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travel cont.

From Hong Kong we went up to Canton, where we saw the old China, ~~which has since so amazingly changed~~ which since so amazingly changed. Pigtails, right down to the waste, were general, and now and then one saw a woman walking on tiny feet, almost no feet at all. These were high class women, whose lives were ruined by the ancient custom of foot-binding. Its disappearance must have been a revolution. One of the sights was the set of rooms where examinations ~~had been~~ were held ~~for years~~. There were long passages in the open air, with tiny compartments on each side, where the examinees were locked, so as to avoid cribbing. There were quite aged men, still trying to qualify to be mandarins. With the rest of our party of visitors, we were also taken to the prison, where we passed through rooms, where savage-looking men carried immense wooden collars, such that they could not get through the open door. These collars were built round their necks, and there stayed for months on end. This sort of thing formed part of the attraction which a party of tourists were taken to see. I suppose that not many people are still alive, who saw that old China as I did.

~~Unfortunately our time only allowed glimpse of China by an excursion to Canton from Hongkong, but we had six weeks in Japan~~ We had 6 weeks in Japan and were and ~~were~~ lucky in meeting the well-known mountaineering missionary, Walter Weston, owing to whom we visited remote parts, and were the first Europeans to climb a mountain which Weston was exploring for Murray's Guide Book, to Japan, and did another record in climbing Fuji earlier in the year than any recorded climb.

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TRAVEL Before Noel's definitely political journeys began, each one with some enquiries to be made into labour-problems, or misgovernment and so on, he followed the common custom of the day in enjoying a period of travel as an educational experience. "If my Father's object was to make me grow up quicker, he did a wise thing in asking the Truman directors to give me long leave in 1892. I was keen to see New Zealand, probably moved by my Father's interest in Imperial Federation. I decided to concentrate on New Zealand and Japan. Fortunately I stopped in Australia on the way out, because this played an important part in my Father's decision to take an Australian Governorship later on. Harry O'Rorke came with me,and we also visited Ceylon, South India, South China, Canada, and the United States. In all these countries I found th ings deeply thrilling. I had previously been a Conservative, and deeply attached to the ideal of benevolent squirearchy. In the Dominions it was a delightful novelty to find all the people (e.g. in the train) ready and able to talk to anyone else, and I realised how deplorable it is that in England one tenth of the men are cut off from the other nine-tenths as far as social life goes. This agreeably undermined my Conservative ideals.

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from/

Empire in the sense of ruling weaker people; but in those days it was unusual for travel in the Empire to turn a Tory into a Radical.

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We returned from New Zealand to Sydney and then sailed for China. We spent part of every morning making balls with string for playing cricket in the cool evening. A great many balls went overboard, but a good many were stopped by a screen consisting of the bodies of Chinese steerage-passengers whom we employed to stand for the purpose along the bulwarks. They appeared quite as indifferent to cricket-balls as San Sebastian was to the arrows. If these Chinamen had been forced or pressed by us to make themselves into a cricket net, I ought to record the fact with shame, but as far as I remember they placed themselves along the bulwarks of their accord in order to watch the game, and the violent contact of the cricket-ball seemed to cause them

them/
no discomfort whatever.

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Murray's/

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We did another record in climbing Fuji earlier in the year than any recorded ascent. The Japanese never ascended the mountain until the priests had made arrangements for pilgrims in July when the snow had gone. Therefore when we went up in April, our coolies refused to come further than a hut where we sheltered for two nights during a typhoon. the third day we went on alone. There were still many thousand feet to climb on soft snow, and from the top we glissaded down the other side of the mountain, so that we never returned to the village from which we had started. Soon afterwards Japanese papers had an account of the Britishers who had ignored the warnings and dared the spirits of the mountain. They had perished in the typhoon and it served them right. They were presumed to be British because that people had a taste for foolishly running into danger.

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ch V.
Travel

CHAPTER V. TRAVEL

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It seems odd that one should learn humanity from the Japanese, but I certainly did so. The Buddhists object to the taking of life, and we came across a case where some Japs, who objected to foreigners shooting pigeons, were ~~cruelly~~ crudely lectured by certain missionaries on the absurdity of their objection to killing. I may have had occasional qualms previously about shooting, but they had not interfered with my intense interest in it or other sports; and it was certainly the Japs who made me decide

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I think it is extraordinary that the inhumanity of leaving birds and animals to a painful time with broken legs or perforations of bits of lead in their organs should strike so few people who have been brought up to ignore it. The odd thing is that when one takes the ordinary view one feels no compunction in watching the eye of a hare, or perhaps a deer, losing its brilliance as it slowly dies. It is also a paradox that sporting

men are far more developed in the way of care for animals, (dogs and horses) than other people. I wonder that such people as Uncle Charles and the Liberator, who were very reflective, did not see things as I do, but I do realize that I lost a great deal in giving up sport, and I have hesitated to urge my view strongly on my own boys, because I see what, e.g., Mick might lose if he gave up sport. My point is that my revolutionary change to anti-blood sport views were due to the Japs.

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Duplicate

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Cut for correction

See page 79.

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Round about Ararat

ARMENIA.

One fine evening in the autumn of 1913, I took a drive out from Erivan, the Russian town near Ararat, to see the Armenian villages in the Araxes valley. The plain, that would be arid waste without irrigation, has here come to look like the rich land one sees in Belgium from the Berlin express, small farms intersected with cypresses like Lombardy poplars; but here, in place of wheat and cabbages, they are growing vines, rice and cotton. The presence of orchards - mulberry or peach - is denoted by high mud walls along the road. As we moved further, the walls became continuous, and ripe apricots and quinces leaned over them. Water-courses lined our route on each side, feeding the roots of a double row of poplars. At intervals the wall was pierced by the windows of the farmer's house, flat-roofed, and at this season quaintly surmounted by stacks of corn. Old-fashioned mud dwellings were yielding here and there to new fronts of stone, finely dressed. Big doorways at the side gave a glimpse of yards and verandahs; well-heads; great earthen jars; and further on the orchard, with the raised wooden sleeping-platforms used in the hot Araxes Valley. In time the holdings became so thick as to give the effect of a continuous village, an unending community of picturesque market-gardeners - every man happy under his vine and his fig-tree.

As we travelled Southward, and the sun sank Westward, Ararat, flanked with sunset colour, dominated the world below. Ararat is higher than Mont Blanc, and standing alone it towers uniquely. Yet there is something specially restful about its broad shoulders of perpetual snow. With the soaring quality of Fuji it combines a sense of holding, up there, a place of repose:

> The high still dell
> Where the Muses dwell,
> Fairest of all things fair.

Winnowers were using the last daylight on the green; a man was washing a horse after the burning day, standing shoulder deep in the stream; buffaloes walked sedately home from their bath, shining like black velvet. The day's work was ending, and we now kept passing family groups sitting at the doorway. Here a boy was playing with a tame hawk; there a father, in most un-English fashion, held in his arms the baby.

The houses now became continuous, and shops appeared, wine-presses; forges; agricultural machines; Russian gendarmes gossiping outside the inn; waggon-builders and copper pot makers. The slanting sun displayed a kaleidoscope of industry neither ~~not~~ primitive nor ~~and not~~ capitalist - human economy at its most picturesque stage of development.

We halted to see the village priest, whose son was a student at St. Petersburg University. As we sat in his

balcony, the hum of village voices and movements arose above the gathering stillness of nature.

To the right of Ararat stretched the line of hills which forms the present Russo-Turkish frontier. Upon this horizon the sun set. It was a memorable combination - the eternal snow one associates with the North, framed with the glowing brilliance of the Southern sun. Byron was within the mark when he wrote of that sun -

> Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light.

There is something more than that. Those who have watched the white flames of a smelting furnace, and still more those who have climbed to its rim on a dark night, can picture something of the effulgence that streamed up from behind that blackening line of the mountains - an effulgence quite correctly described as 'molten'.

The traveller who goes East will experience other pleasures besides the viewing of magnificient scenery; he will find the charm and colour of a primitive social order.

ARMENIA.

The traveller goes East to seek the charm and colour of a primitive social order - all that varied beauty that is destroyed by 'civilisation'. Go and watch, for instance, an Oriental bazaar. The soul must be dead which does not wish to preserve such things; but you must be an artist to picture them. I will venture only to name what lives in the memory.

The winding narrow road, lined with shops, is roofed over with brick domes built in close succession. Between them are arches to support the weight, built with an exquisite curve - the Tudor arch, but less flattened. As you near the end of this tunnelled thoroughfare, the arches, catching the increasing light, stand out with extraordinary effectiveness from the intervening shadows.

The Turkish builders, and still more the Persian, delight in brick vaulting, and each dome between the arches is a masterpiece. It is pierced with a hole for air and light, through which a shaft of sunlight strikes down. These shafts, turning the dusty air to gold, give an effect which quite deludes the newcomer. Against the deep shade in which the dust is not visible, they appear to be solid yellow columns supporting the roof. How well ~~True here is~~ Meredith's simile - "Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine."

The world of men below is worthy of the setting. The crowd, dressed with an infinity of colour, streams along. The shops, fully open to the street, are unobscured by glass. A whole shop-front, solid with fruit, provides a splash of colour even more brilliant than the dresses of men. No wheeled traffic subdues the sound of voices. One hears the footsteps of men, horses, donkeys - even the soft thud of the camel. A whole quarter is devoted to handicrafts. On the same spot the article is made and sold. Nailmakers ply their tiny forge, two of them hammering deftly in turn at the same glowing metal. Weavers are weaving carpets and selling them then and there. It is an exhibition which the Home Arts Society might envy; a vision of applied arts as they ought to be; ~~fine work in point of efficiency, economic enough for real needs; aesthetically simpler and sounder than ours.~~ its aesthetic simplicity and classic air of but already its existence is threatened by the completion of the factory.

Look back under the vaulted brickwork, lit from the open end of the bazaar with hollow sunlight, and ask yourself: "Must it all go? Must this road be fifty feet wide with tram-lines and taxis?"

Its charm throws your sympathy dead against reform. But think the matter out further. Must civilisation be without what is good in this bazaar? No wholly. The West It is recovering its senses. Mechanicalism will be driven from our art, both fine and applied. The ugliness of factoryism itself is yielding already to smoke-consumers, electric power, and garden cities. Lovely old streets and buildings will be treasured when town

planning becomes efficient. Moreover, unreformed government is no security for their preservation. In Turkey they are already scarce. The picturesque features of village life indeed remain, but so they do in lands decently governed, like India and Ceylon.

And socially (which matters more for it affects more people) what does this mediaeval bazaar imply? A state of poverty and insanitation that will very soon obtrude on you; dirt, smells, starved horses, savage villages, drought, diseases unknown in the West, beggar-children whose half-blinded eyes haunt the memory. ~~Even aesthetically, it means~~ It means rags, hovels, women veiled and downtrodden. The beauty of this bazaar is the rarefied product of a world of tears. Orderly rule would banish many miseries, and yet preserve what is really beautiful.

~~Such were the reflections prompted by travel in Mahommedan countries before the Great war.~~ Reflections such as these rose often in my mind as I rode thro Turkish Anatolia & I had not conquered in Turkish country

'Pro-Turkism', as we knew it, personified at its best in the late Lord Percy, appealed to material British interests and friendly sentiments for old allies. It found a following mainly among those who, while seeking a rational argument, are really swayed by an instinct - the admirable instinct embodied in Lord Melbourne's question, "Why can't you let it alone?" But the defence of Turkey, if it was to succeed, must base itself on a principle worth the name. Such a principle is

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What was to be said on the other side? It ~~is~~ was urged by most Christians that not only were these cheering signs negative and trifling, but that the situation was positively worse than of old. It was worse in this way, that liberty had been tasted (after the revolution the Kurds feared possible punishment, and desisted from crime) and was now lost. It was worse in that blessed Young Turks were more intelligent than old ones, and the danger of permanent subjection was, therefore, greater. Again, the

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The onlooker who sought an answer to the question, "Ought Europe to intervene?" might well arrive at one answer or the other. Both views of such a problem was justified, more especially to the traveller in Turkey, where one of the strangest features was the juxtaposition of good and bad. Scenes of peace which would elsewhere indicate order, were immediately succeeded by evidence of chaotic insecurity. Peasants who ~~protested~~ complained to your gendarme that your driver had taken their corn and refused to pay ~~protested~~ as if all the machinery of justice were at their disposal, were the next moment ridden down and flogged as if flogging were the gendarme's habitual amusement. There was no system; there was only a capricious freedom for privileged classes. Thus, unless he enquired closely and had means of knowing the people, an observer might, according to the hazard of his experience, with equal honesty defend the Turkish regime or condemn it.

Certain facts, however, forbade the rational critic to 'sit on the fence'.

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The Armenians, whose favourable opinion of Young Turks at the time of their brilliant <u>coup d'etat</u> justified the support

given to Young Turks in England and France, saw now that the possession of power destroyed their progressive ideals and revived their native chauvinism. The best hope for young Turkey lay in the offers of full support from the most active race in Asiatic Turkey. If the Turkish reformers could, and would, defy the Turkish fanatics who resent the punishment of a Moslem for crime against a Christian, would waive their claim to racial ascendancy over the Armenians and make an alliance with them, they could maintain domination perhaps over all the other races, including the Kurds, and avoid European intervention. There was still a powerful section of Armenians who hoped and worked for this solution. But difference of temperament - democratic versus feudal; intellectual versus fanatical - ~~made the~~ provided no prospect of ~~adequate~~ successful cooperation evolution practically nil. The Turks, having rejected Armenian help, had elected to be judged by their own policy. They had a problem which would tax the skill of the most enlightened ruler.

When Abdul Hamid - least enlightened of all - heard of Lord (then Mr.) Bryce's appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he remarked: "He has got his own Macedonia now." But the Solution of autonomy which Lord Mr. Bryce favoured, could never appeal to the Turks. They were the least enlightened all of empires.

~~Thus then~~ Accordingly the pro-Kurdish policy continued. Kurds, who

had taken service with the Government, themselves protested against the licence accorded to their countrymen. A gendarme of this kind showed an admirably detached mind. Riding along with us as escort, he illustrated his point thus: "Look at that village. I could go there and kill half a dozen people. Who would punish me? I am a Kurd."

A certain post-carriage was escorted by four zaptiehs. Passing through Kurd country they arrived at night minus their rifles. They returned home, were again armed, and again were robbed. The course of events was repeated next time. Humorous residents say it became normal. The governor's solution of the problem was to continue sending an escort, but to send it without arms.

Just before our visit to Van a girl of nine was raped by a Kurd. One of the Consuls supported the villager's complaint; the Kurd for the sake of courtesy was imprisoned for a few days, but was then released.

These things were comparative trifles. The question of the lands seized by Kurds in the massacre days was even more important. This vast robbery was unremedied even after five years of 'constitutional' rule. One rash Armenian, applying to the Court, was granted an injunction and presented it to the Kurd, who occupied the ancestral farm. The latter lost no time in killing the Armenian. Doubtless the Turkish judge enjoyed his joke.

Early every morning you might see the door of the Russian consulate at Van besieged by applicants for passports. Life among Kurds, they said, was a living death, and the villagers were leaving for Russia or America. At Igdir, just out of Turkey, we saw many refugees. A woman, whose children ranged from five upwards, had lost her husband in the massacre of March 1908; lately a Kurd had burnt the house of her neighbour; so she and her brother decided to leave. We asked how long it took them to walk (with four children) from their village, from which we had driven in four days. They said fifteen days.

The Turks, hampered as they are by the fanaticism of their uneducated masses, and wanting in energy, failed entirely to suppress crime. Their defect was thus partly negative; - some functions of government they could not, and some they would not, perform. But it was also positive - the Kurds they actually armed with modern rifles. The Armenians did not ask to be protected, they only complained that they might not protect themselves. Wolves and bears can live in the same hills, even in the same cage, without harming each other. But in this case the bear had his claws drawn. While the bear might not use his claws, the wolf was given better teeth. How the subject population survived, it was hard for the stranger to imagine.

There comes a moment in pack-horse travelling which brings

a peacefulness of ~~mutual~~ unusual character. It is when you have packed your baggage in the early dawn and the men are, with infinite dawdling, putting it on the saddles. You may complain that they are late, foreseeing the misery of arriving at some dirty hovel in the evening after dark; but no activity on your part will move them faster; and if you are wise you will sit down again and smoke. The moment affords in some strange way a pipe of superfine tranquillity. Such a moment came to me in an Armenian village in 1913. A priest, a learned man, sat with me in the little room. Conversation ceased, and I smoked in silence while he leant on the table, sitting on the bed which served for chairs, his chin on his hands. I looked hard at the black figure in profile, thrown into artistic relief by the extreme simplicity of the setting. In the perceptive quietness of the moment the scene recalled Whistler's picture of his mother. The bare mud wall was like the brown paper walls affected by the aesthetic in England. The priest faced the window, which was on my right, and in the strong light I saw that this man, with short moustache and beard, resembled some of the portraits of Christ. Forgetting himself as we sat silent, the priest sighed deeply. Then for a time, I saw and felt the outlook of the Armenian, the world in which he spent his days, when we had passed on ~~our agreeable path~~, with our equipment for pleasure, our perfect security, our prospect of early return

to civilisation. ~~Till~~ four years only ago before the very monastery in this village was occupied by Turkish troops. The priest had been sent to revive a scattered flock, and succour a group of Armenian villages in the hills around. Yesterday he had buried a peasant - killed by Kurds, left mutilated for many days, till he was found by chance. His villagers' houses were daily seized by Kurds favoured by the Government. Could we not stay to see them? I feared this would only brigg further trouble on himself and the village clergy who would shown us the houses. "What do we care?" he said. "They can do nothing worse to us than they do already."

Another side of the Turkish evil was conspicuous in the policy of Moslem settlement - the placing of mohajir (settlers) among Christians, to keep them in order. Its wisdom had been much debated in Turkish circles. Its great advocate was the brilliant doctor, Nazim Bey, of Salonica, who successfully urged the importation of Bosnian Moslems in 1910 and 1911. Two generations ago the Circassians, removed from Russian rule in the Caucasus, were planted as mohajir both in Europe and Asia. Neither of these precedents was a happy one. The Circassians perpetrated the Batak massacre of 1876, which cost Turkey four provinces. The poor Bosnians had a short stay in their new homes, sometimes newly built for them on waste land. I saw those villages standing empty in 1912, when the Bosnians, at the approach of the Bulgarian army, had

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moved in haste still further from Bosnia. The latest form of the mohajir method we came on by chance in Armenia. A large number of Kurds, objecting to the order established by the Russians in Persia, West of Lake Urmi, had crossed to the Turkish side of the frontier, which had just been fixed so as to correct the recent encroachment of Turkish troops near Salmas. We found many Kurd families installed in an Armenian village, the ejected population being crowded into the remaining houses. Other peasants had been notified to give up their houses, by a fixed date, to Kurds still occupying their summer tents. This was not the usual phenomenon of robbery. It was systematically ordered and carried out by authority - Vali, Kaimakam, Mudir and Zaptieh - a far more scandalous matter. It proved to be in force in numbers of other villages. In the capital of the vilayet, the consuls had actually not heard of it three weeks later, so little was it regarded as out of the ordinary. The Vali did not deny, but frankly discussed, the system. He quaintly urged the difficulty of ~~otherwise~~ finding houses for Kurds. The consular machinery of information through native dragomans, often thought to produce exaggeration, had in this case missed an event which would be of more real political significance than Kurdish outrage. Yet this vilayet was considered the ~~quietest~~ of all.

~~In the eyes of Armenians, however, this was not the most~~

serious charge. Their judgment was affected, and naturally, by the memory of actual massacres, and this judgment we were bound to consider, because unhappily the constitution of 1908 did not see the end of them. The argument that under the new regime such things could not happen, had perished.

One met, of course, numbers of those who saw the great massacres, but, without an interpreter who inspired Armenian confidence, one would have heard nothing. We were making friends with an attractive child about four years old when his father murmured something to our interpreter. I asked what he was saying. There had been no mention of Turks or troubles, and I was surprised when I learnt the thought which had occurred to him. It was expressed thus: "They killed thousands of boys like that one, in the massacres."

On arriving at an Armenian house in Van an old woman's face struck us at once as possessing charm and promise, and we were distinctly disappointed to find her cold, sad, and unresponsive. Not a smile could we bring to her face. Our cheerless quarters, after supper, demanded the solace of cocoa, and the housewife accepted a cup. She had done her best to wait on us, providing hot water (she had little else), and it pleased her now to have us turn the tables by serving her from our own tea-basket. Our polyglot companion drew her into general talk. It turned in time to her children. Why was she alone? Because her daughter had lately married

and gone. She was ill at a distant town. She was only about twenty years old. That recalled the ~~fatal time - 1895 -~~ dreadful days and, encouraged by another cup of cocoa, she fell to talking about the ~~days of massacre.~~ massacre. The thing which absorbed her mind, and made her mournfully silent, now made her eloquent.

The scene became arresting - the old woman, the thrilling voice, the handsome features, framed in a black scarf, and set off by the severely simple room. She would have made a portrait for Rembrandt.

Had she seen people killed? "We heard the shrieks, and smelt the burnt bodies everywhere." Where was she and her children? "I was here - but not in this house - it was burnt down. The English money helped me to rebuild it afterwards. They broke in the door. I got away, just in time, with my children by the back door." Was it by night? "There was no day or night; we never slept for days." Had anyone been left in her house? "A crowd had taken refuge there. They chose out many girls and took them away, and also boys. We never saw them again." It made me think of 'Riders to the Sea', and the mother's voice when she bewailed her son. "We who saw it," she went on, "can't believe in your talk about Turks reforming themselves." Remembering Adana and the melancholy fact that these things occurred again under "Young Turkey", we were silent.

MOTORING IN THE SAHARA

I had not previously seen tent-dwellers nearer than the frontier districts of Persia and Turkey. Even there, in the vast pastoral downs of Kurdistan, the Kurds leave their tents in winter and invade the underground houses made by the Armenians. But within one day's drive from Algiers - only three days from London - you find the Arbs preferring their tent of black camels-hair cloth. ~~Seen~~ Seeing them far off on the naked plain, you might mistake the tents for gigantic tortoises.

Only four days from London we were entertained by a Sheik who, though he frequented Paris every year, prefers his tent when at home. Motoring out from Lagouat, we were met by twenty of his retainers on lovely Arab horses and carrying arms. They advanced in groups of four, racing up to us with their white robes flowing, and discharging their rifles as they galloped. Then they retired, and this time charged all together, pulling up suddenly close to us in a cloud of dust.

The Chief then led us to his tent, as big as a large marquee, supported on numberless poles, the floor entirely covered with lovely carpets, and the sides open to the warm wind. We realized the surroundings in which lived Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In this ideal dining-room we squatted round a large tray and ate as many courses as the cramped position

of our bodies would allow. When at last it seemed impossible to find room for another mouthful, a whole sheep, ~~roasted~~ cooked with the head standing up like a roast rabbit, was brought in, and we were exhorted to sieze the meat with our fingers. It would have been bad manners to refuse, or even to use a knife and fork. We did our best, and suffered in silence.

It is the custom to extol the noble traditions of Mahomedan hospitality. I did not think them perfect. I was too conscious of the fact that within fifty yards of us, cooped up ~~in a small building which must have been stifling~~ out of sight, were all the time hidden the Chief's wives, like prisoners serving a life-sentence.

The women of the humbler class must of course leave the house or tent for work, but the veil is strictly maintained - at the most, one eye being visible to the passer-by. Seclusion has a marked influence in the general appearance of Moslem countries. Half the charm of foreign travel lies in the picturesque effect of both sexes of all ages moving about, especially when, as in Eastern Europe, peasant dresses add bright colours.

In North Africa, not only is the visible population confined to men and boys, but colour is also absent, because the usual garb is a dirty white robe, often in rags.

What matters much more is the waste of human potentialities, the cruelty inseparable from total subordination, and the hopeless narrowness of the harem. An Arab who prides himself on his rank and station will boast that his daughter is so well brought up that she does not even know the way along the street where she lives.

At a party which included several French officers and a Europeanised Arab, the latter was asked if he did not think that the women should get freer by degrees. He declared himself strongly conservative. The ladies replied facetiously, 'But no conservative yourself', for he was breaking the religious law by drinking wine.

Such conservatism does Islam produce that there is strong opposition to Western hygiene, though the lady doctors and the order of ~~the~~ nuns called 'White Sisters' ~~offer~~ are ready to provide medical treatment in the harem itself. At one place the French officials were offering to pay a reward to any Arab man who would consent to receive medical treatment, but in vain. Elsewhere there is some progress in the use of modern hospitals. Conservatism goes with the fatalism of Islam, whose ideal is a resigned acceptance to the will of God. If you are ill, if your crop fails, if your mule is hopelessly lame, it is blasphemous to try to improve on Allah's plan.

A French official's wife, who works at one of the maternity centres known as the 'Goute du Lait' finding a child ill from dirt, was proceeding to wash it. The mother shrieked

with piteous entreaty - it was dangerous to wash a child under three years of age. It will evidently take time for the modernist school in Islam - which is a factor in Egypt and Turkey - to penetrate North Africa. I did, indeed, meet a most attractive Arab of solid intelligence, as well as learning, who ~~could~~ said he ignored the ~~what~~ parts he called the 'poetic' parts of the Koran and concentrated on its idealistic sections. He was equally satisfied if heathen negroes were converted to Islam or Christianity. But he was hardly typical. And even the modernist Mahommedan is conservative. The greatest apologist for Islam, my old Harrow master, Bosworth-Smith, expressed the view that "the religion of Christ contains whole fields of morality which are outside the religion of Mahomed - humility, purity of heart, forgiveness, sacrifice of self, toleration".

The desert stretches illimitably around, flat and smooth like the sea, so that the earth disappears below the horizon about three miles away if your eye is six feet above the ground. You seem to be in the centre of a shallow saucer, presumably because any ordinary land which hides the distance at three miles would be hilly or undulating. Therefore when the land disappears you feel as if ~~the land must be rising all round the horizon.~~ it must be hilly, & above your own level.

~~Rushing~~ Speeding through such solitude provides one with a new exhilaration. You are in a world without obstacles; you

Hour after hour you rush through warm air

could run straight on for 2,000 miles, and the mind feels a fresh new liberation, anxieties fade away, and in spite of being thrown, at rocky places, against the roof of the car (your helmet saves your skull) sleep overtakes you, ~~and after half an hour~~ you wake up to find the same humming of the engine and the same vast solitude.

If people go to the desert for its loneliness, to meditate like the anchorites who used to frequent it, they should get tents and camels or horses, and avoid hurry; but peaceful travel has been destroyed by the invention of the desert car. This car has four driving wheels, each of them double, and it is so contrived that all four wheels may be on widely different levels, gripping the ground over a sufficient surface to drive the car up any slope, whether flat or rocky.

By this invention the desert oases, hitherto a six or eight day camel journey apart, can be exploited for tourism; and the "Transat" Company is pushing out so fast that it expects to bring into its regular tours the fabulous towns of Timbuctoo, on the Niger river.

These cars are the only ones capable of covering more quickly than camel speed (four miles per hour) the kind of desert which we are taught to regard as typical, but which is only one of many kinds, viz., the sand dunes. If you imagine our own seaside dunes without a blade of grass, and rising to every variety of height up to 500 feet, you know the look of

the kind of desert which to my mind has real beauty. It is all in perfectly graceful and delicate curves, with now and then a sharp edge along the ridges where the wind has made an eddy and caused a sudden cliff on the leeward side. The surface is smooth, with little ridges like those made by the sea on a falling tide; and at evening the shining surface, contrasting with the deep shadows, gives an effect extraordinarily like snow mountains when lit by a golden sunset. A very pretty thing on the dunes is the track of animals, more exact than on any snow. You can see each claw of a beetle and tell exactly what he did.

Some of the desert, it must be admitted, is positively hideous, and for some strange reason the expression "howling wilderness" seems appropriate. But there is desert of many kinds - undulating, mountainous, evenly strewn with sharp stones, ugly with shapeless rocks, totally bare, or spotted with a dozen plants to the acre, resembling dead tufts of heather, but sufficient to support a camel, and indeed capable of maintaining sheep.

Mile after mile the motor follows the track that other motors have made, with occasional posts or stone erections designed to guide the traveller in his general direction and to save him from being totally lost in a sandstorm. There is no road, because the dunes keep moving with the wind, and you have to surmount ridges the sides of which are sometimes as

steep as 45°. The driver accelerates for all he is worth, and you get up perhaps twenty miles an hour over the heavy sand. You charge up the slope - entirely ignorant of what lies beyond. If you reach the top you suddenly find yourself at the edge of a precipice. ~~You brake hard and stop dead.~~ You gasp at the prospect of a somersault down the cliff. But in a trice you are saved. You feel the sand sinking under the car, and you slide down slowly at about 30°. Often, however, we charged repeatedly without success - backed down, and tried another route.

Motoring over the dunes provides such novelty as almost to constitute a sport, and I am inclined to think that just as the English invented "Wintersport" in the snow, they will develop a game out of the dunes for which the next generation will be swarming to Africa instead of to Switzerland.

The right way to see the desert is quite different. Find an Arab who has camping equipment and knows some owners of camels; make up your party, and leave modern life behind. At the appointed time we foregathered at the rendezvous, with coats and knapsacks. You must not expect Orientals to keep engagements; but within an hour the camels turned up, three for baggage and five for our party - one with a foal running beside her. Why not start? Quite impossible. Why? We must

wait for the musician. When at last this unexpected equipment arrived he proved to be an aged Moor with a long bamboo flute, who shared a camel with the Arab leader. It transpired that the leader was fond of singing, and music certainly came in useful.

I was relieved that we had something better to sit on than the saddle of the Tuareg tribe which had been our fate hitherto. As this saddle is in front of the hump and slopes forward, you are only supported by planting your feet on the camel's neck. You have no stirrups to support you sideways. This is awkward when the camel rises. He elevates his body to the height of his legs by three rocking-horse motions. In the first, he sits up like a dog sitting on its tail; as you cling on forwards, he suddenly jumps up behind till he seems standing on his head; you fall on to it just as the front of him rises again, and ~~you~~ get level at about ~~ten~~ eight feet from the ground. Once settled into his stride, the camel's paces are delightful.

Imagine yourself, after hours of easy motion, arriving at your camping ground among the sandy dunes. Off the two baggage animals your men produce three sleeping tents, a larger tent for meals, and a cook's tent equipped with material for producing a hot four-course dinner. The cook did all this with no better stove than a cunning arrangement of iron bars surrounding a thin layer of charcoal, with other bars to support the saucepans

over it.

Before tea you explore the dunes, and then the incredible colours of sunset in the desert occupy you till the full darkness. Returning then from the dune-tops, I found the leader and the flute-player enjoying music by themselves, the former singing an improvised sentence (a maxim from the Koran, if he was to be believed) and the musician responding with a phrase of notes. I enjoyed myself lying flat on the sand beside them and watching the stars come out. We put off dinner to see the moon rise, and afterwards a bonfire was lit. As we sat round it, the eight Arabs sang to us, and we Europeans did our best in return, two of our party being Irish. I myself contributed "The Bells of Shandon". Then the camels were brought back from grazing (on what seemed to be dead scrub) and made to lie in a group. A cool breeze had sprung up, and when we turned in for the night I saw in the moonlight (brighter than a London day in November) that the mare had moved her foal over to the leeward side of her to keep it warm.

~~The night was cold~~, we felt the cold even with heavy quilts, and I marvelled at the Arabs sleeping in the open in cotton robes. The spoilt Englishman watched the sunrise from his snug camp bed, and gets an omelette for breakfast (as well as a 'cafe complet') in the mess tent.

Grace

The desert is apt to play you tricks, and the hotels have orders to send out search parties if a car does not arrive when expected. We observed one day that a storm had burst in some distant mountains, but all was dry along our route, till suddenly we came on a roaring torrent, brown with mud and rushing ~~across the sand in~~ headlong with raging waves. I had stuck in a much milder torrent before now, and it seemed to us obvious that before driving in someone should try the depth by wading. But the French chauffeur knew better, he said, and plunged. Within five yards of the edge the engine was out, the water rushing over the bonnet, and the car heeling over. Being on the lower side I had the prospect of being pinned under water, and began to climb to the upper side. The water was far too rapid for anyone to wade or swim, ~~and it looked like spending the night where we were.~~ But by good fortune my companion was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who displayed the calm of great men. With superb circumspection he counselled sitting still, and quickly noticed that the water line at the bank was falling. The car had jammed against a rock, which prevented its rolling over. Instead therefore of trying to wade out, which would have been fatal, we waited. These sudden floods, where no river valley exists, ~~fell in no time~~ fall very rapidly, and ~~at last~~ at least our mechanic was able to climb to the bonnet and turn the handle under water. By some miracle he got the engine running, and with the help of picks and shovels we backed out.

Our troubles were not over. At the next torrent the

Frenchman again was reckless - the further bank was too steep to climb up. This time we were only saved by the chance that another car turned up on the far side and hauled us out.

Then yet another phenomenon. A third torrent had deposited a huge sheet of hailstones, two feet deep - collected, I suppose, by some waterspout on a wide surface and drifted together.

The performances of the desert car in getting us through these adventures were quite miraculous. But they had not saved us from disaster. The luggage had been under water for an hour; every garment was lined with a thick layer of mud, and the crimson of the native leather - carefully bought for Christmas presents at home - had been imprinted on our favourite suits.

Owing to these occasional rains, and the heavy dew, the desert grows plants. The main interest is the almost total absence of trees, but the one tree that the desert does produce has almost miraculous qualities.

In an area of perhaps 10,000 square miles you find an oasis - a few acres of unstable land - watered by springs or wells and producing with a concentrated activity a dense mass of date palms. No other tree but palms, and no other of the numberless varieties of palm but the date palm. It is generally too formal to be beautiful. For me its main aesthetic merit seemed to come at sunset, when, if one caught a single distant palm

against the ~~incredible~~ astonishing blaze of the sinking desert sun, the tree produced an effect of intense and poetic loneliness. If one goes to the Tate Gallery, one will see this phenomenon developed in the landscapes of Turner.

The date palm develops all the timber that the desert towns are built of. The sap is a popular drink; and, above all, the fruit is highly sustaining. It furnishes all the food that an Arab requires. It is said that thirty-six dates a day will nourish even a European.

In addition, the fronds made good fencing and good fuel, and the stalk of the fruit clusters is specially good for producing fire by friction. You have only to make a groove in the wood and rub sand along it with another piece, pressing hard on to it; in a minute the wood gets brown with heat and flakes off, collecting at the end of the groove. Then you put the hot flakes into a frayed end of the same dry stalk and blow till sparks come. This is then wrapped in a handful of the fibre which grows next the trunk and waved rapidly to make a draught, till the fibre burst into flame in your hand.

If you are to be reduced to one single kind of tree, as you are in the desert, you could not invent a better 'universal provider'.

Peace

The most pleasing feature in desert life is the reappearance of birds which we know in England, and which have left us in the autumn. Here are the cuckoos, which disappeared in August, and the swallows, which had only just collected for flight when we left home in October. The goldfinches and wheatears seem just as much in harmony with their surroundings in the desert as in our richly-clothed land, where bare soil is hardly seen unless you turn it up.

Various birds which love human buildings are well suited to native houses, which consist of galleries round a court open to the sky. On a ledge over a staircase I found a nest with eggs, which surprised me, as it was autumn. But I learnt that autumn is for non-migratory birds the time for nesting. If hatched in the spring the young birds would die in the scorching summer. This explains why we could not see hawking, which the natives delight in. They wait till mid-winter, when the nesting is over, and they do not keep hawks all the year, as our ancestors did, but catch them for the season only. They actually catch full-grown hawks and tame them quickly by starving them. The method is clever. They release a tame pigeon with a stone attached. The hawk catches the pigeon and, finding it heavy, soon descends. The man, watching, finds the dead pigeon, wraps it up in fine netting, ties it to a stone, and then departs. The hawk returns to eat the pigeon and gets entangled. After three days without food the hawk is quickly tamed and ready to be

taken out for sport, and when he catches the partridge or other quarry he is so hungry that he does not fly away but lets the sportsman catch him again.

Apart from birds, which include great bustards and hoopoes, you might travel all day without seeing any signs of animals except the holes of jerboas. But those which exist are curious. In the oases there are praying mantises, which fold their hands as if in prayer, and an insect which, when frightened, discharges a cloud like smoke, as the cuttlefish clouds the water with ink.

I saw only one lizard, and no snakes, as the hot weather had passed. But at El Hamma I saw the black desert snakes in their domesticated form being shown off by a snake-charmer. It was evidently a great treat for the Arabs. They sat or stood round a small open space in such dense numbers that not another person could have seen the show. The snakes, which were some five feet long, raised their heads about two feet from the ground and expanded a kind of hood, while they swayed to and fro to the music of a primitive bagpipe. The charmer then hypnotised one, so that it lay quite straight and could hardly be woken again. To show that the poisonous teeth had not been extracted, the showman held it by the neck, and certainly showed us the fang, lifting it out of the gum with a nail.

There is a lunching place for motorists in the hills near

Algiers, where the wild baboons have been tamed by feeding and provide good ~~feast~~ sport. They are insatiable in their demands for peanuts. We lunched indoors in order to lunch in peace. We then had coffee out of doors and fed them again. When you are tired of feeding them they watch you till you look the other way. Suddenly there is a crash. A huge old monkey has jumped on the table, upset the sugar, and got away, clasping several lumps between his hands and chest with extraordinary dexterity.

Life in the desert could hardly be maintained without two animals of amazing capacity - the goat and the camel. It is sometimes quite impossible to detect any article of food other than sand, on which the goats ~~in some places~~ are living. They are very fond of paper, and a French officer declared that he kept a stock of old newspapers so that when he wanted an extra supply of milk he could give his goats their favourite food.

The miraculous powers of the camel, his capacity to go long journeys without food or drink, are too well known to repeat. ~~What~~ But I did not realise ~~how far~~ that when he does get a feed it consists of no more than what looks like twigs. No one who has seen the camels carrying their ~~incredible~~ immense loads, never turning a hair or appearing sick or sorry, never put out except when, on being loaded, they emit noises like those of the lion and the cow combined, can fail to feel a profound admiration for the beast.

I have never ceased to admire the camel's dignity. Often our car rushed past camels within a foot or two ~~quite close~~ - a terrifying experience for them - but though obviously frightened they walked off as if too proud to trot. If lying down by the track when disturbed they rise with an unchanged and dignified air as if they felt they ought to pretend to be getting up out of civility.

The camel provides transport, milk, meat and wool - everything his master needs except waterskins, which are got from goats. He even provides meat without being killed. Arabs eat little, and it is said that a Tuareg travels without taking food. If nothing else turns up, he draws some blood from his camel's shoulder and cooks it. Next day he draws some from his hindquarters. Next day perhaps he kills a snake. Finally, he cuts into the camel's hump, gets some fat, and sews the skin up again.

Of all the remarkable phenomena that I saw in Africa, the most remarkable was an Englishwoman who spends her life and private means in the service of animals. This lady settles for a few weeks in one town after another, goes out at dawn to the 'fondouks' or open-air livery stables, where countrymen coming to market leave their beasts for the day, doctors their wounds and sores, cajoles the owner into giving the sick donkey a rest, ~~or, if necessary, calls in the police~~, spends hours dressing wounds reeking with maggots, endures the filth

and stench even in the burning summer heat. On occasion she calls in the police: more often, with miraculous diplomacy she stirs up kindness and kills resentment in Arabs and French alike.

North Africa gave me for the first time an interest in the Roman Empire. When I spent the usual eight years in learning Latin it was not the fashion to give boys any reason for selecting this study as their main duty while at school. One gets glimpses of the greatness of Rome in European travel; but even in Italy they are obscured, and above all they are obscured at Rome.

It is in North Africa that you have the most vivid picture of the Empire. You have theatres, amphitheatres, temples and aqueducts everywhere; you even have whole towns and military camps, not indicated by isolated buildings, but displayed in their entirety and supplying an invaluable illustration of the methods by which Rome governed alien peoples. It is all the more interesting because our own country was, like North Africa, a Roman province. In both countries the Romans were checked by wild tribes, and the same Emperor (Hadrian) in A.D. 117 planned the rampart of the Roman Wall at the Solway and the line of forts in the Atlas Mountains. But while North Africa was controlled by one legion, our British predecessors were so stubborn that to govern them required three - a fact which

filled me with an irrational pride.

At Timgad you see the arch which Septimus Severus built in 193 A.D. when he went on his tour of inspection and consolidation. With the lessons of Africa in his mind he went on to England, and died in York.

Everyone knows that Rome was powerful, that she gave the world a long peace, a literature, an idea of law and order, and an architecture, which, in spite of the brutality that accompanied them, concern us as do those of no other State because we inherited them. But the liberalism with which Rome brought subject peoples into her citizenship and civilisation I had not realised till I saw the relics of the Empire in North Africa. The Roman citizens in Africa were mostly not Roman. The native Berbers learned to govern, and indeed to build. The colossal amphitheatre of El Djem, so vast that a whole town is hidden by it, is a monument to the success of the Roman as a teacher, for it was built by the Berbers themselves.

We visited the headquarters of the Roman Legion at Lambese. There you see the only Praetorium still standing - the central hall, such as the Praetorium where Christ was judged by Pilate. Near it are the stores where thousands of heavy stone balls were found - the actual projectiles for the great catapults. There are whole streets of small living rooms. The legionaries were too important to be herded in dormitories like modern soldiers.

The French try hard to reproduce Roman imperialism to-day, and one gets from both empires interesting reflections upon the great question of "the White Man's burden". Modern imperialism has so often forgotten the interests of the conquered in the pursuit of power and wealth for the conqueror that any light on this problem is worth having getting.

One of my companions was a keen critic of the Powers in the scramble for Africa; but he was also a classical scholar, and I noticed that he never seemed to condemn the Romans. Was this due to merely scholastic prejudice? for I found him ready to admit that Not altogether. Empire is to the good if it adds to the welfare of the governed in the widest sense. If native government ~~self-determination~~ means the enjoyment of power by the few, and the misery of the many, it is not enough for the theorist to answer that the people would rather be wretched of their own choice than happy by foreign help. It is the native tyrant who scores, and not the native worker, by freedom to kill and rob, or exploit in factories without regard to health or safety.

Imperialism must protect the under-dog if it is to justify itself, and it has seldom tried to do so. The Romans did succeed in civilising the native and satisfying him to such an extent that when a fortress grew into a town it ceased to have even a defensive wall. One sees at Timgad the early wall obliterated and built on by the extending houses and streets.

The French have not arrived at this point, and you see repeatedly a fortified wall maintained for the defence of the French population in case of insurrection. Decidedly, however, they have provided a better order - in wealth, and even in education. There are primary schools for the natives, with French teachers numbering some thousands, and rudimentary teaching, largely on technical subjects. The desert regions are under military government, and the officers who rule these have to pass through a year's course at Algiers, studying native conditions and the law and doctrine of Islam. The Government has perhaps been afraid of educating too much, for fear of creating a class of native lawyers who might foment a "home rule" movement. In any case, Mahomedan fatalism teaches submission to "force majeure".

The country presents a unique example of Europeans settling down alongside non-Europeans. British possessions are either completely European, like Australia, or completely native; South Africa presents a near parallel, but its populations of black and white have no counterpart in the blended masses of French and natives - frequenting the same cafés in a manner which in British Colonies would be unthinkable.

It is the French custom in Algeria to describe as "natives" the variegated mass of Arabs, Berbers and negroes, which forms a community distinguished from the Algerians, who include French, Spanish and Maltese. These are about 20 per cent. of the

population of five millions. Near the coast one may find semi-Europeanised Arabs, and a few Arabs who have served in the Army in France and have married French women; otherwise inter-marriage between Christian and Mahomed is very rare.

No doubt the Arab curses the French conqueror, especially when the foreigner's car rushes inconsiderately by, upsetting the minds and also the bodies of his heavily loaded camels and mules; but if the Arabs had really to choose between French rule (with its frequent use of native officials) and the corrupt anarchy of the Turkish regime which it replaced, they would no doubt agree with a learned Arab who said to me: "The French occupation is a good thing on a balance."

"Good copy"

CHAPTER V

TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

If my father's object was to make me grow up quicker, he did a wise thing in asking the Truman directors to give me long leave in 1892. I was keen to see New Zealand, probably moved by my ~~fhate~~ father's interest in Imperial Federation. I decided to concentrate on New Zealand and Japan. Fortunately I stopped in Australia on the way out, because this played an important part in my father's decision to take an Australian Governorship later on. Harry O'Rorke came with me, and we also visited Ceylon, S. India, South China, Canada, and the U.S.A. In all these countries I found things deeply thrilling. I had previously been a Conservative, and deeply attached to the ideal of benevolent squirearchy. In the Dominions it was a delightful novelty to find all the people (e.g. in the train) ready and able to talk to anyone else, and I realised how deplorable it is that in England one tenth of the men are cut off from the other nine tenths as far as social life goes. This agreeably undermined my Conservative ideals.

Travel in the Dominions has commonly had the opposite effect, because one is aroused in what is by tradition a Conservative Party property. Later on we learnt to distinguish the colonies

from the ?

p. 32.

Mission ?

New Zealand seems to me the choicest part of the earth for British people, or anyhow, the South Island which is agreeably cool. I now greatly regret that, when Ramsay McDonald asked me to go to New Zealand as Governor in 1919, I did not accept, but at the time it seemed less important than membership of a Cabinet, and I fought shy of the job of constant official functions, in an atmosphere of uniform, flummery and inability to take part in reform movements. As a result of my refusal, Bledisloe was sent out and the use he made of it, both in public utility and enjoyment, both during and after, makes me think I made a mistake to decline the offer.

(Footnote: I had some adventures in New Zealand which I have noted, and which can be found in papers marked "For my Children" , in a drawer in my writing table at the Bury.)

We returned from New Zealand to Sydney and then sailed for China. We were a month between Sydney and Hong Kong, during which I made a great friend, Noel Farrar, who was travelling with two of the Bridgemans. We spent part of every morning making balls with string for playing cricket in the cool evening. A great many balls went overboard, but a good many were stopped by a screen consisting of the bodies of Chinese steerage passengers whom we employed to stand for the purpose along the bulwarks. They appeared quite as indifferent to cricket balls as San Sebastian was to the arrows. Such was the colour bar in those days. At length we arrived at Hong Kong.

If these Chinamen had been forced or pressed by us to make themselves into a cricket net, I ought to record the fact with shame, but as far as I remember they placed themselves along the bulwarks on their own accord in order to watch the game, and the violent contact of the crocket ball seemed to cause them no discomfort whatever.

From Hong Kong we went up to Canton, where we saw the old China which has since so amazingly changed. Pigtails, right down to the waist, were general, and not and thennone saw a woman walking on tiny feet, almost no feet at all. These were high class women, whose lives were ruined by the ancient custom of foot binding. Its disappearnace must have been a salvation to millions. One of the sights was the set of rooms where examinations were held. There were long passages in the open

air, with tiny compartments on each side, where the examinees were locked in to avoid cribbing. Many of them were quite aged men still qualifying to be mandarins. With the rest of our party of visitors, we were also taken to the prison, where we passed cells containing savage-looking men carrying immense wooden collars, such that they could not get through the open door. These collars were built round their necks, and there stayed for months on end. This sort of thing formed part of the attraction which a party of tourists were taken to see. I suppose that many people are still alive who saw that old China as I did.

We had six months in Japan, and were lucky in seeing the unspoilt mountainous parts, through falling in with a well-known mountaineer, the Rev. Walter Weston, owing to whom we visited remote parts. We were the first Europeans to climb a mountain called Ena Sun, which Weston was exploring for Murray's Guide Book to Japan.

We did another record in climbing Fuji earlier in the year than any recorded ascent. The Japanese never ascended the mountain until the priests had made arrangements for pilgrims in July when the snow had gone. Therefore when we went up in April our coolies refused to come further than a hut where we sheltered for two nights during a typhoon. The third day we went on alone. There were still many thousand feet to climb on soft snow, and from the top we glissaded down the other side of the mountain, so that we never returned to the village from which we had started. Soon afterwards Japanese papers had an account of the Britishers who had ignored the warnings and dared the spirits of the mountain. They had perished in the typhoon and it served them right. They were presumed to be British because that people had a taste for foolishly running into danger.

I count Japan as having influenced me in two important respects. Firstly in aesthetic appreciation, and secondly in humanitarian views. Japan was not then modernized. The buildings harmonised amazingly with the very lovely landscape, and this made a background for the universal practice of ornamenting every house by some flower or flowering shrub placed with extreme care in the right place. Even the humblest houses were ornamented according to tradition, each room with one scroll picture: never more than one. A genuine love of beauty must have been felt by the vast majority, because otherwise this custom could not have become universal. Another sign is the devotion of a day each year to the admirstion of certain lovely trees. The resort of the whole population of Tokio to see the cherries in flower in the park is only one example.

Japanese artists in painting and embroidery show a minute observation of nature. I bought some good embroidered screens which were honoured by conspicuous places at Warlies. I think I had very little aesthetic appreciation before I went to Japan. I certainly had a strong distaste for mediaeval pictures, and felt glad when some important writer described them as mostly of "squint-eyed saints", so that my Philistine views had his sanction. My debt to the Japanese was such that my next holiday was devoted to a visit to Florence, with Connie, to educate my taste.

It seems odd that one should learn humanity from the Japanese, but I certainly did so. The Buddhists object to the taking of

life, and we came across a case where some Japs who objected to foreigners shooting pigeons were harshly lectured on the absurdity of their objection of killing. I may have had occasional qualms previously about shooting, but they had not interfered with my intense interest in it and in other sports; and it was certainly the Japs who made me decide to give it up.

It was an inopportune moment for doing so, because I had, shortly before my travels, induced my father so start breeding pheasants at Warlies, and had nearly deferred my travels in order to be at the November shoot in 1892. I had also persuaded him to plant the Brook Wood and the Fernhall Wood for the sole purpose of pheasant shooting. Having given him all this trouble, I came home in 1923 unwilling to take any part in the shooting which could justify the planting. It was especially hard because he disliked planting out the view across the park brook towards Scatterbushes.

I was certainly spoiled by Father's excessive good nature. However, he enjoyed the shooting himself, and happily Tor became even keener than before; subsequently working up to a pheasant shoot day of over 300, and entertaining the neighbouring squires to a shooting lunch in a marquee.

I think it is extraordinary that the inhumanity of leaving birds and animals to a painful time, with broken legs and perforated organs, should strike so few people. The odd thing is that the same person who feels no compunction in watching the eye of a hare, or a deer, losing its brilliance as it slowly dies, is intensely

humane in the care for animals, in other ways. I wonder that such people as Uncle Charles and the Liberator, who were very reflective, did not see the inconsistency, but I do realise that I lost a great deal in giving up sport, and I have hesitated to urge my view on my own boys, because I see what they might lose in social efficiency if they gave up sport. My point is that my revolutionary change to anti-blood-sport views were due to the Japs.

(Footnote: I say nothing here of the travels of later years because they are dealt with in my "Travels and Reflections". Published by Allen and Unwin in 1930.)

MOUNTAINEERING IN JAPAN

People are fond of saying that Japan was worth seeing a few years ago, but they do not care to see it now that it is like Europe. If, like most globe-trotters, they only stay in Europeanized hotels, they are quite right, because the beaten track is largely un-Japanized; and, though the thoughts of the people are still divided from ours "as far as the East is from the West", such globe-trotters are not likely to find them out.

But the country remains, outwardly, just as of old; except for the big white school house, the village looks as it did when Francis Xavier brought his Jesuit teachers to Japan 350 years ago.

Japan has only adopted what she found needful for her safety and her pockets. For safety, she has learnt all that the West can teach her of the science of war, and improved upon it. In naturalistic art she required no teaching, and has adopted nothing; but for the sake of her pocket, she has learnt to please the vulgar tastes of Europe, and sells to us by the thousand screens and ornaments which the poorest Japanese would not use if they were given him.

Japan is a volcanic country, with a backbone of mountains rising, in the case of the famous Fuji, to over 12,000 feet. There are no glaciers, but snow falls on the western side so

as to smother whole villages, and lies even in summer sometimes as low as 7000 feet. Several volcanoes are active, and hot mineral springs are frequent, often attracting crowds of sufferers by their medicinal properties. High up alpine plants abound, and lower down are masses of lily and iris. The forests below are of cypress, maple, and various firs, while mulberries are grown for silk in the valleys. There are deer and bears, badgers and eagles in the forests, and trout in the streams. Population spreads even to very inaccessible parts, and the highest peaks can be climbed without getting very far from native society.

It was the 8th of May, when with two English friends and a Japanese servant, I left the railway station of Kioto, the ancient capital.

A few hours brought us to Gifu, a town which had suffered terribly in the earthquake of 1891, most of the houses being destroyed. Here and there a house roof was still to be seen resting on the ground, eloquent of the ~~terrible~~ terribly scourge from which Japan suffers so ~~much~~, and in freedom from which we in ~~Europe~~ England are so fortunate. We have heard of recent earthquakes and tidal waves, but none have equalled the great upheaval of 1891. In that sudden catastrophe, 10,000 people were killed; 120,000 houses, ~~i.e. to say the homes of at least half a million people,~~ were overturned; railway embankments and lines were demolished; forests slipped down the hills, and fields

changed their size and shape.

Here at Gifu the school house fell with the rest; but such is the passion for learning in Japan, that the children formed voluntary schools in the open air, and appointed teachers from among themselves. Among other illustrations of this studious nature, I have seen Japanese common coolies on a Queensland sugar plantation, working at geometry without a teacher, in the Evenings while to learn English speech and English writing was regarded as the most obvious pastime for the scanty hours of leisure.

Immediately on leaving the railway, we had to dispute with the police as to whether our passports provided for travel in the particular province we wished to visit. It was the policy of the government to compel other nations to revise the treaties, by making passport rules disagreeable. Though providing for the thirteen provinces visible from Fuji, our passports were held not to apply to another province from which, as we contended and afterwards proved, Fuji could be seen. The policeman's somewhat natural objection might have nipped our journey in the bud had not my companion been the most accomplished traveller in Japan, the Rev. Walter Weston, the well-known mountaineer writer. Suffice it to say that at last the police are pacified, jinrikshas and coolies engaged, and we speed along the Nakasendo, the great mountain road from Kioto and Tokio. We pass through a forest of

(Almost at once we come on a marvellous sight

scattered pines, ~~with~~ the grass below is full of short pink azaleas growing as thick as blue-bells or primroses in an English woo Like level clouds of sunset colour they lie in broad stretches beneath the dark green foliage. below a heavy sky

At night we reach the village of Ota, and once more enjoyed that invaluable institution, the yadoya, or village inn. Its wide-eaved verandah abuts on the village street, from which the rooms within are visible. Leaving our shoes at the entrance, we mount the raised or matted floor, and meet the host and hostess, who prostrate themselves on all fours, touching the ground with their foreheads between each remark. The host entreats, "Honourably deign to accept the use of my dirty ~~apartments~~ hovel", and then ushers us into a scrupulously clean guest room, looking on to the back garden, a paradise of miniature landscapes. The room is innocent of the smallest attempt at furniture, but the advent of a foreigner and his luggage soon litters it with confusion.

At such an inn it is the privilege of the first arrived traveller to take first turn at the hot bath, without which no evening would be complete. It is a wooden vessel some three feet square, with a stove underneath, placed at the back of the house next the yard or garden, and surrounded by paper screens. The village idlers will probably be gathered to view the stranger in his bath; and even if the screen should be unbroken, he will soon be aroused from fancied security by a shuffling outside the screens, then by the appearance of a finger

through the paper, and finally of an eye applied to the hole. He will soon realize the notions of the country and cease to be annoyed.

After the bath comes the hostess, bringing dainty bowls of soup, fish, eggs and rice, with chopsticks in a hand-painted envelope. These are supplemented with advantage by viands brought with us, and (not least important) a knife and spoon. After dinner, the leading villagers will probably drop in for a chat with the hairy barbarians, and music (of a kind) may be had for the asking. When bedtime comes, quilts are piled on the floor, another rolled up makes a pillow, and nothing is lacking to make a comfortable night.

Formerly, the kago, or palanquin, and the niguruma, or two-wheeled cart, were the only carriages available, but now jinrikshas are the universal conveyance. They are drawn, for a long journey, by two runners harnessed tandem; but the day we left Ota we decided to escape the extortions of Jinriksha-men by chartering a horse-carriage. The native carriage, or basha, is a minute wagonette, with wooden awning or roof supported on iron posts. Three Englishmen can hardly be compressed into its interior, though the seats are intended for six ~~persons~~ Japanese. An emaciated pony was fastened to the shafts by odd pieces of leather and string, an old ignoramus with shaven head held the reins, while a small boy tootled from the step behind, on a tin horn, to announce that all was ~~in the~~ up-to-

~~date English style.~~

A jinriksha man can be roused to greater speed by encouraging cries; in the basha, both driver and horse were dead to enthusiasm, so that our progress was slow. But we got on fairly well for several miles, till, passing through a narrow village street, suddenly the roof of the carriage collided with the widely-overhanging eave of a wayside cottage. There was a crash; a lifting of the ~~top and body~~ front of the carriage, a rending of timbers, and finally a complete separation of the two halves of the vehicle, the horse walking on with the shafts and fore~~part of the carriage~~ wheels, while the ~~hinder part~~ body toppled backward and was left standing upright, with the occupants enclosed. But Japanese ingenuity is great, and we were able to ~~put the puzzle together again, and~~ proceed on our journey, not, however, without the help of a native sash, tied with string round the horse's tail to do duty as a crupper.

The basha and its humours were soon renounced for jinrikshas, and at last, after some hours of alpine scenery, with snow-clad peaks and chalet-like houses, whose roofs were weighted with heavy-stones, to secure them against wind, we reached our goal, the village of Nakatsugawa, from which it appeared that a certain peak could be climbed, never trodden yet by European foot.

Though the village was poor and remote, the garden of our inn, about eight yards square, afforded a landscape containing trees and shrubs, miniature hills, and streams, a waterfall,

a lake with fish, a water-wheel, and rustic paths. Looking on to this charming prospect with a verandah between, was the room allotted to us. Beauty and interest are never failing in these country hostelries. At the time of my visit they were often shops as well, and in such an inn I have seen the strangest articles for sale, among them dried bats and lizards, which were highly prized as medicine for the pains of children. Some people still preferred the doctors of the old Chinese school, with their quaint beliefs in pricking and burning the skin, to the modern scientific men; adherents of the former school still held that essence of lizard or bat was a safe cure for cholera, sunstroke, diphtheria, liver-ache, and poisonous inflammations.

The ascent of Ena-san, at whose base lies Nakatsugawa, had not yet been made by Europeans, and was now undertaken by my companion ~~at the request of Professor Chamberlain~~, with a view to the next edition of "Murray's Guide-Book." Hence my good fortune in sharing the honours.

After a wet day, during which we picked up information about the mountain, the next morning saw us on the move at 6 o'clokk. Leaving the village and crossing the ricefields that surround it, we found a cloudless sky to greet us, and such a faultless day as so often in Japan rewards the traveller for his patience during a wet one. Near the mountain's foot we passed the

Enajinsha, or shrine of the mountain Enasan. Here live the guardian priests, but the season for pilgrims was not yet, and no help is given to climbers till the summer, when the snow is melted and the mountain is formally thrown open. So we were lucky to pick up a coolie who had been up Enasan, and could help to carry our things. These were heavy, for we were prepared to camp out. Soon the ridge became so steep that we ascended 1,100 feet in half an hour, and were 4,000 feet above the sea. A break in the trees afforded a view of steep well-wooded slopes falling down to a noisy torrent, while in front rose the main mass of the peak, with streaks of snow in the gullies or showing through the dark trees near the summit, and over the shoulder appeared far away the snow-clad cone of a giant mountain. The foreground of large white azaleas, growing under the trees with dwarf bamboo around them, the roaring of torrents and the soft cooing of doves combined with the distant view to produce a charm which ~~obtrudes~~ banishes from my memory the painful labours of the ascent.

At 5,500 feet we reached snow, and were soon plunging up to the knees, often to the waist ~~with many a deeper fall~~, for we were walking on a level with the branches of the pine trees, whose lower stems were buried, and the snow was getting soft with spring sunshine. At last the summit, 7,350 feet high, was reached, and we found a glorious reward for the six hours' climb. The great ranges and peaks stood round us to the north from

west to east, under snows still undiminished by summer heat. There were Haku-san, Yarigatake (the spear peak), the smoking Asamayama, the Shiranesan ridge, and others to the due east, over which peeped the flattened cone of Fuji herself, 60 miles away. To the south was a softer expanse of lower wooded hills, among which could be traced two of the greatest rivers in Japan, forcing their way through narrow gorges, here divided only by a single range, but destined to reach the Pacific 80 miles apart. They looked like silver threads below, so high above them were we.

Most enchanting was the prospect, and it was long before we could bring our attention to the nearer attractions of a pilgrim's shrine, in which the ways and thoughts of men displayed a more quaint, if less beautiful, field of study. It was a wooden structure, with small images covered by an open roof. In front of the images was a table or altar, on which lay several coins, and some knives offered by criminals who had used them in a way which needed expiation. Pilgrimages and offerings are a favourite form in which the penitent seeks forgiveness and purity. ~~The coins had been lying there all the winter, so be it said to the credit of the priests, who might have appropriated them months ago.~~

Strange superstitions linger in these distant spots. On many mountains these shrines are held specially sacred, and Ontakegan is the scene of weird incantations, exorcisms of

evil spirits, and ceremonies which resemble "consulting the oracle," when the medium, having thrown himself into a trance obtains answers from the spirit of the mountain to any questio which the pilgrims wish to propound. Possession by foxes is a common belief in many parts, or (in places where there are no foxes) possession by badgers, as in the island of Shikoku. There the badger walks by moonlight on his hind legs, distends his stomach, and drums upon it with his fore feet, producing such celestial music that those who meet him fall enchanted under his spells.

Again the view demanded our attention, and what with satisfying the needs of the inner man, three hours had all too quickly passed when we tore ourselves from the spot, not insensible of the fact that, though known to vast numbers of Japanese pilgrims, to us first among Europeans had fallen the delight of this, perhaps the finest, panorama to be seen in Japan.

It was dark when we reached flat ground again, and most welcome was the hospitality of an ancient farmhouse, where beast and man enjoyed the same roof. Here that excellent beverage, tamagozake, a warm concoction of eggs and rice wine, revived us for the rest of the way. Eggs form the staple of the native food which a foreigner can rely on, a fact which we soon keenly realised, for next morning, when we left Nakatsugawa, and made the customary offering of "tea money", our bill, for the keep of four men during less than three

days, included an item for one hundred and forty eggs.

I must pass all too rapidly over the day during which we crossed the range into the next valley, by the Misakatoge pass, of which nothing was known by Europeans, and very little could be learnt from Japanese. Suffice it to say that the view of a deep valley between wooded mountains, with a dashing river shining green along its wide bed of white stones, seen through a dazzling foreground of pink and white azalea, was one whose beauty I have never seen surpassed.

Near the village of Sonohara we came on a small shrine, whose majestic surroundings seemed more worthy of Nikko or Nara. An immense cryptomeria stood on either side of it, and one of these, at 5 feet from the ground, measured 26 feet in girth.

At a little hamlet, where peach, cherry, and pear were still in blossom, the people, usually so excited at seeing a foreigner, seemed quite unconcerned. We sent our native servant to ask one of them what they thought we were, and he reported this reply, "They are from a distant part of Japan, where the people grow to gigantic size," and one old woman, on hearing that we were foreigners, remarked, "That is impossible. There are no dwellers outside the land of great Japan."

It was not till after one o'clock at night that we knocked at the outer shutters (for there are no doors) of an inn by

the river-bank. The household were fast asleep; but in a few moments master and servants were welcoming us as if they had been longing for our arrival. "Deign to let me wash your honourable feet," "Please allow us to make hot food for you", "How kind of you to honour our miserable house" were phrases showered upon us with many smiles, and every possible attention. This politeness, so impossible to a European when rudely awakened at dead of night, was the more remarkable, as many Japanese believe the spirit leaves the body during sleep and wander afar in the shape of a small black ball, and that, if the body is suddenly roused, the soul may be too late to rejoin it, and death will result. These people whom we rudely disturbed might well have shown resentment, but they concealed it. As in other matters where the Japanese seemed to outshine the Europeans, they live up to their maxim "Warau kado-ni-wa Fuku Kitaru" - "He who is of a merry heart has a continual feast."

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Our two days' hard walking were now to be rewarded by a surfeit of delightful ease. Shooting the rapids of fast rivers is a pleasant diversion from mountain-climbing. It is less laborious and more exciting, and as it is combined, on the Tenriugawa river, with splendid scenery, the descent of that river is an expedition to be made if possible. For the first half of the 90-mile journey (which takes altogether ten hours) the long flat-bottomed boat speeds swiftly down a

constant succession of races and rapids, its bottom being flat and thin, and so built as to bend without breaking if it touches a sunken rock. Each time we approach a rapid, the oarsmen, of whom there are four, standing up with long oars, strike the gunwale of the boat. The sound re-echoes from the cliffs on each side of the narrow gorge, and is ~~supposed~~ designed to call gods and men to attention. Soon the current's speed increases; we plunge headlong into a seething cauldron of boiling waters; right in front is a cliff, from which we apparently cannot escape; the boatmen paddle fast and deftly; a single false motion and we are lost; the waves dash over the gunwale; but in much less time than these words have taken we are gliding along a smooth current and almost into the next rapid.

In the intervals of calm water, there is all too little time to scan the glorious cliffs that rise from the river for hundreds of feet almost straight to the skies, and are nevertheless rich with luxuriant ~~verdure~~ foliage. They, in themselves, would amply repay us for our journey. Pine and maple almost hide the precipitous rock, here in sunlight and there in deepest shade, while right over the river hang festoons of pale blue wisteria, sometimes smothering whole trees.

Not least among the day's marvels was the astounding skill of our native cook, who with no further appliance than a small brass frame, ~~a few pieces of charcoal, and a~~

~~small brass frame,~~ a few pieces of charcoal, and a frying-pan, produced choice dishes till forbidden to cook any more.

After six or seven hours through this deep and narrow cleft in the mountain mass, the cliffs begin insensibly to slope, and on the shelving shores the signs of human life appeared. Here and there a boat was being pulled, sailed or punted, or all three at once, against the strong current. We came down the 90 miles in ten hours, but it takes ~~them~~ ten days and more to get back up the river. Who but the most plucky and patient of men would use such torrents for navigation?

As we neared the sea twilight fell, and it was dark when we reached the great railway bridge which spans the river near its mouth, and found ourselves once more in the busy world.

Who can feel himself worthy to speak of Fuji, the loveliest mountain in the world; the idol of ~~poetry~~ poets for centuries; the inspiration of painting painters; and one must almost say, the trademark of Japan? Japanese tradition affirms that Fuji sprang from the earth in a single night. To me, at all events, its glories sprang in a night, for we reached by train in the dark, a village Suzubawa by name only 20 miles from the mountain. As we lay on our beds of quilts next morning, the sliding shutters were removed, and Fuji stood right before us, framed as in a picture; but how far beyond the power of any artist to depict, much more of any ~~orator~~ writer to describe, those who have seen it know well.

Fuji is a flat-topped cone over 12,000 feet high, standing

in the midst of a circular plain round which is a ring of smaller mountains. With a glorious sweep the sides rise from the chequered expanse of many-coloured fields, steeper and steeper to the snowy summit. Rising from near the level of the sea, the effect of height is vastly enhanced. The flanks are often ~~hid~~ hidden in clouds, the level top appearing far above them. On a cloudy day the new-comer, when told to look at Fuji, often fails to detect the top. Such were those described by LAFCADIO Hearn as looking from the deck of his ship as she reached Yokohama at sunrise.

" 'Look higher up, much higher.' Then they looked up, up into the heart of the sky, and saw the mighty summit glistening like a wondrous phantom lotus bud in the flush of the coming day; a spectacle that smote them dumb. Swiftly the eternal snow yellowed into gold, then whitened as the sun reached out beams to it over the curve of the world, over the shadowy ranges, over the very stars, it seemed, for the giant base remained viewless. And the night fled utterly; and a soft blue light bathed all the hollow heaven - and colours awoke from sleep; amd before the gazers there opened the luminous Bay of Yokohama, with the sacred peak, its base ever invisible, hanging over all like a snowy ghost in the arch of the infinite day."

For this once, when I saw him first, He stood without a single cloud in the morning sun - a sight not often obtained. Soon a curious round cap of mist began to form around his head, and shortly he was hidden for the day.

In the ascent of Fuji

It was my good fortune to be again accompanied ~~by~~ the ~~chief~~ most noted of European explorers in Japan, ~~the Rev. Walter Weston.~~ Mr Weston

He had twice made the climb, once earlier in the year than any recorded ascent. This time we beat that record by two days, reaching the top on May 17, when snow still lay over all the

upper 5000 feet. The Japanese pilgrims never ascended Fuji except between July 15 and September 10. The summit, when the snow is gone, is easy though laborious to surmount, and is visited by over 10,000 pilgrims every summer. The ascent is nominally a religious duty, but pleasure is happily combined.

Mountaineering is perhaps a greater institution in Japan than anywhere else in the world. It is common to see parties of pilgrims both men and women, in white coats and broad hats, with long walking-sticks, and carrying their modest luggage in a small bag, tramping along the country roads. It is they who, happily for the foreigner, maintain such numbers of well-appointed village inns. Often, on the eaves of an inn, may be seen numbers of little flags bearing each an inscription. These show the names of "Pilgrim Associations," each of which has many subscribers of a small annual sum. Once a year they select by lot a few members who shall make the pilgrimage, and each Association always patronizes the same quarters. The inns are naturally anxious to display as many of these signs of patronage as possible so as to assure other travellers that the inn is good. Hence the little flags at the inn front.

Buddhist priests maintain huts on Fuji and other sacred peaks, and posting themselves and their temple at the foot of each route, take toll of pilgrims passing upwards. In return they stamp the pilgrim's coat with a sign, which he proudly shows as a proof of piety. It is darkly hinted that for a considera-tion the stamp may be obtained without the painful necessity of

the climb. In order to prevent pilgrims from arriving when the priests do not wish to be on the cold hillside, they encourage the belief that to climb on snow is displeasing to the ruling spirits of the place, and therefore dangerous; hence it was that our coolies refused to go with us when we reached the snow.

A peaceful Sunday at Suzubawa preceded our ascent. Strolling on the beach in the afternoon, we came on a picnic party bivouacked by the sea, who urged upon us the hospitalities of baked fish and pickled seaweed. From a friendly policeman we learnt that the village boasted not only of a temple, but of a Christian church and congregation, to which he himself belonged, supporting itself ~~to the number of 50~~ without any European help. To us, just primed with the conventional report that missions had no success, the policeman's statement seemed surprising, but indeed the extraordinary amount of space devoted to the question in the Japanese press was sufficient proof that the number of interested was very large on both sides.

Starting for Fuji the next morning, the first day took us through the fields, then over the grassy moors, then into the forest which clothes the middle slopes. Here is the spot where till lately stood the Nionindo hut, so called because in former times women were debarred from climbing further on the sacred ground. The hut had almost completely decayed, and served to illustrate the fact that in Japan the gentle sex was proving its right to fair consideration.

The next hut, battered by the winter's storms, was anything

but attractive, but rain compelled us to stop. The floor was broken, the walls full of holes, ~~yet~~ and there was no chimney to carry off the smoke of the fire which the cold obliged us to light. It was only possible to escape the smoke by squatting down with one's face near the floor; and in order to make a meal the eyes had to suffer torments. Lying down was not much better. The boards were broken and jagged, a log of wood was our only pillow, and as wraps were scarce, one had to choose between using a garment as cushion for the hip-bone and wearing it to keep out the cold. Memories of more painful nights in other lands were small consolation for our many sorrows. Without, the storm had risen, and the roar of wind and rain mingled with the long howl of a distant wolf. All night long the coolies chattered by the fire, and dried our boots so assiduously that my companion's nailed sole was burnt through - a circumstance calculated to leave affectionate recollections of mountain coolies in general. But every evil must have an end, and we found ourselves at daybreak enjoying our chilly ablutions with sponges filled by leaving them a moment in the drenching rain - no other water was near. All that day the rain and the typhoon kept us idle, but at last, after another painful night, the sun appeared. In spite of damaged boots, and the coolies who brought no spare sandals, because ~~forsooth~~ they "knew they would never get across the snow", we made the long and weary pull through the slippery snow and the ~~sinking~~ soft ashes till, after about seven hours,

we looked into the great crater, and then climbed along to the icy summit, the highest position in the land of the Rising Sun. The view recalled some great relief map, with varying tints and shades on lake and forest, river and sea, hills and plain. The crater bottom ~~lies~~ lay snowy white, but where the inner walls are too steep for snow to lodge, huge icicles ~~hang~~ hung blue against the red cliffs. Fuji has not burst forth for two centuries, but under the snow steam still issues sufficiently hot to cook an egg, just as at Mount Tarawera, in New Zealand, you might light a stick in the summit many years after the eruption which destroyed the famous terraces.

To turn from the deadly whiteness of the snow at our feet, to gaze far and wide over the vast surrounding plain, tender green with spring life, and on to the mountains, great and small, 20 to 80 miles away, then round to the indented shore of the Pacific Ocean, was an experience which made one wonder which is more lovely the view from the top of Fuji or the view of Fuji from below.

Our destination being Tokio we now descended by the Eastern route.

Had the snow been in good condition for glissading, the upper half of the mountains would have been left behind in a few minutes, but its softness confined us to the inferior method of sliding, not on the feet, but on the back, which soon drenches

one to the skin.

At last the forest was reached again, and in it, lower down, we found a solitary hermit, so he purported to be, living, he told us, on bread and water alone. To our hungry souls this announcement might have been a consolation, urging us to appreciate "low living and high thinking", but the remains of various viands more luxurious than bread somewhat marred the picture of piety.

It was growing late when we reached a village, and my companion was suffering from an injured knee; at first chance therefore we obtained a horse for him to ride. The animal, refused to let him mount, and then an exhibition followed of the Japanese method of horse-breaking. Our host, seizing a piece of rope, tied the beast's fore legs firmly together, and finally enveloped his head in a large cloth. Thus blinded and hobbled, he yielded to his master.

From the top we had seen, as on a map, a village we wished to reach, named Gotemba, on another side from that by which we ascended, and for this we were now making, never returning to the former route. Hence it was that when we at length regained the land of newspapers, we found ~~ourselves,~~ ourselves the subject of public concern. A native journal entitled Hochi Shimbun, had reported us dead, and in the English newspapers at Yokohama we read as follows:-

"Yesterday's Hochi reported that two foreigners who started to ascend Fuji, with four coolies, have not since

been heard of. The mountain is still covered with snow as far down as the fifth station, and as the summit was hidden in clouds, the coolies urged the visitors to postpone the attempt. But the foreigners were determined to go. A few hours afterwards the storm burst, dislodging huge boulders and house roofs. As nothing has since been heard of the climbers, it is feared they have succumbed to the fury of the gale. Even had they taken shelter, cold and starvation must long since have rendered them helpless. Their nationality is unknown, but the Hochi surmises that they are British, for the reason that the people of that nation like to do that which is distasteful to them, and glory in their vigour."

A few days later, a Tokio clerk remarked to my companion that it served these foreigners right to be killed, for the sacrilege of insulting the spirits by climbing their sanctuary before the priests had sanctioned it.

My next expedition, though the shortest, was, scientifically, the most interesting. One morning, the Tokio papers announced a fearful eruption in the north: "Explosion of a mountain, loss of many lives:" and in the streets pictures were selling showing in vivid colours the peak bursting like a bombshell, with men and beasts falling headlong below. A party ~~and myself~~ was soon arranged, and we left Tokio by the early morning train, reaching Fukushima, the nearest station to our

volcano, at four o'clock that day. Twelve miles into the hills stands a little village whose name is Takaiyu, which, being interpreted, means, "High up hot water", so called from the hot sulphur springs round which it stands. Here we found an excellent inn, but it was a little disconcerting to find that the only bath available was a large tank open to the village street. There was nothing for it but to creep into the almost boiling water as if bathing in public au naturel was quite an everyday occurence.

The bath was the favourite meeting-place of the whole population, and probably took the place of both club and public-house. At one time, in the larger towns, a police regulation ordered that, out of deference to foreign feeling on the subject, the sexes should be separated. The order was obeyed in letter, if not in spirit, and many places carried out the law by tying a piece of string across the public bath, thus separating the sexes, who continued to bathe with an easy conscience. Sometimes a floating bamboo was used, but in the village I speak of both were discarded, and certainly the utmost decorum prevailed. The Japanese appreciate the value of hot baths, and crowd to the spots where chemical springs offer both health and enjoyment. In some places they stay in the water for weeks together sitting at night with large stones on the knees to keep them from turning over in their sleep.

At seven next morning when we left Takaiyu, the roar of the

eruption, some four miles off, sounded loud and clear. At eight we were joined by a policeman, who had attempted to reach the crater in order to ~~warn or~~ rescue ~~any who might be~~ the man in charge of the bath-house which stood near it. But he had fled. ~~There had been he said, one man living there; but~~ when he heard the preliminary rumbling, he thought the devils were after him, and escaped before the deadly shower of mud.

This eruption was not strictly volcanic, like those of Fuji, but resembled that of Mount Tarawera, and also that of Bandai San, not far from the ~~present one~~ one we were now visiting, which a few years ago destroyed many hundred lives. It was not a gradual eruption of lava or ashes, but a sudden explosion of the surface of the earth. The channel of a hot spring, it is supposed is closed by the action of an earthquake. The imprisoned water/then boils under pressure to an enormous pitch of vehemence, till the sudden generation of irresistible masses of steam throws countless tons of soil and water into the sky.

After a mile of fairly steep ascent, we found the vegetation (chiefly dwarf bamboo) thinly coated with blue-grey ashes, and near the crater the shower was still falling in fine dust, enough to make us use the umbrellas that we had luckily brought. The ashes had certainly reached two miles from the point of eruption. Half an hour brought us in sight of a huge column of steam, rushing up with a loud roar from one side of a very large old crater. The flat bottom of the crater was a

sea of mud, across which we waded, past a pool in the centre. A geological professor from Tokio University was already on the scene, and informed us that this pool, which had been boiling before the eruption was now cool.

The mud became ankle-deep, and then knee-deep, till at lat we could wade no further. Rushing sounds of steam or water just beneath our feet warned us to be cautious. We were, in fact, fortunate, for a few days later, the mountain burst again,and some lives were lost. We, however, stood with impunity 50 yards or so from the edge of this gigantic earth explosion. The rift ran up the hill for about 300 yards with a long line of steam-jets in front of it. The great column of steam rushed up to perhaps 200 feet, hiding the hill beyond. Had the wind veered round, nothing could have saved us. Now and then rocks fell in from the sides of the rift, and were shot upwards, falling again with loud reports. The mass of driven steam, shining white against the hill, with the expanse of desolating mud, ~~combined with~~ and the terrifying noise were impressive indeed. The precariousness of human life on this cooling fire-ball was brought home to one with ~~immense~~ intense reality.

I took some ~~Kodak~~ photographs, and with difficulty we plunged and dragged ourselves to a snowfield. There the mud lay only a few inches deep, with large stones upon it, clearly placed on the snow by no hand but that of the eruption.

Sitting on the mud was not attractive, but it was long since breakfast, and we had also come upon three Japanese students, distressed by fatigue and hunger. They had started for the day without taking any food ~~whatever~~, and soon helped us to demolish our lunch. Leaving them much revived, we pressed on up the hill, walking over pine trees, swept down by the mud and wind, which had blown them towards the crater. At last the mud ceased, and our way over the mountain-top was easy. We then descended past a frozen crater lake, shining brilliant blue amid the snow, through snowy pine woods, to Takaiyu, from which we hastened south, glad to exchange the desolating eruption for the cherry-blossom of the capital.

BALKAN HILLS AND PEOPLES.

BALKAN GEOGRAPHY AND CHARACTER.

The Balkan peninsula is the most irregular of the three prongs which Europe throws out into the southern sea. Above all other qualities it is mountainous, but in particular it is a mountain chaos. Joined to Europe by a broad base, it is yet almost divided from Europe by the greatest river of the west. It is a confused extension of both the Alps and the Carpathians. Its ranges run both north to south and west to east. While the Alps become the Pindus, and run a more or less normal course southward into Greece, the Carpathians, apparently unaffected by the geological movements which created their neighbours, turn southwards when they have dipped underneath the Danube, and then, like a snake, wind eastwards again to the Black Sea. The two ranges form a ganglion before they part, and there, from the angle between them, the most beautiful range of the peninsula, including the Rilo and the Rhodope, runs towards the south-east.

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such as Rilo, the peerless Olympus, Musala in the Rhodope, Lubotim or "the Lovely Thorn" in the Shar, attain to 9,000 feet.

The rivers are even more capricious. Though the neck of the peninsula is so wide, yet the rain which falls on the Dinaric Alps within a few hours of the Adriatic is shouldered away by the narrow neck of mountains and directed right across the peninsula to the Black Sea, so that though its base is by far wider than that of either Italy or Spain, the Balkan is almost wholly severed from Europe by a line of water. Not content with this irregularity of formation, other rivers make confusion worse confounded by cutting through the ranges which might have been expected to turn the flow of water in an opposite direction. Thus the Isker, which at Sofia appears to be debarred from the Danube by the most definite wall of mountains imaginable, pierces straight through the old Balkan, as it is called, and flows to the north instead of the east. Quite close by, the Struma, which would appear destined for the Black Sea, bores through the Rilo range and makes a most unexpectedly economic route to the Egean. The Drin accomplishes an even more remarkable feat in severing the whole enormous backbone of the Pindus, and connects, against all possible expectations, the centre of the peninsula with the Adriatic.

The great Maritsa, which drains Eastern Roumelia, makes another unlikely turn, and, again to the advantage of future commerce, chooses the open Ægean in preference to the closed waters of the Black Sea. Strangest of all, the Danube, which is on one side a Balkan stream, penetrates the otherwise unconquered mass of the Carpathians at the famous Iron Gates. This habit of cutting through ranges

~~It follows that one of the remarkable features of the Balkans is~~ accounts for the prevalence of the Turkish name "Demirkapu" or (gate of iron,) a fair sample of which, on a small scale, may be seen between Belgrade and Nish from the luxurious carriages of the Orient express.

It is natural in such a geological confusion that the land should not be without lakes. Of all the scenic attractions which, in no distant future, will make the Balkans a new and fashionable Switzerland, its lakes will probably be the most popular. Certainly, to-day there does not exist in Europe anything more picturesque than the lake of Ochrida, where all that is attractive in a crowded town by the Riviera is combined with the contrast of the isolated peak above the lake, crowned with mediaeval fortresses, and the plain in which it stands, the wooded hills beyond the plain, and the interminable ranges of the Albanian mountains showing purple behind the lake.

It is not surprising, in view of this confusion of features, that the climate also is distinguished for variety. Included in the peninsula we have the balmy Riviera of the north-west, and a winter of Russian rigour in the east, while tropical violence of heat is met with in the south.

There is something entirely its own, also, in the astonishing contrasts of scenery ~~in the Balkan.~~ Balkan At times it is perfectly European. In Bosnia, Morihovo, or Rhodope, it is Alpine, with pines and meadows where the mountains above them are of sufficient height. In other districts of Bosnia, and again in parts of the Rhodope, it is absolutely English, and you might imagine yourself in some magnified Haslemere district of Surrey, with a great profusion of ~~pines~~ firs and bracken. But the typical impression of the commonest form of Balkan country is one of rather arid hills, often of a nakedness like those of Greece, with few trees, but a great prevalence of low scrub, usually oak or beech. Next below these you have the prevailing cultivated land, whose distinctive features are the apparent coarseness of the soil, and the absence of hedges or trees except where the land is dotted with oaks. These are usually lopped close to the trunk to their full height, so as to look like an inferior Lombardy

poplar, or else pollarded at 10 or 12 feet, and employed for stacking hay. It is markedly a brown country, and appears more arid than it really is, for it undulates in such a way that even large villages are frequently concealed until you come close upon them. The contrast is then very striking between the treeless country with little green in view except the willows along the river, and on the other hand the extreme luxuriance of the fruit trees round the village; walnuts also grow to an immense size wherever the hand of man chooses to encourage them.

Finally, we have great alluvial plains, some of them extremely rich, but in general giving the impression of wasted aridity, such as we associate rather with Asia. Here we touch the second of the two most notable geographical features in the Balkan, the fact that it is the frontier land of Europe. Here Europe shades into Asia. The shores of the Bosphorus are both alike, yet on the northern side you cannot say that the scenery is anything but European; on the other you may equally protest that your surroundings are Asiatic. Thus the two great qualities of the Balkans are these: (1) Their form is that of a broad chaos of mountains, an Italy of a vaster and ruder kind; (2) their position is that of a frontier on the borderland of Asia.

Resulting from geological chaos, the student of the picturesque might claim that the Balkan is a land above all others of striking scenery. He might dwell on the fact that it includes some of the most famous features of the world, particularly in respect of lakes, of harbours, and of hills. Certainly among the sights of the world should be included the Gulf of Cattaro, where the steamer threads her way under black walls of rock 4,000 feet high, into the very heart of the Balkan range. Those who have seen Ochrida are bound to claim it as a thing unique; and the remote valley of Rilo, framed in peaks and forests, and set as with a gem by the gilded roofs of the vast monastery, forms, undoubtedly, one of the wonders of the Earth. Or, again, we might select as the distinguishing note of the Balkans the quality of variety. But I think that which is most typical is a certain habit of contrast, amounting almost to paradox.

Whereas in Italy the great plains assume their natural position at the foot of the mountains, in the Balkan they often occupy the heights. Thus, also, the rivers rise in plains. Before plunging through deep gorges, they have wound a sluggish course through muddy creeks upon such high plateaux as those of Kossovo. Here no less than three great rivers rise and flow in

different directions, the Drin, the Morava, and the Vardar. On the plain of Sofia, at the very centre of the peninsula, although at the foot of towering mountains, you are yet at such an altitude that the climate is bracing, like the Riffel Alp.

A very peculiar form of plain is the absolutely flat deposit of soil in a basin sharply surrounded by steep hills. These are known by the Slav name "polie", and are most marked in the north-west and in Montenegro, where, on a tiny scale, almost hidden among the interminable rocks, they form the sole means of subsistence of the Montenegrin peasant. They are, in a magnified form, the counterpart of the pot-holes of Yorkshire.

Similarly, the enormous limestone rivers which spring suddenly to birth are exaggerations of our own chalk streams; and, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish the delightful gradations of English chalk-country till one has seen the same features in their exaggerated form in the Balkans.

Sometimes these streams are not exaggerated, but exact, reproductions of Hampshire trout-streams. The most astonishing combination of contrasts of this kind is to be found at Philippi. Driving from Drama, you come across the plain to an inn, which was lately Turkish.

A few yards away are the remains of the Roman town, and vast Corinthian columns stand up among the bare fields without any indication that there had ever been reason for men to collect and live upon the spot. A little below, on the very edge of the plain, there are willows, and what looks from a distance like an oasis in a desert; but strolling down to the water, you find without exception all the notable features of a Hampshire trout-stream. Rising suddenly in a reedy marsh, it glides away with even course and regular depth through meadows with fine grass and absolutely crystalline water. You see something rise in the water as you walk along the bank, exactly like a trout. And here alone does the slightest difference appear between the Macedonian and the English stream, for the trout proves to be a water-tortoise.

On the northern slope of the Rhodope, I came suddenly on a grassy hillside with straggling woods of Scotch fir, where I could hardly believe myself to be elsewhere than in Forfarshire, till, riding down towards the vineyards of the lower country, I heard a shout in front of the cavalcade, and saw a couple of bears galloping off into the wood.

On the southern side of the ranges the pines seem to find insufficient moisture. But on the other you get the

autumn colours of Northern Europe in their most gorgeous quality. Pear-trees, which stud the slopes of the Rhodope, turn in September to a scarlet which is certainly not rivalled elsewhere, and I have never seen a more astonishing effect than a pear-tree half covered with wild vine, adding a different hue of scarlet as well as of gold. Occasionally the contrast is thrown into more striking proximity, where on the southern side of a range the shoulders run to a sharp edge, and you may notice a series of such shoulders, in every case growing pine trees on the south-west side, exactly to the sharp edge of the ridge, while on the east, where the soil is dried by the early sun for the whole day, no tree contrives to exist.

Within a few miles of the splendid forests of Pinus Macedonica, you find yourself on the plains among tropical palms. Whereas the British Empire must stretch from Canada to India in order to exert "dominion over palm and pine", both are included in Macedonia. From the palms, again, a few hours' ride takes you to fields of mountain colchicum, the autumn crocus. Starting in the early morning before sunrise, I have seen acres of these flowers lying in the frost as if dead upon the

grass. An hour later, when the sun had climbed over the hill, they start up and open to such width that the whole hillside will be violet-coloured in a few minutes. Higher up, again, in springtime you see grape-hyacinths and chionodoxa, contrasting their azure blue, as they ought to do, with the snow. But in the same day you may find yourself down in the valley pursuing an English lane with blackberries and sloes and travellers' joy.

The quality of contrast is not confined to inanimate things. You may see the gorgeous roller, ~~who reminds you~~ brilliant as the jay of India, and, close by, the homely water-ouzel. By the side of oaks and walnuts you find great tortoises and snakes 8 feet long; and bears and wolves abound. They are a serious drag upon industry, and even in civilised Bulgaria it has lately been found necessary to increase the Government rewards for killing them. Some thirty years ago a party of peasants with horses was wholly destroyed by wolves in the Mori Hovo mountains, nothing but the bits and stirrup irons being found to record them. In the same hills the peasants migrate for the summer to lofty shoulders, where the land is flat enough to grow little patches of maize, and here, night after night, they will sit up with a fire to drive off bears; there are tragic stories of women with a baby in one arm,

~~beating off a bear with the other with a burning brand from the fire.~~ The prevalence of eagles is a delightful feature for the traveller, and on the cliffs of Montenegro I once counted, at the same moment, thirty-nine ravens.

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The paradox observable in nature extends to Man, and here is a case of the influence of geographical conditions upon ~~man of extraordinary interest.~~

The Balkan is a country of mixed types ~~of humanity.~~ You have six separate states, and even more distinct nationalities. You have the Albanian, universally famed for his loyalty, his love of country, his preference for living on the fruits of other men's labour, with his interesting language and character, the most stubborn patriot and loyal servant. In the old days of Turkey in Europe, the Mohammedan convert amongst Greeks and Slavs became a Turk, but an Albanian remained true to his nation's hopes though he was often found among the ablest of Turkish governors. You have the Greek, clever and active, and conspicuous as a trader and a politician. You have the Serb, full of poetry and romance; you have the Bulgar, noted for industry on the land and for a curious stubborn optimism ~~so remarkable that I must give an example. An Italian officer once received an answer from a Macedonian Bulgar that illustrates it well. The men of a certain village were accustomed to cut wood on the mountain, but~~

curious stubborn optimism. In 1906, when the International Gendarmerie was quartered in Macedonia, an Italian officer received an answer from a Macedonian Bulgar that illustrates it well. The men of a certain village were accustomed to cut wood on the mountain. but so many of them had been killed when at work that the officer asked them why they continued to run the risk. The peasant replied, "Why should we not continue to cut wood". If we are not killed we shall bring back the wood." You have Vlachs (Rumanian by descent), Jews, and Mahomedan Bulgars, Mahomedan Greeks and, in Bosnia, Mahomedan Serbs.

The peace settlement of 1919 has added another variety to this strangely assorted population - the Westernised Slavs - the Croat and the Slovene, whose countries have been added to Serbia to form Yugoslavia. Identical ~~with~~ in race and language with the Serbs, these two groups are a people apart in training religion, environment and culture.

While the Serbs remained in the mediaeval backwash of Turkish rule, the Croats and Slovenes were brought up under the civilised conditions afforded by the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and regard themselves as Europeans with a western outlook and habits of mind: the urban Croats and Slovenes are very largely bilingual, German being a lingua franca with the outside world; in religion they are Roman Catholic, while the Serbs of course are Greek Orthodox.

The grave difficulties in which Yugoslavia finds herself to-day show how superficial the common racial factor can be in face of widely differing cultures and other factors of environment.

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Many paradoxical contrasts are produced by this confusion of races and religions. It must strike you as a very remarkable thing when you first go among the Pomaks, as the Moslem Bulgars are called, to see the peculiarly

aggressive expression that characterises Mohammedans, combined with the blue eyes that suggest Europe; the colour is inappropriate, as you judge from experience of Turkish faces. Incidentally, it is a curious phenomenon that these blue eyes are not common among the Bulgarians proper, which appears to indicate some difference in blood, contrary to the theory that the Pomaks are of the same race.

The combination of European blood with Asiatic religion produces a pleasant contrast in Bosnia. The Moslem fatalism which takes full effect in a Turkish country produces a general air of decay, and much indifference to economic progress, but it is powerless among the Bosnian Slavs to remove their natural industry and optimism, and Mahommedanism takes on quite a different colour when you see a number of clean and well-dressed men of business attending spotless and up-to-date mosques with an air of progressive activity.

I once found a still odder combination in one of the educated Mohammedans at Serajevo. He had been taken in to the Austrian Governmental service. He was descended from a notable family of Bogomils, those early Protestants who, at the Conquest, preferred Islam to the persecutions of the Greek and the Roman Church, and became the most

~~The happiness of these liberated lands is all the greater because their enslavement is not forgotten.~~ Twenty years ago, travelling where Turkish rule remained, one could hardly believe that this country was once the granary of Rome, so little did it produce. The man who imported machinery or attempted to better himself by working a factory or mill was lucky if the Governor did not trump up against him a charge of murder and throw him into prison until he had disgorged his fortune. Thus in literal fact the most attractive industry for a man of energy and efficiency was that of brigandage. Of intellectual professions there was absolutely none to satisfy an active mind. The literature of the country consisted of the records of murder kept by the European consols, and the lists drafted by murder committees of those destined to be punished with death.

It would appear from the markets of the large towns that the most profitable field of business was in firearms and large knives. But these did not adequately indicate the extent of the trade, for beneath the surface a large importation of modern rifles was carried on from the neighbouring countries into what was left of European Turkey. ~~There was another strange contrast.~~ The rifle trade was mysterious. I saw in the mountains the villagers collected for hunting bears

with ancient flint-lock rifles, while the Turkish gendarme carried a Martini, and this again was vastly inferior to the Mausers or "Manlichers" which accompanied a rebel band. The best of the thought and effort and wealth of the people was thus turned away from real to false industry.

Disorder was even causing a progressive diminution of production. Many a mountain-farm became unsafe to visit, and a European resident who had done much big-game shooting told me that recent troubles had in this way greatly increased the stock of red deer. Meanwhile, valuable forests were being rapidly cut down, and ~~re~~af-forestationwas totally neglected, being often prevented by the unregulated grazing of goats.

It may be that the bare and coarse-looking surface of the lands of the Balkan is partly due to the absence of that continual human care which in Europe has done so much to produce the firm texture of the meadows. In this way the habits of man have affected the landscape; but there is a weird story in Bosnia which puts cause and effect the other way. It is said that a Turkish farmer used every week to miss one of his sheep. At last he discovered that his shepherd, having killed the

sheep by the river, threw it into the stream where, in Bosnian fashion, it plunged under the hill. The man's brother waited at the appointed time to meet the carcase where it emerged from the ground on the other side of the hill. The Turk said nothing about his suspicions, but one day cut the throat of the shepherd, threw him into the river, and enjoyed the thought of the brother's discomfiture when, instead of the sheep, there appeared the shepherd's body.

IN PERSIA.

I had seldom seen a more picturesque sight than the escort of Indian Lancers with their red turbans as they trotted along the narrow and winding street of Tabriz when the British Consul drove me to pay a call on the Governor, Shujahéd-Daulah. We were received in a vast room carpeted with exquisite rugs, the west side fully open to the ground and overlooking the spacious garden.

Shujah had taken the house by force from a rich Persian and I admired his aesthetic (if not his moral) taste in doing so, for the garden, with a vast bed of mauve petunias below the terrace by the pool was something incredible. He was an old man, very handsome with his big white moustache, enriched by a share of what was more legitimately whisker; he might have passed for a French ex-general, tanned by a Moroccan campaign. The interpreter (in French) was a suave Persian secretary, sent from Teheran, as the Consul afterwards told me, to spy on Shujah - this being apparently the only recognition by the latter of the Central Government. He was a natural son of the ex-Shah, a relationship which often explained the promotion of incompetent men. After the usual compliments Shujah introduced the subject of politics in Persia, and I enquired:- "How is the Constitution succeeding?"

Shujah:- The Shah's Government was far better.

N.B.- What is your opinion of the Regent?

S. - He is a man of books. Men of books are useless.

N.B.- Did not Abdul Hamid praise the Constitution in Turkey?

S. - I do not criticise him, but the Turkish Parliament does no good.

N.B. Do you approve of Parliament anywhere?

S. Reformers mean well, but they always move too fast.

One might expect the Governor to respect if not to represent the view of his Government - but there lay the peculiarity of Persian governors - they could by violence become semi-independent. He wanted to know what the English people thought of Persia. I remembered one of the ugly deeds that attracted British attention to Persia - the hanging of the chief Mollah in Tabriz; but I refrained - it was Shujah himself who hanged the Mollah.

I afterwards learnt from the French Consul that Shijah reported the conversation, and said: - "I told the Englishman the way to govern, but I did not convince even the corner of his eyebrows". He was charmingly polite, true to his national tradition. When a Persian apologises for turning his back on you, the correct reply is: "You are not turning your back; a rose has no back."

Shujah was cruel, but he punished brigands and provided security on the roads. He had no salary; there are other ways of making an income when you are a despot. He was said to be at his best when out hawking. He gave you the argument for reaction in words; some of his deeds were certainly arguments against it.

The operations of this despot were a symptom of unique political chaos, ~~(a situation which arose from the ambitions of Czarist Russia)~~ unthinkable in these post-war times. It arose from ~~Rumanian~~ Russian Imperialism, incessantly pushing towards the sea in every available direction, but already thwarted more than once. I am just old enough to remember 1878, and Disraeli 's triumph in frustrating the victories of the Russo-Turkish war. In the nineties, I boarded at Nagasaki a Russian cruiser, a sign of the ambition to expand on the Pacific, an ambition doomed to be foiled, this time, by the Japanese. After that the most hopeful goal was the Persian Gulf.

Persia looked to England for protection and in desperation produced the constitutional movement. Swedish officers were engaged to reform the gendarmerie, Belgians the Customs, and Americans the finances.

The parliamentary experiment, working as it did under abnormal difficulties, could by no means be dismissed as futile. The National Assembly was well worth a trial, and a trial it did not get; the diplomacy of the Great Powers was tied to traditions, which made a trial difficult. It had relied so long on its partisan friendship for one statesman or another, in weak States like Persia and Turkey, that by nature it hampered a national regime. This undermined the idea of self-respect without which no national government could be vigorous.

What could be said for the 'national' movement in Persia? Feeble as its Parliament proved, it produced men whose force both as revolutionists and as deputies was a ~~source of surprise~~ surprising to the most cynical. The Armenian Yeprem, and the Persian Takizade represented elements of strength and public spirit which would not otherwise have seen the light. The deputies whemselves compelled attention to moral questions which personal government ignored. The encouragement of the trade in vice, by the Teheran police,(with a view to levying blackmail) was attacked. A governor who had grown rich by seizing Persian girls and selling them to Tartar chiefs, across the Russian border, was impeached. When all the laughter due to the Mejliss was exhausted ~~was exhausted~~, it remained a fact that fanatical feeling, ~~as missionaries attested~~, had been greatly diminished by the Persian parliamentary regime. The very Mullahs who predominated in it had become unpopular, and religious liberty for non-Moslems had vastly increased, so that, as a missionary friend told me, even converts from Islam could preach Christianity without danger.

It was argued on the other hand that men who made good agitators, had proved to be self-seekers when power was achieved - a feature not unknown in other revolutions. Another charge made among Persians, and explained to me by a leading reactionary, connected with the ex-Shah, was that the national movement and its disorders gave occasion to the Russians to come in. Many Europeans, again, who supported the Constitution

at first, were pessimistic ~~now~~ at the time of my visit. In their opinion the autocracy of the Shahs and their corrups creatures, produced still, through sporadic personal energy, the greatest modicum of public order that could be expected. The common people only asked for security from thieves and murderers. The educated classes despaired of getting this without foreign control. Even English traders, if Russian control could be had without Russian import duties, had begun to welcome it. The most hopeful feature lay in the marked success of the Swedish gendarmerie officers, whose work again depended on the Belgian customs officials, and for maintaining these in due authority a parliament proved to have its use.

But elections and real reforms in the north-west province in contact with the Caucasus (where home rule movements were rigorously suppressed) ~~was~~ were too much for Russian nerves, and Persia was induced by threats to withdraw the Swedes from that district. When the siege of Tabriz (in which my friend, Arthur Moore, formerly Secretary to the Balkan Committee, and afterwards representative of the "Times", inspired the defenders by personal daring) ended in success for the ex-Shah, by the help of Russian troops, Shujah became their protegé, did their dirty work, and became Governor as a Russian puppet.

When we crossed the Persian frontier, we found ourselves no less under Russian auspices than in the Caucasus. At Julfa, Russian amunition was being transferred from the railway into

waggons. It was cruel work for the small draft bullocks to drag them through the soft sand. I saw a bullock sink down exhausted and lie still till the driver struck a match and held the flame under the poor beast's flank.

A Russian Government motor bus transported us to Tabriz, and there, when one required facilities for travel, it was to the Russians and not the Persians, that one resorted. Russian troops had indeed penetrated far into the interior and we found them establishing their quarters for the winter at Salmas, towards the Turkish frontier.

It was a strange thing to see in an Oriental town like Tabriz large printed notices at frequent intervals. We further observed that without exception these were torn. What was the meaning? These were notices that elections would be held and had been fixed by order of the Central Government, but Shujah had sent his police to tear them down. We also found the bazaar was closed - Shujah had closed it and ordered a public demonstration in the square as a protest against elections of any kind. There was a curious sequel, when in response to chaff by the British Consul, Shujah re-opened the Bazaar and also made a parade of holding elections, admittedly a sham, but designed, he said, to please England. It was perhaps a piece of Persian humour to talk of pleasing England, when the ancient citadel with its tower stood battered by Russian guns, a loss to architecture not less melancholy than the ruination

of the "Blue Mosque' at a previous invasion of the Turks.

Here was Imperialism encroaching on Oriental weakness and producing an anarchy which afforded, as it was said, a refuge for the revolutionaries of three Empires. It was the last effort of the old Czarism before the Great War came, and as such it is noteworthy. But it was also a symptom of high politics in a sphere still more memorable. Why was Russia able to act with this contempt of law and decency? Colleagues of mine in the House of Commons frequently protested at that time against Sir Edward Gray's apparent indifference to Persia's rights and independence. For myself I felt such protests vain, while the Minister was putting before all other aims the necessity of securing Russian aid in case of war with Germany, Russia took cunical advantage of his desires and Gray was driven to co-operate in the partition of Persia. The exasperation which Russian ambitions and intrigue, evoked in England, notably Conservative circles, is strangely forgotten to-day.

Since the Great War progress moves at a rapid rate and to-day Persia is a Member of the League of Nations. She was recently elected to membership of the Council itself. Not only is her independence thus attested, but she is intimately associated with the Western Powers in the League's executive work of maintining peace and otherwise regulating international relationships - an association which no doubt will have a profound effect on her own progress. Such has been her advance in less than 20 years from the inferior status of a country partitioned

into spheres of influence by Great Britain and Russia.

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THE BALKAN WAR.

II. VICTORY.

My experience of the Balkan war was not wholly passed in the unrelieved gloom of the hospital base. I had the privilege of witnessing with the Bulgarian G.H.Q. the final victory of the Balkan Allies over their age-long oppressor. Though the Allies fell out afterwards over the division of the spoil, the Turks had lost their European dominions for ever. It was a great moment in the history of Europe.

Within eighteen days of the outbreak of war the Bulgarian headquarters moved from Stara Zagora toward the Turkish frontier. Motors were available as far as Kizil Agach, and there, by special favour of the Prime Minister and General Savoff, my brother and I became attached to it - a stroke of good fortune on which we could not wish to improve.

On Friday, the 8th of November, before dawn, we found excellent horses at the door of the peasant's hut which had sheltered us. The baggage was to follow

in carts, and for three days we saw it no more. We rode across open country, following the route taken by the First Army. Two squadrons of cavalry formed our escort. In front of them rode the junior officers of the staff departments; further to the front the heads of sections - cartography, translation, intelligence, General Tsenoff representing the gunners, General Yankoff the sappers; finally, at a distance which other generals tacitly respected, Ficheff, Chief of the Staff, and Savoff himself, distinguished from other generals by no difference of dress or accoutrement, but marked out by a certain air of mental force, as much by the shoulders as by the face.

The moment which a downtrodden race had so long awaited was come. A determined but patient people had found its vindication. Here were the leaders of the liberation, laying firm claim to the fatherland. Bulgarian feeling runs deep, so deep that some think it non-existent. So thrilling, at all events, was this dramatic advance that the most expressive would have felt constrained to hide his emotion.

At about three o'clock we crossed the frontier line. It was marked by a cutting through the oak

scrub along the ridge of the rolling hills. One would have supposed, from the silence of the officers, that they had not noticed the fact. The troopers, however, went so far as to betray an interest in their entry into the promised land. They asked the squadron officers if they might raise a hurrah. The captain sternly refused, telling them that General Savoff would not like it.

Within half an hour we came on a burnt village. Nothing remained alive, except the dogs and a few lean cats. Human bodies formed their food, for which grey crows were hungry competitors. The next village was still burning and we stopped to explore. Not a soul remained. Rejoining the Staff, we found them betraying more interest than had been observable before. They had already come upon trenches, the first signs of fighting. Here the First Army had fought its way, heading south-east towards Kirklisse, while the Third Army, on its left, had descended from the north. There were big graves both of Bulgarians and Turks. Then came another deserted village; from here it was reported that the Turks had carried off twenty-five Bulgarian girls before their retreat.

On the crest of the next ridge we suddenly came to a point overlooking the immense plain of Adrianople. The city, besieged and continually bombarded, lay in the distance. The sound of the cannonade, audible since morning, now grew nearer and insistent. It resembled nothing so much as a succession of stupendous groans, gigantic like the voice of a nation. Shrapnel was bursting over the forts with the effect of a sky-rocket when the stars are discharged and drift with an air of serene calm. Following the explosion, in the steady breeze that was blowing, the compact body of white smoke floated slowly through the cloudless air like a balloon.

We passed the great feudal farm of a Turkish bey. He had tried to protect the villagers. There was a great readiness to speak well of a Turk where he deserved it. Bullocks and buffaloes, pulling guns, had fallen ~~dead~~ here. Dogs had torn off the skin and gnawed the ~~succulent~~ muscles next the spine. The flayed and swollen carcases were conspicuous on the brown land, livid with various shades of purple, yellow, and red.

The fighting here, in the first week of the war, caused the panic at Kirklisse. It was a decisive battle, but it was never reported by the Government. In

London its very name ~~is~~ was unknown. When I remarked on this, General Ficheff replied: "Why should we report it? We did not want to advertise; we wanted to work... "

We arrived in total darkness in the muddy lanes of Tatarla, where was a halting-place for the field hospitals. We were thankful, after ten hours' riding, to find that one of them could be spared for ourselves. Several straw palliasses provided the elderly generals with a rest, even before supper was ready. The night was dark, but the searchlights of the besieged in Adrianople continually lit up the sky. ~~Turned~~ sweeping hastily from one quarter to another, they suggested a bad fit of nerves in the garrison; ~~moving~~ circling continually round ~~all quarters of the compass~~ and lighting up the clouds, they resembled some improved intermittent lighthouse. At night the cannonade was unusually well sustained ("Well nourished" was the French expression used), and those were sound sleepers for whom it did not spoil a night's rest.

At Tatarla there was no question of shaving, washing or undressing, but before starting in the morning there

was the luxury of a glass of tea, with bread and cheese, laid out on a field-hospital table outside our tent.

Knowing that the Staff would not ride very fast, we stopped behind to look at the field hospital and talk to the wounded. The whole stream of wounded from Lule Burgas had to be brought by this route into Bulgaria before they could receive anything better than the first aid given at the front. It was almost incredible that the outgoing transport of ammunition and food should entirely pass by mud tracks, through wooded hills, a journey of six days from Stara Zagora to Kirklisse. It was still more astounding that the wounded should survive this journey, and that many very severe cases were successfully treated in Bulgaria at the end of it. The foreign Red Cross Missions which later on came to Kirklisse found the hardships of sleeping out in their waggons quite sufficiently severe. There were, as a rule, two wounded men to occupy each waggon. At first there was adequate straw or hay which served not only to relieve the shoulders and hips, but also to increase the width of the waggon, which broadens out upwards from a narrow base; but as the oxen consumed the straw the bedding became more scanty, worse and worse, till finally there were only the narrow planks

for two wounded men.
some two feet wide, to provide a bed. It was sufficiently surprising that even the English ~~ladies~~ members of the Women's Convoy Corps survived this experience without breakdown; all the more was it painful ~~harrowing~~ to think of the men with broken bones, and important organs lacerated, jolting for six, and even eight days, in these springless ox-carts, with bitter frost at night, and with no covering but the wicker hood.

I may adequately sum up the situation by quoting a telegram which I sent to the Balkan War Relief Fund: "Adrianople not having fallen, wounded must cross mountains. Many days' jolting in springless carts, unsheltered, in bitter frost. They stop here in transport hospital; some mutilated. Equipment badly wanted."

Such were the melancholy facts. In many cases mutilation of the most ~~disgusting~~ revolting kind had taken place, when fighting shifted from one area to another and Bulgarian soldiers fell into the hands of Turks. Mercifully, there were not many mutilated who remained alive, but some such cases actually lived, and had passed through this hospital. One man survived, but without his ears. The story was as follows: Two men were left wounded together when the Turkish troops

lull in the fighting

advanced. There was a ~~considerable pause~~ at this stage, and the two men were carried into a house where the Turks interested themselves in cruelty rather than in watching the enemy. Both Bulgarians had the presence of mind to see that their only chance of life was to feign death. The first had sufficient endurance to remain passive as the knife severed his ear. The Turk, thinking him dead, passed on to the other. This one could not restrain a groan, and was immediately stabbed.

The commonest mutilation was the gouging out of eyes; but other practices, which cannot be detailed, meant death (the doctors told me) in two or three hours. I saw no reason to doubt their occurrence, having witnessed what was much worse - women and girls wounded by Turkish regulars.

The officer in charge of this hospital proved to be, like most others, a civilian turned soldier for the time. He was a well-known caricaturist of the Sofia Press, and had many friends amongst the officers of the Staff. He was also an amateur photographer, and in the inadequate light of the early morning a group was taken, with Savoff in the centre. The caricaturist illustrated the fact that the army was a

nation in arms. A little later I was hailed by a man whom I had met in London. He had been Secretary to the Bulgarian Legation, and was now a Red Cross officer. The officer personally attached to me was a well-known owner of flour mills, and also a concessionnaire of pine forests.

Riding out of Tatarla we passed a transport convoy of record length. These convoys were a great feature of a transport route in the Balkans. There was not a farm in the combatant countries which had not sent its waggon and oxen to the front. These waggons were all of the same type - built almost entirely without metal, without springs, with wicker hood; mostly drawn by two grey bullocks, but sometimes by the even more complacent buffalo, with his long tilted nose and his white eyes contentedly fixed on the sky. The pace is so slow that in the distance a convoy hardly appeared to move. It stretched across the valley before one and up the opposite hill, disappearing out of sight over the ridge like a vast and almost motionless snake. Such a convoy seemed symbolic of the stolid but irresistible mind of the people. The simple construction of the waggons and the very slowness of the beasts constitute a security against

breakdown. The inexhaustible patience of the oxen and their drivers, who were often Turks from Bulgaria, ~~was only harmonious with~~ matched the unlimited supply of waggons at the service of the State. Sometimes, as in this case at Tatarla, the same convoy whose rear one was passing might be continuous even for several miles. Though it disappeared below the hill a mile off, it was the same entity which one could dimly perceive mounting the next ridge or the next after that. There is a sense that, however slow and however distant the goal, the convoy, and the Bulgarian race, will ~~arrive~~.

It was a very different side of the picture when one met the convoys returning from the front. Riding close beside the waggons one could see the feet of a wounded man swathed in the native fashion, which he refused to discard in favour of boots; sometimes a pale and drawn face indicated the degree of endurance that was required to ~~pass through the ordeal of this~~ journey. It is scarcely believable that but two years separated this primitive transport in war from the fast and powerful motor lorry which the wealth and technique of the West placed not only on the Western front but also in the Balkans in order to feed and sustain the world in arms, in the great war which was so soon to follow.

At midday we came to Yenije, on the main road from Adrianople to Kirklisse. We stopped here for lunch, and some of the older generals went on in motors. I had passed through Yenije after the insurrection of 1903, when the massacres had just taken place. The victims had been hurriedly buried. There is a wide sandy river, mostly bare, except in time of flood, and crossed by a long wooden bridge. The sandy bed was a convenient burial-place. The bed of the river now served for burial of a different kind from that of 1903. At intervals, as we crossed the bridge, I saw the hoofs of a horse emerging from the sand where it had been hurriedly covered. Its position was thus conveniently marked to avoid the work of labour in digging a second grave where the ground was already occupied. Little did I expect to see the open green of Yenije, where nine years ago the surviving inhabitants slunk out of sight in terror, now occupied by a concourse of Christian troops. Today a Bulgarian trooper held my horse while I lunched, where formerly I had begged the loan of a pony from a Turkish cavalryman.

Our surroundings now became doubly interesting. Our route was one of the few real roads in Turkey, and

the Turks had ~~considerately~~ fortunately furnished it with a supply of excellent stone in readiness for re-making. This stone had been placed in long heaps at the side of the road, and constituted a ready-made trench for the fight which had preceded the fall of Kirklisse.

For several miles the south side of the road was lined with abandoned gun-carriages, dead horses, here and there a corpse. One, half buried in mud, had two gashes on the scalp, a deep cut in the neck, and the nose almost severed from the face. The cavalry had left little time for gun drivers to escape. This man had lingered too long. The Turks failed to hold the line of the road and fled south across open country. The soil here is heavy, and as it was wet weather some of the ruts made by the guns were at least eighteen inches deep. When the guns stuck fast the men cut loose enough horses for themselves, threw away the firing-pieces of the gun, shot the remaining horses, and rode away. There were commonly three carcases lying together, and dogs from the burned villages were living on their half-putrid flesh. Broken carts lay in every direction. The ground was strewn with rifle cartridge, shrapnel, and heavy shell abandoned in the flight. Beyond Kirklisse towards Bunarhissar the banks by the road were in some places almost lined

with unused shrapnel. The flight had been so hasty that the crowd of waggons and gun-carriages spread out ~~by various tracks~~ on each side of the road. Whole boxes of ammunition were continually thrown overboard in the frantic endeavour to get the waggons through the mud. I must have seen at least 30,000 unused gun cartridges in a three hours' ride.

It was a thrilling experience for one who had visited Kirklisse in bygone years to enter it now with the victorious army. Bulgarian reserve ~~is fine~~ a quality to be admired, but on this occasion it seemed excessive. It ~~marked the climax~~ seemed an epitome of the Bulgarian character when Savoff, avoiding all demonstration, hurried through Kirklisse in a closed carriage. Every house had hung out a flag, and the people crowded to their doors, but the whole Staff ~~hastened, without apparent attention~~ heedless of their welcome, up the steep cobbled road, and dismounting at the Turkish Officers' Club, betook themselves to examining Turkish maps. The officers were chiefly concerned to show me that on these maps the Turkish boundary was drawn to include Bulgaria.

In another hour a frugal supper was served in the very room from which Mahmud Mouktar, commander of the garrison, had fled in such haste that his sweetmeats were left behind. No notice was taken of the

momentous significance of that repast; from generals to lieutenants the officers seemed uninterested in it.

The rooms of the Turkish Club were at once turned to account as offices; connecting them was a large upper hall, and here some forty officers sat down to supper, Savoff and Ficheff presiding together. There was a massive quality about Savoff which defied description. He reminded me of nothing so much as that rare type of Englishman, born a squire, but by nature and in fact a leader of men, occupied with great affairs, but when at home joining the crowd of commonplace people, shooting, or hunting, or golfing, without claiming special regard; the head massive, the figure not disproportionate, and yet a short man; genial, yet apart, with an air of large condescension, potentially social, but preoccupied; a man to inspire confidence. Ficheff's bright eyes concealed a reserve impenetrable even for a Bulgar, but on one subject he opened out - the wrongs of a people worthy of freedom; the five centuries of suffering; the deserted land. The outwitting of the Turks ~~delighted him;~~ the superb quality of ~~the army even surprised him.~~ There was news that night ~~the Holy War had been declared.~~ the green flag waved at Chatalja. For once the stir of feeling found expression.

We sat smoking late, enjoying the thought of liberation. The Balkan mother would sing to her child in peace, and girls could be merry without fear. The blight that had lain on the Balkan lands was healed, the fog dispelled. Even the prestige of military despotism was gone like a pricked bubble. The tyranny that rested on ~~delusion~~ had vanished like an empty nightmare that fades when the sleeper wakes. The establishment of Europe's freedom was ~~fulfilled~~ achieved, the final step taken.

A great and notable nation had obtained recognition through the war. Its persistence, its purpose, its deep reserve, now stood revealed, added to the world's stores of national character. For centuries the Bulgarian refused to compromise with the Turk. Other races sought to lighten the weight of the yoke by taking service with the tyrant or bowing the head. The maxim, "The sword never strikes when the head is bowed," undermined the soul of other races; never of this. Influence and wealth went to others; all seemed lost by the policy of defiance. Bulgarians would not balance advantages; a kind of faith made them ready to pay pain and death for ultimate gain. At last the indomitable spirit of the Bulgars had come by its just reward.

Here, if ever, was a chance to view war as a blessing. All the ideals of common aim, of national unity, of readiness to die for others, of mighty movements and forces, thrilled together in the blood. Here was a healthy world in which everyone worked hard, each filled his appropriate place; where drones, fops and wasters could not exist; where rewards and comforts were appropriate to deserts. Here, in a healthy frugal outdoor life, the primitive instincts of the struggling race of men swept aside all feeling but that of energy and well-being.

But out there, under the frosty sky, lay the battered corpses; trodden on; rolled in the mud; viewed in times of peace, by men in their senses, as the image of God, and now regarded with less respect than a dead rat by an English roadside.