

"Good Cop"

CHAPTER VII

FRIENDS

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Of contemporary men friends these are two to whom I am most deeply indebted.

Cecil Harris was at Harrow with me, but in a different house. My friendship with him began at Cambridge. It lasted for fifty-five years. As he is gone from us I can speak more of him than of others. We differed profoundly on politics and many other things, but we never once had the slightest tiff, even when we travelled together. He had a genius for friendship and hospitality. You could always rely on his sympathy. We were never long without meeting at London clubs for lunch, alternatively his club and mine. He was my best supply of amusing yarns, which he always stored for the next time we should meet.

Meyer.

There are others to whom I am deeply indebted and to whom I like to show a grateful tribute. Some of them are alive, so I cannot say very much. Rollo Meyer has been a wonderful friend from Cambridge days; I owe to him all the pleasure I have derived from plants and flowers, and from gardening and planting, which have been for a long time my main recreation.

Another interest which I owe to Rollo Meyer was that of the movement for encouraging gardening by the workers in towns, and especially in slum districts. It began in Spitalfields, where he showed how much might be done even in dense mean streets, and in the Brewery yard itself. This grew finally into the London Gardens Guild, and the National Gardens Guild. Lucy became chairman later on, and we bought a house in Walworth as a social settlement, with the secretary of the Guild as Warden. In the Great War an extraordinary amount of vegetables was grown, but I was most of all concerned for window box gardening, which must have made all the difference to thousands of humble people who enjoyed seeing plants grow and had no other garden. Various Ministers of Agriculture took part in judging for the final championship for all London.

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J.W. Bouchier, the famous correspondent of "The Times" in the Balkans, was a real friend, though we touched at few points - his tastes being peculiar. I greatly admired his enthusiasm for the liberty and welfare of the young nations freed from the Turks, and he showed a glorious energy in pursuing this aim. He was also a lovable man, and his week-end visit to Warlies when home on leave each summer became an annual institution. I have described him in a contribution to his Memoir, which was written by Lady Grogan, and which I hope my children will read.

Agnes. Among others whom I think of at least once a week is Agnes Noel. She was a great friend ever since I stayed at Campden in 1897. She became a favourite of us all, though she had no tastes or purposes of the kind that specially belonged to us. She was a lovely creature, and her sudden death in 1915 was a tragedy to many.

Ethel Buxton was a friend to whom I owed a great deal ever since I first emerged after leaving Harrow. As a cousin and much older than myself, one could get to know her better than others, and when the family were in Australia I almost

lived for a time at Easneye. She had a tremendous gift of personal influence and altruistic conviction, and I always thought she ought to have been a leader like Miss Marsh, only more so because she was also philanthropic and ran Poor Law and social works. It grieved me that, after her parents died, she should be limited to taking care of an invalid sister.

PERSONALIA

My third decade (20 to 30) was a time of changing ideas, (political replacing duties like voluntary, and Boys' Homes and London Hospital); 2ndly of travel, and 3rdly of personal contacts. The social features of Victorian days were in full swing; London meant larger formal dinner parties; country houses took their turn at the week-end, and did duty in the autumn for shooting parties. After 1900 I remember telling C.R.B. that I could recall 100 houses in which I had stayed. He replied "You ought to know a lot about human nature". What I did anyhow learn was a lot about human good nature to myself, and I want to pay warm tribute to many friends whom I then made.

I have been so unsocial since I went into Parliament in 1905 that I can hardly believe I was in previous years so much given to seeing people and staying with them. Apart from special benefactors I feel a debt of affection to many of those who showed me hospitality.

Lady Lyttelton (Sybella) who often invited me to the Ch^{an}atrey was a very attractive to my taste and exceptionally friendly, cheery, genial and fresh.

Perhaps I stayed oftener than anywhere else for week-ends with the Rayleighs at Terling. Lord Rayleigh was an attractive combination of a world famous scientist with a man of unsocial mind, who like myself, had come under the influence of Miss

Marsh - and whom I had seen embraced by her with kisses. After lunch on Sunday he used to show us scientific curios, , e.g. a liquid like ginger beer, which was air compressed to so many thousands of pounds to the square inch. I had

I had great luck in being befriended by ^{the} Edward Talbots. Neville Lyttelton, the Chantry Lytteltons, ~~and Mrs Talbot~~ They were both charming, and each was lovely to look at. Mrs. Talbot remained exquisite until over eighty years old, when she could neither hear nor see nor recognise anyone.

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original
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I used often to stay with the Locker-Lampsons at Cromer and Rowfant, and while Mr. Locker was alive the pungent contrast between him and his robust and hospitable wife was interesting. At Rowfant I met Austin Dobson, the poet.

An ill-assorted couple who entertained me in Hampshire and Devon were the Portsmouths. There are many good stories of his oddities. The oddest thing that I remember myself was his habit of ordering flies for his departing guests on Monday morning, and driving by himself in his brougham to the same train, not saying good-bye to them at all.

It was delightful to stay at Mother's home at Exton with the Gainsboroughs, and at Burley-on-the-Hill (close by) with the Finches. I am amused now at my temerity in taking Cecil Harris to stay at the latter when he was quite unknown to the hostess.

Other interesting friends were Lady Betty Balfour, Lady

Frances, and I often dined there with the latter. She was a great admirer of Alfred Spender, who was famous as the editor of the "Westminster Gazette". He was at dinner more than once when I was there, and she, being an adept at general conversation, frequently led the talk to his paper, which she called "The Green Rag". General talk used to be very alarming to me, and I abhorred it, but later at Whittinghame I perceived its merits. Arthur Balfour made it a crime to utter a single word to one's neighbour; as there was always an immense party, this led to total silence on the part of all but three or four. It was interesting to listen to the great guns, such as Oliver Lodge and the Balfour brothers; and I have felt since that there is a great deal gained in the way of stimulation if one can rise to general conversation, all the more because I find it impossible in a small party to avoid being distracted by other talk.

Being a social outcast as Liberal candidate in North Norfolk, I appreciated the friendship of Lady Battersea, who certainly was the embodiment of good nature, and must have converted any anti-Semite whom she met, being Jewish (Rothschild) and very charming. She had been a friend long before I was a candidate in Norfolk, and it was nice that

she was also a friend of Lucy's, and brought us together.

The Sydney Webbs were extremely kind to me, and I met lots of interesting people at dinner in their house in Grosvenor Road. Mrs. Webb never seemed to realize the intellectual gulf which separated one from her, and she never represented the school which has been described as preferring brilliant stupidity to clever dullness. She was delightful to those who had neither.

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Lady Aberdeen

One of the most interesting people whom I got to know was Lady Aberdeen. Although I did not see her very much I was influenced by her personality. She was quite unique in her combination of qualities rarely found in one person.

I have felt myself in different cases in strong sympathy with keen political reformers. I have made still greater friends with whom I agreed as to religion. And again others, with whom one's contact arose from philanthropic interests. Perhaps my greatest friends have had none of these in common with me but only a turn for personal friendship.

One occasionally finds somebody possessing two of these sets of sympathies, but Lady Aberdeen struck me as possessing all four, and I do not remember any similar case. I have always felt a certain grievance in not possessing friends who shared my tastes in all four directions.

I can think of a few, but very few, others whose religion reached the level of missionary zeal. There seems now to be nobody who would set out to attract the West End to religion by organizing meetings in a form which would appeal to them, as was done in my youth by Sir Arthur Blackwood and Lord Radstock. She organized such meetings in the ballroom of the old Grosvenor House, with Professor Drummond as the

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attractive speaker. Certainly there were few, if any, who would energise in this direction and, at the same time, give a lead in political and radical reform in a definite Party organisation. As to philanthropy, there was her well-known campaign against tuberculosis in Ireland and her leadership in the Parents' National Educational Union. As to personal relations, I might not have known so much if she had not, when I stayed at Haddo, made time for a long talk in her room, reading me letters from interesting people, among which I remember a long one from Lord Rosebery on the futility of self-blame if one had done one's reasonable best.

Another thing that made a deep impression on me was what seemed to be an overflowing energy such that, on the top of multitudinous interests, she could enjoy organising a London dance, or even a London garden party. And, when I stayed at the Viceregal Lodge, she was occupied with dog breeding to the extent of having over fifty dogs.

Perhaps most of all I was impressed by the fact of her appearing to have plenty of time for social conversations of no serious importance, which seemed to show up one's own inclination to think oneself too busy for small things.

OLDER FRIENDS

I made rather a speciality of friends much older than myself. One of these was an old lady at Adelaide, Mrs. Barr Smith, who afterwards, when over eighty, kept up correspondence with me. She and her husband had come out from Scotland in the early days. He was a shepherd and became a millionaire squatter. They were both highly self-educated. I wear on my watch chain a gold pencil-case she gave me, inscribed "Ernst ist das Leben".

Another friend was Miss Richardson, a Quaker teacher at Westfield College, who introduced me to Lucy.

One who got to know the family best was Miss Emily Ford, an Anglo-Catholic painter, whose pictures, based on the opening words of the TeDeum, were hung in Upshire Church, and afterwards in Christ Church, Victoria Street, where they were burnt in the blitz of 1940.

Finally there was Miss Dougall, the well-known religious writer, who became godmother to Chris.

Most original of all was Miss Brickdale, whom I got to know through her pictures being eulogised by Scott Holland in 1900. They have given me more aesthetic pleasure than any other works of art. She was a leader among the modern Pre-Raphaelites. She loved to associate the moral with the aesthetic - glorious colour with superb detail of drawing

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were the medium for her reflections on human nature. A genius for colour went with laborious honesty. Miss Brickdale's water colours (which affected L. and me even more than the oils) became known to the public through the Academy and the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society and through illustrated books. Engravers reproduced many of them, such as "The beloved Son", and they made the possession of pictures possible to thousands who would otherwise be limited to second-rate stuff. One of mine, The Opportunity, , was reproduced by the Challenge Publications. A woman with her baby is kneeling at night appealing for shelter at the door of a rich woman, whose costly dress is just seen in the brilliant light which comes from the luxury within . The plutocrat's hands are full of expression. She is ready to listen. Will love or laziness win ? One judges that her egoism will in the end prevail against sympathy for the weak. In the shadow behind the door the Christ watches gravely the neglect of an opportunity for lovingkindness.

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Cecil Harris.

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FRIENDS (contd)

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Among others whom I think of at least once a week is Agnes Noel. She was a great joy to me ever since, when I stayed at Campden in 1897, she revealed her liking for me by hiding herself in a hedge between the village and the house, and startling me from her hiding place. She became a favourite of us all, though she had no tastes or purposes of the kind that especially belonged to us. She was a lovely creature and most friendly, and her sudden death in 1915 was a tragedy.

I owed a great deal to Ethel Buxton since I first emerged after leaving Harrow. As a cousin older than myself, one could get to know her better than others,

and when the family were in Australia I almost lived for a time at Masney. She had a tremendous gift of personal influence and altruistic convictions, and I always thought she ought to have been a leader like Miss Marsh, only more so because she also ran Poor Law and social works. It grieved me that, after her parents died, she should be limited to taking care of an invalid sister.

I have been so unsocial since I went into Parliament in 1910 that I can hardly believe I was in previous years so much given to seeing people and staying with them. Apart from special benefactors I feel a debt of affection to many people who showed me kindness and hospitality.

Lady Lytton, (Sybella) who often invited me to The Chantrey, was a very attractive woman.

Perhaps I stayed oftener than anywhere else for week-ends with the Rayleighs at Tarling. Lord Rayleigh was an attractive combination of a world famous scientist with a man of unsocial mind who, like myself, had come under the influence of Miss Marsh - and whom I had seen embraced by her with kisses. After lunch on Sunday he used to show us liquid like ginger beer, which was air compressed to so many thousands of pounds to the square inch.

I had great luck in being befriended by the Edward Talbots. They were both extremely beautiful and charming, and Mrs. Talbot - considered the pick of the well-known family of Lyttletons - remained lovely until about eighty years old, when she could neither hear nor recognize anyone.

I used often to stay with the Locker Lampsons at Cromer and Rowfant, and while Mr. Locker was alive the pungent contrast between him and his robust and hospitable wife was interesting. At Rowfant I met Austin Dobson.

An ill-assorted couple who entertained me in Hampshire and Devon were the Portsmouths. There are many good stories of his oddities, and the oddest thing that I remember myself was his habit of ordering flies for his departing guests on Monday morning, and driving by himself in his brougham to the same train, not saying good-bye to them at all.

It was great fun staying at Mother's home at Exton with the Gainsboroughs, and at Burley on the Hill with the Finches. I am amused now at my temerity in taking Cecil Harris to stay at the latter when he was quite unknown to the hostess.

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Another was Miss Richardson, a Quaker teacher at Westfield College, who introduced me to Lucy.

One who got to know the family best was Miss Emily Ford, an Anglo-Catholic painter, whose pictures based on the opening words of the Te Deum were hung in Upshire Church, and afterwards in Christ Church, Victoria Street, where they were burnt in the blitz of 1940.

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Another interest which I owe to Rollo Meyer was that of the movement for encouraging gardening by the workers in towns, and especially in slum districts. It began in Spitalfields, where he showed how much might be done even in dense mean streets, and in the Brewery yard itself. This grew finally into the London Gardens Guild, and the National Gardens Guild. Lucy became chairman later on, and we bought a house in Walworth as a social settlement, with the secretary of the Guild as warden. In the Great War an extraordinary amount of vegetables was grown, but I was most of all concerned for window box gardening, which must have made all the difference to the thousands of humble people who enjoyed seeing plants grow. *I had no other garden.* various ministers of Agriculture took part in judging for the final championship for all London.

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Ch VI. Personalities. (24/1/1888)

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10 LOWNDES SQUARE
S·W·1

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Finally there was Miss Donagall, the well-known religious writer, who became godmother to ^{Christina}

The modern pre-Raphaelites. She loved to associate the moral with the aesthetic. Glorious colours & superb detail of drawing were the medium for ^{her} reflection on human nature ^{and physical}. A genius for colour went with ^{her} labouriousness.

Miss Birchdale
July 13. - 1/2 watercolours (which appeared
to me even more than the girls)
They became, however, the only
one of the season, & the only one of the watercolours Soc^y
fully two-thirds of the.

Engelmann reproduced many of
them, such as 'I beloved son -'
& they made yet 1 possession of
a good picture possible to 1000's
who wd otherwise be limited to
2nd rate stuff. 7/60

One of mine 'Sport' was
reproduced by 1 Challenge Club.
A woman for her baby in penetrating
at night, in seeking for shelter,
'at door of a rich woman, whose
'coolly dress is just seen in 1
brilliant light wh comes to 1 half
luncheon too within ~~lights~~ 1
~~of the door~~. The rich plethoric
hands are full of expression. She
is ready to fight. Will love or laymen win?
One judges that her egotism
will ~~not~~ be ~~blasted~~ by sympathy
for 1 weak. In 1 shadow behind
the door ^{the} Christ looks on
not watches & looks gravely 1
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lovely creature and most friendly, and her sudden death in 1915 was a ~~mystery~~. *tragedy.*

I owed a great deal to Ethel Buxton since I first emerged after leaving Harrow. As a cousin older than myself, one could get to know her better than others, and when the family were in Australia I almost lived for a time at Easneye. She had a tremendous gift of personal influence and altruistic ~~convictions~~ *activities*, and I always thought she ought to have been a leader like Miss Marsh, only more so because she also ran Poor Law and social works. It grieved me that after her parents died she should be limited to taking care of an invalid sister.

FRIENDS.

I have been so unsocial since I went into Parliament in 1910 that I can hardly believe I was in previous years so much given to seeing people and staying with them. Apart from special benefactors I feel a debt of affection to many people who showed me kindness and hospitality.

Lady Lyttleton, (Sybella) who often invited me to the Chantrey, was a very attractive woman.

Perhaps I stayed oftener than anywhere else for week-ends with the Rayleighs at Terling. Lord Raleigh was an attractive combination of a world famous scientist with a man of unsocial mind who, like myself, had come under the influence of Miss Marsh - and whom I had seen embraced by her with kisses -. After lunch on Sunday he used to show us liquid like ginger beer which was air compressed to so many thousands of pounds to the square inch.

I had great luck in being befriended by the Edward Talbots. They were both extremely beautiful and charming, and Mrs. Talbot - considered the pick of the well-known family of Lyttletons - remained lovely until about eighty years old when she could neither hear nor recognise anyone.

I used often to stay with the Locker Lampsons at Cromer and Rowfant, and while Mr. Locker was alive the pungent contrast between ^{the old literateur} ~~him~~ and his robust and hospitable wife was interesting. At Rowfant I met Austin Dobson.

An ill-assorted couple who entertained me in Hants and Devon were the Portsmouths. There are many good stories of his addities, and the oddest thing that I remember myself, was his habit of ordering ^a ~~flies~~ ^{fly} for his departing guests on Monday morning, and driving by himself in his brougham to the same train, not saying goodbye to them at all.

It was great fun staying ^{at} Mother's ^{home} ~~country~~ at Exton, ^{with the baroness} and at Burley on the Hill. ^{with the Finchs.} I am amused now at my temerity ~~in~~ taking Cecil Harris to stay at the latter when he was quite unknown to the hostess.

Lady Frances Balfour was another real friend, and I often dined there. She was a great admirer of Alfred Spender who was ~~very~~ famous as the editor of the "Westminster Gazette." He was at dinner more than once when I was there, and she, being an adept at general conversation, frequently led the talk to his paper which she called; "The Green Rag." General talk is very alarming to me, and I abhorred it ^{but later on at Wittinghome} ~~until~~ I perceived its merits, ~~at Lady Frances's house, and afterwards at her brother-in-law,~~ Arthur Balfour's ~~and~~ made it a crime to utter a single word to ones neighbour; as there was always an immense party, this led to total silence on the part of all but three or four. It was interesting to listen to the great guns such as Oliver Lodge, and the Balfour brothers; and I have since felt that there is a great deal gained in the way of stimulation if one can rise to general conversation, all the more because I find it impossible in ^{a small party} ~~individual talk~~ to avoid being distracted by other talk.

Being a social outcast as Liberal candidate in North Norfolk, I appreciated the friendship of Lady Battersea who certainly was the embodiment of good nature, and must have converted any anti-semitist whom she met, ^{she} being a ~~pure~~ Jewess ^{(a} Rothschild). She had been a friend long before I was candidate in Norfolk, and it was nice that she was also a friend of Lucy's, and brought us together.

The Sydney Webbs were also extremely kind to me, and I met lots of interesting people at dinner in their house in Grosvenor Road. Mrs. Webb never seemed to realise the intellectual gulf which separated one from her, and she never represented the school which has been described as preferring clever dullness to stupidity.

ch VIII
Friends.

CHAPTER VII. FRIENDS.

FRIENDS.

Cecil Harris.

My friendship with C.H. began at Cambridge. It lasted for fifty-five years. As he is gone from us I can speak more of him than of others. We differed profoundly on politics and many other things, but we never once had the slightest tiff, even when we travelled together. He had a genius for friendship and hospitality. You could always rely on his sympathy. We were never long without meeting at London clubs for lunch, alternatively his club and mine. He was my best supply of amusing yarns, which he always stored for the next time we should meet.

FRIENDS. (contd)

There are others to whom I am deeply indebted and to whom I like to show a grateful tribute. Some of them are alive so I cannot say very much. Rollo Meyer has been a wonderful friend from Cambridge days; I owe to him all the pleasure I have derived from plants and flowers, and from gardening and planting, which have been for a long time my main recreation.

Another interest which I owe to Rollo Meyer was that of the movement for encouraging gardening by the workers in towns, and especially in slum districts. It began in Spitalfields, where he showed how much might be done even in dense mean streets, and in the Brewery yard itself. This grew finally into the London Gardens Guild, and the National Gardens Guild. Lucy became chairman later on, and we bought a house in Walworth as a social settlement, with the secretary of the Guild as Warden. In the Great War an extraordinary amount of vegetables was grown, but I was most of all concerned for window box gardening which must have made all the difference to the thousands of humble people who enjoyed seeing plants grow. Various Ministers of Agriculture took part in judging for the final championship for all London.

FRIENDS. (contd)

J. D. Bouchier, the famous correspondent of the Times, in the Balkans, was a real friend, though we touched at few points - his tastes being peculiar. I greatly admired his enthusiasm for liberty in the young nations freed from the Turks, and he showed a glorious energy in pursuing this aim. He was also a lovable man, and his week-end visit to Warlies when home on leave each summer became an annual institution. I have described him in a contribution to his Memoir, which was written by Lady Grogan, and which I hope my children will read.

Among others whom I think of at least once a week is Agnes Noel. She was a great joy to me ever since, when I stayed at Campden in 1897, she revealed her liking for me by hiding herself in a hedge between the village and the house, and startling me from her hiding place. She became a favourite of us all, though she had no tastes or purposes of the kind that especially belonged to us. She was a lovely creature and most friendly, and her sudden death in 1915 was a tragedy.

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OLDER FRIENDS.

I made rather a speciality of friends much older than myself. One of these was an old lady at Adelaide, Mrs. Bar Smith, who afterwards, when over eighty, kept up correspondence with me, invariably writing at Christmas. She gave me a gold pencil case, which I wear on my watch chain, inscribed in German "Ernst ist das Leben".

Another was Miss Richardson, a Quaker teacher at Westfield College, who introduced me to Lucy.

One who got to know the family best was Miss Emily Ford, an Anglo-Catholic painter, whose pictures based on the opening words of the Te Deum were hung in Upshire Church, and afterwards in Christ Church, Victoria Street, where they were burnt in the blitz of 1940.

Most original of all was Miss Brickdale, whom I got to know through her pictures being boosted by Scott Holland in 1900. They have given me more aesthetic pleasure than any other works of art.