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MEMORIES

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vol. 10

ELIZABETH WALLACE

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Bermuda - Jan 3rd. 1905. Today we feel for the first time really cut off from the world. As long as the Bermudian was tied up at the wharf we knew that we could go back and although we have little reason to love her we felt a certain confidence in her presence, and in these four days since we landed we had learned to rely upon her. But this morning she steamed away. There was a good deal of bustle and confusion at the hotel - Intimate friends of a week's standing bade each other fond and protesting farewells, trunks were carried forth with much noise, there was a good deal of ostentatious calling of carriages, but at last all had left and we went out on the broad verandah which overlooks the harbor there to see the Bermudian steam by us. Soon she came wending her way warily through

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the treacherously swirling channel, passing close between the little islands, turning twisting until finally we lost sight of her beyond the outer reefs. She has gone carrying our home messages with her, and for ~~ten~~ ^{a few} days we are to be alone - on ^{a tiny} island washed by the mighty Atlantic. There is something delightful in the thought too - restful to the tired mind and brain. We shall have time to think, to readjust ourselves to get a truer point of view undisturbed by the clang of bells, car bells, automobile whistles, telephone bells and all the jangle of noises that call you to this that and another duty or pleasure. Here there is quiet and peace cleanliness and repose. The atmosphere is so pure, the water is so transparent, the sky so clear that surely it will be easier to understand truth here. There can be little

place for sham or pose or insincerity:

The first impression I had of the island was this same one of purity. The air is so mildly pure, the coloring is so brilliantly vivid, the houses are so startlingly white, the streets are so imperturbably hard and dry that one coming from the grime of that parlous city Chicago is naturally struck dumb with a sort of awe which gradually gives way to broken speculations of wonder.

Today has been cloudy and threatening ever since ten o'clock. Gusts of rain would come up the harbor from time to time blotting out the islands for a moment, beating against our window panes in spiteful patterings and then pass on out to the great sea. It grew less cloudy and threatening in the afternoon

and I sallied out for my tramp at half past three. There is something peculiarly delightful to me in these solitary walks - every step is full of interest and the territory is so small that there is every probability that I shall be able to cover nearly the whole island - This adds zest to my daily excursions and each time I return from a walk I mark off the portion gone over on my little map.

Today I started off over the road east from the hotel which led me along mossy stone walls over which hang beautiful purple vines, or the ~~little~~ ^{lupinus} ~~plant~~ with its small scarlet flower, and above is the variegated leaf of the matete - if you can or the yellow clusters of the pigeon berry or the brilliant hettie blossoms of the hibiscus. Here and there is a palm grove where the bananas cluster thickly on the branches, or a tall

cocoanut tree comes gracefully above -
 Then comes a grove of sweet scented cedars,
 and then the wall is broken by a hospita-
 ble gateway bearing an attractive legend
 like Turnwood, Soney or Olive Hill and a
 driveway bordered by a marvelous tropical
 growth leads windingly to a big low
 white stone house, over-run with verandah
 roses, and all sorts of sweet perfumed
 flowers. There was so much to see that
 I almost forgot my objective point which
 was a hill from which I knew there must
 be a delightful view as a house was built
 on its very summit. As I walked along
 an oleander bordered lane I met two small
 freckled faced boys to whom I said polite-
 ly - "Can you tell me if I can find a road
 leading up to that house?" Both began eager-
 ly to reply at the same moment with a
 polite anxiety to impart information -

Yes, I must follow the lane until I
 came to the canal then I must turn to
 the left and the road would take me
 right up to the house. "Should the people
 in the house object to my walking in
 their private grounds?" "Oh no," said
 the bigger freckled faced boy - "The people
 that lives in that house is dead a long
 time" I thanked them for their informa-
 tion and went on up the lane to the great
 clump of bamboo cane and there I found
 a driveway grass grown, washed out and
 steep leading up to the house where the
 "people ~~were~~ dead". As I came nearer to the
 house I saw that the ^{its} shutters were all closed
 and it stood blindly there in the gorges
 sunlight with all the beautiful scene at its
 feet. I stood on the unkept terrace for
 awhile looking down at the white town of
 Hamilton nestling in cedars and palms

at the harbor with its multitudinous islands
 when suddenly I heard a wind rattling from
 the house above me, a sound as though ~~some~~
 skeleton hands had been shaken in protest.
 I looked about with a sudden clutch of fear
 at my heart - nothing - the ~~shutters~~ were all
 closed the house was mute. I walked bold-
 ly up to the verandah and again came that
 same sound, but this time I knew it was
 the wind shaking the loose casements. The
 eyes of the old House seemed to struggle to
 open, blinking vainly for a moment, then sinking
 back into silence until the next gust came.
 From the stone verandah I could see to the
 north and there lay the ocean, blue and limit-
 less - the House was on a hill almost half
 way between the two shores and getting there
 the people who were dead ^{must have} ~~could~~ seen on
 one side the life of their little island, the
 harbor, the town the Church, the Government House

and on the other the great sea - eternity.
 And they had turned their faces more and
 more towards the north until one day they
 too had sailed away on their last voyage
 leaving the House deserted. The House ~~could~~
 last for centuries for it ~~is~~ built of white coral
 rock. I walked around it and found one
 window whose shutters were unclosed. The
 window had a bit of old lace curtain hanging
 to it. I tried to peer in but all I saw was
 the faint reflexion of a searching face. On
 one side the House had been cut out from
 the rock and the little kitchen garden at
 that side ^{was made of} ~~had~~ beds hollowed out of the rock
 and filled in with mould. The cistern was
 covered with moss and in it was the water
 caught from the last rain and while I
 stood there a Cardinal bird came and
 perched on the edge and looked at itself
 in the brown shadows of the water.

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I lingered about a long time, and I picked
some yellow pigeon berries and some gorgeous
purple bougainvillea and before I left I felt
a warm and friendly feeling for the "people
that is dead"



He had been
wondering for a
long time where
we should go to
spend the winter
for the northern
blasts were a

little too severe
for the Lady's delicate
frame. Gravelly we dis-
cussed the relative
merits of the

many resorts. He tried to read with calm judicial
eyes the highly colored advertisements and the allur-
ing descriptions; we faithfully sought for evil re-
ports as well as good reports. He finally decided
that Florida was too cold, that Nassau was too hot
that California was too dusty and that Honolulu was
too far. The Bermudas alone seemed to present
every attraction. Here the breezes were never too cold
and never blasting; there was variety and yet quiet
they seemed to us thoroughly refined and lady-like
with an atmosphere of romance and mystery.
Shakespeare and Tom Jones, Captain Kidd and bloody
runners were vaguely associated with them. The
only drawback was the chasm of the Atlantic which
separated us from them but what was that to
old travelers like ourselves! Forty three hours of
ocean travel even though it be south east from New
York across the gulf stream held no terrors for us.
Therefore the Family Council decided that the Ber-
mudas it should be, and on a lovely Christmas

Even we left our Northern City. The Two Brothers accompanied the Lady Mother and the Dear Sister to New York - a journey long to be remembered because of the charming care, the loving attentions and the merriment. On a beautiful Saturday morning when the sun in its warmth seemed to be jealously alighting because it knew we were seeking a better clime, we drove to the boat and after the farewells we all at once found ourselves at sea. That first warm deep-sea day! In it there was no warning of the hours of despair that were to follow. The treacherous little boat "the Bermudian" soon began to roll and toss and we saw not the face of a fellow passenger until the morning we arrived.



The white roofed city of Hamilton seen in a carriage travelling along the whitest roads. It is possible to imagine. Had the guide books told the truth! The air was soft as velvet, the sky and water clearest blue, Palmettos waved their swaying leaves and we passed

The sun shone gloriously, the sea was sparkling in the sunlight and so we came on deck at half past seven we saw green islands rising gently from the blue waters. Soon we entered the harbor and the white roofed city of Hamilton lay before us its cathedral breaking the sky line with picturesque effect. For food, rocking ship and other unpleasant memories were soon effaced and we tottered joyfully on shore had our baggage superficially examined, asked for a porter from The Princess Hotel, were

many a lovely home built of coral and shaded by cedars and palmettos. Most of the houses have shutters which swing open from above. I have not been able to find out exactly why they have this inconvenient mode unless

it be that the bar across is an excellent place on which to put the holding to air, for I have seen them thus decorated on sunny mornings of

About half a mile from the dock and down by the shore stands the hotel which is to be our home. It is the only large wooden building on the island and that in itself is a distinction. Its long verandahs look out over the blue waters of the harbor and sail boats come clustering about the stone pier hoping to tempt an unwary guest.

Its long verandahs look over the blue waters of the harbor.

Soon we are safely in our rooms which look out
on the little islands and down upon cedars and
palmettos. It is altogether satisfactory and as in
story books everything has come true. He sits for
a long time at our windows watching the changing
light on the water and drinking in the beauty of
the scene.



The next morning being the last day of December we started out for a winter's walk. He took our way up the sunlit road that leads to Spanish Point. First we pass the quarry where huge masses of coral have been cut and where the remainder looks like a ruined castle - on past a pretty stone entrance which bears the legend Olive Hill where heather grows thick and whose hosts we are soon to know. He stops from time to time to look at the rich yellow clusters of the pigeon berry, or to pick the beautifully marked leaf from a luxuriant hedge of *Witch-hazel* if you can. Some times we stop suddenly at the clear sweet note of a Cardinal bird and catch a glimpse of his scarlet coat against the deep

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green of the cedar. Here in awhile we sit down to rest on some mossy stone and look out between the trees to the blue glimmer of the harbor where sails like white clouds flit past. Grocery carts driven by darbies pass us once in awhile and the driver always salutes us politely. And then look at the curious by - little children who have forgotten the tourists of last winter and have not yet grown used to those of this year.

He walks on until we come to a banana grove where large bunches of little green fruit hang waiting for the sun to impart to them its yellow glow. Here we stop and talk of by gone days when as a child with my brothers I used to wander through banana groves in a more southern country than this. Constantly the

clouds of memory are being touched and each phrase is introduced by a - "Don't you remember?"



Rest on some mossy stone. Phrases are introduced by a - "Don't you remember?"

On New Year's Day the sun was still shining
bravely and in the afternoon we decided to don
habes attire and drive out to call on Mrs H.
and her daughters, who had been most kind in
reserving for us quarters at the Princess. It
had grown a little cooler but the air was very
soft. We called for a carriage and our negro
driver was soon jouncing us along rapidly over
the hard roads. They are wonderful, these roads,
so white and smooth and hard and so im-
perturbably dry. No matter how the rain comes
down or how it washes from them in floods, the
instant it ceases falling the roads are abso-
lutely dry and you can walk out in a water-
tight outfit without serious consequences.

We drove rapidly along not being able to get over the
unnecessity of making a New Year's call dressed in

white, dri-
ing in an
open car.

ribs on
roads.

bordered
with

palms
and

flowers.

We notice
at that

nearly all
the houses

of attractive
the houses

had put
up forbid-
ding signs

to keep
general

effect.

On the way to Soney

that
and
certainly
expect
the pace
so inviting
by Sept's
open.

The
entrance
to Soney
is un-
usually
attractive
on one
side a
very high
ribbed
hedge,

and on
the other

prawa and
palms and palm-trees.

The road wound around
by charming little inlets and then suddenly
the house bursts on the view and the harbor
again with its islands, some of which have disap-
peared. The house is low and spreading and
white like all the other coral houses of Serun-
da.

Almost before we are seated the black
maids bring in tea and the tall stoves stowed
basket with cakes. The drawing room is very
full of furniture but its chief charm are the
roves which are every where. Yellow and pink
and red fresh picked from the garden and
filling the air with delicious perfume. The tea
we drink is real English tea drawn in a kettle
and then kept warm in the soft folds of a gor-
geous cover. As we sip our tea and nibble our
cake we chat of mutual friends and we ask

tramps
that you
would

must
that you

not
under-
stand

many questions of Bermuda and Bermudian life. We obtain much valuable information, that there is not always sunshine, that north winds blow, that there is no co-education on the island, that everyone knows just how much his neighbor's income is and hence there is no pretension, that there are more men than women on the island and hence the dances are great fun - for the young women, and much else that we should avoid. To-day we left we were given a great bunch of very lovely roses and with this information to keep our windows closed from four to eight in the evenings we left feeling that the new year had begun in a very satisfactory and semi-tropical fashion.

Jan 3rd. Today we felt for the first time really cut off from the world. As long as the tied up at the wharf we could go back, and although we have loved her we felt a certain con-
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forgiveness her her had we
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must
about
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had
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of self-
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to be
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real

Bermudian was
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The Bermudian at the wharf.

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for
there
to see
the
Ber-
mudian
steer
by us

Down
she
came
wand-
ing her
way
upstairs

The treacherously smiling channel

through the treacherously smiling channel, passing
close between the little islands, turning and twisting
until finally we lost sight of her beyond the outer
reefs. She has gone bearing our messages to the outer
world and we are left behind cut off for ten days
alone on a tiny island which is at the mercy of the
great Atlantic. There is something comforting in the
thought and we are thankful that there are some
stores still left untouched by the blighting hand of
business enterprise. We shall now forget dates and
politics and we shall spend the sunny days
wandering about this lovely island and the
rainy ones in reading and dreaming at home.
Today we cannot believe that there are any storms but
if they come we shall welcome them.

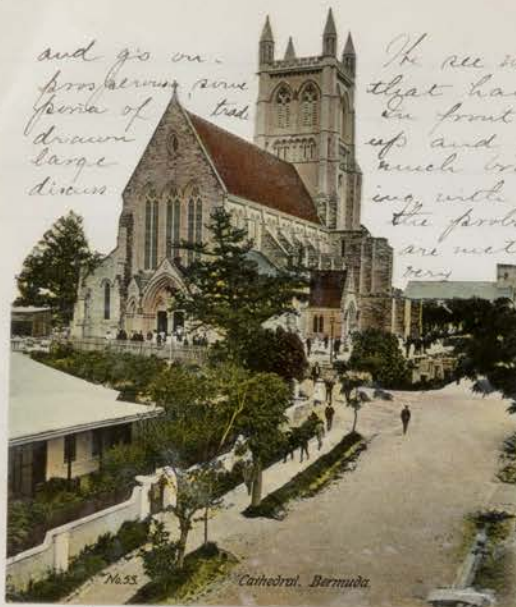
Today we went for a drive through the town. The Princess is only a short distance away, but it was deemed best to call one of the Polite dashing drivers and see as much as we could in a short time behind his fast trotting horse. The drivers are all soft voiced and gentle and as for information they seem to be the source of all. The foreigners join our faith with childlike confidence to all they have to say. They seem not at all disturbed by contradictory facts but accept everything at the time and enjoy it until it is readily disturbed by other evidence. He turned up Queen Street as it is the first street that runs back from the harbor. Another was disappointed not to see foreign looking signs written in a strange language. Had we made a perilous sea voyage only to be confronted by the old familiar tongue! But if the people and the language are not strange to us, there are other things that attract our attention. In front of a queer old balconied house and strutting its branches clear across the street stands the famous rubber tree, the



The spreading branches of the Rubber tree.

largest on the island. No cannot quite the fact that this a near relative of our stiff for low slow dusty looking specimen at home, which some of us chide with such care nearly every right minded tourist has himself photo graphed under the spreading branches thus giving proof of its enormous size. He shall resist the temptation

and go on.
prosperous, some
proof of
drawn
large
divers.



Up Reid Street

transcripts. The old Cathedral was ~~transcripts~~ burned in 1854 and this one has been very slowly rising from its ashes. I am told that no one ever has recovered prostration in Bermuda and I'm beginning to understand why. There is a dip in the ground after we pass the Cathedral and in the dip, which really looks like a pit is built a charming little vine covered house. The garden about is full of beautiful flowers and trees and the stone gate posts bear the legend of "Trinity Lodge". It is most picturesque but we shiver as we think of the possibilities of rheumatism. The streets are very much up and down hill and as they are white and the buildings are all white we soon realize why we were warned to bring quinine glasses and why Bermudian ladies all wear heavy dark veils.

We see many stores that look that have the air of great size in front of one a carriage has up and from it steps two very much bronzed ladies who are busy ing, with a decided English accent the probabilities of fashion. They are met at the store door by the polite Proprietor who shakes hands with them and ushers them in. They are evidently persons of quality and they belong either to the Army the Navy or the Church for one must belong to one of these to have social standing on the little island.

We drive on past the cathedral which has been built in 1854 and is now twenty years old and is in a state of scaffolding and repairs and the old Enclosed house is unfinished.

We pass the Hotel Hamilton the rival hostelry to the Grangers and as we look up at the many steps one would have to climb before reaching the front door we feel content that our lot has been cast down near the sea. A beautiful shaded avenue catches our eye and we hear strains of music. Our driver turns down the desired street and we go under cedar arches. The sides are the beautiful soft brown of the tree trunks and the vaulted top is of the deepest green while we smell the fragrance all about us. At our left is Victoria Park - Carriages are drawn up in an exciting looking row and we catch glimpses of scarlet uniforms through the trees, and the fluttering blues and greens and violets of women's gowns and parasols. At us band concert day our driver informs us and we stop a while to listen. The little soldiers stand very firm and straight and play very well. Small children the intemperate juke bugs go careeningly over the lawn.

A small flock of a musical type of music has forgotten himself and is imitating the band master with flinging of arms and beating of time. Others are listening many are talking but there is no gaiety no sparkle. You are impressed by the fact that a military

He go under cedar arches



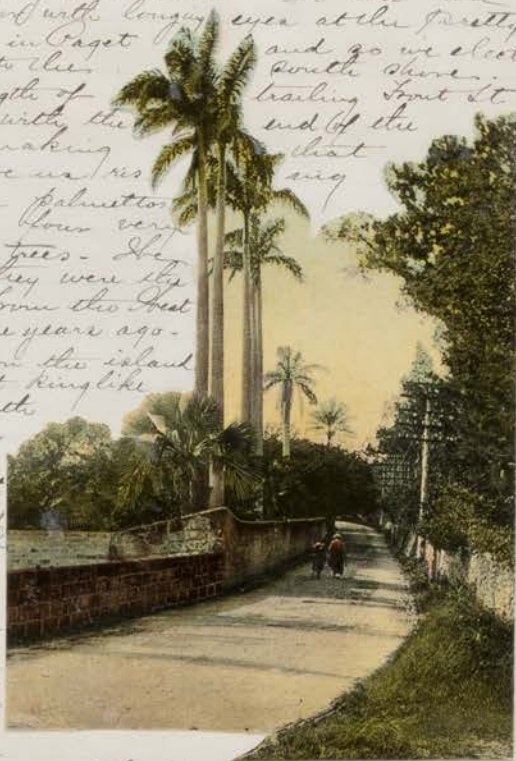
band is a very solemn affair. We listen to two and then drive on to Government House. As we go one sends to another whom we are going to stay in. My mother says I can stay until God saves the King! He clears a little red jacket. Our road now led us past some pretty houses, an old parish church surrounded comfortably by tombstones up a steep hill and to a gateway which bore two or three carefully worded and not to be misinterpreted notices to the effect of when how and where the public might enter. This was Government House and it was quite proper that it should be guarded. As this was one of the days when the public to which class we knew we belonged could be admitted we drove in. The rough forbidding rocks that look like battlements on either side were a gay and jocular air in their wonderful dress of gorgeous purple bougainvillea. Roses too climbed their sweet perfume, and the greenness of stone up made beautiful by the daring grace of these flowers. The grounds are extensive and very lovely.

The day was one of the heavenly ones in Pohnke-
 day. The sky was clear and deeply blue, the air was very
 still and soft, the water took on as many tints as a
 flame coloredopal, the houses looked whiter, the trees
 greener, the flowers more brilliant than ever. As
 we took our seats in the carriage we breathed a deep
 sigh as we realized for the hundredth time that not
 a sound of trolley cars would disturb us that we should
 have to cross no tracks and that we should inhale
 no smoke or dust during our drive. We had been
 looking across the harbor with longing eyes at the pretty
 white roofed cottages in Tagoi and go we elected
 to go there and over to the South Shore.
 They went the whole length of the harbor
 which ends reluctantly with the end of the
 harbor. Just before making that
 last turn we saw before us a

majestically far above palmettos
 and cocoa nut palms four very
 straight very graceful trees. The
 trees at once that they were the
 Royal Palms, brought from the West
 Indies and planted here years ago.

There are a few others on the island
 but these are the most kinglike
 and are referred to with
 the reverence expected
 from the colonists of
 a monarchical government.
 A little distance beyond
 our driver pointed with
 pride to some beauti-
 ful private grounds
 and said "That's where
 Tompkins lives".

The name is commonly
 applied to the native
 dry goods merchant
 who always makes an



The Royal Palms.

effort to personally meet all his customers and
 who was such kind caring ways that one feels
 sure in not giving a large
 order immediately.



My policy
 has been
 successful
 for he has
 a large
 and beau-
 tiful home
 He spent
 quickly
 part
 until
 we have

The Palms mirrored in the water

are now looking across the emerald water and see the
 Palms mirrored in the harbor. A few sailboats were
 moving idly here and there catching the slight breezes
 that once in awhile ruffled the surface of the water.
 He passed a field where some men were planting
 potatoes. They took half a dozen seedlings in their
 hands and pushed them one by one into the yell-
 ow reddish earth then when they had planted
 them at intervals of half a dozen inches they drew
 the hand rapidly across covering them slightly with
 the earth. They were Portuguese and they told us
 there were about 1500 of their race on the island;
 a statement which we at once doubted but positively
 accepted. He went on past quaint old houses
 meeting pleasant spoken ~~darkies~~ darkies on the way
 one of whom carried a basket nicely balanced
 on her head in one hand a great bunch of roses
 and under the other arm a cloth bag in which
 was something squirming. He stopped to speak to
 her and she purchased the information that she

made
 the turn
 and we
 the Royal

had a pig in her poke. We left the shore road and crossed the island towards the south shore going down a shady lane where the brilliant sun spine was softened by the green of cedar. Here the low stone wall was now covered and the grass and morning glory vines dared to creep out into the road which had a pink tint as though innumerable sea-shells had been ground up to make the soil. We had to leave our carriage and go through the grounds of Stephens greenhouse and nursery. By the way we had asked where the nursery was and had been immediately directed to the children's hospital.

He saw a big strawberry patch and asked if we might for a monetary consideration go in and pick berries. He were firmly refused now was the philoprositic British mind moved by our plea of the novelty and picturesque of the experience even though we tactfully referred to our well known abstemiousness. Baffled in this and refusing to beajoled into buying a basket for bits and six we went on our way down over the cliffs to the shore. Hungry Bay lay at our feet. We prefer to call it Hungry Bay as do the natives, although unpleasantly learned people say that it is really Hungary.

Down a Shady Lane.

Here the waves dash

in trying now as they have for centuries to eat into the rocks. They have succeeded in gnawing great caverns where now the white crested waves break in beautiful foam. A little further on down the shore is a sandy beach where the surf

comes in
in
in
by the
beach
lay
upon
it and
the white
sand
looked
very
inviting

The Sandy Beach

I looked at my small friend Margaret inquiringly to see if any inspiration had come to her in her face I saw the yearning of a felt heart. I said - "Shall we have a part?" "Will all of us?" - With an ecstatic she seized my hand - "Oh, if

and
in my
no one
squeal
we only
could!!
"He can
said I
with fine
decision
"Here is
a smooth
rock".
The nat
down
pulled
off shoes
and



At Hungry Bay

stoopings and in a little while we
were daring the surf to catch us.

It was
delicious
to feel
the
cool
fresh
salt
water
and
the
clean
white
sand.

He took
hands.

Here the surf comes in invitingly

and pretended to be fearful in order to increase the excitement and when a large white wave came curling in we would scream with joy and race back to safety. The only element of danger present was the fear of wetting our clothes and that was sufficient to give all the spice we needed. He sat in the sun afterwards and toasted ourselves so that there was little danger of chill. Then we clambered on over the rocks to more attractive places beyond where the crags seemed rougher and the sand whiter and the beating waves silver and more foam capped. Far out we saw the reefs just showing their teeth above the water and we remembered the story of the only wreck that had occurred to Passenger steamers - The Captain of this particular ship had mistaken the lights and went straight on the rocks. The Captain discovered it too late and then ordered full steam ahead. The vessel was so firmly lodged on the reefs that they had plenty of time to save both passengers and cargo. Now in the pleasant excitement



Cactus growth on the crags



A stillness lay upon land and sea

they look incapable of any deadly work. Finally we decide that we must begin our upward tramp and so we have to climb up over the rocks and sometimes

wound our way through cacti growths that were quite formidable.

When at last we reach home we are hungry for the

fresh succulent vegetables which are always generally served at dinner.

When evening came the air was so mild that

Then we had sufficiently rested and could turn our eyes from the beauties of nature to contemplate some of the human beings about us. I saw only one person who appealed to me from the point of view of companionship - A lonely looking child of twelve who occasionally flattered about a very fashionable looking mother whose greatest preoccupation seemed to be the construction of very flimsy and lace bedecked houses. The child was

tall, and slim and dark with a very straight nose and very straight hair. Her dresses were all made alike and in that were marked by unlike her fashionable mothers. They were very short and exposed a pair of very long slender legs. She had most gentle manners and a quiet distinction of bearing that went quite to my heart. The mother and daughter, you see, were quite unlike. Margaret and I became acquainted in this way. I had been playing diabolo and I watched her on the verandah. I said "Do you know this game?" and she answered, "no, but I would like to." That was the beginning of our friendship and for nearly four weeks we were quite inseparable.



Margaret at Diabolo

she. She was a good walker and she loved to go with me on my rambles. She was the only person of my age at the hotel during the time we were there together except when Mr. Clemens came. She would exclaim ecstatically - "I don't know what I ever did when you came!" and I would reply "I don't know what I ever would have done if you hadn't been here."?

She was a thorough little woman and had none of the reckless daring traits of a Tommy. She advised her mother afar off and was seldom in her society. At first this seemed very cruel but when I saw more of them both I felt that it was a kindly dispensation of Providence for in this way strong bright perhaps contrary to the mother. Our favorite past time was diabolo and we had many a fine game down on the tennis courts. Then Margaret left she hugged me hysterically and vowed that she would never forget me. Dear gentle Margaret - her sufferer sufferer and may keep her from being as happy as she deserves. But oh! me the memory of her sweet companionship will always be fragrant.



Margaret's Partner at Diabolo

It was Margaret that introduced me to Mr. Clemens. When the boat came in on the 27th it was rumored that Mark Twain was on board. It is the custom when the boat comes in we all go down to see the passengers land, i.e. we younger ones and then we rush back to the hotel to see the arrivals. He sat on the verandah and scrutinized each carriage load as it comes up to the steps. Nearly everyone had arrived - among them a young man who looked startlingly like Brother Frank who had with him a typewriter - when up the driveway there came walking the unmistakable figure of Mr. Clemens. He came slowly - He was dressed in light gray and wore a soft gray hat on his white curly head. All eyes were more or less discreetly turned on him as he mounted the steps and came in. Very soon after he came he turned his attention to Margaret and became her faithful attendant. I felt that I had a formidable rival and to preserve my own dignity I retired from the field. Margaret's loyal

Margaret and her Steady

soil would not permit this and one morning when she was about to start off on a donkey ride with her new admirer

she insisted upon presenting me. It seemed strange to have Mark Twain transported in to Mr. Clemens and his private secretary whom we had been calling Frank suddenly he came Mr. Clemens. But the change was a delightful one and the days of pleasant companionship that followed before the storm took them all away will never

The Rivals

be forgotten. In the delight of knowing Mr. Clemens I quite forgot Mark Twain. This gentle charming courteous gentleman with the crown of silver hair, with his immaculate white clothes, his kindly deference of manner his ready thoughtfulness and his sweet affection for children was sufficient in himself to win any one's heart without the prestige of the other name added to all this was his wonderful fund of story and anecdote. These rich stores are at the disposal of any congenial companion and he draws generously upon them. I shall never forget his inimitable manner, his slow drawl, the twinkles in his eye and the rich and marvelous vocabulary. He

sometimes made us wait for the word but when it came it was the only one which could have so exactly described the scene or situation. In our walks and talks I more than once longed for a stenographer's pen that I might take down his exact words. He had a yearning fondness for children and especially for young girls between ten and sixteen for it was during those years that he had as his constant companion his little daughter Lucie - whose love still seems an open wound after all these years. When in the dining room he would solemnly read elaborate invitations to Margaret. Every morning he gave her a history lesson which consisted in a pictorial representation of a king of England, so made that she would remember the length of his reign. For instance William the Conqueror was a grotesque figure made with eleven legs and ten arms which meant that he reigned twenty one years - Stephen was a huge foot with nineteen toes, Henry II was a head with a mouth made of like this ~~2-2-2~~ and Richard the Lion Hearted was a lion half of him drawn on one side of the card with "over" written underneath and on the reverse the rest of the lion. In his mouth was a heart - dangling from it a card with the dates of his reign. All these pictures were drawn on his visiting cards and whenever he would meet Margaret he would ask in his gentle drawl - "Margaret how many legs and arms did William have?" and would reply, say to her reply - "Extraordinary, was it dear?" After we knew him he would come over to our table after he had finished his meal and sometimes sit for a long time talking to us. His whimsical way of putting things, his deep knowledge of human nature, his half pessimistic philosophy, his kindly toleration made everything he said so precious that we did not want to lose a word. One morning it was the day after we heard of the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal - he came over and sat down and the conversation naturally turned on that topic. "Did you ever realize the

raid, how awfully difficult it is to kill a King. Think how many times it has been tried and how often it fails. They tried it ~~eighteen~~ ^{eighteen} times on Henry IV many times on Queen Victoria and we don't know how many countless times on the Emperor of Russia. All those anarchists never learn that when the heart is filled with hate, the arm that aims the weapon will surely tremble!" From this we went on to speak of certain common traits of the human race and Mr. Clemens launched forth on a tirade against the general animosity of the all. I mentioned as an example of this trait in its hysterical form the hero worship of Dewey and his ignominious fall from public favor. Mr. Clemens took this up and spoke of the Dewey arch as a symbol. It was made of staff and plaster because the people hadn't time, they hadn't time. (I can still hear the insistent nasal drawl which gave a world of meaning to these words) to build a more enduring token. They would build it in marble later yes later when they had more time. The plaster arch crumbled away but later there was no hero to whom to build the enduring arch. I happened to mention the Danderlogs as the best satire I had ever read on the human race and this gave Mr. Clemens another text upon which he grew wonderfully eloquent - for we were all Danderlogs and the biggest Danderlog of all was the one who sat in the Executive chair of the nation. He wondered why the Almighty had ever created us. It was bad enough to have conceived the homely or to have imagined rats and mice, but the Danderlog was the crowning mistake. And then to conceive of the idea that this same Almighty who had created us wanted to have our company through all eternity! He laughed gently as he finished his blasphemous but delightful tirade and looking at mother he said - "Now you must forget all that I've said for if the Recording Angel brings this up against me I shall simply ~~blush~~ ^{blush} that I never said anything of the sort, that

it was those Hallaces who were talking!"

Mr. Clemens was particularly fond of Maude. Maude is a diminutive donkey of a peculiarly obstinate turn of mind who is apparently always attached to a small cart. The Guardian Angel of Maude is Reginald and imperturbable young Bermudian



Maude, Margaret, Mark, Reginald and the Pilot Fish.

who has the distinction of being the only human being who can take Maude go.

It was Mr. Clemens' great joy to start off for a tramp with Margaret and his faithful Mr. Ashcroft and sometimes one or two others.

It was my good fortune to be the one several times. There was always a discussion as to who should

ride, and it was always an open question as to which was the more strenuous exercise, urging the reluctant Maude to go on tramping alongside, or more usually far ahead. Sometimes we would toss a penny on Mr. Clemens would graciously refer the decision to Margaret as the oldest of the party. Then the two dismounted to the more vigorous work entered the cart and jogged off down the road and up the hill past the quarry on the way to Spanish Point, for that

was our favorite route. The Ashcroft or, as Mr. Clemens called him, the Pilot Fish, and I trudged behind or sometimes jogged, hesitatingly ahead.

Once I saw a queer sort of chest in the cart in

her the cart and in answer to my idle wonderment as to what it might contain

Mr. Clemens drawled -

"Caroline to start up the donkey". He discovered one vulnerable spot in Maude and that was in the small of her back. If touched there she was very ticklish and would kick vigorously but always harmlessly, for her hind legs were too short to do any damage. This, however, never advanced matters very much for she always had to stop to kick and then she had to be started all over again.

One morning I went only as far as the road which led to my for I had promised ^{myself} to go there and gather flowers. I left them there with the promise to meet them at the same place at half past eleven. Mr. Clemens who was wearing a red rosebud in his button hole said - "Be sure to ~~pick~~ ^{bring} a rose so that I shall recognize you". I went on to Torrey where I had the joy of picking all the flowers I wanted

The Children

I filled my basket with fragrant pungent rose geranium, with iris and violets, with huge nasturtiums and chrysanthemums with waxy like begonias and delicate ferns. It was a wild confusion of the tropics and the temperate zones and I revelled in the mixture of color and perfume. A sudden rain came up while we were in the garden and we had to take refuge in the cucumber greenhouse where found a foot long and very slender thing from the vines that clambered up to the roof. As soon as the rain was over I had to hurry away to my rendezvous. I was there first and I sat down on the stone wall to wait but soon they came up the road and I found that my red rose gillie identified me. He jogged along home, and by that time we reached the house we were all ready for a hearty lunch and brandy most of all.

On a Sunday afternoon we four for brandy did not accompany us this time, started off again for Spanish Point. It is only two miles there but we sauntered so lazily and talked so much that nearly the whole



The rendezvous at the cross-roads

afternoon was consumed in the coming and going. Mr. Clemens was in a particularly happy and reminiscent mood and he must have told two dozen stories, all alas! of which I cannot recall. One incident of the walk I must note for it illustrates Mr. Clemens never failing sauntered along we met suddenly tourists - One of and bowing said "I beg your pardon my daughter is particular your writings as way I picture for her?" Mr. Clemens immediately "Certainly sir, where do you wish me to stand?" The man was so excited that he couldn't snap his Kodak and handed it over to one of his companions saying - "Say, you take it - I'll give you a grand picture better than I can." When the party passed we snapped a picture ourselves. To here is another view of the King and his faithful Pilot Fish.

I shall attempt to jot down one or two of the things said on this happy and memorable occasion. They will lack the pungency of the sea-air and the charm of the drawl - they will also be woefully unlike the originals in the richness and variety of vocabulary, but in after years they may serve to evoke the image of this charming personality more clearly than of

The King and the Pilot Fish

As we a group of gentlemen stopped Mr. Clemens kindly took your



it be left in the damageable film of my poor mind alone. The very talking of life and its disappointments - "If I had been helping the Almighty in his job I would have begun at the other end and had the human race begin with old age. It would have been infinitely better and more logical to begin as old men, have all our woes and troubles over at first - They would be much easier to bear with the hope of a joyful youth before us - And think of the exhilaration and inspiration of reaching 18 and knowing that you were never to be old and wrinkled again. Yes, the Almighty made a pretty bad job of it - pretty bad" -

Appropos of John D. Rockefeller Jr. "I haven't told you of the time I was asked to address John D. Jr's Sunday School Class here I." Well once John D. Jr. sent me an invitation to talk to his class on any subject I chose taken from the Bible. Just before this John D. had been white washing Joseph a good deal and making him out to be a pretty fine fellow. So when the letter came with the invitation, I said to my secretary - Miss Lyon, you just write to Mr. R. that the only subject that seems to interest me very much just now is, the subject of Joseph but that I am afraid that what I have to say about him won't exactly meet with his views. - Miss Lyon wrote this to him and by the next mail came a very polite answer from Mr. R. saying that he was sure that anything I would have to say would be most profitable; but that perhaps it would be advisable for me to jot down my thoughts and send them to him beforehand. I followed his happy suggestion and exposed Joseph in a way he had never been exposed to - and I told what I thought of his Egyptian policy in perfectly plain terms - It was really very good - And Mr. Clemens gave a review, quite shrewd. "I sent that M.S. on to John D. Jr. and do you know he never pursued the subject!"

The day before Mr. Clemens had presented me with a precious volume, entitled "Fenton's Complete Letter Writer for Gentlemen", one of those impossible guides to perfect style. It had appealed to his sense of humor and he had written this inscription on the blank page. "Young Lady desirous of perceiving herself in the Epistolary Art. = Prayers to the Bermuda (Date in full). Dear Miss, Valuer. Try Fenton, Trust Fenton, Fenton is your friend. Have no fear. Sincerely yours T. L. Clemens".

This precious book we shared with us and Mr. Ashcroft regaled us from time to time with some particularly rare specimens of the epistolary art. Appropos of this book Mr. Clemens told a delicious story of a negro up north who wanted to write to his mother down south and how he went to his mistress with a Complete Letter writer and having selected a letter model entitled from a young man proposing marriage to the lady of his choice inserted up of her composing this verbatim. Soote's were in vain and she was obliged to copy the ardent but utterly inappropriate words. The learned months afterwards that the letter had had an enormous success and that all the dandies on the plantation had tried to imitate this effort. The mother was pleased beyond words and the letter became an authority to be consulted by anyone no matter to whom or about what he was writing. - His English experiences. One that impressed me particularly was of the day when he was to receive his degree at Oxford. The thought was crowded and only the expected reserved for royalty was vacant, but royalty failed to appear. Mr. Clemens, Lord Curzon and Rudyard Kipling came in together a little late and were conducted to the vacant box destined for royalty. After they were seated a note was passed of them, a little slip of paper on which

was written. Not true - On seeing it they found these lines of Kipling - "East is East and West is West and the Twain shall never meet." As he finished this story he added - "By the way the best

fiction I ever had taken was at that time for me coming out in process form and I was walking inside Sydney Lee's rooming was behind me and

A Quaint Century Old House

some one tried to snap him but the Kodak slipped or something happened and it turned out that I had eclipsed him completely and there was nothing left of him but the tip of one ear." Here we sat down to rest awhile near a quaint century old house, and Mr. Clemens told, apropos of Sydney Lee, the story of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and the dinner he gave for Sydney Lee, and how everyone had a lot of stage fright, Mr. Lee, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Howells - everyone.

I cannot now stop to tell in detail his story of his father and the latter's attitude towards slave trade men of the time he took his mother to the minstrel

show, nor of the comedians he used to entertain for his mother to guess, nor of the Mark Twain Club and its episodes, nor of the delights of companionships with Sir John Lubbock - but they are all irrepressably connected with one of the most delightful afternoons ever spent.

On Sunday morning it poured and rained - the rain came in floods and blotted out the harbor and the islands. Mother and I went out on the glass-enclosed verandah to sit for awhile after breakfast. Soon Mr. Clemens and Mr. Ashcroft joined us. I have spoken of Mr. Ashcroft's startling re-

semblance to the young Mr. Clemens and this morning it seemed positively of unearthing. This is the way he looked, and now that he has gone I cannot tell if this is a picture of the real brother or of the fictitious one.

Mr. Clemens talked with mother and myself to my grief I overheard one of his sentences which indicated that he was giving her his true and unvarnished opinion of missionaries. He also discussed - she told me later - the paper which had so delighted her soul - Captain Hornfield. He told her that when he reads Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' conception



?

of heaven as expressed in Gates Ajar he made up his mind to satirize it. He thereupon wrote the first draught of Captain Sumner's Heavenly Experiences. The Miss did not quite suit him and he laid it aside and it was not taken up again until this last year. When invited left us frightened away by the growing dangers we went on to talk of Joan of Arc and he told us how he came to write it. For years he had been impressed by the spirit of the French heroine and for over twelve years he laid by in his memory every impression he could get of her. Finally the time came when he could write and he found that her creation was complete. In all that time he had taken no notes and read but few authorities, and he had never been in the parts of France where she had lived.

When Monday came we learned that the Bermudian had been delayed because she had generously waited to help a wrecked schooner. We hoped that her sailing would be delayed at least a day and that our friends would thus be left waiting a little longer. But the only respite we had was that instead of sailing at 10 A.M. she sailed at 4 P.M. I went down to the boat to say goodbye to Margaret and to Mr. Clemens & Mr. Ashcroft. Mr. Clemens hates above all other things to say goodbye - as he had gone down early and had shut himself up in his cabin over which the faithful Ashcroft mounted guard. I left him to solace him on his homeward way a poem written in 1738 or thereabouts by a poet by the name of Tucker. It was a marvelous composition and described the beauties of Bermuda and the poet was at leaving its delectable shore. The last stanza begins

"And then my parent's awful voice is heard."

I added a stanza bridging it down to modern times and fitting it to present circumstances. As the ship sailed away bearing the sweet little girl Margaret and the sweet old man, Mr. Clemens and the faithful Ashcroft I felt that there was indeed but a very small and insignificant part of the quartette left. As I turned from the steamer however I saw the familiar form of Maudie standing quiet, imperturbable unmoved by any emotion, and I felt consoled.



figured
stale.
bolt a
dry
at the
the
most
and
they
to
would

as soon as the fruit is filled out they pick them off and let them ripen in the sun in a protected place.

But the chief charm of the vegetation is its variety - Everywhere grows the cedar scraggly, or tall, weirdly twisted or growing in trimmed hedges, its deep

The banana groves are scattered everywhere. Every little property holder has a patch growing somewhere, usually down in a hollow protected from the winds. And yet there are not nearly enough bananas to supply the native population and they have to depend, using the boats from the best studies, which occasionally steam slowly into the harbor laden with bananas, mangoes, oranges and coconuts. The banana trees here do not grow very tall neither ~~are~~ the fruit very large but it is most delicious and has a taste unequalled by the flavored fruit we have in the States a pleasant thing to pursue banana grove, to walk over the rustling leaves and to look up thick foliage overhead. When banana leaf dries it turns a beautiful rich velvety brown clings lingeringly to the stem - never leaves the bunches of fruit ripen on the trees for the birds make short work of them but as soon as the fruit is filled out they pick them off and let them ripen in the sun in a protected place.

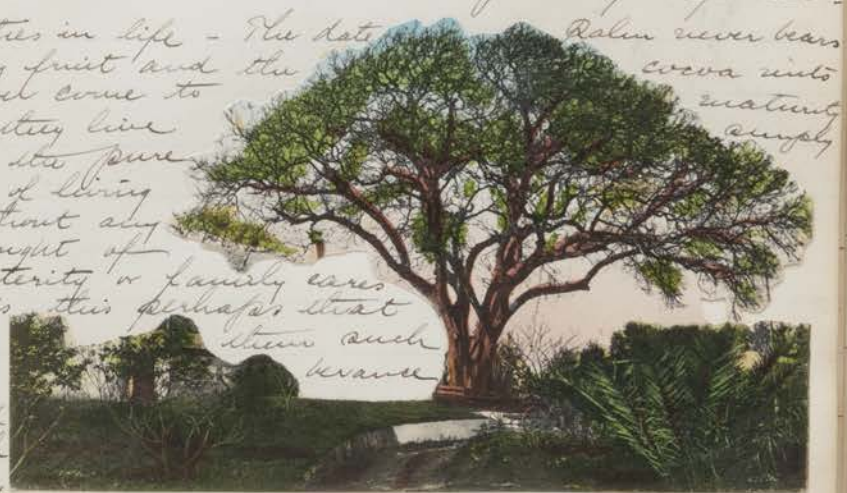


The Century and the Coconut

belittles in life - The date any fruit and the never come to so they live for the pure joy of living without any thought of posterity or family cares. It is this perhaps that

gives you and such grace

green forming a background for the palms and the palmettos. There is a vast variety of palms from the monkey puzzle to the familiar coconut and beside them is invariably to be found the century plant. They all have a grand time just growing, for they don't seem to have any heavy responsibilities.



The Tamarind Tree

The Aquarium.

Lord Frederick Hamilton has been visiting the island this winter and an unusual share of social distinction seems to have been conferred upon him. They tell me that he has done much for the island and that his labors have been his efforts to get a government appropriation for an aquarium. Agar's Island was given over to this and the old powder magazines established there were being converted into a most picturesque home for Bermuda fish. They are very



wonderful in their coloring and form, but they don't seem very sociable, and it isn't pleasant to see the octopus dine off a crab, nor to watch the keeper stuffing food, live food down the voracious throat. The Angel fish are the most agreeable and their coloring is marvellous. They have firm little purred up mouths that suggest a sense of English propriety. The squirrel fish is also beautifully marked, and his brilliant rose colored body darts gracefully through the green water. The four eyed fish are modest little fellows and stay down near the sandy bottom. He made two charming visits - once



another Margaret and I went on a perfect morning and another time the effervescent and obliging son. But Mrs. Greene invited her.

Clemens and his party to go. It was a beautiful Sunday morning and the party was a happy one. I'm not sure that we found the fish as interesting as each other.

The afternoon of this same day we had a charming drive and tea at Soney, Mr. Clemens the Secretary Mr. Rogers and I -

Afterwards, not being entirely satisfied we drove up to the Mayor's residence to see his beautiful garden and his wonderful views. The Mayor is a most hospitable soul and extends hospitality to the Americans in most fraternal English fashion. They gave us tea at six o'clock and the King was so attractive that we could not get him away from them until the sun had gone down.

The Corner
La Garden

Examining the interior of a sago palm

One morning I suggested to mother that we take a sail. She was examining the interior of a sago palm at the moment but she heard my wild proposition she looked at me pitying-ly and said - "I want to enjoy my stay here". Mother has been inveigled into a row boat. She stepped in gingerly and then sat there in rigid misery for nearly an hour, eyeing with distrust all other craft in the harbor for she attributed to them all a sinister intention of running us down. Mother does not like the water except from terra firma. On this morning I urged the soft light veiled by a mist, the gentle breeze the sail boats standing at the pier the sturdy negro skippers. I even pointed out that one of the sail boats had made the trip to and from New York. But she was firm and I gave it up for the time being.

That afternoon I had my reward, however, for I was asked to take a sail solely for the purpose of studying lights and shadows and taking pictures. One has to learn all these things over here for the atmosphere of Alaska or

the Yellowstone does not help one here. The boats stand clustered about the pier waiting for customers but the skippers are haughty creatures who do not beg for patronage. In this they have an social standing far above that of the row boat men, who shamelessly clamor for customers. He took the blackest man going on the principle that if color had anything to do with ability the darkest must be the best. Our skipper was big and muscular and fearfully homely - but he had a settled gravity that won our confidence immediately. He seemed a little disappointed of our order that he should sail among the islands for we were going to take pictures. His disdain was declining to grow into a withering contempt when he saw the subjects we chose. He suggested once or twice a big new glaring house standing stark and white above the trees staring unblinkingly out on the view and when we showed no appreciation he grew silent and taciturn and eyed us a little suspiciously from time to time.

Sail boats standing at the pier

All interest in us died out and he became obviously deaf and dumb to us when we asked him to go near to an old wall where cedars and olandars grow snug, where the washed, lace-like branches of a pride-of-andia were out-fined against the sky. He could not see how charmingly to us was the old wall lapped by the waves and how pretty were the shadows on the tower and house. Only once did he endeavor to talk and that was when we had beguiled him to tell us about the Tower Prisoners. "Yes they ~~lived~~ ^{lived} to be on that island. They lived in tents and had good things to eat. The men were on one island, the boys on another and the hospital on still another. They were very religious and every afternoon at five you could hear them singing hymns." "Did any ever try to escape?" "Oh yes, several. There was one who cut down a cedar tree and threw it into the water, then went in himself. Thrust his head up through the



An old wall lapped by the waves

branches and then slowly down to the Prisoner Hotel. He was an officer and had it all arranged so that friends helped him and he sailed away in the



An arching bridge and a square white boat house

"Bermudian" the next day for New York. But there was another who wasn't so successful. He got a boy and cut air holes in it then got under and tried to swim out to an American ship. Unfortunately a keen eyed sailor was out in his sailing vessel and he noticed that the boy was floating out against the tide. His suspicions were aroused and he came alongside. The fugitive was discovered and was shot. The skipper was growing garrulous and was about to launch forth in another story when we lost any awakening respect he may have had for us by asking him again to sail up close to the shore. This time we had seen an arching bridge and a square white boat house. It was the harbor side of Howard the place that bore the legend. "Tramps must not land gentlemen and ladies surely will not trespass in this property." Remembering this exordium I felt rather shy and guilty to steal upon them this way.

From the back door of Nowood we went circling around some islands looking for a long house with some queer side steps or rather foot steps sidling up to it which had been described to us. It was very old and queer gnarled cedar trees bent towards it in a vain attempt to shelter it. Its uncanny promise, its aspect attracted it and we begged our skipper to get near enough so that we might get a good picture. He seemed strangely conspicuous this time. A change of attitude which was explained when the darky who was evidently the skipper called out - "Hello Sam that you?" And our skipper replied succinctly - "That's me." After this exchange of courtesies he was more affably with the feeble instruments who had made this possible. The wind was contrary but after several efforts we were able to come along side enough to get one shot.

So many little islands dot Bosik's cove that our boat screened rather dreamily until we ~~made~~ rounded the Soney Hills and

came again into the quiet bay where there was scarcely enough breeze to move our

Queer gnarled cedars bent towards it

boat. The ~~man~~ came up close to the stern where the water was so clear that we could see far down

to the white sand

The Harbor side of Soney

The reflections went deep down and met the sandy bottom. The house was hidden by cedars and palms and we could only catch cool glimpses of white walls and roof. The hosts of Soney came down and waved to us and called to us across the still waters. By this time our boatman's respect was quite restored and by the time that he felt the anticipatory thrill of a petite benéfice he was almost expansive. Indeed he did extend so far as to remark presidentially that if we had need of him he would be willing to take us out again.

We made a good landing at the pier where other boats had already come in for the same rest. Others came in, sails were lowered and among there were half a dozen or more clustering about

the storm
landing, their
clouded sunset
muted grace.
fully against
the sky. The
wind had
gone down
as though it
too needed
a respite and
the sky began
to veil itself
in a soft
gray clouds.

The moonlight
nights are
very clear and
beautiful
and when
by chance
there is a
little breeze
just enough
to ruffle the
surface of the
water and to
fill the sails
and when
there is a
calmness in
the air then
we go out
after dinner. Slender masts against the sky

As we go down
to the pier we
certainly but in a friendly familiar way as if to say -
"The two are small and unsure of our existence"

voices ring
clear in the
still air - the
bumping of the
boat against
the pier echoes
with a hollow
round the
song of ~~the~~
a lonely oar-
man in a dis-
tant boat comes
distinctly over
the water.

We get in
and tuck the
steamer rug
about us and
in a minute
a heavy caten-
er, the boat
bends to it,
its bow cutting
through the
dark water
with a gleam
of white foam
above us the
stars shine
some large
and still
with steady
yellow light
others far
away and cold
and others
turning un-

He sail down the harbor past the town where
the lights are gleaming from the windows of white
houses and the hills beyond show little twinkling
spots of light through the black of the cedars.
The Cathedral tower stands out clear and looks
like an overturned table with its four legs stick-
ing up in the air. The "Dammien" has lights stream-
ing from every window and we can hear the broken
strains of a two step which sound like the intermittent
efforts of a dance man to dance.

Tied up to the wharf is the Halifax steamer getting ready to
sail at midnight for the West Indies. Yellow lights are
streaming from its port holes, the donkey engine creaks
dolorously and melodious daisy vines are heard sing-
ing out orders. The pass over the wavering reflec-
tions in the water and catching a stronger breeze
we sail out into the larger harbor where the emerald
islands look black against the steady water. Clouds
have come across the moon light, clouds that hint at
storms, but there is still a bright silver path down to
our boat. He grows silent for the beauty of the scene
enters into our hearts and night is voiceless and
needs
no empty
words
to say
its
praise.
Our
boat
glides
silently
along
with
nearly
the
round

of a ripple
The sail
is black
against
the sky
and we
are come
to the mys-
tic land
of night
and dreams
down the
silvery path
of moonbeams

Sailing down the silvery path

The last steamer brought us much joy for Mr. Clemens came back. This time no Pilot fairly conducted him but instead a black eyed black haired Italian looking little woman who wavers about him with the tender care of a mother and daughter combined. This is the little secretary of the King and my heart's doors were open for her to come in and she came in and will remain forever as Caranana. - Note Mr. Clemens and Caranana came a tall distinguished looking man with a fine cut profile and clear young complexion. It was Mr. Rogers, for his pictures in the newspapers have been too frequent for us to mistake him. The fourth of the party was Mr. Rogers' son-in-law Mr. Benjamin. Some after they came I had greeted them and since then life has been quite complete. They have a table next to ours in the dining room and we try to be at the table at the same time. This morning as mother and I sat in Mr. Clemens said - "Scots who has in Wallace blood" by which taken we knew that he was in high good humor. The evening before he had been very gay and we had tried to have him dance the cake walk for us. Mr. Rogers, Caranana and I had spent the evening together talking over the bringing up of children and other kindred topics. He is a charming gentleman with a fund of quiet humor that delights in his associating with Mr. Clemens. This morning we met after breakfast - Caranana, Mr. Rogers and I to organize a secret society. Mr. Clemens is prone to be easily led away by designing strangers. His heart is so kindly that he can never refuse to talk with those who address themselves to him and often he is unwarily drawn into amusing relationships. Our society is a sort of life saving organization.

When we see Mr. Clemens deeply engaged in conversation with a doubtful party, we shall go up to him and say - "Pardon me, but Mr. Rogers would like to speak to you immediately." Mr. Clemens who understands the phrase takes warning and discreetly withdraws. He had much amusement making up the laws and by-laws of the society and especially the provisions as regards the duty of the treasurer.

Later this morning Caranana and I sat on the veranda and I read to her from my book of the source of the "Garden". Suddenly she said "I must go and see if the King has come back." In a few minutes she returned with Mr. Clemens. I hastily hid my book but naughty Caranana said - "No, he has come to listen and you must read to him." I demurred. I said, "I would not dare, but in vain. I had to do it." As I read I felt that subtle something that tells one instantly how perfectly one is understood. He laughed together and we felt hushed at the same time - and when I was through the first chapter I held my breath. Mr. Clemens turned to me and his eyes were moist. He said - "It is very very beautiful - and I have been wondering what publisher would be worthy to publish such a gem." I cannot describe my feelings - joy and wonder - gratitude that it had reached his heart - and what greater joy is there than to know that another has understood.

Mr. Lynch later brought our talk to an end with the promise that there should be further readings. While at table Caranana sent this note to me - "Sorella mia - Could you see how deeply deeply moved the King was by your subtle beauties of phrasing? Or don't you know the plaintive creasing in his brow that indicate

his deep emotions? "Amanana" It has made the
 stormy rainy day one of rarest, brightest joy
 and I am so glad, so glad! ^{scribble}
 Mr. Clemens advises strongly ~~that~~ ^{scribble} ~~difficult~~
 and so, because they understand what is good!
 Dear me, I must be careful or I shall find
 myself taking myself seriously.



Mother, Margaret and I at the Quarry

The Quarry

It's the
 simplest
 thing
 in the
 world
 to build
 a house
 in Per
 much
 all you
 have to
 do is
 to buy
 a piece
 of land

The Quarry near the Princess

then dig away a few inches of earth and then
 cut out your stone - no not cut but saw it
 out. It's very soft and very white but when
 exposed to the air it turns gray and hardens
 a little. The blocks are raised just the right
 size then they are made into a house with the
 precision that you used when a child in
 building houses of blocks, and then cement
 is plastered over and your house is built!
 The quarries are charmingly picturesque
 and the one near the Princess looks
 like a nice clean old ruin. We often
 go there and sit in the sun when the day
 is cool and we need a place where there
 is a glare. Margaret, Mother and I
 took their stand there one day and it
 was difficult to move them. Sometimes

the Quarry looks like an ancient ruin and sometimes it looks like the burying place of our ancestors. Perhaps that's the reason it has such a fascination for mother - for she has a weakness for cemeteries and burial grounds. She is always cheerful when there even though at times she may seat herself for a moment of quiet meditation near a tomb-like structure.

He had been planning for some time to go to old Devonshire Church to read inscriptions there and sit under the shade of the oldest cedar tree in the island. One afternoon when the sun was shining brightly and all nature seemed to laugh at death and decay, and there was no such a thing as old age - Mother the little Secretary



At the Tomb of her Ancestors

and I



Devonshire Church
garnished. He peeped through the windows and saw the rows of uncomfortable pews white and stiff, the smooth old floor and the white washed walls. Everything was as clean and empty as the souls of some of the old Puritans who used to worship there. Outside the soft air was filled with fragrance



The Oldest Cedar

and I drove over the white roads to the old church. There it stood deserted but kept so nicely swept and

and with the songs of birds. Roses bloomed riotously and clambered all over the white tombstones which no longer bore any inscriptions for the soft stone had been effaced by the rains and the winds. Time had evidently decreed that here at least there should be no distinctions of rank or comparisons of virtue - all now lay under speechless headstones and we had no way of knowing whether we trod on the grave of a godly parent or of a godless son. It was infinitely more satisfactory so. The old cedar was a wonderful old tree centuries old and beamed and scored its raised its venerable trunk above the dead.

She seems to say "You-
wonderful tree, then
did you ever happen?"



and gave a meagre shade to the younger ^{upstarts} that could not yet attain its height. There were other trees of open and tangled branches



One that is leafless

The Twisted Tree

at this time of year spread out its twisted branches in an imploring attitude that gave promise of deep shade and coolness when the heat of summer should come. Near the old church there is the most wonderful tangle of morning glory - nearly a half acre of it growing all over the ground climbing up on the fences, covering the trunks of trees and smothering their tops with its clinging arms. The flowers bloom wide open all day long and gloat over the ground they cover.

Bermuda Homes

Bermudians are charmingly animated by the spirit of hospitality and we had many delightful glimpses of their home life. The houses usually stand far back from the road and show to the public only a pair of picturesque gate posts and a vanishing driveway shaded by palm cedars and the gorgeous bougainvillea. But if once you pass the gate posts and walk up through the driveway you will be met at the house by wide open doors and a hearty welcome. The good ladies of Craig Lippin asked us to call one afternoon soon after we came. They are true explorers - maidens and the youngest members at least 60 summers. Their father was an old Turk and kept them in seclusion for years never allowing a man to approach the house so they grew up unsophisticated in the most ladylike way. Then the father died & the only kindly act he ever committed the strange Miss Stuart had acquired.



Olive Hill.

definitively the spinster habit without hope of change. But they felt emancipated and they decided to show their fling - as they give tea and the curate comes and the doctor and many others and they all sit in cake and strong deadly tea. Then I arrived that afternoon I felt the atmosphere of revelry even out in the street for there was one carriage at the gate way. By the time I reached the verandah I was in a flutter of excitement for there were flowers on the verandah and sounds, subdued sounds to be sure, of voices came out through the shrubbery. The youngest Miss Stuart met me at the door and ushered me in to the fullest room I ever saw. This effect of fullness was produced by hundreds of pictures and ornaments on the wall. The enlarged photographs of presumably defunct navy and army relatives, winter pressed flowers, unsoldiered words of cheer-water colors of vivid scenes on land and sea. The room was also very full of furniture and it was with difficulty that we threaded our way to the opposite side of the room to where the eldest Miss Stuart was receiving perched perilously on a slip-



The Home of the Garrison Golf Club

a slip-
per
horm
Cofa -
I was
presented
to her
and
she re-
ceived
me with
soft and
stilled
flowers
that

belonged to another generation. The curate came to me and asked me if I would have some tea and brought it to me with the deference of one long accustomed to such functions. The china was so delicate that I felt I must use extraordinary care in handling it, and at the same time that I must converse in words of exceeding length and absolute appropriateness. I also had to use caution and skill to keep on the hair cloth sofa at the right angle. I felt transported to a genteel Cranford and suddenly became conscious of being naturally a loud blatant person who must strive to modulate later day tendencies in order not to shock the atmosphere by a social earthquake. Despite these unbursts laid upon me I enjoyed the angel cake and the Behrman Devil cake and chatted with the curate and strived to commit no social error and was inwardly filled with intensest enjoyment.

At Olive Hill where all the furniture is at



A little house on a hill

least 200 yrs old stored in the same lovely hospitality and the atmosphere there is tinged with the faded rose of bygone triumphs. For the white haired ladies who now reign there were no famous belles and music and dancing the bright cheer of uniforms and the tinkling laughter of soft Persian train voices were often heard from the house on the hill. One day I asked the beautiful white haired widows to tell me something of the past gayety and

A Bit of Venice

idea? I was a great answer, for I had fellow hair in those days and I was very slender. I looked at the gracious lady a little about, with her crown of beautiful white hair as she held up to view with no little pride the costume she

she showed me a wonderful deep costume which she once wore to a masked ball. "I went as Rose-dire" she said. "We were always rather ingenious about getting up costumes my sister and I" and you know some had to be here on the island where we could get very much. At this time we wanted to make an impression for there were then none of war in the harbor and the ball was to be a very gay one. They father fastidiously but was the handsome and that's what gave me my

had worn on the night of her triumph. It was faded, now, and yellow, but the wonder of it was still there - a skirt of fish scales, once all beautiful shell pink, each scale sewed separately on to rose net - a bodice as small that we wondered at the slender waist - made also of the fish scales - a mantle of fish net over which were scattered dainty starfish shells and lacy sea weed - how it was all yellow and faded, but we almost say the beautiful thing of long ago as we looked at the white haired lady turning it over lovingly in her hands, and dreaming of the scenes of long ago. "They asked me seven different times to wear it" she said reminiscently.

The Princes of Hamilton and his wife are the most hospitable souls imaginable. They throw open their big house on the hill to the invading American and serve him strawberries and cream with a prodigality that startles us until we remember that it is winter in Bermuda and that strawberry beds are bearing luxuriantly.

From the upper piazza of this house one can look on both seas, which is picturesque language for I mean the English on one side and the sea on the other. Then the sun shines the wonderful colors of the water baffle all description and words utterly fail.



The King as we all lovingly call him has the magic power of evoking affection and love as well as admiration and wonder. His eternal youthfulness, his beautiful generosity and his simple unceasingness are a daily joy and inspiration. Like all true Kings he scatters blessings about him and we are, more often than we deserve, the happy recipients. The other day three English Cruisers came into the harbor and soon after there came the following letter to the King.

H. M. S. Berry - Fourth Cruiser Squadron
March 5th 1905

Dear Doctor Clemens:

The King
I understand we are cousins; and in a closer sense than that you are American and I English. Your dear mother is sister to my (some) dearer mother! I am jealous that my alma mater was fore-

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stalled by Oxford in adopting you.

I regret also that the exigencies of "the service" prevented my being in Oxford - in fact England - to assist those who desired to do you honour.

Think you that we might "square yards" in some way? ^{May I suggest a way?} What if you did us the honour to lunch on board the Cressy on Monday or Tuesday? Does that appeal to your sense of humour? If not will you let it touch that whole hearted generosity of yours and come? He won't ask you to say anything funny but will, if you will honour us, show you as much of the ship as you might wish to see and do our best not to bore you too much. I have a confession to make - my conscience compels me. Here it is: Fleet Surgeon Finlayson and I made a pilgrimage yesterday to your present shrine to do homage. He had one golden opportunity when you were smoking your after breakfast cigar

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on the Terrace of the hotel, but being the subject of a shy race - or let me say the kindest of our kind, we refrained from taking advantage of your only moment of isolation to attack you and achieve the object of our visit.

If Finlayson and I have caught you in a really generous mood and you will design to honour us by coming to lunch on Monday or Tuesday, either Finlayson or I will come up in our steamboat to fetch you on board: and should you wish to bring your secretary or other male friend we shall be pleased to see him. Further, should your party include any ladies and children who might like to see the ship we should be very pleased to send a boat for them about 3.30 P.M. if they will give us the pleasure of their company at tea on board.

Our ordinary mess lunch is at 12 o'clock but if you would prefer (as I think it

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probably) a smaller party and later hour
please command me.

Lest my signature give you a start please
note that the address is not Poets Corner
Westminster Abbey! I am only a very un-
worthy collateral descendant of the Poet.
I must apologize for the length of this
invitation. My excuse is that it is not so
much an invitation as a humble petition
from two

Grateful admirers-in-chief
H. H. Finlayson &
John Gay

P.S. I have made arrangements for some
one to call at the Hotel office this evening
in case you may have an answer for me
by then.

Of course the King went to luncheon
and we all went to tea. The neat
little launch came for us and we



The Cruiser of H. R. M.

went quickly over the blue waters of the
harbor, past the little islands and through
the narrow channels, boldly touched the
great floating dry dock and finally drew
up alongside H. M. S. Cressy. The little chap-
lain was at the head of the ladder to greet
us and so was Fleet Surgeon Finlayson
and so were three other officers detached
to entertain us. The were taken down
to the Captain's rooms where tea was
spread out for us. The little Chaplain
had a hospitable eye as well as a
gracious pen and the happy gift of

speech so that he made a royal good
 host. Mr. Mulayson as became his more
 serious name was not so charmingly effe-
 recent but his kindly gravity com-
 pleted the perfection of our hosts. As
 was to be foreseen the Little Chaplain
 and the Little Secretary felt a sym-
 pathy for each other and seemed
 to be constantly carrying on a duo which was
 cruelly interrupted by the duties of
 host. After tea and the ac-
 companying dan-
 ces had been press-
 ed upon us we
 were taken all
 over the ship.
 The young girls
 and the two you-
 gest officers I
 ever saw were



The Duo

in ecstasies of delight while the Chap-
 lain and the rest including the Little
 Lady were equally moved but more self-
 controlled at the sight of a big gun's
 mechanism, or when wireless messages
 were explained.

The glimpse we had of life on board
 while it filled us with proper respect
 and awe yet filled us at the same
 time with thankfulness for what we
 were not. On the Cressy were about
 six hundred men and we happened to
 see them at roll call as they stood



The Octette

Off on Shore Leave

in straight military lines on the forward deck - Then the shore leave men scrambled down into their boats, held up their oars in perfect vertical lines, dropped them at the word of order and rowed off cheerily to have a respectable English regatta for staid Hamilton. He paid the officers the compliment of taking their pictures in a group with some of their guests, then we took leave of them, went as gracefully as possible down the ladder and into the launch, waved lingering farewells to the grey old cruiser.

The King's Aquarium

One of the many beautiful things about the King is his love for little girls. If a child of ten or twelve happens to be anywhere within the radius of his glance he is inevitably sure of seeing her. Then begins the most delightful flirtation. The King nods - if that is not effective he beckons with his hand, and sometimes he goes up to the child and makes a remark that seems to continue a conversation broken off at some remote period. He is nearly always sure to win their hearts and the most familiar sight is to see him playing cards or billiards with a Margaret, or an Irene or a Dorothy. Irene was his second love down here - a pretty graceful child who did not fully ap-

preciate what it was. A wonderful thing was happening to her.

The King loved to start off with her in the donkey cart

The King and the Angel Fish

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as he had done with Margaret before and amble out the road to Spanish Point with the Dean and the Secretary or other faithful subjects walking behind or before according to the pace set by autocratic Maude.

One lovely morning we were lured to go very slowly for there were so many beautiful things to

The King and his Throne
look at and the King was in fine form and told us many an inviolable tale. While coming back the Rajah and Prince Benjamin met us driving haughtily in a hired carriage. He made them dismount and the Rajah and the Dean were told to get into the donkey cart. This we did and before starting on our mad career the Secretary took a shot at us. Despite the Dean's efforts Maude could not be made to see the advantage of going rapidly and when we came to the hill in front of the hotel she stopped completely and

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a Family Party

and gave and we dashed up to the front entrance in fine style amid the cheers of guests. Unfortunately as we was there with a Rodak and so the picture must remain only in our memories. But I have wandered away from the King's Agnarium which will very have to be another story.

went down on her front knees. The Dean suggested descending from the cart but the Rajah had a happier plan which was to call the King to our aid and make him push the cart up the hill. This was done and Maude encouraged by the sympathetic friend in the rear picked up her long



Indecision

The King and the Rajah

One day as the Rajah came in to the dining room in his slow manner, the King who was already seated at the table said: - "There he comes just like Gibbs' lighthouse staff and tall turn ing his lights from side to side". The king's simile was perfect in a way and I never afterwards saw the Rajah bearing down upon us without seeing the resemblance. The Rajah and the King love each other dearly and manifest their affection by abusing each other whenever the occasion offers, and when it doesn't making the opportunity themselves. Our favorite amusement of an evening is to play hearts and the Secretary who always keeps score writes our names thus, The Author, The Rajah, The Dean, The Secretary. The Author usually prefaces the game by saying to the Rajah in a tone of kindly remonstrance

"Now I hope you are not going to show your disagreeable disposition tonight - do try to show us some pleasant sides of your character". The Rajah with a perfectly serene face replies in the same vein and this is kept up throughout the evening as skillfully that the Secretary and the Dean never grow weary, on the contrary they are convulsed with silent mirth. - They - the King and the Rajah - both hold to the theory that the other would be a hope- less outcast were it not for his regenerat ing influence and they assume a high moral tone when they reason with one another. Sometimes however there is a sweet gravity in their intercourse and that is at such moments when the King reads McBu- dwe's Prayer and the Rajah listens with a moisture in his eye to the wonderful ring of Kipling's verse and the beautiful pathos of the King's voice.

The Eclipse of the King

At Prospect Park

Prospect Park has many charms, the greatest of which is the prevalence of scarlet military coats, for Prospect is the garrison and not to go to at least one function at Prospect is to be hopelessly civilian which is another term for plebeian. I see Prospect colored with many joys and I'm grateful to the same Government who have been fit to retain one regiment there. To be sure the one regiment is sorely in need of padding but what are numbers when among the officers are the witty Major D. the handsome dashing A.D.C. the kindly Colonel and the appealing childlike subalterns? One of my first visits to Prospect was when the officers gave a play. The Hastings girls asked me to go and when I inquired with feminine prudence, "what shall I wear?" they promptly replied - "Evening dress". They called for me in an open carriage and the wind was blow-

ing furiously with an occasional gust of rain by way of variety. They wore heavy veils and rain coats.



The Trooping of the Colors

A Bermudian belle is always ready for the worst.



He drove up the steep hill to the gymnasium - a low wooden building very barn like in appearance.

The Buglers

and filled with rows of frail looking chairs which were already occupied by a gay throng. Our host, a trim little officer greeted us and we were seated on the front row in the full glare of the unshaded foot lights and in the full glare of the orchestra. The Governor-General popped up graciously from his seat and came over to talk to us. He is very kind and fatherly. Different officers came and with each one my pretty watercolor murmured a name and then absorbed the attention of the newcomer. The conversation was carried on almost entirely without vowels but the occasional consonants conveyed to me the general subjects of discussion which always seemed to be a foursome, or a threesome, or a sail or a ride. Then the entertainment began. There were songs and recitations of various kinds which all had an in-

prompter earless air as though thought of a moment before. The great act however was a farce. Devereux with an E. They acted it with a peculiarly British conception of humor and the delicate climax was when the part of a young woman was taken by a stalwart young lieutenant. There was apparently no artistic reason for this but the subtlety of the idea seemed to the audience the sublime of the ridiculous and there were such spasms of applause and laughter that the play had to stop for awhile.



The Moon and the Sun

One of the delights of Sunday in Bermuda is to go to Prospect to hear the band. The truly pious go to the church services and watch the red coated soldiers come in and take their places in the in-

King, Rev. Dr. Self at
Prospect Church

comfortable little chairs. The church is a long narrow house built of wood and covered with corrugated iron, which gives it a peculiarly unchurchly aspect and seems to hint at necessity for fireproof arrangements. The guests may sit in the few rows in the back. The chaplain is a kindly man who refrains from

speaking of the wrath to come and confines himself to brave encouraging words to these lads so far from home. The responses ring out clearly and the singing in deep masculine tones sounds particularly ^{bold} ~~big~~ in the soft balmy air to our ears. The last words are spoken and the scarlet audience streams out on either side, and I cannot for the life of me keep from thinking of flames of fire and the smother. However they melt away and scatter to reassemble on the green sward of the Park - now they are not in vivid blocks of colored but whirled

with the variegated dress of ladies. Soon the band gathers under a clump of cedars and the lovely strains ~~ring~~ ~~down~~ sound sweeter and softer because we can at the same time see the wonderful color of sky and see and feel the gentle air upon our cheeks. He went with the King two or three times. The last time Caranaha the King and I went together. He wore a little hat and as we wound our way from the carriage over toward a grassy place cameras and glances were turned on the King, for wherever he goes he is the object of attack. He spread a rug on the grass and sat down. There was something subtle in the air that made us at the same time exuberant and sad. One moment we laughed to tears at the awkward antics of a fat baby and a lank puppy and the next were touched by the deep strains of a beautiful composition. The fat baby was evidently the direct lineal descendant of the drummer for he lunged from time to time in his direction and laid violent but unsteady hold on his legs. Indeed all those legs of the standing band had a wonderful attraction for the fat baby and when the puppy's charms called she would stand by her unhappy father for awhile looking contemptuously at the dark forest before her and then she would reel and totter and disappear among the legs to be hauled ignominiously out when the number was over.

West Indian Pepper-Pot

Our hostess was beautiful, there was no denying that, and she would have been going wild if it not been for a tall son whose presence imperiously denied anything less than a regal bearing. She was very fat and few there were who could resist her. Added to all this was the fact that at her was concocted the best Pepper made on the island no one could resist her. She was not a Peer but fourteen winters had seen come to the Happy Isles so she was an adopted daughter. There was no husband visible and there was a little restless look of unfulfillment about her eyes and mouth that gave grounds for reservation. The laughing lady told



The Pepper Pot Party

me that
Pepper
Pot
was
best
on
Sun-
day
it was
a battle



The Rajah and The Dean after Pepper Pot

dish and its origin was cloathed in deepest mystery. It takes three or four days to cook Pepper Pot but when it is done it is a worthy creation. Dark rich, heterogeneous, with an unanalysable flavor apparently mild until you are half through when it begins to burn insidiously, first your tongue then your palate, then your throat and then you feel gently aflame. It is not a wholly unpleasant sensation and we all ate bravely. Mr. Clemens remarked when the silence of discovery had first fallen upon us - This would be a very

good dish if it had a little Pepper in it" - and we all smiled merrily and furtively wiped our eyes. It may have been the Pepper Pot or it may have been the strong coffee which we sipped out on the broad verandah overlooking the harbor, but we were all in a very uplifted mood. While at coffee we were joined by Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon who when she was presented to Mr. Clemens said very rapidly something like this "Yes, I'm Josephine Dodge Daskam. I write stories about children, I've been married three years and have two and I was at your birthday party" - Mr. Clemens looked mildly but courteously surprised whereupon the reputed clever writer added - "You always ask me why, I am when I meet you, so I thought I would tell you" - I noticed that despite her efforts to be charming she King avoided her. The King had a wonderful way of suddenly disappearing, of slipping into space, of melting into a misty background when he wishes to escape a person who bores him, that is the perfection of art. Sometimes when circumstances prevent this disappearance of his physical self he nevertheless absents himself mentally, so that the undesirable

one feels at all
once that he is
talking to the air.
answering air.

Virtual the King
remains courteous
and dignified and
never for an in-
stant conveys the
thought of rudeness.
Indeed I have
never seen him
angry or impatient
except when he
cannot find a
match box in his
pocket or when
his waitress lingers
too long in bringing
his breakfast. Then

The Illusive King
then he is simply whimsical in his wrath.
The great disturbances find him calm and
philosophical.

One evening Caramana said, "The King is
going to read Kipling tonight" and I
felt I was to have a new experience.
He had not come down to dinner for he is
very abstemious and when he has been
out to tea anywhere he seldom follows
it by a dinner. At about nine we went
up to his room, the Rajah, Caramana
and I. He was still in his white clothes
of the day and was lying on the bed
with the light from the gas shining
down on his crown of silver hair and
making it gleam and glisten like
fortified turrets. He gathered about
him and he began, after some discussion
on the morals of the Rajah, with the
Mary Gloster. The King has a marvelous
dramatic talent. He reads slowly - too
slowly the Rajah opines, but he gives
to every word its real meaning. We
could see the violent old man lying
on his death bed undaunted by the
thought of the end, pouring bitter cur-
ses on his worthless son's head and at
the same time thrilling with his sub-
limely poetic purpose. The tender
beauty of the King's voice when the old
man spoke of his one dear love made
Caramana and me weep openly, while

the Rajah sat up more sternly than ever and blinked his eyes hard and pulled fiercely at his cigar. Once the King's voice broke utterly and there was a silence that struck deep into our hearts. Then we had Mr. Andrews hymn and the King's voice rang out triumphantly in the song of the steam. Soldier and Sailor too swept us out to visions of the sea and men who died at their posts, while we laughed with delight with the swing of the Goliath and finally felt the note of piercing homesickness in Mandalay and The that has been where I've been.

It was a wonderful experience in that little bare hotel room, with the sea sighing outside and the orchestra downstairs grinding out halting unrecognizable music whose strains reached us not at all from Heaven! There

Disciplining the Rajah



in the midst of the noise and turmoil of a resort hotel we were listening to the marvelous interpretation of a great soul by an equally great soul. The King threw himself into the expression of the pulsing vibrant sentiments with utter abandonment and consummate art and we sat spell bound for we knew

we were in the presence of a great and rare manifestation. This was but once, and we were to have the experience again and again. And always the King read with the same intensity, the same fire the same joy.

One evening Mother was able to be present and defending Chloe Tomlinson for her delectation. It was a wonderful

right to me these two types each so beautiful in ways so utterly different. The King, who had seen the world in all its phases of sin and pleasure of joy and sorrow and who had come out of it with a nature so sweet a philosophy so profound and a heart so full of youthful gaiety. And another sitting with her pose of an Duchess, the young look in her eyes, her finely chiselled face over which was a happy look of expectancy. Both had lived the same number of years, almost. She as protected ^{from} he as exposed to their storms - and now he was to read Tomlinson to her. I shall not say that she enjoyed it. Some of the experiences had not that refinement that she loved, but if she did not approve of Kipling she gave full credit of forgive to the one who read him. The King she never criticized unfavorably. Then after Tomlinson we had some of our old favorites and she felt relieved.

Another evening the King read Helen Keller's articles now running in *Harper's* and every now and then he would interrupt himself to comment on

some phase of Helen's personality. The Rajah had known Helen for a long time and he too added his observations. Not so very long before Helen had been in New York and had spent an evening at 21 Fifth Ave. The King described how she came in to the room first with short quick bird like steps, her head a little on one side as though trying to catch sounds. Her sensitiveness to vibrations is so keen that when someone in an adjoining room was playing softly on the piano she stopped suddenly in her conversation and said "some one is playing -" naming the piece correctly.

One never to be forgotten evening the King told me to come to his room at nine and we would read from his *Mosses*. That was again a new experience - and this time he read of his little girl friends charming sketches of Dorothy and Margaret of his first meeting with them of their quaint sayings. One time he said to Dorothy "Dear (to hear Mr. Clemens say Dear to one of his little girls was never to forget the wealth of affliction in that one syllable). I love you so that I think I really would will have to eat you up!" And Dorothy responded quick as a flash - "Oh don't, Mr. Clemens, you would



By the Sea Waves

The boy grew tired being but seven years old and finally he

miss me so!

Another time at breakfast Dorothy was eating her egg and Mr. Clemens began by saying - "This egg a wonderful thing, so curiously made, so marvelously constructed - I wonder how it all came about." And Dorothy - "Why they just made to keep here busy."

How the King chuckled over her quirkiness and how he loved to hear really good stories of children. I remember one time a gentleman told him a story of a small boy who was given some money to hold while the

owner went in swimming. The boy grew tired being but seven years old and finally he

a sudden burst of impatience he flung the money into the water exclaiming - "Go h - with your money." I didn't hear the story told originally but it was referred to in my presence and the King spoke with more than usual emphasis - saying - "When Mr. F. told that story with many silly chuckles and choked with the humor of it I felt a positive contempt for him - There isn't the first element of humor in the story - it is simply tragic."

The King told me one day of a story he had written but would not yet publish called the "Mysterious Stranger". In it the Gods and Angels come to Earth from time to time to feel the joy of human emotions, for in their world they cannot feel the sweet intensity of human love, or the mad passion of revelry in sin. To each one there was his duplicate on earth. When I asked him when he would publish it he said - "not yet not yet - I must wait for some to die."

Another evening he read a searching article on the use of pain - or rather on the uselessness of it.

There were wonderful evenings!



An old house at St. George

The day we drove to St. George it was windy and rainy, and part of the time we were forced to keep the hood up and the curtains over us. The road led us at first past familiar sights, the north shore, Harrington Sound, Dailey's Bay, Francatis, but after awhile we went out





Bougainvillea

The Coral Reefs

We had put off going to the coral reefs, as long as possible, because that was one of the prescribed things, one of the sights, and we were all constitutionally opposed to sights. However public sentiment was too strong and we finally succumbed. He had to go in the public boat but it was fortunately nearly empty and so we had it practically to ourselves. Mr. & Mrs. Freeman went, the King, the Rapih, Caranana and I. It was a perfectly glorious afternoon and the sun brought out all sorts of unexpected lights on the water. We went past the islands winding in and out to find our channel and out to the tongue of land that forms Somerset. There we found a very thin narrow place which had been bridged over. Two men were on the bridge ready to turn a sort of a windlass and the bridge began to turn slowly around so that we could pass. We thought we were going out into deep sea water, but on this side the reef stretched treacherously out for over a mile and was betide the vessel who drifted on to them. These reefs gave to the water wonder-

ful changing hues - now a brilliant pale green, now a yellow, now a purple. - They were in patches here and there and in between were fathomless pools of deep set blue. When we had reached the proper place we left the big boat and got into a ~~small~~ large glass bottomed row boat. Mr. Clemens could not be persuaded to go. He had seen coral reefs at Nassau. But the rest of us went. And we sat around the glass box, well bent over entranced by what we saw. Sometimes we scraped over marvelous gardens of slender coral trees, fan shaped slowly waving growths purple and deep red with here and there a white coral skull gleaming on the whiter sand. - Then all at once the garden would slip away from under us and we were looking deep deep down into a wonderful bathing place for mermaids with jagged picturesque rocks along the side over which hung clinging sea weed. - We leaned over until our backs ached and we had exhausted all our vocabulary - and then we rowed back to the boat resolved to make Mr. Clemens regret what he had missed. - He didn't succeed! On the return trip Mr. Rogers and I

began matching pennies, for the sake of passing the time, and the most absurd run of luck pursued me, so that before I knew it I had won from him four shillings. The rest had gathered around to see the fun and the great financier felt almost worried. Finally, smitten with shame at my good fortune, and feeling the wickedness of continuing such a course I declared that my conscience would no longer permit me to go on. I was even strong enough to endure the gibes of the others and pocketed my four shillings with a sense of having overcome temptation! It was almost sunset when we came back to the pier and we waited for a moment there to see the sun set in its glory. It had been such a happy care free afternoon and the sense of comradeship had grown and deepened. Happy Ireland where the atmosphere is so clear and the air so gentle that pretence and sham are with our consent abandoned and we can know each other in all simplicity!

Over the Loney Hills

One morning the King had been taken in hand by some designing friends and left the rest of us deploring his absence. The Rajah felt it incumbent upon him to suggest some form of diversion and as the only forms are a drive or a sail he was inspired to suggest the former. Caranaya and I were asked to accompany him and then I suggested a drive over the Loney Hills. The hosts of Loney had many times suggested that we take this drive

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[Taken by Mr. Ashcroft, February, 1908]



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