

The point of course is, whether showing experiments under certificate C to a class is or is not *necessary* for all students. Dr. Sanderson is clearly of opinion it is not. If it were so in the minds of the three Presidents above named, and especially of the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, I presume they would have signed it. The convictions of a Physician and of a Surgeon of great eminence are of more force in this matter than is that of pure scientists, who are naturally inclined towards the opinion that what is admittedly necessary for first-class experimental physiologists is requisite also for all students of medicine. The Act requires the signatories 'to declare that the experiments are absolutely necessary for the due instruction of the persons to whom such lectures are given, with a view to their acquiring physiological knowledge, or knowledge which will be useful to them for saving or prolonging life or alleviating suffering.'

Under all the circumstances of the case, I propose to ask the President of the Royal Society if he will arrange a meeting of Sir William Jenner, Mr. Savory, and myself, in order to bring about a common understanding as to the grounds on which certificate C should be granted or declined in medical schools, and thus avoid all doubt as to our course in future. I should say that I have lately signed certificate C for Netley Hospital on the ground that the class there is wholly comprised of registered surgeons about to enter the army.

I do not see the force of the remark of the Committee, that the Home Secretary raises no difficulty, and therefore that, *a fortiori*, scientific men should not. I understand by this, that the Home Secretary will honour our certificates. He is not likely to be less disposed to this course if he knows that he can absolutely rely on our careful consideration of all the circumstances under which we give them, but he might hesitate if he knew that the majority of those authorized to sign had declined to do so in any particular case. I hope that the temporary delay will bring about a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XV

POLITICS—VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND— THE YACHT—ART AND ARTISTS

1883-1892

IN the Birthday Honour List of 1883 Acland's name appeared among the Companions of the Bath, and in the following year he was gazetted to a Knight Companionship. The years of Mr. Gladstone's second administration (1880-85) were a time of trial to many of the Premier's friends, personal and political. Though never a party man, Acland had welcomed his friend's return to power, for this reason among many—that the Conservatives, in spite of Disraeli's famous 'sanitas' speech, had disappointed his hopes of sanitary reform. His fondness for Ireland and the Irish made him follow with especial interest the trend of events in that island. 'He had an intense love for Ireland,' wrote his friend Mr. Cooke Trench, 'and interest in things Irish such as would have changed the whole history of the country if other Englishmen had shared them.' A visit there in the summer of 1881 under peculiarly favourable auspices suggested a letter to his eldest brother, then as ever one of Gladstone's most ardent followers in the House of Commons.

GLENCOLUMBKILL HOTEL, CARRICK
(COUNTY DONEGAL).

MY DEAREST TOM,

You have been much in my mind during my stay here over a week. I came seeking a stone, and have truly been given bread. The object was to see a cliff of 1,970 feet; the end has been the most instructive and charming intercourse with people, landlords, priests, clergy, and coastguardsmen

and officers, all of course having their views, habits, and notions. I wish I could tell you a tithe of it all. But much that is new to me is alphabet to you: you know, no doubt, of Cardinal Cullen and Mr. Gladstone, that the former asked the latter if he read his Bible, if he knew of Nicodemus? 'Then I tell you, Mr. Gladstone, if ye wish to understand Ireland ye must be born again, and next time of an Irish mother!' You probably heard it. At first sight there seems truth in it, whether I shall think so later on I know not. But I have no doubt one must live here long really to know them, and what people who live here long and are not Irish can do, and think, I know not.

The place in which I have been living is a very wild spot on the North-west coast of the wildest part of Ireland. The inhabitants are of the poorest. They occupy small farms of from three to fifteen or even twenty acres, with cow pastures. The pigs, calves, fowls for the most part live in the single room with the whole family, sometimes two families. There are no chimneys. Each smoke, that is each fire, typifying a family, pays the priest four shillings a year. They have potatoes and oats in a very rude way of culture. Perhaps a patch of oats giving twenty sheaves, each giving a stone of oats. Some few fish, some weave their homespun. Few women or children have shoes or stockings. Many of the girls are very beautiful. They are very quick and intelligent, with great powers of conversation in the way of humour and repartee. A large proportion can neither read nor write.

The great feature is the cliff Slieve League on the edge of Fielen Harbour. There are two great parishes, Glen and Kilcar. The churches are ten miles apart. The property belongs to Mr. Musgrave, an iron-goods founder at Belfast. He has between fifty and sixty thousand acres, with a population of about eight thousand on it. The property runs along the coast about thirteen miles. There are four brothers and two sisters, all unmarried, two only have a share in the estate. They purchased it in three lots at different times under the Encumbered Estates Acts. They are men of great kindness, thorough business habits, very wealthy, and of the simplest ways.

They take the utmost interest in the condition and happiness

of their people, have no special views of administration, except those which practical good sense leads them to see to be likely to help the happiness of a very special race, specially circumstanced. They form no special method, therefore, of culture, only are themselves showing what can be done by reclaiming and tillage of what they keep or have in hand round their simple shooting-box, where they live three to four months every summer. Last year *no tenant* failed to pay his rent, and some paid in advance. Agitators have been down and failed to make way with them.

The Ulster custom prevails to the full. Yesterday a tenant sold his farm of five acres by auction, and obtained forty years purchase of the regular rental. I gather from conversation with several that their idea is that their farms are truly their own, and the landlord's relation to them is a sort of just-tolerated eccentricity.

The priests will not allow, if they can help it, the *Landlord* to purchase the tenant-right, for fear he should close the farm by adding it to another. This four shillings 'smoke money' is their income in part, and diminution in population by emigration is of course fatal to it. Besides, they have large fees on all ordinances of the Church. For instance, every one who attends a funeral has to place sixpence on the coffin-plate as priest-money, and the other day a popular man's plate-money gave £14 5s. The special priest of Carrick, Father Goddard, is a liberal and educated man, a 'temperance' man, and refuses to join the Land League. But his curate does join it. It is said that it is a part of their policy to have this difference of action in order that they may have a string on each bow. I cannot say more than the fact. The motive I do not know, even if there be one.

While I was at Carrick the Belfast Harbour Commissioners were there, eight in number, on a visit to Mr. Musgrave. One of them is the builder of the famous White Star, Mr. Harland, a hard-headed, powerful man, very wealthy, employing 5,000 shipwrights, living chiefly on his land and building yards of thirty-five acres. I had much conversation with him and the Musgraves in great detail on the whole Irish question. The impression I have received may on the whole be thus summed up.

The Land Act¹ is a good, beneficent, useful Act. It will work well. There will be no cessation of agitation by reason of it. It will be set forth as a concession to provoke and obtain new demands. The priests will foster the agitation partly for reasons I have hinted above, partly because their power depends on their leading ignorant members. The more sensible farmers, even the smallest, are, or will be, convinced of the wisdom of the Act and its justice. In so far as they can be brought to resist the religious influence of indulgences, masses, and terror of future suffering they will be for law and order. The only prospect of peace in the country depends, perhaps, on the development of manufactures, or of agriculture, by English capital and workmen, who will set an example of success which the natives will follow. If the government is 'firm' (whatever that may be in detail) this last *may* proceed. Whatever tends to alarm the capitalist tends to throw the country into anarchy. The Musgraves on the whole, as capitalists and landlords, are hopeful. But they say Belfast and Ulster are more self-reliant and independent than the rest of Ireland, and they only speak for themselves. Parnell is accounted a man of singular ability, not yet fully discounted, and of rare determination. He does not wish for actual separation. But he is not to be trusted in his statements of his real objects.

If the small farmers had their farms in fee, the rougher parts of the population would be no better off. The distress last year² was great, starvation of individual families was impending in Donegal or elsewhere. But many self-seeking persons in every station administered, or tried to have administered, the relief funds in a way not according to actual necessity, but for mean motives of patronage. The priests have taken a great distrust of, almost aversion to, Mr. Gladstone. Commercial and business men do not go this length, but many think both him and Mr. Forster too emotional, and therefore dangerous. They think that the adoption of a £4 franchise proposed by Mr. Forster may lead to an absolute catastrophe, and make it necessary for the English Parliament to exclude the Irish Members. To all this I might

¹ Of 1881.

² 1880.

add much derived from various quarters. I can give you authority for every statement, that is the authority of the person and his opinion.

I shall to-morrow, D.V., be with the Bishop of Derry. I purposely write this now, because I know his opinions to be much less bright than these, and I like to give you these first.

PS. Would you send this to the Dean of Christ Church, 'to be forwarded' (and returned to you)?

I think it right on reading this letter to say two things :

1st. That the whole of this is derived from a most, perhaps the most, peaceable part of the country.

2nd. That determined separatist, disloyal republican agitators *are* and *will be permeating the whole country*.

The series of events which followed the passing of the Land Act, and culminated in the Phoenix Park murders, severely shook Acland's faith in the Government; and in common with a large number of Liberals he felt much sympathy with Mr. Forster on his enforced resignation of the Irish Secretaryship. Acland had got to know him well through various Parliamentary inquiries in which they had been associated together. And when on the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Forster bravely offered to step back into the gap, he drew up a letter tendering 'with no allusion to party or to politics' the hearty thanks of certain of the resident graduates for 'your recent public conduct.'

A severer test of his constancy to Mr. Gladstone was yet to come. Gordon's heroic stand at Khartoum and the failure of the relieving force to arrive in time moved him intensely and painfully. He had no previous acquaintance with the General, though he had once seen him at Exeter; but as the long-drawn agony of Khartoum gradually revealed to England the nature of the man whom she was sacrificing, Acland's interest in Gordon as a man and a soldier was aroused more and more. When the end came he felt the loss of one whom he had come to regard as a personal

friend quite as keenly as the national disgrace. In the previous year he had been anxious to find if there were any of his hero's relatives to whom he could possibly be of comfort or service in their anxiety, and, in this way he became acquainted with Miss Gordon. It was a friendship which endured for the remainder of her life. He became a constant visitor at her house: he records how Miss Gordon 'showed me his letters, papers, treasures, room, and his Thomas-à-Kempis, worn and thumbed, which he had all through his first Soudan Governorship. It is all too astonishing, "of whom the world was not worthy!"' When Miss Gordon was preparing her brother's letters for the press, the proof-sheets passed through his hands, and one of his most valued possessions was a contour map of Jerusalem, drawn by Charles Gordon and presented to him by Prebendary Barnes.

In the spring of 1886 Sir Henry Acland paid a visit to the East, accompanied by his eldest son. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the *Pembroke* cruise, and he was now for the first time to penetrate to Egypt and the Holy Land. With the former of these countries he had many associations of interest, for his son Theodore had recently served in the Khedivial service as principal army medical officer. Egypt itself was still in the earliest stages of the British occupation: the withdrawal of our troops was regarded as a mere matter of time, possibly a very short time, and, so far from the reconquest of the Soudan being in the purview of practical politics, the Khalifa's unbroken forces were a standing menace to the civilization of the Nile Valley. But none the less Sir Evelyn Baring, to give Lord Cromer his then title, was laying the foundations of Egyptian prosperity, and the introductions with which Acland was furnished gave him ample opportunity of watching the beginnings of what was destined to be the most remarkable triumph of British administrative skill. Now, as ever, he was a voluminous corre-

spondent, and the following letters, selected out of a large number received by his family, reveal him to us little changed in essentials from the Oxford undergraduate who had described the plains of Troy and sketched the Seven Churches of Asia. It should be added that during his stay at Cairo he was the means of rendering professional services to one of Sir Evelyn Baring's children, which were never forgotten by either of the parents, and led to a warm friendship.

CAIRO, *March 14, 1886.*

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

The last week has not diminished in its varied intensity. We reached Cairo on Friday night, having left Suez after a fortnight's stay. We go to the baths of Helouan, about an hour from here up the Nile, to-morrow, and by Thursday shall decide on our future course. It is tempting to go up the Nile, but it probably is not now a very restful performance, and if that is not done we think of going to Jerusalem.

Now for the week's tale. First I visited the Arab and the French hospitals with Miss Doulton, it being rather quaint that I should act as guide to a resident. The Arab hospital was interesting for its cases, and, on the whole, for the care bestowed on the poor creatures by the benevolent doctor, an Egyptian Copt. I learnt several things of interest in the management of the people, proper only for medical ears. I made an expedition one morning with Mrs. Wheeler, and one or two others to see an obelisk, or landmark, left by Darius, when he made a canal to unite the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Of these canals there seem to have been three constructed at different times. One by Rameses II or Sesostris, about 1300 B.C. Then Pharaoh Necho made one, or began it, and Darius completed it. Nothing is more interesting than the tracing these great workers from generation to generation on this narrow track of land which was the means of land communication between Asia and Africa. We found the broken obelisk which had been seen by Lesseps and Sayce, but we had not in truth expected to find it from all we

heard, and, it being very hot, I did not take materials for making a cast of the inscription.

This was on Tuesday, and on the next day we had a short donkey ride in the desert. On Thursday we left Suez; I had become quite attached to it and the people. The hot, dusty journey of eight hours tired us both, notwithstanding the excitement of passing out of the desert into the fertile land of Goshen, the scene of the cares, the sorrows, and the deliverance of the children of Abraham. And so we reached the City of Caliphs and of Pharaohs, of Mahomedans, Copts, and Egyptians, and the centre now of England's external policy, her exhibited courage, force, and disastrous vacillation. We found in *Shepherd's* some we knew, and soon knew more. Between soldiers, sailors, and philosophers, Willy and I soon light on our mental legs. We went the next morning to the Boulak Museum, going *generally* through the whole collection so as to see what might be fit for us to attempt to study another day. To be placed among many thousand objects perfect after their kind, exhibiting life and manners extending back 6,000 years, is a sensation at once humiliating at the shortness of life, and elevating in the thought of what blessings and high aims have been bestowed on mankind.

After luncheon we called on General Grenfell at Sir Frederick Stephenson's house, and drove to the citadel. The military hospital is placed in a splendid palace. No soldiers were ever in such airy and sumptuous quarters, a magnificent view over countless domes and minarets and the Pyramids of Gizeh; the streak of the Nile all glowing with the setting sun was a sight not to be forgotten. And so ended the walk. In the morning of Friday early I had the blessing and peace of an early service and remained quiet afterwards in my room. Later we called on Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and while with him the Minister of Education, a man of great intelligence and suavity of speech, came in, and this led to a conversation on the aims of modern education and the relations of England and Egypt; we drove afterwards along the Shubra Avenue, which seemed to be the 'correct' thing for strangers, though I should not do it again. It was a long, dusty drive of which the point was to meet the Khedive, which we did, surrounded by his outriders. One thing was

worth seeing, the groups of Bougainvillas hanging from the palace in clusters as large as a tent. Anything so magnificent in the world of flowers I have never beheld.

Yesterday (Monday) we went at 7.30 to a review in which Egyptians and English troops were in fact practising together. Several hundred 'dummies' were placed in a strong position on a hill, and every operation of attacking them was gone through both by artillery, infantry, and cavalry. The practice was very striking, but we were obliged to leave before the officer had examined the dummies to see the execution done. The artillery firing began at about 2,000 yards. The camel corps, five camels to a gun, were splendid. We were with General Grenfell almost the whole time. The position was in the desert outside Abbasiyeh, the place where the Turks first gained possession of Egypt, where the French under Napoleon defeated them, where General Wolseley's cavalry passed on the famous night when Cairo and Arabi woke to find that the English were in possession of the citadel—the battle of Zagazig¹ not being yet known—a magnificent feat of confidence and skilled daring. And close by was the building, the scene of Theodore's valued work.

We left to go to luncheon with Sir H. Drummond Wolff and to call on General Stephenson, and shortly after came away with the chief engineer of the railways to Helouan, where we are to remain the week. We are in an excellent hotel kept by a German, not crowded. We look over the desert to the Nile and beyond the Pyramids of Memphis, Abusir, and Ghizeh. Lateen sails stream up the Nile along its silver streak three miles off.

In my next I will try to tell you some impressions of Arab and Egyptian life. It is all like a dream. I am not clear whether I am still a John Bull, or a soldier, or an official, or a servant of the Pharaohs. Willy goes steadily on meanwhile and acts as ballast. He don't see the good of them all. They are a dirty lot, and ought to dress better, and keep their mosques and places cleaner. He sees nothing anywhere at all equal to Holnicote, and he can't tell why we

¹ Known to history as Tel-el-Kebir. Zagazig is about fifteen miles from the field of battle.

all talk so much. I trust you are all well. I shall, God willing, be back the first week in May. Whether for full work or not, I know not, and leave this in peace and trust.

Your loving Father.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

JAFFA, *March 29, 1886.*

I shall endeavour this week to note daily some things for you. We have landed in Palestine. On Sunday afternoon the 27th, after service at the Dutch consulate, and a visit to the Arab hospital, we embarked in the Austrian steamer *Clio*. Some of the passengers were known to us. Most were going to Jerusalem. As we were to arrive at six, and land immediately if we could, we went to bed early. We had no berths, but after a time two were found in the steerage. I slept till three bells struck. I thought this was 5.30, and got up. I wound my way through the mass of Arabs and Syrians lying on the deck, and got on to the fore-castle. It was a cloudless morning: the sea smooth, the stars neither bright nor dim after the gale. We are nearing the Holy Land. *It* cannot be seen, but as Peter saw the stars from Joppa, or Abraham, or any of the pure eyes which from the inland hills had beheld them, so I saw them. I knelt on the deck praying I might be worthy, and forgiven as Peter. And then I went to my berth. It struck four bells, two o'clock, not six—and I tried to sleep. In time we rose, and had some coffee at six. There was a great surf, yet by steering between the reefs we could land. Such a yell and din I never heard, nor such scuffle as we were handed into the pitching boats, and so safely landed. And there on the quay were merchants, and negroes, Syrians, Egyptians, and Turks, men, women, and camels in wild jostling. In time we got our luggage. I made sketches while waiting, having read the simple, and because simple majestic, recital of St. Peter's vision, his doubts, his lesson, his obedience, his account of the whole transaction to the incredulous disciples, their conviction that he had done well, the opening henceforward of the door of the Church to you and to me, to the Gentiles. And so we went on to seek some food, and then to Mr. Hall, the clergyman of the Church Missionary Society, to his school, and his hospital, well managed by Miss Newton

and other ladies, and found the Syrian doctor at work with a *Smith and Beck* on a case of Haematuria. He showed me various eye affections, locomotor ataxy, and a bad case of tumour. Thus refreshed we went for another meal, got two horses and a cart for our luggage and rode towards Jerusalem, to sleep four hours on at Ramleh. The market full of the strange and coloured dresses of the tiller of the soil in the crowded place, the jolting of the camels, the lofty Judæan fig hedges, the palm trees, the groves of orange trees in flower and in fruit perfuming the air afar, the breaking out suddenly of the view into the richly tilled plain of Sharon, are scenes to be seen to be realized, seen not to be forgotten.

Last night I had read in the cabin two or three pages of Arthur Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, his first emotions on nearing Jerusalem. They are at the end of the introduction, and worth your perusal. Would I could attain to a measure of the holy temper of this noble man. We are now going to bed, the first day ended (29th).

It was a splendid night. The young moon gleamed into our room. We started from Ramleh at eight, and rode four hours to Wady Babl, where we halted and had rest and food. The road and country were quite unlike what I had imagined the hill country of Judæa. The bottoms of narrow valley are well cultivated, but all the hillsides are rocky and bare, and at one point we ascended 2,450 feet, between 700 and 800 feet higher than Dunkery. This is the height of Jerusalem. There were several ascents and descents into the wadys, or valleys, two of three miles up and down. At one point we looked back on the sea beyond Joppa. We met, constantly, laden camels, and saw various cattle. We learnt to salute 'Neharah Said' (may your day be happy), to the great delight of the people. At the descent of one of the passes a violent shower of rain and hail fell suddenly on us. I got into our luggage carriage for shelter, Willy under umbrella and cloak would ride on, and did. I was not sorry to have a lift, six hours of riding was enough. The ride ended, however, I am not tired. A similar storm broke on us at Jaffa yesterday, and people ran in all directions for shelter. It is very cold. The roads are inches deep in mud.

When at length we drew near the great city the sun was down. We heard on the way there was no shelter to be got. Some people who came with us to Jaffa would go through yesterday, and only reached Jerusalem at 3 a.m. to-day, and then had to go into tents in drenching rain. When we were twenty minutes off we met, at the door of a Jewish convent, two ladies whom we had known at Port Said coming out of the city unable to have rooms. We might get in there. It was dark. We did, and sleep in a stone room, stone floors and wet, and no fire; but we had had a kind reception and a good dinner with these two ladies and six Americans who were in the like case, and so I said there is an earthly as well as a spiritual struggle in Jerusalem. God bless both to us all. And now I go to bed.

March 30. Our vaulted chamber is good for hot summer, bad for stormy winters, and we left early to seek where we could dwell awhile. After search we have taken rooms in the 'Mediterranean Hotel.' I have had an interview with Mr. Kelk of the Jewish Mission, and with Mr. Moore, the Consul. We are now about to move into the city, and then to ride to Bethlehem. The country about Jerusalem is like and unlike what I expected. Unlike in this that I had no idea that the 'hills round about Jerusalem' were elevations round a plateau higher by several hundred feet than the top of Dunkerry, as I remarked of a pass yesterday.

I shall not attempt any account of my first feelings on waking this morning and feeling that I was truly near to Calvary, and to Bethlehem, with all that was wrought before, between, and after them. I am thankful to have gone through Egypt, without which Palestine is scarcely to be understood. The psalms in which David recounts the Jewish story get an intense force by seeing through Egypt the formation of the Jewish Church. But it seems almost a sacrilege to speak. I hope that to-morrow I shall be allowed to see the Mount of Olives. The entrance from this ride is beautiful, but it is not the Mount of Zion. I hear now this must be posted at once, or a week be lost. Prebendary Barnes most kindly and thoughtfully has written me here. God be with you.

We expect to embark at Jaffa on the 16th for Alexandria.

We shall call to see if there be any telegram at each place, for no letter can now reply.

Your loving Father.

JERUSALEM, April 2, 1886.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

We moved from the Friendly Jews' Home on Monday to an hotel inside the walls. And to-morrow we go to a convent for quiet, unable to endure the bad food and rattle of forty tourists at every meal. We made some visits on Monday morning to the convent, the Rev. M. Kelk, Missionary to the Jews, and Mr. Chick, the architect of the Mosque of Omar; and in the afternoon we rode round the north of the city and up the Mount of Olives. Yesterday we rested the morning and spent the afternoon in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and towards dusk visited the wailing place of the Jews. To-day we rode to Bethlehem. We have seen many ruins, known and unknown, and have a very intelligent youth as our guide wherever we go. I thus have generally related our daily, ordinary life, and how to give a truer or fuller account I know not. In the first place, I will say at once that I am powerless to express the effect which the entrance into Jerusalem, or the first sight of it, or the result of that more exact knowledge which these days of quiet study have produced. The spiritual is mixed with the material, the true with the untrue, the old with the new, in a manner wholly indescribable by my pen. I could speak about it bit by bit. This is partly owing to my imperfect knowledge of the Old Testament and of the topography. It is requisite to know the former as part of your whole nature; and I should advise any traveller before coming to Jerusalem to master Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*—one of the most lovely books in the English language—and the results of the Palestine Exploration Society.

But four days have brought about a wonderful change in us both. I have not been able to do so much as Willy. He has great topographical observation and quickness. I got a chill, I think, on the way from Jaffa, or it may be only the cold and wet of our position, as I said nearly 2,500 feet above the sea; there are frequent heavy storms, and on Friday we got wet again on our way back from Bethlehem. The food

was improved after I began my letter, and we decided to remain and not to go to the unknown, though the convent—a Franciscan convent, the 'Casa Nuova'—was beautifully clean. It seemed to us quite possible that we should go back to Jaffa to-morrow, if the weather remained so bad, and so we decided to stay in some better rooms which were offered to us.

And now as to *Jerusalem*. We have been here long enough to make every locality of which the history is certain part of our life. We have been on the Mount of Olives, in sight of the Dead Sea, on the road to Bethany, we have traced the spot where our Lord beheld the city and wept, we have passed upon the lofty knoll of Golgotha, have gone through all the traditional sites of the Church of the Sepulchre, the stone of embalming, the pillar of the flogging, the marks of the triple cross, the place of the entombment. We have visited Bethlehem and seen what may have been the stable of the inn, and what was the abode of Jerome, where he dwelt and wrote for thirty years. We have touched the rock on which the Holy of Holies rested, and penetrated, under the guidance of the privileged architect, every recess of the Mosque of Omar. We have seen a Muslim guard, with fixed bayonets, watching day and night by the cradle of the Nativity, and a company of Turkish Muslim soldiers in the Church of the Sepulchre dividing the Christians of the Eastern and Latin Churches lest they fall on one another, and, besides their personal slaughter, destroy it, as a few years ago they did the Chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, leaving a total wreck. We have heard the pathetic wailings of the Jews of every condition and every country, as they caress the outer wall and foundations of the Temple, within whose precincts the fanaticism and savagery of Mahomedans forbid their entry. We believe that we have trodden the ways that our Lord went in Kidron, and towards Bethany, and to Calvary, and have seen Mount Moriah from the same spot from which He beheld it. The utter destruction and desolation of desolations, the abomination of abominations, the overthrow so that not one stone should stand on another above the hidden foundation we daily shared, in beholding the filth and the squalor that lies on the surface of the débris of 'the joy of the whole earth,' which has fallen and accumulated to more than

100 feet of thickness round the slopes and valleys of the Mount; and much else it would weary you to record. We have been guided by the kindness of several—Mr. Kelk, the Missionary to the Jews; Mr. Moore, the experienced and obliging British Consul; and above all Mr. Chick, the most learned and charming architect, who for forty years has seen, known, and noted all that could be seen, learnt, and recorded by inquirers of every nationality, occupation, and character.

And only *now* one word more. There are general features which I must record at once. (1) The simple devotion, artless, cheerful, loving devotion of those bands of pilgrims, from every nation where Christ is adored. (2) The, to me, unequalled picturesque sobriety and gorgeousness without tawdry effect of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the rare grace and loveliness of the platform of the Haram, and the Mosque of the Rock (falsely called the Mosque of Omar); and (3) the strange contrast of the dirt and mud and busy idleness of the motley peoples that, from Liberia to Spain, mingle as pilgrims in crowds with the Jews, the Turks, the Syrians and Bedowens, and jostle in the steep and saturated steps that are counted for streets in modern Jerusalem; the contrast, I say, of all these, with the sense of sacred and spiritual life that, pervading all I have mentioned and much more besides, would seem to hush all thought, and quell all words of modern things.

And the early Christians were assuredly right, when they clung almost wholly to the words and the life of their Redeemer, and not to the earth, and the place on which they were set forth to men.

Your ever loving Father.

JERUSALEM, *April 9, 1886.*

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

This may be the last from Jerusalem. The weather is changed—yesterday and to-day have been quite fine and warm. I am already better, as are the other invalids. Dr. Liddon arrived on the 7th (my father and mother's wedding-day). We met them coming in as we were strolling outside the Jaffa Gate. He was going to encamp high up on the Mount of Olives. He has four tents, thirteen

horses, and twelve servants. I did not know him, enveloped in a Syrian head-dress and as brown as an Arab. Yesterday we went up to Olivet in the morning, and walked and talked on the summit, looking over the wondrous scene towards the city on one hand, and to Moab eastward. And after we went together past Gethsemane, by the plain where Stephen was stoned, to where we believe, against old tradition, was Calvary. And we went to the tomb beneath, hewn in the rock which is now being carefully exhumed. And then we conducted him to the Damascus Gate, and left him to enter the city alone with his guide. We rode through the town and the rocks for an hour, then called on Mr. Wilson, the Church Missionary Chaplain and lately at Uganda in Central Africa, and so by the Jaffa Gate home. It was a fine evening. The beauty and loveliness of the hills round about Zion grow hourly upon me. I thank God for the sun and the brightness, and the bursting flowers, for the shooting of the leaves of the fig-tree, and the scarlet anemones that are trying to brighten the earth.

To-day we decided that I should be brave, and that we would ride to see Solomon's Pool, an hour beyond Bethlehem. We started before 10, and on the way visited the Eye Hospital and Dr. Ogilvie. It is an excellent and most valuable institution, doing endless good, truly giving sight to the blind. The Pools of Solomon are reservoirs of water, probably (it is not certain) first built by Solomon to supply his garden and bring water to the court of the Temple. They, in his day, must have been a difficult engineering work, bringing the water along a covered conduit, round several wadys, some fifteen miles. We take food with us on such an excursion. We ate under the walls of a Jewish castle, resting by the Pool. It was very hot. We returned through Bethlehem, and halted there to talk with Miss Jacombe about a school which is maintained there for the Christian children by English ladies. They have been allowed to buy land to build a new school open for boarders, but the Porte refuses the firman to erect the building. There are British and American schools in many parts of Syria—the latter are doing great educational work at Beyrout, training medical men, natives. The amount in-

deed of missionary work and educational progress is very great. The Porte is alarmed, and is closing the schools. I can see that the policy of England, in supporting the Porte, is much disapproved by some earnest men—men earnest in their desire to promote the growth of the Kingdom of Christ, and in no narrow or sectarian spirit. They think that England should have taken possession of Egypt, and have allowed Russia to have Constantinople, and so, from the Danube to Aden, Christianity would have its hold against the fanaticism of the Moslem. The relations of Islam and the Western world are such as should occupy the mind of every English statesman who has either his country or mankind at heart.

Sunday. This morning I have had the blessing once more of joining the early Holy Communion in the Christ Church, and since then I have been sitting alone in the Church of the Sepulchre reading, and seeing the simple devotions of the people of every tongue, and people, and nation; and there, too, I read Keble's solemn words for the fifth Sunday in Lent. How strangely appropriate! I stayed through the Coptic service—a wild, rude thing. Afterwards we went to the Mount of Olives to spend the rest of the day with Canon Liddon, taking with us the American Consul, and a clergyman, Mr. Reeves. We had lunch in his hut, and then a walk on the Mount, and then came home. The view from the Mount of Olives is indescribable; every hundred yards it is a new picture. The city lies over against it, enclosed in its lofty walls from north to south, separated by the valley of Kidron. 'Yea, mark well her bulwarks, and behold the course thereof,' strictly unbroken, the city within, the great Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Sepulchre surrounding all. And now Tuesday—really the day approaches when we are to leave. To-morrow, alas! if God will, we go down to Jaffa. I have been so ailing that it was doubtful if I could move, having a third sharp attack since we moved here. But we take a carriage, and hope to reach Jaffa in a day. I am to see the Consul's wife who is ill there, the Consul going with us.

And so this eventful chapter of my life draws to a close. It was yesterday well concluded by a long interview with the Patriarch, and another with the Pasha, governor of the province, both men with whom it was a real privilege to

converse, though so different. The Patriarch is a splendid man in appearance. He received me with exceeding kindness, in consequence of some private letters about me; he talked of the state of Christianity, of the mixture of all questions here with irrelevant politics of nationalities, and explained the great difficulties of the Syrian Christians in consequence of the relations to the great Latin and Eastern or Greek Churches. The conversation was very interesting in all ways, being carried on through the Archimandrite, his secretary, who spoke English *well*, and reads it so fully as to have read all the articles of Mr. Gladstone and Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century*. It was strange to go to the Governor, or Pasha, for a similar private experience in French. It turned out I knew his father in the Turkish fleet in 1839¹. 'Ami de mon père!' he cried out, clapping his hands. He is a person of middle age, barely forty, active, spare, keen, full of intelligence and benevolence, and sorely perplexed by the political complications which it is his to watch. He is the Governor here, and an earnest Moslem. He marvels at and is shocked by the differences of those who, 'Christian only in name, show none of the characteristics of Christianity.' He spoke freely of education. 'The education of the masses should be moral, to teach them to be just, honest, true, merciful in their public and private capacity alike. It is only for the experts that science is needed or desirable. Qualify them to be good and earnest in their labour, and simple of life.' He spoke with fervour of the character of the peasants and their contented lives. God prosper his benevolent aims!

Farewell, my own dearest children. May we be all to the end soldiers of the Cross!

Your loving Father.

During his sojourn in Cairo, Acland had been much impressed by the appalling death-rate of that city, over fifty-five per thousand, at a time when no epidemic was in existence. His early travels in Asia Minor had convinced him that some of the greatest cities of the

¹ He was no other than Fehmi Bey, the Capitan Pasha who had been Acland's host both at sea and in Constantinople.

old world, Sardis, Laodicea, Ephesus, Hierapolis, and very possibly Nineveh and Babylon, owed their desolation to pestilence quite as much as to the sword. In a letter occupying a column of the *Times*¹, he depicted the sanitary conditions of Egypt, and the efforts which were being made under the new régime to undertake the health administration of an urban and rural population whose dependence on the waters of the Nile rendered its condition so unique. He set out in some detail the work of the great Government departments, of the public health bureau, the State-supported hospitals, and the system of engineering control which regulated the supply of water alike for purposes of agriculture and of health. 'Their success,' he wrote, 'depends mainly on three factors—on adequate funds, hitherto unattainable; on the power of the Government to deal adequately with private rights and public prejudices; and on the condition that good work in this department, as in others, will not be abandoned.'

His acquaintance with Eastern peoples enabled him to appreciate the difficulties of the task, and the extraordinary merit of the work which Sir Evelyn Baring and his little band of English doctors and engineers had already begun to accomplish. He felt, however, that, notwithstanding the establishment of the large medical school at Kasr-el-din, the means of teaching were not equal to the clinical opportunities there afforded, and he enforced the urgent need for an immediate supply of capable medical officers. As a possible road to this end he strove, with the approval of Lord Cromer, but without success, to obtain permission for a certain number of Egyptian doctors to be allowed to go through the Netley course. Netley was an institution in which he had always taken great interest, from the days of Sidney Herbert and the Crimean War. He had known and valued highly its eminent teacher Dr. Parkes, and when, in 1876, there

¹ May 11, 1886.

had been an idea of doing away with the medical school there, he had, on the suggestion of Miss Florence Nightingale, entered upon a long correspondence with Lord Cranbrook, the Secretary for War. Miss Nightingale had also written to him at great length with regard to the transfer of the naval medical cadets from Netley to Haslar in 1881, and he had communicated freely on that subject both with the Admiralty and the War Office. His intimacy with Dr. Billings, the leading American authority on all that pertains to army medical administration, had served to strengthen his convictions, and when again, in 1887, the abolition of Netley as a training-school found advocates in influential quarters, he did not hesitate, as the following letter will show, to lay his views before the highest military authorities.

OXFORD, *July 15, 1887.*

MY DEAR LORD WOLSELEY,

I was greatly obliged by your kindness on Wednesday. The matter is a grave one, both as regards the army generally, and as regards Netley. I said I would write you two or three brief statements.

1st. I believe Sidney Herbert was *certainly* right when, thirty years ago, he established a supplementary school for surgeons joining the army.

2nd. Great progress has been made in civil medical education and examination since this act of Sidney Herbert's.

3rd. It is therefore possible that what was then necessary for the army is unnecessary now. But to draw this conclusion requires the most careful consideration, and dispassionate inquiry, from persons who have no local interests, and have a large knowledge of the means of medical education—notably, I should say, Professor Marshall in London, Sir William Turner in Edinburgh, and Sir James Paget.

4th. I have no military experience, except from reading and conversation, but I do not believe that, at present, *ordinary* medical practitioners can, without some special training superadded, be thoroughly qualified for army and Indian service.

5th. I suppose that the military hospitals in India might train for 'the Indian medical service.' But this is a question of convenience, and even so a home school would, if now required, be still required.

6th. I am quite aware of the extreme difficulty of satisfying the desires of the department; and I have always believed that a mixture of the civil with the military surgeons must be advisable, from the reasons you gave to me; and for others which I imagine rather than know.

Once more I greatly thank you for your kindness now, as on other occasions. It came on me the other day as 'a thunder-clap' that the institution, which I imagined needed help and development, might be done away with instead!

I am,

My dear Lord Wolseley,

Your Lordship's faithful and obliged,

HENRY W. ACLAND.

I spoke yesterday morning about the matter with Lord Stanley, coming up from Hatfield.

The appointment of Mr. W. H. Smith to the War Office for a few months in 1886 brought Acland into personal touch with the head of that department. The two families were united by a double bond; in 1885 Sir Henry's youngest son, Alfred, had married one daughter of Mr. Smith, and in 1887 another became the wife of his eldest. The friendship, which was the natural consequence of these successive alliances, became one of the greatest pleasures of Sir Henry's later years, and the death in 1891 of Mr. Smith, prematurely worn out in his country's service, was a source of no ordinary sorrow to him. Though there was little superficial resemblance in the careers and the activities of the two men, they had many points of contact, and the character of each rested on the same religious basis. Sir Herbert Maxwell has told how the cherished wish of the future member for Westminster was to be admitted to Holy Orders, and how it was abandoned in

obedience to his father. We have seen that, on more than one occasion, Henry Acland had expressed regret that he had been unable to follow in the steps of his friend Canon Courtenay. Both of them remained throughout life devoted sons of the Church of England, each, in his way, and according to his opportunities, giving practical effect to his principles. And they had a common taste for the sea and for yachting, though Acland could not indulge it on the same scale as the owner of the *Pandora*. They took a mutual pleasure in each other's society; Mr. Smith was a frequent visitor at Broad Street, and, as we have seen, his presence would give his host an excuse for one of those social gatherings which he loved; while Acland found Greenlands, with its lawns and the ever-shifting life of the Thames, a delightful and restful retreat. They corresponded freely, and their letters, some of which have been already published by Sir Herbert Maxwell, throw a side-light on the inner life of a Cabinet Minister, and indicate the closeness with which Acland followed the course of political events.

Indeed, politics had come to interest him more and more as years rolled on. The Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone had struck him with utter dismay, and, as we know, he had more than a skin-deep knowledge of Ireland, its problems and its people. Sir Thomas remained firm, though not without misgivings, we may believe, to his chieftain, but Henry Acland formally cast in his lot with the Liberal Unionists. In 1887 the coming of Lord Salisbury to Oxford to address a political meeting was heralded by the appearance of a number of black-bordered posters three feet long, containing the words, 'Lord Salisbury is coming. Remember Mitchelstown.' Acland, describing himself as one who understood neither the rules nor tactics of party strife, enclosed one of these placards with a letter to Mr. Gladstone, begging him to 'use his influence to stem the tide of sensational attacks.' Gladstone, as

was natural, disclaimed all responsibility for the posters, and in his reply was all kindness and friendship; but he insisted on the justice of every word he had used with regard to Mr. Balfour and his administrative methods. The letter concluded characteristically with a disquisition on the original seat and provenance of the Horse, a byway in Homeric studies which was just then dividing Mr. Gladstone's attention with Mitchelstown.

Finally, in 1892, Acland broke through his rule that doctors should have no politics. Sir George Chesney, a distinguished soldier and author, but with no local claims on the constituency, had been chosen as the Unionist candidate for Oxford. A wave of enthusiasm for Home Rule seemed to be passing over the country, and it was known that the contest would be sharp and doubtful. The Cowley district was believed to be the key of the position, and here, convinced that it was a crisis in which the very existence of his country was at stake, he went down among the electors, and for the first and last time in his life addressed a political meeting. Sir George Chesney was returned, but only by 120 votes¹, and it was freely said at the time that no one but Dr. Acland, whose name had been for so long a household word among the poorest and roughest of the Oxford citizens, could have turned the scale.

But before this he had received a warning that the infirmities of old age were at hand. All through his tour in the East he had been suffering much pain in one of his eyes, the sight of which was gradually failing him. Though the pain continued on his return to England and throughout the following year, he paid no particular attention to it, until in March, 1888, a haemorrhage supervened, rendering it necessary to remove the eye without a moment's delay. The operation was most successful, and he retained the sight of the other until his death. 'As for the loss of the

¹ Sir G. Chesney, 3,276; R. Souttar, 3,156.

one ray in the double focus, it is nothing,' wrote Ruskin; 'my mother had only one seeing eye for thirty years, and my two eyes see only double grief.' But the operation was only the climax of a wearing illness, and it was some time before Acland was able to return to Oxford from Southsea, whither he had removed for change. He had not the philosophy of the old scholar who, in similar circumstances, thanked God that it was his 'collating eye' which was spared to him; but he bore the loss without a murmur, and his patience was touching and inexhaustible. A severe attack of blood-poisoning at Holnicote in the summer of the same year prostrated him and caused serious alarm, but he recovered with wonderful elasticity, and it seemed to those about him that for the next few years he was actually stronger and better than he had been before his operation. But henceforward his life was lived more quietly: the Sunday evening 'at homes' were discontinued, and he finally abandoned his medical practice, save in the case of those who had a special call upon him.

His love for the sea was unaltered and unalterable; it was still the most bracing of all medicine, but he found himself less capable of undergoing the responsibility and hard work of sailing his own yacht. It was a terrible wrench when he was compelled to lay her up for the last time and finally sell her. One of his sons has set down some memories of his father as a master-mariner which are here reproduced; and the frontispiece of this volume, which represents Sir Henry in his oilskins and sou'-wester, hoping for the best but prepared for the worst, is thought by his family to be the *happiest* of all the likenesses of him which exist.

"Sailors are lovable creatures," writes Dr. Acland to his wife on one occasion; and verily for sailors and fishermen and for the sea and all that belongs to it

he ever felt an intense love and admiration. He was fortunate, too, in having from his earliest years frequent opportunities of gratifying this feeling, though as years went by the ties of professional and public work and the claims of a large family deprived him of all chance of making a voyage of any length.

'It was not quite easy for him to secure the recreation necessary to counterbalance his laborious life. A holiday without occupation would have been useless to a man of his temperament, and a family visit to the seaside would have been simple boredom, though he was reluctant to be apart from his children, of whom whilst at work he necessarily saw very little. A country house near Oxford was lent to him¹, but was found to be too near his work, and he did not care for sport. At last it was decided that yachting should be tried to see if it would afford the refreshment required. Accordingly in the summer of 1874 he chartered at Inverary an iron schooner of fifty tons called the *Aurora*. The first start was not promising: the vessel was crank and not too well found, there was difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory crew, and no cook or steward could be secured at all. However, after sailing from Inverary to the Gareloch the idea of obtaining a cook from the *Cumberland*, an industrial training-ship on the Clyde, occurred to him. Application was therefore made for a boy supposed to have been trained as cook, and it was hoped in this way to solve the difficulty and at the same time give the lad a start in life. The youth was shipped, proved a dismal failure, and had to be returned to the *Cumberland* after two or three days' distressing experience of his incapacity.

'An adequate crew was eventually got together, and he started on his first yachting voyage. It extended all up the West coast of Scotland, and, notwithstanding discomforts and inconveniences and the proverbial uncertainty of the weather in that part of the world, proved

¹ See p. 318, *supra*.

a brilliant success. From that time onwards, except during the year immediately preceding Mrs. Acland's death, till increasing age and infirmity made such a course impossible, he spent some weeks in each year afloat.

'Encouraged by this first experiment, he determined to purchase a yacht outright, and in the spring of 1875 he bought the *Gertrude*, a vessel which so won his affections that she was constantly referred to both in conversation and in letters as the *Rival* of Mrs. Acland in his affections. She was a fine yawl of eighty tons yacht measurement, built by Alfred Payne & Sons of Southampton, and a capital example of the fast cruising yacht of the day, admirably planned, honestly built, and well found. Acland's high appreciation of the excellence of the work in the building and subsequent alterations of his yacht led in a manner entirely characteristic of him to a friendship with the elder Mr. Payne, which outlasted the ownership of the *Gertrude* and ended only with Mr. Payne's death.

'As time went on the failure of Mrs. Acland's health, and the feeling that he was hardly justified in spending so much money on recreation, determined him, in 1877, to sell the *Gertrude*. "I hope," wrote his wife, "that the touch of sea air will revive you more than the sorrowful parting with the dear *Rival* will sadden you." After the sale of the *Gertrude* it seemed likely that his yachting days were over; but about a year after Mrs. Acland's death he bought the *Druid*, an east country yawl of much the same size as the *Gertrude*, in which, for the future, though under sadly altered circumstances, he took his holidays. This vessel was retained until at last he found the enjoyment of yachting more than outbalanced by its cares and responsibilities. Happily at the time when this came about, his eldest son was in command of H. M. S. *Volage*, of the training squadron, and until he had reached eighty years of age he frequently made short voyages in her, enjoying to the full the strenuous life on board a man-of-war.

'There is no need to follow each cruise in detail. He managed thoroughly to explore the dangerous coast round Ushant, the South and East coasts of Ireland, and the West coast of Scotland, besides the English Channel and (in 1876) the shores of Holland, where thanks to the kindness of Mr. Hutton, the resident engineer, he was able to study the building of the great Amsterdam Ship Canal. One trip, however, that to St. Kilda, though often projected, was never destined to be realized, and to the last Dr. Acland was never able to reach the island west of the Hebrides which had given a name to his father's yacht. One of his treasures on board was the chart which had belonged to Sir Thomas, on which were marked the positions of the *Lady of St. Kilda* when more than forty years previously he had made what was thought the rather perilous voyage to this outlying part of the British Isles. Often was this chart produced, laid on the cabin table, eagerly scanned, and all possibilities of reaching St. Kilda discussed; more than once a start was actually made, but each time the expedition had to be abandoned.

'Acland, as soon as he became a yacht owner, set to work after his manner to treat yachting not merely as recreation but as a means by which the bounds of knowledge for himself and his family might be extended, and habits of discipline formed. Rules were printed providing for the maintenance of order among his high-spirited, and sometimes, it must be admitted, troublesome, passengers. Three of the rules will illustrate what has been said.

- I. Nothing to be left out of place or insecure at any time at sea or after dark in harbour.
10. *Gertrude* is to obtain information as to sanitary wants of fishing villages and fishing populations whenever possible. Friends and crew can help in this.
11. Books on districts visited and other subjects will be available for crew and friends.

'Other rules dealt with such matters as lights, the use of spirits, divine service on Sundays, the use of boats, the places on deck where smoking was permitted (it was never allowed below), and the time for meals; and any making fun of these rules was keenly if silently resented. The writer well remembers a burlesque report on the sanitary conditions of a smelly fishing-village, written by some of the party to while away a wet afternoon ashore, and solemnly presented on their return in pretended obedience to the tenth rule. The report was received with eloquent silence and never referred to again.

'The same serious view was taken of many other things. For instance a screen was devised to shelter Mrs. Acland from the wind whilst not materially interfering with the view. This was irreverently named the "plate-warmer" by one of his sons, for it bore much resemblance to that article, which used to occupy considerable space in the kitchens of the time. But the nickname was little appreciated, being considered a flippant reflection on a carefully thought-out device.

'Acland's desire was to reproduce afloat, *mutatis mutandis*, the life of his home at Oxford. Prayers were read before breakfast, and at sea on Sundays all hands that could be spared from deck were assembled for a short service. A small library of books selected in view of the proposed cruise was kept on board, though the very weighty ones, such as the Blue Books issued by Parliament on the Fisheries in the North Sea and elsewhere, were not greatly in request. Different minds take different views, and the delight of an intelligent Dutchman who came on board in the Amsterdam Canal and was heard to exclaim, after the Blue Books were shown him: "Ah! to think of all this splendour for pleasure only," was in strong contrast to the attitude and look of horror upon Mr. Gladstone's face when he paid a visit to the yacht at Dartmouth, and, spying the said volumes on the cabin locker, marvelled how any

one could willingly take Parliamentary Blue Books with him on a holiday. Besides literature, music and singing enlivened time which might otherwise have passed unoccupied, and none of those who took their share will ever forget the gracious presence of Mrs. Acland as she conducted part-songs and glees with which, sometimes on deck, sometimes in the cabin, as the weather dictated, the summer evenings were beguiled.

'Afloat, however, Acland was first of all a sailor devoted to his ship, with intense belief in her capabilities and delighting in smartness and in any excuse for "carrying on" if thereby he could outdistance a vessel of the same size as his own. He took the main share in the task of navigation, though he had difficulty in finding a capable skipper who would ordinarily leave to him all work and responsibility. He often steered for hours together, directing the setting of the sails as the wind shifted, and ever anxious to get the best out of the vessel he loved so well. He delighted in the study of charts and sailing directions, and by day or night seemed to keep a watchful eye everywhere, taking nothing for granted and generally testing himself all information given by others. The writer has a vivid recollection of seeing him one rough night in the Irish Channel, when over seventy years of age, climb to the cross-trees of the mast to make sure that the bearing of a light reported had been correctly given¹.

"I have had a long day," he writes on one occasion, "having been up at 3 a.m.;" and again, "Last night was one of the most uncomfortable I ever passed at sea. I was up practically the whole night till six and then turned in till eight. It never blew hard, but there was

¹ Such an absorption in detail would sometimes excite remarks from the passing fishermen, and one day a bargee lazily smoking his pipe as he leaned on his tiller, hailed him and said, 'Governor, I want to give you some good advice. Don't you make a toil of your pleasures.'

a heavy swell from the west, and sometimes we went ten knots in it and sometimes were becalmed and rolled wonderfully." His enthusiasm for night watches indeed led him to rouse his passengers at all hours to catch sight of a lighthouse or light-ship in the offing, and, though light-ships were not always an equivalent for broken dreams, many were the lovely dawns breaking over grey sliding waves in the cool summer mornings which rewarded those who learnt to answer promptly his eager summons to come on deck and see the cloud-painting of nature.

'What faith he had in the handiness of his yacht and how keen he was in navigating her himself the following extract from one of his letters will show. Whilst lying in the harbour at Brest he had agreed with a fisherman to pilot him out through the *goulet*.

About 7, no fisherman having appeared, a pilot came off and told us *he* was coming, and on my saying that I had engaged another he curtly said: 'You will not leave the port without a regular pilot!' and then began various threats and announcements that we would not get out alone: and so he departed. I began to get under way. Then came a douane boat with a chief officer to say we had not shown our passport, and the office would not be open till 9. It was generally believed that 9 being low water we 'would not' get out, i.e. could not beat against wind and spring tide through the long narrow *goulet*. This was too grave an attack on the *Gertrude*, so I landed in a fume, got the passport at 9.15, got under way, beat out and got through the *goulet* at 10.30 without pilot or any help, and having signalled for one to go through the Ushant Channel and none coming, we went through in safety and the utmost ease by 6 p.m.

'A study of the chart of the Ushant Channel shows that it is a passage full of dangers from rocks and currents, and the masts of more than one vessel sticking up helplessly from the water gave ocular proof of the hidden reefs which lay in wait for unwary mariners.

'Whenever Acland was not occupied with navigation or sailing he was probably drawing, for his sketching materials were seldom out of reach, and if there was nothing to draw he would get out the dredge which was part of the yacht's outfit, and after its contents were emptied on deck he would discourse to all who cared to listen on the beautiful and marvellous forms of marine life hauled from the bed of the sea.

'The days from morning till evening were anything but idle. His sons were expected each to take his own share of work in all circumstances, and friends on board were given every chance of being useful in some way or other. Many delightful hours were passed in mastering the complicated lore of sailor knots, bends, hitches, Turks' heads, the splicing of ropes, and details of sea craft too various to enumerate. Even in harbour he was constantly busy, and the writer has no recollection of ever seeing him sitting about doing nothing. His first care was to telegraph to Oxford for letters, and as his work was never entirely in abeyance the arrival of the mail sometimes entailed hours of writing in the pretty cabin. It was after going ashore that he gave full play to one of his great characteristics, an extraordinary faculty of making friends with every one he came across, and of getting their best out of them, whether out of the great ones of the land, or artists, fishermen, sailors, and crofters; at Abervrach on the Breton coast even the gendarmes, the Sisters of Charity, and the Parish Priest were requisitioned and responded willingly, for his appreciative interest in human affairs was contagious, and in his presence the world at large seemed full of men of good-will.

'No one ever had greater pleasure in the society of human beings or was more hospitable; he was an excellent host and, when in the mood, a first-rate story teller. Many were his guests on board, amongst whom not the least agreeable were two French sculptors with whom he made acquaintance at Douarnenez. They were

keenly interested about all things British, and one of them was anxious to taste real Scotch oatcake, which he knew only by hearsay. A tin of oatcake was produced, but having been opened some time previously the salt sea air had got in, making it pulpy and not at all nice. On tasting it the Frenchman exclaimed with a shrug of the shoulders and eyebrows and elevating the palms of both hands, "Eh! mon Dieu! est-ce qu'on mange ça en Écosse? Mais c'est du plâtre: c'est du véritable plâtre: ce n'est rien que du plâtre!"—and he proceeded with effusion to wrap up a portion and stow it in his pocket-book, that his compatriots might learn by demonstration what the Northern barbarians of Great Britain were nurtured upon.

'It was with these companions that an expedition was made by boat to attend the "Pardon" of St.-Anne de la Palude. Landing in a bay amongst rocks, the path led across sand dunes until suddenly the Chapel of St. Anne appeared standing on a slope, under the shelter of a group of wind-swept trees. The spot, usually wild and desolate enough, is crowded on the festival of the Pardon with Breton peasants in national costume, kneeling on the turf of the hillside whilst the great procession sweeps round the sacred enclosure. Religious observance is, however, tempered with worldly considerations, and at a huge fair held further down the slope, sacred and profane jostled each other with that true mediaeval incongruity which has survived in this corner of Brittany through so many centuries.

'No manifestation of human emotion, least of all religious emotion, was indifferent to Acland, and on the occasion of the blessing of the harbour and shipping by ecclesiastics he dressed his yacht in honour of the ceremony. Never did she look prettier than on that sunny morning, spotlessly clean and trim with all her bunting flying, bouquets on bowsprit and counter, and a large bunch of golden broom at the mast-head, when a French official came on deck and ordered Acland to

take down the decorations. He refused absolutely, and the official retired only to return in a quarter of an hour with positive orders to have the decorations hauled down. In great indignation Acland threatened to telegraph to Lord Lyons if another word was said on the subject, and the official withdrew to show himself no more. It appeared to be merely a display of spite on the part of the civil authorities, furious that any honour should be shown by strangers towards an ecclesiastical ceremony, and was a remarkable specimen of the unlovely bitterness of French sectarian strife.

'This episode was the only untoward one of the kind in the course of Acland's cruises, as he ever received from others the like courtesy which by nature he extended to all with whom he came in contact, a tradition of good fellowship which the freemasonry of seafaring folk tends largely to enjoin, and which doubtless led him to the happy phrase quoted above that "sailors are lovable creatures¹."

In illustration of the foregoing pages I venture to quote in *extenso* a letter written by Acland to his friend the Rev. C. R. Conybeare on the occasion of the trip to Brittany described above. It is interesting in many ways, and not least for the clear insight which the writer had obtained into the *maelstrom* of French politics. Boulanger was then an unknown name, and Dreyfus was still a cadet at St. Cyr; but Acland's forecast of the troubles ahead might almost have been written in 1902 with the debates on the Registration of the Religious Orders before him.

CAMARET, OFF BREST, August 28, 1883.

Since I saw you we have had quite an interesting time in the *Druid*. I have become quite satisfied with her. My

¹ There is a touching little passage in one of Acland's letters to his wife: 'I am always miserable out of your sight unless I am near the sea—then I can endure it.'

mate, a splendid fellow who was in the *Pandora*, was a winter in the *Gertrude*, and prefers the *Druid*. She seems admirable in all points, is quite fast, and whether in a sea way or still water does excellently. She has gone over nine almost motionless, and slips over calm water fairly fast. But we have had much enjoyment other than that of sailing. You remember I was bent on going to see boats in the Bay of Biscay. We went by way of the Channel Islands to Douarnenez, with a very fair amount of adventure—rough and smooth. At Douarnenez I continued my *Druid's* custom of '5 o'clock tea,' when in harbour, and this brings us many interesting visitors; and with little expense we can show friendly hospitality. Foreigners like to see an English yacht, and so are easily induced to come without ceremony. We have in this way made some quite notable friends, whose goodness and conversation I can never forget. Singularly enough, two were Parisian artists—one, M. Jacquemare, a distinguished sculptor, and the other, M. Vernier, a well-known painter. The latter was at Concarneau, the former at Douarnenez. We have been three times to the last place: the first to examine the fisheries, the second to be at a 'Béni de la Mer,' the third to see a great Breton 'Pardon' at a village, St.-Anne de la Palude. The whole effect of the visit to France has been very different from what I had expected. I went to see fishing-boats, and to draw. My accident¹ stopped the latter, and circumstances showed me men as well as boats, and human character rather than fisheries. I have had several long conversations with a government schoolmaster—one of the chief young physiologists of France—an official of the Marine, and my artist friends, on the state of France, and the effect of secular education. Their ideas have been checked, and cross-examined, and the whole future is melancholy in the extreme. I am scarce able to give you any sketch of them without a volume, and a summary may seem to savour too much of my own thoughts. But this is the general impression which I have. I will not say my impression, but what I gather as

¹ He had had his hand squeezed in a block, which prevented his using it for a time.

their sentiments; and as I do not wish to give names, I put the whole in a general statement.

There is a general concurrence in this, that there is a bitter antagonism between Secularists and Religionists; that the former are in great part violent; that they are mainly political and generally seeking *power*. That this power they would and will use without scruple, and they learnt the way in the first revolution of 1792-3. Indeed, one person of authority told me practically as much, with a simple venomous fury at the clergy. The Parisian organization through the Minister of Public Instruction holds an extraordinary sway in this matter. Books are written purposely to inoculate certain ideas, and are transmitted to all the communal schools through France as the books from which the teachers are to teach: i.e. a master receives a certain prepared History of France, and this he is to read to and expound to the children. And in one secretly shown to me the various phases of revolution and anarchy were described in detail as the prevailing of righteousness over evil. And so *outré* is one of these (by Paul Bert) that the Bureau has been forced to suppress it. I had the book, but was obliged to return it, as the lender did not dare let it be known he had lent it. The offensive nature of some of the ideas can hardly be described, as that 'the clergy had taught that women had no minds and thus degraded your mothers.'

I had no time or inclination to pursue all this by reading; but I think there is no doubt of the general fact. And now for the inference, which I really shrink from putting on paper. But, as Herodotus, I relate what I was told by one of the most interesting men with whom I ever conversed, and who really almost lived on board each time we visited Douarnenez. The Bretons, he said, are the only people who represent or retain the best side of the French character. (The speaker is a Parisian.) The whole of modern life is given up to a general so-called philosophic scepticism by the 'educated' and serious; and by the mass of society, wholly and at all cost, to *plaisir* as the end and object of being. Education is to impart a certain smattering of material knowledge and sceptical ideas—and thus the whole population becomes restless, political, discontented—and the north-west of France

resented this tendency and was counted ignorant. They were therefore to be broken up. Thus my fisher friends, steady and firm as rocks heretofore, are through the young men, from the new schools, becoming infected. And when this is accomplished through the secular schools, 'C'est la fin de France,' and he added, 'Do not think ill of a Frenchman who says it, *it will be good for the world.*' Since '93 France has been a hotbed of political vice—and will be so more and more. The prospect is *affreux*. It will in the end be a reign of 'gendarmes' and successful adventurers. 'Un siècle de fer—voilà.' This was not the result of chance conversation offhand, but the sentiment which pervaded long walks, and hours spent on board illustrated in various ways.

Though the state of his health did not compel him to put finally aside his paints and sketching materials, their use was now far more a labour than of old. They had been a constant resource since his Undergraduate days, a solace in trouble, a relaxation in work and on holiday. Those only who shared his tastes and pursuits can do justice to a phase which gives the key to so much of his life's work, and I am indebted once more to the kindness of Mr. Lionel Muirhead for an appreciation of the artistic tastes and accomplishments of his friend:

One of the chief notes of Henry Acland's character was a love of art, which seemed woven into the very texture of his nature. It sprang doubtless from his intense love of method and order in everything leading on to that idea of beauty as 'being the best of all we know,' which ever was one of the great underlying influences that moulded his daily thought and life.

Nowhere could this love of method, order, and beauty be seen more clearly than in the house in Broad Street at Oxford which was his beloved home for more than forty years. The remarkable skill and ingenuity which he exercised through a long course of years in planning structural alterations, and in adapting his home to the convenience of living, can seldom have been exceeded; and the structural alterations, when

made, seemed not only to have the merit of exact contrivance, but also told of a certain delight in turning difficulties to account that called to mind the cleverness of a mediaeval craftsman. This pleasure in curious contrivance was one of the sources of his delight in ship-building, and on board his yacht it gave him keen satisfaction to think that every plank of wood used in her construction was wrought for the special place it occupied in the whole design, and would fit precisely nowhere else. This fine perception of fitness and order was the secret of the extraordinary success which he achieved in the whole arrangement of his house at Oxford. His home, indeed, became a reflex of himself: it was a storehouse of treasures, artistic, curious; they varied from Millais's portrait of Ruskin to a mummied cat, from a rough drawing of a boat of the time of St. Paul scratched on one of the steps of the quay at Utica to a small boat made from a piece of Nordenskiöld's vessel the *Vega*. Nearly all these things, and they were legion, were given to him by friends, and came from every part of the world; and amongst them were many things of value from their association with those who had given them, such as a shepherd's staff from Palestine brought by Dean Stanley. Yet however varied were the contents of the house, or whatever additions were made, they never appeared overcrowded, or otherwise than set equally for beauty and convenience.

Henry Acland's pleasure in all exercise of manual skill was great, but drawing was that in which he most excelled. It was his hobby and delight at all times, whether on his holidays or during his professional travels, and his sketch-books are full of records of America, Norway, Switzerland, France, the Mediterranean, Palestine, Egypt. It is probable that his love for drawing was first inspired by the sketches of his father, of which a large collection exists at Killerton, and by those of his grandmother, who was also skilled with the pencil in the formal and precise style of that day. Besides what he may have learnt from his father, he had lessons at some time during his youth from John Varley, that very able craftsman and instructor. Of John Varley (who in his later days at all events worked largely from memory) it is said that when he wished to paint a sunset effect he would watch the sky from

the window in his dressing-gown and nightcap until the particular phase arrived which he desired to record. Having at this point made rapid notes, he would close the shutters and retire to bed, so that next morning he might set to work with his impression of over-night undisturbed by after developments. It is likely that a teacher of this unconventional kind would have characteristic ways of imparting knowledge to his pupils, and Acland certainly never forgot his teaching. To the end of his life his favourite method of recording what he saw was to draw in his subject upon tinted or upon 'Varley' paper, using—after the slightest pencil jotting—reed pens of many sizes and indelible brown ink. After completing this drawing rapidly but with great care, he would lay in all shadows with Cologne earth, very broadly, taking the utmost pains to ensure that the shadows should exactly fit their appointed spaces. He would then add colours in broad washes, and would finally use body colour for points of especial brilliance. It is surprising what effective drawings he could in a short time produce by this simple workmanlike process, which moreover had this merit, that at each stage the drawing might be abandoned with a certain measure of completeness attained. The drawing with reed pens and indelible brown ink was perhaps what he most enjoyed; and the lines would vary from great delicacy to others of great strength, so that the effect when finished was something like that of a strong etching, and often the sketch was carried no further. Many drawings, however, were carried to the second stage, and his series of the Seven Churches of Asia is so given, the drawing of Smyrna, in Cologne earth on blue-grey paper, with the great cypress trees by the hills and sea, and the crescent moon in the twilight sky, being particularly fine.

The subjects, however, that really aroused Sir Henry's enthusiasm were those connected with the sea and seafaring folk, for whose skill, determination and manful endurance of hardship and peril he had the warmest sympathy and admiration. Brixham trawlers off his beloved Devonshire coast, luggers in Mount's Bay, chasse-marées off the Breton coast, would always compel him to record in his sketch-books what time and tide would allow. The fleet of sardine fishing-boats setting forth for their toil or returning to the harbour



A SKETCH BY SIR HENRY ACLAND WHILE ON BOARD H.M.S. 'ALBATROSS' IN THE BAY OF DEVON IN 1883.

The night of the 27th was a very dark and stormy one, and the wind was blowing from the north-east with a force of 10 to 12 miles an hour. The sea was very rough, and the ship was pitching and rolling very much. At 10 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 11 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 12 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 1 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 2 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 3 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 4 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 5 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 6 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 7 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 8 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 9 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 10 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 11 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 12 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high.

The 28th was a very dark and stormy day, and the wind was blowing from the north-east with a force of 10 to 12 miles an hour. The sea was very rough, and the ship was pitching and rolling very much. At 10 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 11 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 12 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 1 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 2 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 3 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 4 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 5 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 6 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 7 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 8 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 9 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 10 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high. At 11 o'clock the wind died away, and the sea became very calm. At 12 o'clock the wind freshened to a gale, and the sea became very high.



'A SQUALL COMING UP IN THE BAY OF BISCAY IN 1889'
 (FROM A SKETCH BY SIR HENRY ACLAND WHILE ON BOARD H.M.S. VOLAGE)

of Douarnenez or Concarneau at sunset specially stirred his blood ; the splendour of the sunset light upon the tanned red and yellow sails, the sense that the long day's toil was over, the wives and children waiting on the quays to welcome home the bread-winners, the touch of religious feeling aroused by the evening Angelus, all combined to give him unspeakable pleasure. Many years previously he had painted the fleet of fishing-boats entering the harbour of North Sunderland at sunset, and had made of the subject a deeply toned and powerful drawing. During his holidays spent on board his yacht his sketch-book was ever in his hand : often owing to the movement of winds and currents no more than rapid short notes were made, to be carried further in the cabin whilst the vision was still bright in his memory ; but often when opportunity occurred he would complete his sketch on the spot, as in his drawing of the harbour of Polperro, details being little insisted on, but the composition of lines and of light and shadow being carefully thought out. Indeed, though in his house or on board his yacht no detail whatever escaped his attention, in his artistic work he seemed to withdraw his mind from details as much as possible, and admirably practised that art of omission in rendering landscape which is such an essential source of enjoyment and success.

Bearing this in mind, it is remarkable that most of the artists with whom he corresponded or with whose aims he felt himself in sympathy, were amongst those to whom the name Pre-Raphaelite had been applied. This was no doubt due to his close friendship with John Ruskin, and to the great interest he had felt in the work of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in the frescoes of the Union Library. He had even, under the same influence, at one time made experiments in painting in tempera composed with yolk of egg and vinegar ; and we find that in 1857 Rossetti writes to him about the pictures of Thomas Seddon, who had died in 1856 at the age of thirty.

Another correspondent was Samuel Palmer, in whose company Acland had been with George Richmond at Rome, and from whose artistic advice and teaching he had received much advantage. The following letter shows how keenly

he and Acland entered upon their relation of teacher and pupil :

'I do not think that a month's lessons teach so much as a week's "cram." I ought to watch your principal subject till it is safe, and at other times of the day secure for you in writing or otherwise a handbook of information which, beside any new suggestions, might set all your present artistic knowledge in order for future use, and be applicable equally to all scenery and subjects. These six days being wholly devoted to you, I do not think I could say less than twelve guineas and expenses, including travelling expenses, without sustaining loss by going away from engagements due in London at this time. This would end the business part of the affair ; after which I should like to spend another week in a manner which would benefit myself—viz. in exploring the neighbourhood for hints or subjects ; going to Mr. Halliday's oaks, Watermouth Cove, &c.—and I should have the greatest pleasure in your society. We could go out for light sketching, to see what was to be seen. But Devonshire, lovely as it is, is so rainy that it would not be safe to trust to anything but the most settled weather, and just now is the only time I can manage.

'PS. I am delighted to hear about the sunset ; to do this you should be on the cliffs at the right moment every evening. I have explored Clovelly, and do not think you will find it so good as Ilfracombe. The village too is unhealthy. Ilfracombe is a centre about which I remember having seen the best matter in the county, in strange nooks without a name, but which I think I could find out. I have long suspected that the rise of the rivers aloft on such places as Exmoor must be peculiarly interesting, but they are out of the question. Whether I come or not, I would advise you above all to be *methodical* and arrange your time in masses—a week of severe study, then a rambling time without any severity at all ; this is the way to compress months into weeks, even into days. Pray get the ordnance map of the district you go to.'

At various dates Acland corresponded with G. F. Watts, Roddam S. Stanhope, E. W. Cooke, Holman Hunt, Sir Frederick Leighton, Charles Newton, A. Munro, T. Woolner,

Benjamin Woodward, and George Richmond on artistic subjects often connected with the University, and many of these artists he held in great esteem and affection ; George Richmond indeed had done one of his finest and most graceful drawings of Mrs. Acland at the time of her marriage, and also made a striking drawing of Sir Henry himself¹. Alexander Munro, the talented and graceful sculptor, was often an inmate of Acland's house, and carved an extremely beautiful profile of Mrs. Acland which is now in Christ Church Cathedral, besides other pieces of sculpture at Broad Street and statues in the Museum.

Acland's interest in art was by no means confined to painting, but was extended in full measure both to architecture and sculpture, as could hardly fail to be the case with one who had seen both Greece and Rome, and had his dwelling in Oxford. Many years previously he had drawn the elevation and plans from which an English Chapel at Athens had been erected, and in how great a degree the ancient Greek builders had moved him we know from his own words : 'If week after week in my youth, with fresh senses and a docile spirit, I have drunk in each golden glow that is poured by a Mediterranean sun from over the blue Aegean upon the Athenian Parthenon ; if day by day sitting on Mars Hill I have watched each purple shadow as the temple darkened in majesty against the evening sky ; if so, it has been to teach me, as the alphabet of all Art, to love all truth and to hate all falsehood, and to kiss the hand of every Master who has brought down, under whatever circumstances, and in whatever age, one spark of true light from the Beauty and the subtle Law which stamp the meanest work of the Ever-living Ever-working Artist.'

But to the end of his life Order, Beauty, Art, continued ever-presiding spirits over that chamber of interior vision wherein he seemed habitually to dwell, looking out meditatively and with grave questioning upon the moving pageant of mankind ; a little apart always from all fretful politics and passions of the multitude, just indeed so far as should serve to keep untarnished the refinement of a nature that was yet ever devoted and tender in all its relations with humanity.

¹ See p. 104, *supra*.