they formulate and interchange their ideas).

M A Y 1 9 2 0 •

EMMANUEL COLLEGE LODGE,  
CAMBRIDGE,

4th May, 1920.

It was a delightful surprise to get your letter forwarded by the faithful Keynes. It was sad that you should have to drive back alone. So you found ἡ γλῶσσ' δμώμοχ' in the Hippolytus after all.

\*  
tb) Yes, I agree about Ulysses : 'Tho' much is taken, much abides.' We will go on at the first opportunity with our excursion among the "delectable mountains" of Philosophy. I hope the early post caught, so that you may get this evening a pencil letter I wrote to you last night. I thought the story of Miss Power's<sup>1</sup> good luck would amuse you. The girls of this household are furious about it, as their candidate, the Absent Man whom she displaced and who, *they* say, is immeasurably her superior, has not another chance.

We have another meeting of the Commission this morning : Sir John Simon was one of us, and I talked with him about the Irish Bills. He is going off next week with his wife to Jamaica : an odd place to choose for a holiday at this time of the year. He says

<sup>1</sup> She had just won a travelling scholarship.

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there are mountain tops in the island where you can keep cool.

*Later.* We had at lunch a Mr. Head, who is a tutor and chaplain of Emmanuel College. During the war he was one of the chaplains of the Guards' Division and attached to Raymond's battalion. He met R. as they brought him in fatally wounded, and stayed with him till he died and buried him. He was not conscious enough to say anything. Head is a lecturer on history—having been Lord Acton's favourite pupil—and is not at all a conventional parson. I was glad to make his acquaintance.

Afterwards we (i.e. the Commission) went over the University Library, which like the Bodleian is in sore need of funds. There are some wonderful MSS. and early printed books, which I should have loved to show you. I went later into a bookseller's shop to try and get you the *Republic*. It was not in stock, but by way of compensation I saw in a prominent place on the counter a thick and handsome volume, entitled *Diseases of domestic cage birds*.

I shall go by an early train in the morning, and hope to find a letter from you at Bedford Square.

I am taking farewell of Cambridge at a dinner which the Master of Caius is giving us this evening. He is *the* business man of the University, but I like my

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host here, the Vice-Chancellor (Giles), who is an Aberdonian with a strong Scotch accent, and at the same time a fine scholar and a good Liberal. .

I hope to get to The Wharf in time for dinner on Friday, and come and see you on Saturday.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE,

17th June, 1920.

I confess I had hoped for a longer letter, but it is good to know that you had such a strenuously pleasant day. The Louth result was very good, and I knew it would please you.

I dined with my host at the Reform Club last night, and afterwards joined the tail here of Margot's party. There was quite a small crowd which included the Hugh Godleys, Antoine's cousins, the Cantacuzenes, highly made-up young women who will make our friends the Browns stare when they appear at the Commem. Balls next week, and amongst many others, Enid Bagnold and her fiancé, one Sir Roderick Jones, a little slip of a man who is at the head of Reuter's. She apparently means to go on writing. The people who performed were mainly Russians, and

• J U N E 1 9 2 0

everyone said they did well. The two drawing-rooms looked extremely pretty.

I go off to speak at Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight to-morrow. Please write to c/o Norman Holden, Norton Priory, Chichester. I fear it may be impossible to get to Oxford on Monday. The following telephone conversation took place between Ll. G. and A. J. B., who was tennis playing at Cannes :

Ll. G. : I want you here.

A. J. B. : Where ?

Ll. G. : At San Remo.

A. J. B. : What are you doing at San Remo ?

Ll. G. : The Peace Conference.

A. J. B. : Another Peace Conference ? Well, I suppose I must come.

MENTMORE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD,

28th June, 1920.

11 p.m.

This is such a curious and in some ways unique experience that I must tell you about it before I go to bed.

I motored down from London to get here about 7. It is a wonderful Rothschild palace—which Lord Rosebery inherited from his wife, a regular museum of every kind of work of art and antiquity. As a specimen, in the big hall there are hung round the walls 12 Gobelin tapestries of the best period, representing the 12 months of the year ; a huge black and white marble mantelpiece which comes from Rubens's studio at Antwerp ; a carpet (cut up at the Revolution) from the best workshops of Louis XIV ; and a set of fine Italian renaissance pictures by Titian and other such Masters. Then there are the Sèvres milk-maid's pails which Marie Antoinette had made for the Trianon : and countless other treasures. I wish we could have gone round it all together.

Hardly less remarkable is the host ; he has to be carried in a chair up and down stairs, being almost half paralysed ; but his brain is as active and individual as it was 25 years ago when I served under him as Prime Minister. No one ever had the same advantages : a most definite and inimitable personality : extraordinary gifts of speech : a fine wit, both mordant and lambent : rank, wealth, cultivation : in fact everything both to allure and compel. And yet here he is—the most tragic example in our time of a wasted and ineffectual life. We dined *à deux*,—an excellent and not over-sumptuous meal, mingled with

• JUNE 1920 •

much good talk about the past. Then, while it was still light, an old-fashioned phaeton (like one that we saw at the Horse Show) was brought to the door with a postillion mounted on one of the two horses and driving, and another servant in the "Boot" behind. We drove for over an hour in the park and woods talking all the time and have just come back, and I have seen him carried to his bedroom. Hardly anywhere could you realise more fully the truth of the wise saying that "the Almighty is the best handicapper." It makes me melancholy and at the same time more than grateful—I not only live but am still alive.

Goodnight and bless you.<sup>1</sup>

44 BEDFORD SQUARE,

30th June, 1920.

It was a delight to get your letter this morning. I am glad you are enjoying Dizzy : you shall have the second volume if you would like it when you come up

<sup>1</sup> This letter appeared originally in *The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith, and is reprinted by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

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next week. Unfortunately neither Monypenny nor Buckle is a good writer, but most of their connecting narrative can be missed for the sake of the letters and the tit-bits from speeches and novels. Someone's definition of genius<sup>1</sup>—"a zig-zag streak of lightning in the brain"—is more appropriate to Dizzy than to almost anyone else, *poseur* and charlatan as he was and in many ways remained to the end.

You are ending up the Hill season in a mild blaze of gadding—what with your Papist luncheon, the "Movies" (I hate the word) and Henriette.

R I have been looking over *Ulysses* and I roughly counted it as about 70 lines—the equivalent in length of five sonnets! But it is well worth having by heart, and I am disposed to have a go at it myself if you will do likewise.

I am glad you are word perfect with the *Spotless Shirt*.<sup>2</sup> We might in time make a collection of things of this genre. What do you say to this? (by Young of the *Night Thoughts* whom the French of the eighteenth century preferred to Milton).

"And in Lorenzo's *Salamander* heart  
Cold and untouched amidst these sacred fires."

<sup>1</sup> The phrase is from Bailey's *Festus*.

<sup>2</sup> "What profits it to understand the merits of a *Spotless Shirt*," etc. (Tennyson on Byron).

• • J U N E 1 9 2 0

We had rather a stupid dinner at the Evelyn Murrays' last night. To-day Davis the American Ambassador and his wife are coming to lunch ; also Colonel House, Wilson's mystery man who has been for years the power behind the throne (or White House) in America, but is supposed now to be out of favour. I will let you know if they have anything interesting to say. I am afraid you will have a day of rather tiresome travelling to-morrow.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

30th June, 1920.

I wrote you a little letter this morning which I hope you got before you started on your journey. This is just a line of greeting to meet you at its end. I do hope that you are going to have a delightful time of peace.

I forgot to tell you that I wrote to Dobson<sup>1</sup> to ask him (in a gentle confiding way) what were his charges for such works of art as we have in contemplation. It is always a desirable precaution.

<sup>1</sup> Frank Dobson the sculptor : he made a bust of Mr. Asquith.

J U N E 1 9 2 0 •

We had quite an interesting luncheon (how I wished you were there !). Colonel House, who twice ran Wilson successfully for the Presidency, and who was for years his only confidant and practically his only counsellor, has none of the vulgarity and noisiness of the typical American Boss. In fact, he went by the nickname of Pussyfoot, long before the epithet was applied to Johnson the Prohibitionist. He has a gentle voice and quiet insinuating manner, and is quite convinced that if the President could have dissolved (which the American Constitution does not allow) immediately after his return from Paris he would have got a thumping majority in favour of the Treaty. Davis the Ambassador and his wife were rather on tenterhooks, as he is one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, and the balloting at the Convention at San Francisco is going on to-day. Birrell, who was also here, was quite in good form, and Elizabeth made her first appearance since the advent of the baby.

We arranged with Violet that the University conclave on Monday evening after dinner should be at our house and not here, and for dinner purposes we must distribute the guests between 2 or 3 hostesses. You at any rate will come and stay at Bed. Sq. and I hope and believe that we shall find ourselves at the same dinner-table.

AUGUST 1920

Write to me, and tell me your first impressions of Littlehampton.

Your devoted,

H.

THE WHARF,

SUTTON COURTENAY,

*Wed. Midnight, 11th August, 1920.*

I can't tell you what a delight it was, when I got back here about 7 this evening, to find your letter (ἄ μάκαρ ἀμβροσίησι, κ.τ.λ.) (those last 3 letters equal et caetera). Talk about Calligraphy! I have never seen such a rapid and complete acquisition of a new "Script."

You have culled in a day two of the best flowers in the whole Anthology. This last one was an epitaph on the poet Callimachus. You have got the exactly right translation,—Mackail's, if I am not mistaken. I shall never be your "teacher"—we will be companions always of the undying Muses. But what a new and almost unfathomable mine of interest and delight we have only this week discovered! That is one of the great delights of our life. It is an "arch

wherethrough" there is always gleaming "an untravelled world" which we will go on pursuing, following to the very edge the "sinking star."<sup>1</sup>

I did not expect you to come to London to-day, delicious as it would have been. I knew you would be preoccupied with Thursday. It is a disappointing blow that I cannot come with Puffin to the Tournament: but the situation is still so full of dangerous possibilities that I feel bound to go to London for the inside of the day. I shall come for you before lunch on Friday.

Pindar's ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ means (literally) "water is after all the best." I daresay you would not find ἀριστον in the Dictionary: it is the superlative of ἀγαθόν which means "good."

The Chamberlain *éloge* went off quite well: and when I drove back I found this house full of what James I<sup>2</sup> called a "monstrous regiment of women": a Mrs. Brunner, Cara Copland, Phyllis Boyd and Nan Tennant. Lord Lytton arrived in time for dinner, but the balance is still very one-sided. Lucy, however, has claimed Cara who goes to Easton Grey Saturday.

<sup>1</sup> "And this grey spirit yearning in desire  
To follow Knowledge like a sinking star" (Tennyson).

<sup>2</sup> It was John Knox: "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women."

AUGUST. 1920

I believe, as I said above, you have already taken the two most beautiful epigrams in the Anthology, but here are two others for you to consider : (1) *Parting at Dawn*: Ἡὸς ἀγγελε χαιρε φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἔλθοις ἔσπερος, ἦν ἀπάγεις λάθριος αὐθις ἄγων (you can find them in Mackail). (2) Simonides' epitaph on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ and who saved Greece from the Persian invasion—the most celebrated of all :

Ω ξεῖν, ἀγγέλλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε  
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

(O passer by, tell the Spartans that we lie here obeying their orders). Nothing was ever written more simple and sublime: This is a real gold-mine.

Goodnight. All love and every blessing.

THE WHARF,

SUTTON COURTENAY,

25th August, 1920.

I am afraid you will have rather a cold and cheerless though I hope a rainless drive. I shall be very curious to hear your report of the acting and *mise en scène*.

AUGUST 1920\*

I am putting in this two enclosures which I hope you will like : (1) The Chamberlain Speech : Hansard's revised report, (2) an examination paper, which you must answer on paper at your leisure. The idea occurred to me in a wakeful interlude in the watches of the night, and I at once put on the light and jotted a few things down.

We had one of our most delightful days yesterday. Do you remember Mr. Gowley's joke (which I fear may have done service before) about Disem-Bodleying the Library? I look forward to the arrival of the pig-skinned volume next week. I will come for you to-morrow and we will renew the struggle which was not so uneven yesterday. I have written to Lucy to urge her to join us on Tuesday. I will finish this after our guests—Lawrence<sup>1</sup> and company—have departed.

*Later.* Poor Gilbert Murray is disabled by lumbago; so Lawrence came to lunch under the tutelage of Arnold Toynbee and his wife. He, i.e. Lawrence, is an under-sized little man, of rather *chétif* appearance, but redeemed by strong penetrating eyes and good voice. He sat next me, and I had quite an interesting talk with him about Mesopotamia, Syria, Dobbie<sup>2</sup> etc. We will certainly have him here to

<sup>1</sup> Col. T. E. Lawrence.

<sup>2</sup> Frank Dobson.

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lunch next week : I want you to meet him. I am taking them back to Oxford in the car.

P.S. Of course the car will bring you and Stenhouse to dinner.

## EXAMINATION PAPER

### *General Knowledge*

I. Define, with an illustration in each case, the following terms :

- (a) A Sophism, (b) A Casuist, (c) An Empiric, (d) A Sciolist, (e) A Paradox, (f) A Euphemism, (g) A Christian Heroine.

II. "Witty as Horatius Flaccus,  
Short, but not as fat, as Bacchus,  
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,  
Riding on a little Jackass."

By and of whom were these lines spoken? Can you name any Picture which recalls them?

III. Give the names of not more than six distinguished statesmen or orators who never attained the office of Prime Minister.

IV. Translate :

γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἄπειμι,  
καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὄρων τὸ τέλος.

S E P T E M B E R 1920

THE WHARF,

SUTTON COURTENAY,

28th September, 1920.

This has been quite one of our red-letter days. Anne's little mirror was a great *trouvaille* : I loved her enjoyment at seeing the reflection of her own face. She is the greatest dear.

Will you bring with you *Opal Wheatley*, as Margot wants to read it in the train on her journey to Winchester on Thursday? I have told her that I am going to London for the inside of the day. She discovered a place to-day to which you and I must motor one day next week : Lady Fitzgerald's, called Buckland, quite near to Farringdon. She has a brood farm of thoroughbred yearlings—some of which she has sold this year at prices ranging downwards from £10,000. It would be interesting to see them, and the house contains beautiful things.

We dined *tête-à-tête* and after dinner we read the two volumes of Repington's *Memoirs*—she one and I the other : a curious *mélange* of trivial and scandalous gossip, and of wise and penetrating military criticism. He quotes what seems to me a wonderfully apt *mot* of Antoine's in June or July, 1918 : "The Germans have been for four years trying to win the war, and

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have failed: the Allies for four years have been trying to lose it, and have failed equally: who can say how it will end?"

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

12th October, 1920.

I never wished for you more than at lunch here to-day—quite a good little lot. The faithful Phillipps,<sup>1</sup> the resourceful and devoted Pringle,<sup>2</sup> and the rather resonant and polysyllabic A. G. G.<sup>3</sup> It promised well, but was devastated and almost sterilised: you can imagine how. Pringle and Phillipps between them have fixed up the Newcastle affair for 2.30 on Saturday afternoon. It was inevitable and may, I think, be useful in keeping the pot boiling. I am getting back here by a train which arrives 10.30 Saturday night and shall motor on to The Wharf, where I ought to arrive soon after midnight.

Elizabeth writes a good but undated letter from Budapest. Things are much better in Hungary than in

<sup>1</sup> Vivian Phillipps.

<sup>2</sup> W. M. R. Pringle, M.P.

<sup>3</sup> A. G. Gardiner.

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Austria, though (as they tactfully told Antoine) Kleptomania is now known there as Klepto-Roumania: such an evil reputation have the looting Roumanians acquired! Elizabeth says that she finds the Hungarians "attractive, fine card players, with beautiful manners"; but *au fond* "brutal, domineering, arrogant and oriental." They are very anti-Semitic: a rich well-known Jew dining at the principal restaurant had his head bashed in with a soda-water bottle by two officers; and "no one got up from their seats." The Hungarians hate the Roumanians, but hate the Czecho-Slovaks even more. What marvellous undesigned effects—most of them purely evil—the war has produced!

I am going presently to preside over my Council at Lincoln's Inn, and Margot has arranged that we should dine to-night with the H. McLarens.

I leave for Ayr at 11.30 p.m. to-morrow night, and now that Newcastle has to be faced, I shall spend Thursday night at Ayr Station Hotel to which you might write.

I hope Peter welcomed the chestnuts and that you will find *Medea* repaying to-morrow night.

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HOUSE OF COMMONS,

19th October, 1920.

I sent you a little message this morning as I was driving from Henley, and have just passed the shop where we bought the little looking-glass for Anne.

I went after lunch to St. Margaret's to the marriage of Cassel's niece, who was making what is called an excellent match. It was a crowded, fashionable function—in the worst sense. As I followed once more the familiar service, I felt all the repulsion, and more, that you described at Ursula's wedding a couple of weeks ago. All the strained unnatural metaphors about Christ and his bride the Church; the servile insincere formulæ except in the mouth of people not yet grown up: with a dreary platitudinous elocution by a minor Bishop: it filled me with something like nausea.

Since I came to the House I have been sitting on the Bench listening to the debate on the Coal Strike.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The miners' ballot had resulted in the rejection by an overwhelming majority of the proposal that wages in the industry should be regulated by the total output of the coal-fields, and the strike notices expired on October 16th. They demanded higher wages on the ground of the increased cost of living. Mr. Brace's scheme involved the immediate concession of the advance of 2s., but the significant feature of it was that a profits pool and a

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Horne stated the Government case very well, and Brace that of the Miners most unconvincingly, but he ended up by offering a bridge, which for the time at any rate gives the go-by to nationalisation : which is highly significant. I am in doubt whether I can say anything useful, but am going back to the House in a minute.

We have the Irish reprisals debate to-morrow.

Your devoted,

H.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

20th October, 1920.

I hope you will be able to find a little time for the Greek : it is so full of promise and a source of constant delight to us both.

What did you think of the fragment from the Ballads? It could easily be expanded, but I fancy it

National Wages Board should be constituted. It was feared that the "Triple Alliance" would act, and the Transport Workers strike in sympathy. The dispute would then have antedated the General Strike.

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is just long enough. Have you been studying "Openings"?<sup>1</sup>

I think the week beginning November 1st would be a good one for your visit here. We could return together on Thursday, in time for early dinner and D'Oyly Carte. I have to go the next day to Cardiff for the night, but shall be back at The Wharf on the Saturday. The Graves would be a nice ingredient in our theatre party.

On the whole I thought it better to be silent in the Coal Debate yesterday, as I could not have backed Brace's proposal, which would have given the Miners at once the 2s. which is what they really care for, and been a complete capitulation to the Strike.<sup>2</sup> With much difficulty we arranged with the Labour people—who know as much about Parliamentary politics (in Dr. Johnson's phrase) as a hen does of Astrology—a form of motion about Irish reprisals which we could both support, and to soothe their vanity agreed that Arthur Henderson should speak first: which I fear will not give the debate a good start. But it is well to co-operate whenever we can. Pringle has returned

<sup>1</sup> Chess.

<sup>2</sup> The Government a few days later threw over Sir Robert Horne, and conceded the demand for an immediate increase of wages of 2s. per shift. This surrender was probably the effect of the threat of the Railwaymen, in defiance of Mr. J. H. Thomas's advice, to strike in support of the miners.

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from his mission to Ireland and has this morning been providing me with some powder and shot. You could see from the temper which was displayed at question time yesterday, that this House of Commons is breast-high in favour of reprisals. They make one almost sick of politics.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

29th October, 1920.

I delighted in your letter this morning. I am looking forward to the cloak,<sup>1</sup> but I fear it will not be in evidence to-morrow.

*Tess* is, I think, Hardy at his best: I am not surprised that you are taking an interlude of holiday from *The Egoist*.

After writing to you yesterday and having our little weekly conclave of the Wee Frees at the House, I dined at Brook House with Sir Ernest and my fellow-trustees of the Cassel Educational Trust—Haldane,

<sup>1</sup> A Spanish capa which Mr. Asquith brought back from Madrid and gave to his correspondent.

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Sidney Webb, etc. I was glad to be able to get them to promise a £1,000 a year for the next three years to Ruskin College at Oxford—which I found, when our Commission was sitting, to be on the point of insolvency. It does very useful work in giving one or sometimes two years' training in the Oxford atmosphere to Miners, Textile Workers, etc., who afterwards become Trade Union Secretaries.

When I got back home about 11.30 I was rather pleased to find a little present from Gilbert Murray, in the shape of his pamphlet on *Satanism*. I send it to you in another envelope, for you ought to read it, both for the main drift, and still more for the felicity of expression. You will see from the first page that his gift was prompted by a little speech I made yesterday at the Spender lunch. I was speaking of our want of imagination in our dealings with the Eastern peoples whom Providence or the Chapter of Accidents has brought into contact with and practical subjection to us. *We* think that when we have given them (what they never knew) just and uncorrupt Courts, regular taxation, good roads, and a certain measure of sanitation and elementary education, we have fulfilled our trust, and they ought to be grateful and acquiescent. But they are not : they are accustomed to irregular and autocratic methods of so-called justice, to go-as-you-please exactions in the way of

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money or kind, and to living a dirty, illiterate, but unhampered life. They used to fear and respect, but never to love us—even in India, or in Lord Cromer's Egypt. And now with all this mutinous and nebulous fermentation which you see all over the East, we shall be blotted out unless we can get some new perspective, and shape our policy accordingly.

I have flowed on, because I know it doesn't bore you, just as the ideas came into my head. I always long to have your assent and still more your sympathy, because you have the angelic union of the good heart and the good head.

I am just off to Leicester where I shall talk mainly about Ireland.

I see that you propose to put off the Chess Tourney, which I don't mind. To-morrow, we shall be only four—you and I and Cys and Anne. On Sunday Crawford and Betty Pollock and Cathleen Nisbet, the actress, are coming. Do try to come back after seeing Peter, for Sunday evening. It would, I am sure, be great fun. Anyway I see you to-morrow and we lunch early and golf.

NOVEMBER 1920

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

*Sunday afternoon, 21st Nov. 1920.*

I have cut out from *The Daily News* of yesterday the enclosed, which is on the whole a good report of my speech. I hope you will like and approve : I know you will. In the last column is quite a good review by General Maurice of Ludendorff's latest book, which shows that we had broken the Germans in the autumn of 1916, and that, but for Ll. G's. fatuity, we might have ended the war (without any submarine campaign) in the Spring or early Autumn of 1917. It takes a long time for truth to tell : ὁψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά (try and make that out).<sup>1</sup>

On your way back from Liverpool you must come with me to the great meeting in the Albert Hall at three in the afternoon on Saturday December 4th and we will drive back after it together.

<sup>1</sup> "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

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44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

26th January, 1921.

My cold is running its course and, thanks to the little bottle and the recuperative powers of nature, it is well on the wane. By to-morrow I hope I shall cease to be a germ-carrier.

I went to the Rea <sup>1</sup> party last night : and it turned out to be a celebration of three family events : (1) Silver wedding of parents. (2) Coming of age of our Christ Church friend, Philip, and (3) suddenly thrown in—Philip's engagement to a young woman who was introduced to me. What a monstrous lottery ! Lady Cecilia Roberts was there in the crowd, and reported well of Ben <sup>2</sup> and the bride. It is a marvellously incongruous milieu for him to have entered. I was glad that I went as there was quite a number of Liberal rank and file, who seemed glad to see me and shook hands. They were all very jubilant over the rout of the Coalies in Cardiganshire, of which you no doubt read in your paper this morning.

Hugh Tennant has come back for a few weeks from Washington and has just lunched with us. He says he could have got a very good house there for Elizabeth, but it has now been snapped up. Margot went

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rea.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. B. Nicholson.

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with me for half an hour to the Grafton Gallery. It is, as always, a poor Exhibition, but redeemed from sterility by five or six Johns—two of them, his wife in a white mantilla and a “lady with a wineglass,” in his best vein, and some wonderful drawings. There is also a very clever study of head and hands of old Miss Jekyll, by William Nicholson, and a rather impressive portrait of Thomas Hardy by Jacques Blanche. The McEvoy and Philpots, etc., are poor stuff: and I am sorry to say that “Dobbie’s” little leaden boy’s head does not emerge into distinction beside Mestrovic’s marble head of his wife, and a fine little bronze by Rodin. “Dobbie’s” trick of elongation—length without breadth—is his besetting artistic sin. I think you would like to look in at it all for about twenty minutes—not more.

I wonder if you noticed the two things which interested me in *The Times* this morning: the new St. Andrew’s rule as to the stymie, and the conduct of six ladies on the Jury in the Divorce Court, who agreed that their male colleagues should look at the indecent photographs—sent by the husband to the wife—and that they (the females) would abide by their (the male) judgment.

I must stop now: I shall probably come to The Wharf to lunch to-morrow: so if you would like the car in the afternoon, telephone there, and I will bring

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it to you. Anyway I shall come for you by half-past seven. I dine to-night with the Geoffrey Howards. Do let us try to play golf on Friday morning.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

2nd February, 1921.

I drove back in the dark and felt more grateful than ever for your companionship. Yesterday was a good day. I wished as I drove past Huntercombe in the sunshine this morning that we could have been there together.

I find that they are all going to *The Tempest* on Friday evening so there is no difficulty about that. It is sad to think that you will be up here in London to-morrow and that I shall not see you. I shall come back from Wolverhampton early on Friday and lunch here and then drive to The Wharf and pick you up at 7.30 for Mrs. Kitchin's. I hope you have been or will be able to arrange things for Saturday and Sunday, especially *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

Margot was very pleased with her print of old Balliol. We had quite a nice little luncheon party :

Sir D. and Lady Maclean, the Mastermen,<sup>1</sup> and a newcomer called Laski—a Polish Jew by origin, but educated at New College, Oxford, and since then for five years a lecturer at Harvard in America, and now at the London School of Economics. He is by way (ostensibly) of being attached to the Labour Party, but is not far from what you and I regard as the political kingdom of heaven. He is a really clever creature, and talked brilliantly and mordantly of Haldane and the Webbs : also of President Wilson, of whom he saw a good deal, with eyes of ever-growing disillusion. He quoted a good remark of William James (brother of Henry), the Harvard philosopher, who said of Bryce : “ To him all facts alike are born free and equal ” : a very good description of the accumulative and assimilative as distinguished from the originative and selective mind.

There were two good things in *The Times* to-day, both by Walkley : an appreciation of Viola Tree's *The Tempest*, in which he says of Prospero (though well acted by Henry Ainley) that he is *au fond* a bore ; and a retrospect of the comedies of J. W. Robertson (who died fifty years ago to-day), *School, Caste* and the rest, which, in my boyish days, as presented by the Bancrofts, were the delight of the town : now never seen, nor likely to be. They hadn't the gift of

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Charles Masterman.

F E B R U A R Y 1 9 2 1

perennial vitality of the Gilbert and Sullivans, which were only a few years later in date.

I was sorry to find that in the search for your glove I forgot to hand out the Conrad last night : but you shall have it on Friday or Saturday.

I am getting together a few ideas for Wolverhampton to-morrow. I chaffed Sir Donald Maclean and his wife on his new party with well-gummed stamps and national cider for the principal planks of its platform.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

11th February, 1921.

We had a small dinner last night : familiar faces such as Lord Askwith, the Holdens, and Mrs. Jowitt. The last-named and I took some of Norman Holden's money at Bridge : which was as it should be.

I am going this morning for half an hour to the private view at the Grosvenor Gallery : I don't know what sort of a show it is. The lithograph of Lund's drawing of me has come and I shall bring it to The Wharf. I don't know what you will think of it :

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to me it seems to be almost overcharged with what Burke, in speaking of Johnson's style, called "nodosities."

I hope on my arrival to find a communication from Denny.<sup>1</sup> If I do I will send the MS. on to you to forward to Hartley: it is all in your handwriting (both Ancient and Modern) and had better come direct from you.

I wonder how you like *The Egoist*? It is supposed to be what that phrase-monger, President Wilson, called "the acid test" of the pure Meredithian: a test I have never been able to pass. Last night in my bedroom I neared the end of *The Captives* which is far too long and often droops and drags. But it has a really original idea; the girl is a clever study, and the man quite unconvincing. I will bring it, and shall be curious to see how you like it.

(I happened to read over my last sentence, which is an exercise worthy of a pedant in the use of *will* and *shall*: do you notice?)

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to some aphorisms in Greek which appeared in *The Oxford Outlook*, then edited by Mr. L. P. Hartley. Mr. Denny had been looking them over before publication.

FEBRUARY 1921

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

15th February, 1921.

I posted a letter I wrote you this morning before one, but suppose that it is far too late for it to arrive by your second post, though it would be in Oxford by the afternoon. Anyway I send you this little P.S. from the House, where I have just made my speech on the Address. We are not supposed by tradition to get to serious grips the first night of the Session : so I chaffed Winston over his ridiculous deliverance this morning about Mesopotamia and the Middle East, and aroused a good deal of merriment in the House. We shall get to a real rough and tumble over Ireland on Thursday : if not on Monday. I had a meeting of our little party in my room here this afternoon : we had one new recruit, who has been hitherto a Coaly Liberal : he is rather a bad egg, but it does not do to be too fastidious. They were in very good fettle. I wonder what you have been doing to-day. I think it is your dancing to-morrow with Jan and Co.<sup>1</sup> I was glad you have gone in for that. ..

*Later.* I have just been for an hour in the House listening to Lloyd George—a very characteristic

<sup>1</sup> Folk-dancing with the Masfields.

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performance teeming with misstatements and fustian,  
and cheered to the echo by his servile satellites.  
What a place it is !

Bless you,

Ever your devoted,

H.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

2nd March, 1921.

I loved εὐεργέτα—the correct vocative : how did you find it out? εὐεπεία too is good, and rare in the sense you mean. I shall look forward to revising your exercise : before long, when you have mastered the verbs, you will be able to write a whole letter in Greek.

I hope the cold has taken wings : you must be in your best form by Friday. I gather that we shall not dine together, but I will call at the " Bull " when I arrive in the car, before I go on to dine with Keynes. We will start fairly early the next morning.

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We had an unsatisfactory debate last night on the Tudor-Crozier business,<sup>1</sup> as Hamar had got Tudor to deny the truth in fact of the two main points in the case. I was careful not to pin myself to Crozier. At the beginning of my speech the Tories were very noisy and insolent, until Devlin threatened them with reprisals: when they sobered down and heard me well. It is a vile place—and (as usual) the two Cecils failed us at the pinch.

Do you see that they have made Lavery an R.A.? I went this morning for 40 minutes to "Dobbie," who put practically the finishing touches to the bust. I told him that I hoped to bring you on Tuesday morning, and he will be ready then to begin on you.

Mrs. Sitwell came in, and I was able to compare her with her bust, which is very good: just what I should like yours to be.

<sup>1</sup> General Crozier was in command of the Auxiliary Irish Constabulary (known as the Black and Tans) from August 1920 to February 1921, when he resigned, owing to General Tudor (Chief of the Police of Ireland) having reinstated 26 Cadets dismissed for looting. The burning down of part of Cork had previously made the public conscience uneasy about the behaviour of the Black and Tans in Ireland, and the refusal of the highest authority to enforce discipline on the ground that it would "appear panicky" seriously undermined confidence in the Government's Irish policy. The correspondence between the two generals was published in *The Times*.

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*Later.* I have just been unveiling the Lincoln's Inn Memorial to the barristers etc. who died in the War. There was rather an impressive little ceremony in the Hall with choir, stringed band, and two Deans, and amid these unfamiliar surroundings I delivered my allocution, which did not last more than 10 minutes. There was a large gathering of ex-Chancellors, Judges, K.C.'s etc. As you know, these things are not very congenial to me, but this one was carried out with good taste and without any jarring notes.

I was delighted to find in my pocket the fine rolling epigram which you brought with you—do you remember?—to the debate at the Union: φρήν ἰσρή  
μεγάλον Ενοσίχθονος: there is a splendid lilt and go about it. I must now go into the House.

ἰ σσώτατος (if there is such a superlative).

44 BEDFORD SQUARE,

17th March, 1921.

Your sweet little pencil letter from the Ashmolean arrived by the last post last night. I quite agree with you as to the Bonnington and Holland: they

are the two which I myself should choose—not perhaps for our caravanserai at Halicarnassus,<sup>2</sup> but here at home.

I have just been making a speech in the House on the Naval Estimates, which was well listened to. Carson followed: I thought, not for the first time, what an asset he has in his brogue! We were all astounded when we got to the House this afternoon by the announcement that Bonar Law is disabled by a complete breakdown: L. G. told me that the specialists hold out very little hope of his ever being fit for public work again. It is very tragic: for all his limitations, he is a general favourite. He never quite got over the death of his son three years ago, and has had to do all L. G.'s dirty work in the House: the hewing of wood and drawing of water. The Tories will be in sore straits to find a successor to him: especially as Walter Long is also out of action.

I am bringing *Main Street* with me for you. I must close this now, as it is post time: I had to sit in the House during the debate.

<sup>1</sup> An imagined haven of peace and quiet, to be sought when life and politics became burdensome.

APRIL 1921

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

11th April, 1921.

I drove up this morning with Puffin, and was dropped at Abingdon St. at twelve, where our little group of Frees had a conclave. There was not much to do, as the Mines were again being pumped, and the Owners and Miners sitting in conference at the Board of Trade.

So they went off into a discussion of a possible compact with the Labour Party for the purposes of the General Election, which all the "Quidnuncs" (have you forgotten that term?) have now fixed for as early as June. There are two obvious difficulties in the way of an arrangement: one, that neither in our case nor theirs can Headquarters control the local wirepullers, and then, that there is great repugnance (which I share) among our best men that we should even appear an appendage or tail to the Labour Party. Donald Maclean was away ill, and I am afraid his health shows signs of breaking up.

(You will be amused to hear that I wore my *other* new suit, of a sober blue, which I think you will approve: I hope I am not developing what Fanny Burney, in her curious vocabulary, calls a tendency to "daintification"!)

An Irish Quaker called Douglas—a very intelligent man—came to lunch. Though opposed to all forms of violence, he is in the inmost councils of the leaders of Sinn Fein. He does not think very highly of the mental qualities of de Valera, but says he is picturesque and impressive : more fitted to be the President than the Premier of an Irish Republic. The real brains of the movement are supplied by Collins (who used to be a clerk in the Post Office) and who finances the whole thing with funds from America in a fashion which wholly baffles Dublin Castle. He has a large body-guard, but often walks about the streets of Dublin. If he were caught he would undoubtedly be shot. Douglas is all for a truce and a settlement on Dominion lines : but both sides are hampered by the difficulty of controlling their irresponsible “ gun-men.”

It is impossible yet to speak with any confidence about the issue of the Coal negotiations. Austen Chamberlain made a clumsy, tactless speech on the subject in the House this afternoon.

I am going to the play to-night with Puffin, who returns to The Wharf to-morrow. We have got places for *A Bill of Divorcement*, and I will report on it to you to-morrow. If it is really good, you and I will visit it later.

I finished *Queen Victoria* in my bedroom last night. It is well-sustained to the end, though the chapter on

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her relations with Dizzy owes most of its piquancy to the revelations in Buckle's last volumes. There is a description in Strachey's best-comedy vein of the creation of the Albert Memorial, which perhaps you have already reached.

You might look at page 106 and the following pages of my *Occasional Addresses* for a rough account of the explorations in Crete by Evans and others, written (I see) nearly 13 years ago. I wonder what you were doing and thinking about then: at the age of 20?

If all goes well, I hope to be back at The Wharf at dinner time on Thursday. Let us arrange to do something together on Friday. It is a lovely day here, and I miss you horribly. I hope Peter is making progress on his bicycle. Do a little Greek in your spare moments.

Blessings unnumbered.

BEDFORD SQUARE,

12th April, 1921.

Thank you for your letter: I am glad Peter has made such rapid progress. The weather here con-

tinues to be glorious: it is just the time to be with you.

We went last night to see *A Bill of Divorcement*. Though not perhaps quite up to all that has been said of it, it is a remarkable play and marvellously acted. The situation at the end of the first act, when the recovered and divorced lunatic (an admirable actor called Keen) steals back into his home, is one of the most moving I have ever seen. The second act is not quite so good, but there is a lot of brilliant dialogue in the third. The end of course is "unsatisfactory," but that was inevitable, as the wife is not, and is not intended to be, a heroine. I thought the part was well played by Lilian Braithwaite, but the chief honours go to the Albanesi girl. Lilian B. told us that Lion (who is a very good judge) said that if she were only six inches taller there is no part she could not take. Her technique is certainly remarkable, and reflects great credit on Frances Petersen's Academy, where she learnt her art. You and I will go and see it together: I should love to compare notes with you about it.

This morning, after I had drenched and steeped myself in Coal figures and facts, I went across (alas! alone) to the Museum to have a look at the great wooden Buddha which they have just acquired. It is Chinese and of about the twelfth century—over life

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size and very imposing. You must come and see it : also the two that have just come to South Kensington. Do you know—by the way—that the three greatest teachers of religion, Socrates, Buddha (they were contemporaries) and Christ, none of them ever wrote a line : probably Mohammed also, who dictated the Koran to scribes ? I just passed through the print room where there is what seems to be a fine collection of Chinese and Japanese things on exhibition : but I resolved to defer looking at it until I had with me the well-known expert—" Mrs. — of Oxford " !

THE WHARF,

23rd April, 1921.

After speaking in the House on the Licensing Bill, I drove down yesterday with Lady Tree and got here in time for dinner. There was no letter from you, but I know that cannot have been your fault.

I have rather a busy week in front of me : Budget on Monday and Tuesday—election of Speaker on Wednesday—Irish debate on Thursday. At any rate I shall hope to be with you on Friday.

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We have rather a scratch party here, as several people have chucked : Sunburst<sup>1</sup> and the Fachiris<sup>2</sup> are coming to-day. You know her? Jelly's sister Adela, much addicted to fiddling, but otherwise a nice woman. Lady Tree gave us some excellent imitations of the female oratory at the Women's Irish meeting in London the other day.

Gilbert Murray is coming to lunch and wants to have a talk.

The weather is dubious, but I hope we may get some golf this afternoon. I wonder what you do with your days among the Welsh. I expect it is a good change for Peter and something of a rest for you.

Did you see the specimen of " bad " English in one of the papers to-day? " When John meets his Uncle he always lifts his hat " : a simple enough sentence to look at, but grammatically capable of four different interpretations. The sloppy use of " he " and " his " is peculiar to English : it could not happen in Greek or Latin. I wonder if you have been making any progress with your " little Greeks."

I was looking again last night into Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson* : the best of military

<sup>1</sup> Major Crawford.

<sup>2</sup> Adela Fachiri the 'cellist and her husband.

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biographies. Did I tell you what the men of his brigade—the Stonewall brigade—used to say of him? “He always marched at dawn, except when he started the night before.”

I am writing—“far from the madding crowd”—in my bedroom at Wharf.

Do you see that the Academy have elected Augustus John to be A.R.A.? I suppose they think that he has now sowed his artistic wild oats. Any way, it is always sound policy to recruit the game-keepers from among the poachers. I suppose you have no news yet of your Bianca? <sup>1</sup>

Madge Titheradge is coming here for the night to-morrow. The critics seem to be almost unanimous in crabbing her Desdemona. To me it seems (and Lady Tree agrees) one of the easiest parts among Shakespeare's more important heroines, tho' she has a *mauvais quart d'heure* at the end. Salvini, who was the Othello of my time, was said to have strangled no less than four Desdemonas. I have just been reading Margot's MS. account, for her second volume, of the formation of the C.B. Government in December 1905. As it is all taken from the Diary she kept at the time, it is pretty accurate and really very interesting.

<sup>1</sup> A small water colour bought at Pamela Bianca's show at the Leicester Galleries which went off to America by mistake.

A P R I L 1921

I shall go up to London early Monday to be in time for Cowans' <sup>1</sup> funeral.

Blessings, etc.

BEDFORD SQUARE,

26th April, 1921.

It was sweet of you to send me your little pencil message from Chester. I hope you got home in good time and not overtired, and that you feel the change has done you good. You will find Oxford in full blast.

After I spoke yesterday, the budget debate fizzled out, and I was able to get home for dinner and to go with them to the Court to see *Othello*. It was a marvellously good performance, though the House was by no means full: G. Tearle as Othello and B. Rathbone as Iago are both first rate, and Madge Titheradge (notwithstanding what the critics say) a very competent Desdemona. Next to *Hamlet*, I think it is the best of Shakespeare's acting Plays. Of

<sup>1</sup> General Sir John Cowans, K.C.B.

course it lacks subtlety: Iago is such a naked and almost motiveless villain; and Othello perversely credulous and blindly passionate: and Desdemona too simple and submissive. But the whole effect is tremendous, and not interfered with by elaborate scenery or musical fal-lals. I should love to see it again—with you.

Bottomley's latest piece of impudence is rather amusing. He conceived the idea of getting someone to put the New Testament into popular language with headlines etc. for the readers of *John Bull* and (appropriately enough) applied to the Bishop of London to undertake the job for £10,000. The Bishop seems to have been much tempted, but, before consenting, applied for advice to Mrs. Creighton, who curtly told him "not to pour the Bible down the sink"!

I had a little conference this morning at Bedford Square with Bob Cecil, Keynes, Spender, and one or two others,—to see what we could do to stop this folly of aiding the French in their buccaneering.<sup>1</sup>

Blessings,

H.

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the French entry of the Ruhr.

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44 BEDFORD SQUARE,

3rd May, 1921.

Thank you for your note. I am glad that Peter has got pleasure out of his bicycle. Margot and I have just been for half an hour to the Academy, which is dominated by Orpen. The Chantrey Trustees have bought his *Chef*—though there was a much finer portrait hanging next to it of old Rider Haggard by a comparatively unknown man. The most flamboyant of his (O.'s) pictures is *Mrs. Melville*. Otherwise it is a very poor show except for one or two things by new men—one the *River Bank*, a lot of boys bathing under a cedar tree, by Vivian Forbes (of whom I had never heard)—I should like you to see. The great ceremonial canvases by Salisbury and Co. are all but unbearable. If I wanted a good portrait of you at this moment, I should be at my wits' end to name an artist. Our poor friend Mrs. Jowitt has been ruthlessly treated by Willie Ranken.

I had another dose of Lady Bessborough last night : she was an ardent Fox-ite and anti-Pitt, of whom her beloved Lord Granville was a devoted follower. He was also addicted to gambling (while she played Chess) and she sends him quite a pretty lecture on the

subject. I think perhaps we under-rate Sir W. Scott's poetry now-a-days : the lines on Pitt, Fox and Nelson in the introduction to *Marmion* are very fine : do you remember these about Pitt ?

“ Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke :  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill.”

*Later.* D'Ab.<sup>1</sup> came to lunch with us : he has been here for some days and has attended the meetings of the Supreme Council and its Committees. He of course takes a sensible view of the situation, and is all against occupation of German territory. Ll. G. has been fighting the French pretty hard, and they nearly came to a rupture. I hope the Germans will have the sense to say “ Yes ” to the new proposals : in five years' time, everyone will laugh at the possibility of going on exacting a toll which will be more injurious to the Allies than to the Germans themselves. D'Ab. was in very good form, and gave us amusing pictures of the Italians and the Belgians at the Conference. He is very strong for bringing in the Americans. There is no doubt that the French are becoming increasingly unpopular here—especially in the City.

<sup>1</sup> Lord D'Abernon, then British Ambassador at Berlin.

M A Y 1921

We are going to dine to-night with the Laverys : he does not make much of a show at the Exhibitions this year and his " diploma " picture on becoming R.A. is a portrait (I suppose about the 100th he has done) of his wife : and not one of the best.

It is a great joy and relief to me to be able to write to you about everything, and I know that you like to hear it all.

BEDFORD SQUARE,

4th May, 1921.

I think I must give you Lord Granyville's correspondence to read, though there are *longueurs* that may well be skipped. Last night at bed-time I came across two or three excellent letters, one describing Canning's courtship with Miss Joan Scott (who had a dowry of £100,000) and another Fox's (your C. J.) marriage—only 2 or 3 years before he died—with Mrs. Armistead, who had lived with him as his mistress for nearly thirteen years. It was quite a happy union : up to the end, they used to read poetry and play chess together.

M A Y 1921

We had some Roumanian cousins of Antoine's (one a very pretty bride) to lunch to-day: also Clifford Sharp.<sup>1</sup>

As I said yesterday, it is a moment of deadlocks—the strike, Ireland, and the Ruhr. Thank God, America seems now to be disposed to take a hand, and if the Germans are sensible enough to agree to an immediate payment of £100 million or so for the next few years, we may escape the follies and futilities of being dragged at the tail of the French buccaneers.

I have just been taken (I am at the House) by the chief of the Protectionists Mr. Terrèll (Lucy's member) to see an exhibition across the road of Foreign (mostly German) imported goods put side by side with our own products. It is intended to show that, with the present exchanges, the foreigners can easily undersell us in our own market. The exhibits were mostly rather fancy things—lace, gloves, surgical instruments, pianos, banjos, and above all toys and dolls. One of the odd things is that quite a large number of them do not come from Germany, but from our old allies, France, Belgium, America. He admitted that in the whole lot there was only one case of real dumping, i.e. selling here below the cost of production abroad.

<sup>1</sup> Then editor of *The New Statesman*.

J U N E 1 9 2 1

BEDFORD SQUARE,

16th June, 1921.

Thank you for your letter. I am afraid that rehearsing is a great grind. I am looking forward to the performance.

I gave my address to the Eighty Club at 5.30 yesterday. I have taken a good deal of pains with it, and it had, I think, some fairly good points and phrases. I was rather disgusted to see that no proper arrangements had been made for a report, and, as I expected, in consequence it is almost boycotted by the press. Our *Daily News* gives more spice and prominence to some remarks made in Welsh by Ll. G. to a lot of Calvinist parsons and to its own silly gambling scheme over the Census, and, in what it does print, omits every salient point. I have written a very plain-spoken letter to G. Howard, telling him that under such conditions propaganda is hopeless. If one's words are not to reach (or only in a travestied or mutilated form) the world outside, the whole thing becomes a farce. I have engaged to make two speeches next week—one at Manchester, and the other in South London—and as I told him, I might just as well be occupied (to use an old phrase of mine) in “ploughing the sands.” The only paper which is of the least use to us in these days is the *Manchester Guardian*.

J U N E 1 9 2 1

I think Sunburst also is to blame : he was very active in organising the meeting, and ought of course to have seen to it that there was proper provision for reporting. It is very disheartening.

I came casually this afternoon upon quite a good sentence in Carlyle, written somewhere in the 1840's and quite as applicable to-day : " What I object to in our damnable dramatists is that they have in them no *thing*, no event or character that looks musical or glorious to them, properly no thing at all, but an empty prosing, and desire to *have* a thing. How can that escape damnation? " I do not know that this is specially appropriate to *Butcher's Sacrifice*, a play in four acts by C. H. B. Kitchin, to the performance of which I have just received a formal invitation.

I hope this is not going to be too late for the post. Our party stayed on an unconscionable time.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

28th June, 1921.

The meeting at Abingdon Street was full of incident; they are, with one or two exceptions, a simple-minded and dunder-headed lot, with no experience of politics, and a plentiful supply of ingenuous vanity.

. . . The notion that they could get Ll. G. to dinner, and then put salt on his tail, could only have come from the babes and sucklings of a political nursery. *O sancta simplicitas!* as John Huss said to the old woman who put another faggot on the stake at which he was being burned alive. There was some very plain language used about this silly adventure, and also of the Luncheon with the Coalies: in regard to which the Independent Liberals in the constituencies have been pouring in a fusillade of protest and indignation. All further enterprises of the kind have, I think, now been knocked on the head. Geoffrey Howard gave a much more reassuring account than one had expected of the number of candidates who have been or are about to be fixed. There is still room for another 70 or 80. What would have interested and pleased you more was his Report as to meetings, speeches and propaganda generally. The result was that I came out easily first of the whole party in all these activities, as the meeting acknowledged with applause. As I said to Margot, when we were driving to lunch, it was a complete refutation of the silly legend that I have lost "grip and keenness." There wasn't a man there who would not have indignantly scouted it.

At the Spender Luncheon I sat next an American millionairess widow—a priceless woman, whose man

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of business, she told me, came from "a College which I believe they call Eton." Speaking of the great Confederate General (she comes from Virginia, having been born in the same "city" as Nancy Astor) she said, with a marvellous twang, "I am sweet on the memory of Robert E. Lee."

Ll. G. is just going to announce that the Coal Strike is settled.

Write to me. Countless blessings.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

29th June, 1921.

I knew I couldn't hear from you to-day. I hope I may get something in the morning. Do try and arrange Friday so that we can drive together from London to The Wharf and Boar's Hill.

We had a nice, small, sensible dinner here last night: only eight, and they included Consuelo of Marlboro'—who is in London for a few days and was both delightful and distinguished and talked very nicely to me of her son Ivor: and Lord Buckmaster, who was in excellent form about Ireland and Divorce.

J U N E 1 9 2 1

I haven't a word from C. Strong, and the sands are running through the hour glass. Calthrop's *Costumes* has arrived: I have only glanced through it: it seems a fascinating book. I will bring it with me on Friday.

I love your epithet: "Dress-circular," it describes not only plays, like the "wrong number," but a host of products of the suburban type.

Poor Lady Randolph succumbed this morning: I have written a letter to Winston, who was best and most devoted of sons. She was verging on 70, and (whatever else may be said of her) had lived every inch of her life up to the edge. An amazing reservoir of vitality and gay and unflinching courage. It didn't come to much, weighed in any serious balance, but, such as it was, she made the most of it. I call her the last of the Victorians.

I had two interesting callers this morning. The first was Count Bernstorff—a typical up-to-date German—who gave me a lurid first-hand account of the pranks the French are playing in Rhineland. The Germans are beginning to love us—by comparison. My other visitor was Edward Grey, with whom I had a heart-to-heart talk for three-quarters of an hour. When he left I put down in pencil my recollection of what passed. I have shown it to nobody, and enclose

J U N E 1 9 2 1

it for you to read. Keep it most carefully till we meet. On the whole I think it very hopeful. You will tell me what you think : I prize your judgment.

I love a phrase of Dizzy's in one of his later letters to Lady Bradford, whom he reproaches for her addiction to what we now call week-end visits to country houses : "*The monotony of organised platitude.*"

Mrs. Spender strongly recommends *Ancient Towns* by an American professor—Breasted. I will get it at Bumpus's.

I am going this evening to the League of Nations Dinner : Grey is to be in the Chair, and we shall have Balfour and all the Dominion Premiers on their hind legs. I shall finish up by proposing Grey's health. I am afraid it will be a hot and long affair.

It is such a lovely day that I am sure you are out with your sketching apparatus. I hope you have found some good subjects for the art of "composition," though the Ashford terrain is a dreary country.

I chanced to see in large print in *The Times* to-day that "Mr. Legge" (whoever he is) has "taken up his residence at The Dogs, Wincanton." How marvellous is people's sense of proportion ! It makes

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me quite sick to look at the columns devoted to the Dempsey-Carpentier Fight.

All love and blessings.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,  
S.W.1,

11th July, 1921.

We had a delicious talk yesterday, and the manifesto of the anti-creeper crusade<sup>1</sup> is rapidly taking what Shakespeare calls form and body. I think the plum so far is the "civilities of the little citizens."

In the sweltering heat of yesterday afternoon I retired to my bedroom and turned over Sir Thomas Browne in quest of fresh material. I got one or two things that I will show you, but meanwhile look at what he says (page 110 of *Religio Medici*)<sup>2</sup> about marriage and production of offspring. He was—as he says—when he wrote, still a bachelor: but a very

<sup>1</sup> She had written to *The Times* deploring the growth of creepers, etc., on the college buildings at Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> This is the passage in which he laments that men do not propagate their species after the manner of the vegetable world.

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few years later he married Miss Dorothy Mileham, and had by her no less than *twelve* children.

I drove up in the torrid heat this morning, and I am heartily glad that you have not risked coming. Any kind of bustle and hustle under such conditions is positively dangerous. You should certainly not come up until it is at least 20 degrees cooler.

I have got hold of a good report of my Ayr speech (14th October last) and find it exactly bears out my recollection of it. I have told Phillipps and the Lib. Publication Dept: to put it in hand at once, and see that it is well circulated and advertised. I hear that Hamar Greenwood goes about declaring that the new departure, in the direction of negotiation and conciliation, is entirely his own idea.

I have written to Ben Nicholson and Mrs. "Dobbie" to ask them and their spouses to come on Saturday to The Wharf.

By the way, I came upon two delightful words in Sir T. B. : *clawbacks* (meaning flatterers) and *gallardize*—for merriment.

The mood here to-day appears to be that if L. G. can patch up the semblance of an Irish settlement, he will go for a general election in the early autumn. I came across Stamfordham just now, and put my

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attitude to him very clearly : no blessing of a pig in a poke, etc. : he quite understood.

Blessings, etc.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

*4th August, 1921.*

I made a speech about the Navy yesterday which I think was sound and right. Winston was at his worst ; full of flamboyance and fustian, with a lot of noisy jingo heroics, which appealed only to the most fossilised survivals of the old Tory Party, and left the bulk even of this degenerate and unilluminated House completely cold.

Horwood drove up this morning from The Wharf—for the last time : and handed over the car to the benign and well-mannered Mostyn. I had a parting interview with H. who has been a good and loyal servant : he has been with me for 17 years, ever since March 1904.

We had another meeting to-day of our little conclave, attended by Crewe, R. Cecil, Runciman and

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Maclean. Grey was still feeding his squirrels, and watching his rebuilding operations in Northumberland. But he has agreed to be here next Wednesday, and meanwhile we had quite a good and, I think, useful confabulation. I am going at once to send my letter to Grey, and ask him to bring up with him his draft reply : so that they may be ready for publication at any moment.<sup>1</sup> Runciman and Maclean—who both know the ropes of the journalistic world—are to set to work to “salt” and (in O. Cromwell’s words) to “tune” the Press. So I hope and think that things are shaping fairly well.

Blessings, etc.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

15th August, 1921.

I got your letter written on Friday by the second post at The Wharf. It was very sweet of you to write out the Sonnet : one of the most beautiful, it had quite gone out of my memory. I came across

<sup>1</sup> Declarations upon Irish policy.

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these lines in a Sonnet of Spenser's which you might like to have.

“Her temple fayre is built within my mind,  
In which her glorious ymage placèd is  
On which my thoughts doe night and day attend,  
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amiss.”

It is one of the series called *Amoretti*, addressed to the cold and capricious beauty who at last became his wife, which ends with the best of all his poems, *Epithalamius* (what does *θάλαμος* mean?) If you can find it on the well-furnished shelves of North End House, read it again, as I have been doing. It is curious how he anticipates some of Shakespeare's most familiar points, as for instance in the line: “My verse your vertues rare shall eternise.” I like *eternise*, don't you?

I am glad that you approve of my writing something about K. of K. I talked at The Wharf yesterday about it to Elizabeth's friend, Willert, who was ten years at Washington as *Times* correspondent. He is in favour of a simultaneous publication here and in America: perhaps in the *New York Times*, which is their best paper.

I have just been at the House and at Ll. G.'s request went with him to his room. He wanted to settle the order of topics for to-morrow's debate, and it may amuse you to have the paper on which he

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jotted them down. We may have Ireland on Wednesday: he didn't disguise that the Government had adopted my policy, but there is a danger lest the Labour people, in the desire to go one better, should back up De Valera's demand for what he calls "amicable but absolute" Separation. (Ll. G. told me that he felt completely done, and anxious for release: I wonder?) I didn't think any of the documents (including Smuts's letter) really well done.

Remind me when we meet to repeat to you a wonderful gem produced last night by Cys, from the *Wit and Wisdom of Marie Corelli*. It would, I am sure, appeal to Mamma.

I love these three lines:—

"Thyself away art present still with me,  
For thou not further than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee."

Blessings, etc.

THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

23rd August, 1921.

There are no events to chronicle here. Most of our guests have disappeared, the only new arrival

being Gates. He is a very nice fellow with a good deal of quiet charm, and an excellent companion for Puffin.

Gilbert Murray came to lunch yesterday accompanied not by Isabella but by Mrs. Toynbee who has just got back home from Constantinople. She and her husband<sup>1</sup> went there some months ago with a strong pro-Greek bias, but they have seen a lot of the horrors going on in Anatolia, and have veered round until they are now almost pro-Turk. She is a very intelligent woman and told me a lot of curious things.

Lady Carlisle left property worth about a million. She made ample provision for her grandson, who will be able to live at Haworth, the family place in Cumberland. She left Castle Howard, their Yorkshire place, built by Vanbrugh, to Lady Mary! apparently because she is the eldest child, and she would recognise no distinctions of sex. All's well that ends well: I am sure in their secret souls they were afraid that the old lady would have handsomely endowed some of her favourite causes—Temperance, Peace, Anti-Vivisection, etc.

This may amuse you: B. told Orpen that he was the only painter who had succeeded in bringing out

<sup>1</sup> Arnold Toynbee, afterwards Director of Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

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the strength of character in his face. Orpen told this to Haig, who was sitting to him, and heard Haig mutter to himself: "I always thought the fellow was a bloody fool."

Did you ever hear of a body in London which is called the *Associated Aunts*? Their business is to supply chaperones for all conceivable occasions in life. Violet met one of them in Cornwall last week who was in charge of a fluffy, callow girl of 19 just engaged to a middle-aged squire. This was at Pamela and Barbara's place on the coast of Cornwall. Ralph Hodgson, the poet, and his wife (a rich Canadian) were staying there: both apparently very agreeable. The Canadian lady seems to have a gift of phrase: for she said after luncheon of the squire-fiancé: "He shot at me a cold glance of sensuality."

I am just going into Oxford on a few errands: how sad that I cannot call at Boar's Hill and pick you up.

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THE WHARF,  
SUTTON COURTENAY,

24th August, 1921.

I am very glad that Anne had such a happy birthday, and that your raid on Ditchling was so rich in spoils. You don't say in what form the "Dobbies" were.

What do you think of Esher's book? A dragon in shallow water?

We are having an American "literary agent," a friend of Tex's, to lunch to-day. Tex thinks he might be useful in arranging for the publication of anything I write: particularly on the pecuniary side, which is important.

Elizabeth told me of an American girl who spoke scoffingly of the Ten Commandments: "They don't tell you what you ought to do, and only put ideas into your head."

The papers to-day are full of the result of the Census. The only really interesting thing that I have come across so far is that there are now in England 1,100 women to every thousand men: an excess of a hundred in every thousand is rather a serious figure. At the outside not more than 500,000

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Englishmen (Scotland and Ireland are not included) were killed in, or died in consequence of, the War.

I suppose you have the boy cousin with you now. And Mamma? Tell me how and when you propose to return.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

18th January, 1922.

Thank you for your letter this morning. I had been feeding upon the hope of an hour with you this afternoon, but you are absolutely right not to come and to take a complete rest for the next few days. You will be freer now that Peter has gone back and I do hope that the Hill air will bring you back your sleep and take away the cough. It is a foul day here and it would have been a mad risk to face it.

Where have you come across Isabella D'Este, *The Lady of the Renaissance*? Except for the Greeks of the Vth Century B.C. it is to my mind the most picturesque and interesting time in history.

We had a farewell little dinner for Margot here last night, and I played bridge with Lord Crewe and

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Moyra Cavendish. We are continuing her farewell gaieties by going to-night—she, Puffin, and I—to Covent Garden to see Diana's coloured film—*The Glorious Adventure*.

To-morrow I have my City speech—now nearly finished—at 2.30 in the afternoon. Donald Maclean came here this morning to report progress. We discussed the Grey-Cecil<sup>1</sup> business, of which Scott<sup>2</sup> had just been told. He was very much in favour of it as a first step, but of course was anxious to rope in moderate Labour. Geoffrey explained to him the efforts we had made and were making to get an electoral arrangement, and how they were, time after time, frustrated by the inability of the Labour Leaders here to exercise authority over their local branches, and “deliver the goods.” We had quite a useful talk: Scott is far the most influential of the Liberal journalists, and poured much well-deserved contempt upon the anæmic back-boneless *Daily News*. As he said, every rich amateur thinks he can run a newspaper, but it is really one of the most arduous and exacting of professions.

When I got to Bedford Square I found awaiting me a Miss Franklin (niece of Herbert Samuel) who is

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Cecil was at this time much more in sympathy with the Opposition than with the Coalition Government.

<sup>2</sup> Editor of *The Manchester Guardian*.

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apparently an amateur sculptress, and has nearly achieved a bust of me—entirely from photographs! She wanted a quarter of an hour's sitting, and kept to her time. When the clay was unveiled and she began to work at it, with what she called "shorthand-notes," I could hardly repress a shudder. I should have liked to hear "Dobbie's" comments.

A sad thing happened here (at the House) last night when one of our small band of stalwarts, Wintringham, died suddenly in the Reading Room. He was an excellent fellow and won a seat at a bye-election. He was always very loyal and even affectionate to me.

I am dining to-night with Oc and Betty at their house in Upper Berkeley Street. Grey and Cecil will be at the Conclave to-morrow morning: of which you shall hear.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

*27th January, 1922.*

I start for Alderley at 2.30 this afternoon. I shall be alone, as the faithful Phillipps is working like

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a beaver among his would-be constituents in Edinburgh. The meeting at Bolton is at 3 on Saturday afternoon : an ideally bad day and hour, one would have thought, as Geoffrey tells me that a gréat " Cup Tie " is to be fought off there at precisely the same time. It will be curious to see if there is room for both politics and football. We drive back after the meeting to Alderley, where I shall spend Saturday night, and get back here in time for dinner on Sunday. I hope to be at The Wharf by lunch-time on Sunday. I have just been with Violet to the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey for poor old Bryce<sup>1</sup> ; it was very simple and nicely done. I enclose you the " programme " for the sake of the 16th-Century Prayer on the last page, which seems to me much more beautiful and appropriate than anything in the Funeral Service of the Prayer Book. It must surely be by Cranmer. There was a fairly large congregation, but very few conspicuous people ; though I saw in the dim distance the shaggy mane of dear Birrell.

I have sent to Margot a telegram to greet her on her arrival : she ought to be there (New York) to-night or to-morrow.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Bryce.

<sup>2</sup> The beginning of Mrs. Asquith's lecture-tour.

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44 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.,

14th March, 1922.

Thank you so much for your card. I thought you would like to know without delay that I had escaped what St. Paul calls "the perils of journeyings." I was in time to put in an oar in the desultory talk about the Montagu business.<sup>1</sup> Curzon is to make his riposte to-day in the House of Lords, and to-morrow (Wed.) night, we shall have Montagu on his defence in our House. It is a bit of comic but useful business from our point of view.

I am looking forward to having you here on Thursday. I shan't be able to drive you back further than the station as Violet's baby is to be christened on Friday morning at 11 o'clock. I shall drive down to The Wharf after that.

I had a solitary evening (like you) last night and got through a good deal of miscellaneous reading. I

<sup>1</sup> Edwin Montagu, Secretary for India, was forced to resign his office owing to having published a dispatch from the Government of India without consulting his colleagues in the Cabinet. In answer to the Prime Minister he said that "Cabinet responsibility was a joke," and that the Prime Minister having connived at its disappearance now brought it out at a convenient moment to make him the victim.

M A R C H 1 9 2 2

wonder how the drawing of the Dog and the Mirror has progressed? In the interval of your pencil and brush work you might think out the main lines of the Second Luncheon party—Dons and Donesses; Deans and Deanesses, Clerical fellows, etc., etc. By the way, Cynthia, who has just lunched here, tells me that Sir Walter Raleigh is *flying* at the end of this week to Bagdad! His framework is not adapted to aeroplane conditions, but it is a sporting adventure. You know he is writing a history of the whole Air business.

Ll. G., in his Welsh retreat, appears to be occupied in planting potatoes in the morning, and fishing in the afternoon.

Did you see the result of the Union Election at Oxford? Marjoribanks was beaten for the Presidency by an Oriel man, Carson, who apparently belongs, despite his name, to the Labour Party. On the other hand, our friend Collis of Balliol was defeated for one of the other posts.

*Later.* H. of C. I went over to the House of Lords to hear Curzon's reply to Montagu. It was pretty crushing, (for once in a way) fairly temperate and in good taste. Certainly his letter, which M. had described as hectoring, bullying, etc., did not the least deserve those epithets. When the matter comes up here to-morrow night, I hope to be able to make the

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real point—that there is not, and never has been, any Cabinet responsibility since L. G. became Prime Minister.

I am dining to-night with the Middletons, where there may be a little Bridge.

44 BEDFORD SQUARE,

15th March, 1922.

I am beginning this before going to the House (3 p.m.), and I suppose you have come to an end of your orgy at the Mitre. How I wish I could have been with you!

I am glad the Quaker<sup>1</sup> was more tender with you, and I trust that he and his tools and his germs and the whole infernal bag of tricks will soon be banished “bag and baggage” from your threshold. I am sorry you are not pleased with the Dog.<sup>2</sup> At midnight last night I began to read *After Cézanne*. We will talk about it to-morrow: to me it seems to be a

<sup>1</sup> The family doctor, Henry Gillet, who was given to inoculations.

<sup>2</sup> A china dog borrowed for a “Still Life.”

M A R C H 1 9 2 2

half-affected and wholly provocative presentation of a point of view, which has to be taken into account, but fatally lacks true perspective.

We are going to-night to have the Montagu business for debate. After Curzon's deadly attack yesterday in the Lords, he (M.) is bound to take the floor and make such rejoinder as he can. I shall try to point the moral, and I think I have one or two little barbs in my quiver for the benefit of F. E. and Co.

Your train arrives Paddington 11.55 and Mostyn will be there looking out for you.

Margot writes to me this morning from Ottawa (Canada), where she had the most chilling reception she has yet met with—it is the Tory capital, where "Society" tries to boycott the new Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King—she says a splendid man. She adds that everyone there thinks Ll. G.'s day is over. Of course they know little or nothing of our home conditions. Sir G. Younger, whom I met casually at the House last night, and with whom I have always been friendly, spoke to me very frankly about the "little Welsh devil," and declines to budge a hair's breadth from his old position. He has the Tory rank and file in the hollow of his hand. I so often in these days wish you were here, to talk over things as they arise. I must now go off to the House.

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*Later.* We have had a dull debate on the Army, of which the only interesting feature was the maiden speech of Field-Marshal Wilson, who got into Ll. G.'s good graces in 1917 and intrigued Robertson out of the place of Chief of the Staff. Happily thieves and thimble-riggers always fall out—sooner or later: and Wilson, a bitter Ulsterman, has now been booted by Ll. G. and is determined to have his revenge. He spoke very well, and *shortly*, which is a rare merit: but he is a man whom I would never trust. I shall try and fling my little bombs later in the evening.

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