

1914

61

170

July 22<sup>nd</sup> Wed. They say that what a proposal is to a man, her first dinner party is to a woman, I believe it! However, my tremors were all beforehand, & I thoroughly enjoyed it when it came to the point. Eva sent me a most lovely arrangement of flowers on Monday, which Wolf helped

22nd

me arrange, & I did my lying down after dinner.

General  
Mr. Tolson  
Gough

July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1914  
Tuesday morning our guests arrived to breakfast. They are both younger than I expected, & very nice looking. He <sup>the V.C. & Co's</sup> is delightful, very merry, & tremendously keen about every thing. It was the hottest day we've had yet. We sat in the garden after breakfast when Wolf had gone, & then they went off to the O.T.H., where W. showed them round, while I stayed behind & did my lying down. Mr. G. was very disturbed because there was a paragraph in the Belfast paper stating that the General was visiting friends here, & would witness a parade of the U.V.F. tonight. He didn't care a bit, but she is afraid of the Radical papers misrepresenting, & questions being asked in the House. There's no earthly reason why he should not visit friends over here, & see the sights of Belfast, but the Radical papers will make capital out of everything or nothing. W. kept the General to lunch at the White Club, & Mr. G. came back & lunch here. Soon afterwards

she rested, & I did the flowers for the table,  
 pale carnations in a trumpet vase in the centre,  
 with festoons of asparagus fern arching into  
 vases of sweet peas all round; very unostentatious,  
 but quite pretty. We had tea in the garden, the  
 G.'s & I, - such a delicious cool breeze had  
 sprung up - & then I had to disappear for  
 more lying down. The dinner went off without  
 a hitch. [I dined with Lady Richardson, & Sir George,  
 me, of course, & General G. & Mr James Craig were  
 on my other side, & Mr G. & Col. Hackett Paine opposite.  
 In the middle of dinner a wire came for General  
 G. from his Mother: "your visit in all the  
 London papers"! He only went into shouts of  
 laughter over it, but she was very upset,  
 & did not recover all the evening. Later on  
 came a wire, occupying 3 forms, from the  
 Editor of the Daily Chronicle, asking for confirmation  
 or denial of the report that he was going  
 to inspect a Parade of the U. V. F. tonight.  
 Of course he wired back "Not a word of truth  
 in it" or words to that effect, & I am curious  
 to see what the papers will contain tonight.  
 I sang two or three songs, & my voice is in quite  
 good order, better than it has been for a long time.  
 Col. H. P. & the General did not leave till 11. The latter is  
 such a dear, & was delightfully genial. [All things

Considered. The G.'s have decided - anyway <sup>she has!</sup> -  
 that they would be wiser not to go to any drill  
 or parade tonight, so as not to give the smallest  
 handle to the Radicals, in case of reporters being  
 there.] This morning the G.'s have gone off to  
 see Workman & Clarke's wharf and at Mr. George Clark's  
 invitation. Mr. & Mrs. Selater are coming to lunch,  
 & I believe Col. McCannan is coming to dinner,  
 & possibly his wife too. Today is ever so much  
 cooler, & very windy & showery.

Thurs. July 23<sup>rd</sup> Yesterday the Selatens came to lunch. My Syllabent proved a novelty, & had an instantaneous success, especially with General G., so my housekeeperly soul rejoiced! In the middle of luncheon, an orderly arrived, bearing a note for Gen. G. from Count Gleichen, to the effect that Gen. Macready was much exercised over the clueoned cutting from the Daily Express, which said, amongst other things, that "it is expected that General G. will inspect address the men" at the Parade of the U.V.F. on Wednesday evening!! Really the papers are abominable! Gen. G. sent back a reassuring note by the orderly, who, he said, was obviously hugely tickled at coming into what he evidently considered "the traitors' den", & was grinning from ear to ear! Mr. G. was very upset about it, but the General, as usual, only shouted with laughter. He is one of those happy people who make up their mind at once what their action ought to be, & as long as they know themselves to be in the right, don't give a — for the consequences! When the Selatens left, they took the G.'s with them, as the latter wanted to see over the engineering part of Workman & Clarke's yard, & I had my rest. Mrs. Selaten has asked W. & me to go & stay with them for a bit next week by way of a change. It will be delightful, as W. can go to his work just as well from there, & he is charmed with the idea. The G.'s came home to a late tea, & then we talked till dinner time. [It has been

## \* The Curragh Incident \*

fearfully interesting hearing all about the crisis in March, & I am filled with admiration for those two brothers, & for the officers under them. Some of the latter had not one penny besides their pay, & with boys at school they faced utter ruin without the smallest hesitation. General G. told me that when the news first came, not one of them doubted but that they would be Court-martialled, & when he packed his things that Friday, & went to the War Office, he thought he had said goodbye to his Army career for ever. It does cheer one to feel that, after all, England has plenty of "real men" still left. No one came to dinner after all, & I was finally settled that the General had better not go, so we consoled each other at home while Wolf & Mr. G. went off together after dinner. (Just as the General & I left the dining room we heard the tramp tramp of men past the house, & I said that some of the W.V.F. were evidently route-marching: "oh," he cried, as eager as a schoolboy, "I must go & see," & away he tore down out of the house & down to the gate. I after him. It was only a handful of men in their puttees & bandoliers, & carrying rifles, but he was simply thrilled, & insisted on following them a little way down the road. He was immensely struck with their physique, their

"By God,

smartness. "I'd lead those men anywhere" he cried, & looked as if he'd like to do it - that minute.] He was fearfully tried at not being able to go & see the Parade, & kept on referring to it, exactly like a little boy who is not allowed to go to the pantomime! He really is a delightful person. They left soon after break fast - this morning, <sup>for North Derby</sup> & just before they started came a wire from his brother <sup>Hubert</sup> at the barracks, imploring him not to "inspect" any V.V.F. troops! to which he sent a reassuring reply. They have given us a most cordial & pressing invitation to stay with them at Aldershot when we come to Eng Land. This must go.

Sunday, July 26<sup>th</sup>. Last Friday M<sup>rs</sup> Riversdale Walrond came to lunch. You remember she married M<sup>r</sup> "Joe" Chamberlain's brother as her first husband, & is crazy about W. in general, & W. in particular! She is over here now to see about some more gifts for the West Belfast Regt., & indeed if she might come & see me. Like the wife in Lewis Carroll's "Hawatha". "She came dressed beyond description, Dressed in jewels & in satin far too gorgeous for an Empress"! Her black satin tunic had touches of apple green, & underneath her very pretty black lace skirt appeared apple green boots & stockings, while a turquoise blue feather stood upright in the sort of black velvet-turban that sat on her snow white hair! [Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup>]

She was very friendly, but I'm afraid she hoped we would ask her to stay with us this week, & of course we can't as we're going away. Half the Generals in the British Army appear to be personal friends of hers, not to speak of countless political & diplomatic luminaries! She spoke <sup>of</sup> not having heard from Lord Milner for a whole week, & of the Chief of Police as Edward, & so on. She is really extraordinarily good-hearted & generous, & told delightful things of the way people who are associated with W. in his work speak of him, the big manufacturers who are on his various boards, &c.

I rested in the garden when she had gone, till rain  
 drove me in, & in the evening W. & I went to dine  
 with the Deau & Mr Grierson, not a very exciting  
 evening. Mr & Mrs Ewart were there, & a young  
 man named Kennedy. Mr E. <sup>-who looks me in</sup> is a prompt old  
 thing who will, I suppose, be a member of the  
 Provisional Govt., & perhaps he will shine there  
 more than he does in conversation! He defied  
 my best efforts. I sang a lot after dinner,  
 & played for Miss Grierson which I enjoyed.  
 On Saturday W. was to have come joined me at  
 Mrs Higgin's where I was going to shoot, but he  
 had some more work to do, & was also wanted  
 to view the route marches of the North & East  
 Belfast Regts., so could not come, greatly to my  
 disappointment. He says the men made a really  
 splendid show, & the two Colt guns which  
 appeared as well as Maxims, raised drew  
 tremendous cheering from the crowds.  
 I expected to shoot very badly, not having shot  
 for over 5 weeks, but I beat my own record,  
 & the other people's too at 25 & 50 yds., making  
 78, 82 & 78 at the 3 distances, & heading the  
 scores for the afternoon, so was much pleased.  
 Mr Gage, who fetched me in his little two-seater  
 by the way, was shooting too, & after tea we

played Croquet, where I did not shine! I do hate a 4. Of course you need to be a much better player, to play well in a 4 than in a single.

Sunday I could not get my Quigdown finished in time to go to church, as I had hoped, so W. went off to the Cathedral, & in the afternoon we went out to Tobarecoran to tea, & came home laden with flowers & gooseberries, some of which Jane is going to make into jam. W. simply streamed all the afternoon. That night, just as we were going to bed, Col. Davis came round to give W. the news of the Dublin fracas, so W. hurriedly dressed, & went off to the Club & then to the Northern Whig Office, to try & get authentic news, & also to telephone to the General, to know if he wished any special precautions taken, but he thought it not necessary. W. did not get back till about 12.30.

Of course we cannot help being filled with W. antipathies that the collision was not between the U. V. F. & the authorities. Mr. Asant's reasoning yesterday seems to me beneath contempt. If it is a fact that, once safely landed, the imported arms are no longer illegal, why did they seize that furniture van containing rifles in Derry the other day? The fact probably is that the Govt. have been urging the authorities

to tout his cause where possible, aiming this at the Ulster Volunteers, & it has unexpectedly rebounded against the Nationalists. As for Mr. Berrell, words fail me. Of course, with this European crisis, one cannot wish the Govt. to resign for the moment, but its days must surely be numbered. I wish I knew what the man in the street thinks about it all.

Monday I shopped in the morning, & in the afternoon went to a party at Mr. Higgins, Bridge & Lewis, but I only looked on.

A Major Sweeney was there, brother-in-law of Mr. Sweeney's, - who is over on a visit, & I had a lot of talk with him. He was in a Cavalry Regt. before he retired, & was very interesting on the subject of the ~~the~~ Army Crisis of last March.

Post time, this must go.

Thurs. July 30<sup>th</sup> Belvedere House, Hellsborough. It is difficult to think of anything but the situation just now, & everyone is discussing how far the Opposition ought to yield <sup>- w. 21 -</sup> in view of the European crisis. Personally, we feel that this is the one moment of all others when we should not give way, for what could weaken us so much now as dismemberment of the United Kingdom? The papers write as though it were a mere matter of personal preference on which the Unionists have to give way, instead of a vital principle involving the safety of the Empire. Who can doubt that the Nationalists would seize the very first opportunity to help Germany against us? Oh for a strong man to rally the forces of Unionism, & to say to the Government, "We will support you in every matter but this, & will back your foreign policy through thick & thin, & even maintain Sir Edward Grey & Churchill in their present offices, should our side come in." But one looks in vain for such a man. Nowadays, men seem so terrified of responsibility & "consequences". However, it is terribly difficult, of course. Last Tuesday I was busy all the morning, & went shopping in the afternoon. Mr. Scott came round about 4.30, to know if we'd like to go for a run in his car - he never seems to grasp the fact that most people dine somewhere about 6.15 - but I was washing my hair so we couldn't go, even for a short run.

Yesterday morning I went round to Mr. Macaulay  
 to enquire about a charwoman, as I am having  
 a little belated housecleaning done in my absence,  
 & then set off, armed with addresses, to explore  
 the very slummy streets in the Falls Rd. district.  
 It is Devlin's Constituency, & strongly Nationalist,  
 & I wore my U.V.F. badges under my coat, as  
 it is not wise to flaunt them openly in Nationalist  
 quarters. However, I was reassured when I saw  
 a wall covered with white chalk legends, "No Surrender"  
 "Down with Home Rule", "God Save Carson" &c &c.  
 My quest proved fruitless. It is odd how these  
 Ulster folk behave to strangers; I find them,  
 almost invariably, rather surly at first, &  
 after a minute or two, as smiling & pleasant  
 & polite as the Southerners themselves. They seem  
 to have a crust that wants thawing, but it thaws  
 remarkably quickly. I trudged to a Registry  
 Office, & was successful there, & late in the  
 afternoon W. & I set off to come here, to the  
 Selatens, arriving in time for dinner.

This morning I have been resting, & sitting  
 out - where I am sitting now - under a huge  
 fir tree, which smells too heavenly for words  
 in the hot sunshine. The garden lies high,  
 & I get glimpses of a cobalt distance in between  
 the dark green of the fir branches. Oh the scent!

Friday, July 31<sup>st</sup> The news today alters things rather. If the Radicals keep to their bargain of not bringing up Irish matters until the crisis is over, that is satisfactory. It was the fear that concessions might be wrung out of the opposition that terrified us so. Last night we received notice from the War Office that he has been assigned, in the event of Mobilisation, to a certain Staff appointment in England. The communication is marked "secret", so this must not be pruned on. The curious thing is that, up till now, the other ex Army men on the Staff here have not received any such notice, but doubtless they will today. Under the circumstances, we shall probably, unless fresh news today gives us more hope of peace, give notice to our landlord on the end of August (a month's notice is all that is necessary), as we can always go into rooms, if necessary, for the remainder of our time here - it can't be very long, once the Irish question comes up in the House again. - possibly Mr Phillips might let us stay on, as he has been so accommodating hitherto.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Salter & I motored to tea with some people named Tim, paying a call or two on the way. It was not exciting, but I enjoyed the golf croquet & putting, winning both my games. Today it is streaming wet. We are going

over in a few minutes to see old Mr. Hartly,  
- Hamilton Hartly's father - who is organist  
of the church here, & Mr. Silater is going to  
try & persuade him to play the organ to  
me tomorrow morning.

Sun. Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup> Kilwarlin House. Sat. Friday afternoon. 4<sup>th</sup>  
 Pelater & I walked into the village to see Mr.  
 Hartly's parents - he, is <sup>the father,</sup> the organist here -  
 Only Mrs Hartly was at home, quite a homely-  
 looking woman, but most unexpectedly clever  
 & interesting to talk to, & with a strong individuality.  
 The house is charming, not a bit the house  
 of gentle-folk, but old & roomy, & with some  
 nice pictures. "Bertie", she says, has promised  
 a Symphony for the Norwich Festival, but has  
 stuck hopelessly in the middle of it, & is coming  
 down here presently to try & find inspiration  
 for it. When we got home, I found W. had  
 telephoned to me, & when I rang him up he  
 told me that that a rumour had come through  
 that Germany had declared war on ~~Austria~~  
 Russia, & that in all probability he would be  
 worried for that night. Under the circumstances  
 he said, he could not possibly come back to  
 Kilwarlin, & I had better come back that  
 evening, & if you wish at No. 12, with his luggage.  
 So after tea to which a Mr. Clark & a Mrs. Bullock  
 came, the latter such a fine old lady of 84, Mr.  
 looking a day over 70 - the Pelaters very kindly  
 sent me & the luggage home in the car - it is only  
 12 miles here from Belfast - & W. & I packed  
 these things so as to be all ready if a wire came.

We had to go 'down town' to dine, as the servants  
weren't expecting us, & there we saw scare  
head lines - "Germany declares War", so we weren't  
surprised when we got home at 8.30, to find  
a telegram summoning W. to Chatham as soon  
as possible. All his things were packed  
ready, & he just had time to go & telephone  
for a cab, <sup>when it came, to</sup> catch the 9.30 boat to Fleetwood.  
It was horrible to have him go off like that,  
& be left behind. I didn't sleep much that  
night, & being awake in the small hours,  
I heard, about 3 o'clock, what I thought  
was a big gun firing, but it proved next  
day to be an explosion caused by Suffragettes,  
who blew out the ancient east windows  
in Disbourn Cathedral, the Crucis. They were  
all staying with M<sup>rs</sup> Sedge, a Disbourn  
lady & a mad militant, & today I believe  
nearly all the windows in her house are  
broken.

On Sat. morning, I went down to the O.T.H.  
to ~~give~~ tell Capt. Hall, the Military Sec., of W.'s  
departure, & then came back here, the car  
meeting me at Disbourn. The Schalters are  
so kind, & won't hear of my leaving here  
until I have to, & say they must look after  
me now. It does make such a difference.

m. d.  
 X I excised myself six

Colonel

Mon. Aug. 3<sup>d</sup> Hilwaui House. Last Saturday afternoon I motored with the Selatens to Finnelbrogue, <sup>near Downpatrick,</sup> Mr. "Bob" Maxwell's home, where Colours were being presented to the Last Down Regt. by Lady Baugor, & someone else. Lord Baugor commands the Regt., & is a Cousin of Mr. Selater's. Nearly everyone there seemed to be either a sister or a Cousin or a mother of hers! Mr. Maxwell is her sister, & so was a Mr. Bower who was there, & whose husband is Chief Constable of Yorks. He had just been recalled, owing to the crisis. Capt. & Mr. Craig were there, much astonished to hear of Wolf's summons to England. The General & Lady Richardson were there too, & the latter was a Quind, & has made me promise faithfully to send for her if I want help in winding things up here, packing &c., as she has had endless experience of such things. She was really affectionate, & surprised me greatly, as her manner is generally rather stiff. I feel very grateful to her, & mean to take her at her word. — The Ceremony took place in a field on the top of a high hill, with a lovely view over the <sup>2 miles</sup> river Lough, & the low, wooded hills all round. The Bp. of Down consecrated the Colours, & I had to start "The Ulster Hymn", "Oh God our Help...", which I did in my most stentorian tones. When the General addressed the men, he told them how Sir Edward had offered their services to England in case of need, & though they could make no

response of any sort, I don't think there is the slightest doubt as to their willingness. It makes Redmond's silence all the more marked. I hope England will not fail to draw the moral. That they were a particularly fine body of men, & marched splendidly in spite of the unevenness of the ground. That evening Mr. & Mrs. Graham came to dine.

1914

## Kilnashin House.

Tues. Aug. 4 My diary has to be written in scraps now, where  
 & where I can. As I said, the Graham's came  
 to dine here on Saturday night, & I sang a bit  
 afterwards. On Sunday we went to church  
 in the morning, & were just in time to see "the  
 Downshire Guard" marching in. I don't  
 believe I mentioned them before. They are the  
 remains of a force raised <sup>here</sup> in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century,  
 & they still wear the uniform of that period!!  
 Anything so picturesque you never saw: about  
 a dozen, <sup>or more</sup> grey bearded men in scarlet coats, white  
 breeches, & cocked hats with a scarlet plume.  
 The Commanding officer wears gold epaulettes,  
 & forms them up on the green outside the church  
 after service, gives the proper words of Command,  
 & then marches off at the head of them. They look  
 very gallant, if slightly tottery, & preternaturally  
 solemn. The first week end W. & I were here, he  
 was requested to inspect them after service, which  
 he grandly did. After church, we  
 strolled to the lake with the Fernes & Sir Thomas  
 & Lady Dickson - very nouveaux riches, who live  
 in Hillsborough Castle, Lord Downshire's place. -  
 & Sir Fernie told us he had had a wire from  
 London that morning sayg Germany had declared  
 war on Russia & France. We could hardly  
 believe the latter part to be true, but it was

horrible news, for it turned one's side to realisation all it meant. I had had no news of W. since he left on Friday night, which did not tend to make me feel more cheerful. In the afternoon we motored over to dashfield to tea with the Grahams. She is an attractive-looking woman. It was a lovely day, showery, with dazzling intervals, & the country looked so small & delicious, the hills a deep purple, shrouded here & there in a silver-grey veil as the passing showers moved slowly across them. In the evening I sang a lot. They are both fond of music. Did I ever mention that G. Pilate is a brother of Sir Henry Pilate who has lately been made Adjutant-General? On Monday we went out in the car all day, but just before we started, Jane & Maggie came, bringing me amongst other things, the longed-for letter from W., but he had not then gone to Chatham, so there was no news.

The South African Regt: were having a sham fight among themselves, & we went out to see what we could see of it, taking lunch with us. [Wed. 5.] It rained all the time, nearly, but we saw quite a lot of the two "armies", all carrying rifles except a few who had shot-guns. M<sup>rs</sup> Graham came to dinner on her way from driving her husband in to a meeting.

1914

72

2

140

(Tues. Aug. 4<sup>th</sup>)of Monday, Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup>

W. R. S. had  
crossed to  
England  
on the  
night of  
Friday,  
July 31<sup>st</sup>

In the evening I got a letter from W. enclosing an important communication for me to read & pass on to the General or Capt. Craig as soon as possible so I sent it to him by a despatch rider. W. has been doing some very important negotiations in England, but I can't give details in a letter. He was boiling over at the Govt.'s inaction as he wrote.

Tuesday, - yesterday - I motored in to Belfast with the Selaters, & they dropped me at no. 12, [As I write, <sup>10 p.m.</sup> a U.V.F. band is going up & down the road just outside, making the most deafening noise I ever heard. No one beats a big drum in quite the same unparsoned way as an Orangeman.] I had some things to see to there, & then rang up Jack to find out if there were any news of mobilisation yet. He promised to find out, & later I met him at the Carlton, & he lunched with me there. There was still no definite news. I was only waiting for that, to start packing up everything in the house. I had already given notice for the end of August. Mr. Selater picked me up in the car at 2.30, & drove me out, & back to their house. I got a p.c. later in the day from W. saying mobilisation was practically certain, & he was off to Chatham that night, so I decided to try & get packed in time to cross by the Friday night boat. This morning - Wed. - I went in to Belfast by the early train, 8.47, & spent the day

at no. 12. Mr. S. brought me in the paper ~~in~~ before I started, telling that we have declared war on Germany. Oh if only we had made our policy plain last week. - The way our papers are now yawning on Redmond, acclaiming him as a patriot, makes me sick. Patriots ain't born in a night. Of course he's done the right thing, but he's done it very late, & he's done it not for Ireland. He can't really care a rap about England. However, thank Heaven he has done it. - I saw Mr. Graham at Lisburn, & he offered to put me up while I was shutting up the house, if it would be any help. I said I was to let them know if there was anything at all they could do. People are most extraordinarily kind. I went round to Lady Richardson's <sup>bedroom</sup> in the morning, as I am taking her at her word, & asking her advice about packing &c. I met the General at the gate, & hurried away, as they see so little of one another, & Lady R. came round later in the morning, & gave me lots of good advice, & promised to interview the warehouse herself about sending a man to pack china &c., & to come round tomorrow & superintend his packing, so as to let me free to do W.'s & my personal packing. Could kindness further go? I was practically busy sorting papers, silver &c. all day. Mr. Plater called for me in their

car about 4, but I was it nearly ready, so came on by train just in time for dinner. I have heard from W. today telling me not to hurry over after all, as he may possibly come back here again under certain circumstances, but I have told him that I simply cannot stay here, unless it is really necessary. I must be with him. I have said I will cross on Friday night unless he wires me not to, tomorrow. I don't think he is likely to return yet awhile, anyway, & this separation is too horrible. If I must get to bear it, I can, but if not, I can't!

M. Sanderson is spending the night here. He is a son of the Col. Sanderson who did so much for Ulster, & as it were, preceded Capt. Gen. Sir Edward, & he is, of course, a cousin of M<sup>r</sup> Pelater! I wish I could convey how kind the Pelaters are. They won't hear of my leaving as long as I am here alone, & say I am just to make this my home for the time being. I am simply overwhelmed with gratitude, for to be alone now would be very nearly unbearable, & no. 12 is a howling desert without Wolf.

Sun. Aug. 9

Ulster House. Last Thursday I went in to Belfast by the 8.47, & packed hard all day. The packer was there, putting in all the house hold things, & Lady Richardson came about 11.30, & arrived with my little superintendent the man, thus setting the man free to do our personal packing. She had lunch & tea with me, staying till 5 o'clock. Really, it is extraordinarily kind of her. I got W.'s packing quite finished, & was just starting for the 6.19 train, when up came a chauffeur "to fetch Mr. Spender". It was not Paley man, the Slater's man, but I asked no questions till I was safely in the car, & then I learnt that it was Mr. Spender. It happened to be in Belfast, & he suddenly had the happy idea of telephoning in to Wade to come & call for me, & he arrived in the nick of time. So nice for me (& of him).

Friday morning, I went in again by the same train. It looks so odd to see the tiny station at Adelaide Park guarded by two policemen with rifles, marching up & down the line on the platform. You cannot go to any station now without seeing at least one train go by, laden with khaki figures & horses. They lean out of the windows, & give a wild cheer as they go by, & the whole station joins in, & the pity of it just grips one by the throat. I had

hoped I might have crossed that night; but  
 a wire from W. told me not to be in too much of  
 a hurry, & to consult the General, as military movements  
 must come first, so I settled to wait, anyway,  
 till Monday, when the rush would probably be  
 nearly over. Lady P. came in in the morning,  
 having been to the Warehouse & the "Safe Deposit"  
 for me, & in the afternoon I took our silver  
 round to the latter place, & left it there. Coming  
 back, I was waiting for my team, when who  
 should come by in his motor car? G. Sanderson,  
 who not only drove me back to no. 12, but  
 insisted on waiting there while I did some  
 more packing, & then took me back to Kilwarlin.  
 He came in & had a sort of picnic tea with  
 me among the packing cases, & then waited while  
 I packed. In the evening G. Slater came back  
 from Dublin, where he had gone that day  
 to attend the meeting of the Irish Unionist  
 Alliance. There was great excitement over a  
 resolution they wanted to pass, eulogising Redmond  
 for his "patriotism," & expressing entire confidence  
 in him! The moment G. Slater heard of it  
 he flew down to Dublin post haste to tell them  
 what fools they were, but a wire from Carson,  
 strongly deprecating any resolution at this  
 juncture, saved him from having to do all

the remonstrating himself. That the Southern Unionists should have been taken in by Redmond's rhetoric seems incredible.

Yesterday - Saturday - I went in by <sup>a late</sup> ~~the~~ ~~usual~~ train, & made all final arrangements, sending off cheques &c. - There seems no end to the things to be done when winding up a house. - dady R. came in in the morning, & invited me to lunch with her, so I went. Such a streaming wet day, & hot & steamy like a greenhouse. Afterwards, I went back & packed hard, & got back to the Pilaters' in time for a late tea, & then a rest. W.'s letters show him to be having a fearfully busy time, & it's little I'll see of him when I do get to Chatham. He says they are very shy of lay help there, & fears I shall not have much to do. Eva Barton is staying in Kent now, & is overjoyed to find herself in the thick of the Red X work there. Possibly I may find something of the kind to help in at Chatham.

Today - Sunday - we went to church in the morning, & stayed to talk to old H<sup>r</sup> Harty, the organist, afterwards. He talks very like Hamilton Harty, & has such quaint, courteous manners. He - Hamilton Harty - is over here now, & may be coming <sup>to Hollislopp's</sup> here today. I shall just miss him. Now, I am sitting in the

garden. It is a heavenly day, with a big, soft  
wind, & bright sunshine, & fleecy clouds, & it is  
so peaceful that the War seems like a bad  
dream. I hope to cross tomorrow night  
by Larne & Stranraer.

Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> - Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> 1914

Tues. Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> Maunon House. Maunon Row. Old Brompton. Chatham.

Here I am, settled, or nearly settled in these apparently very comfortable lodgings which W. has got. We are high up out of the town, & in what is evidently a very old part of Chatham, & this house must be quite 200 years old. We look out over open green spaces belonging to the V. E. barracks which are close by on our left, & the Chatham barracks, where W. works, are a little further off on the other side. It seems a long time since my peaceful Sunday at the Selatons. At 4<sup>th</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Corbett came to tea, & afterwards 4<sup>th</sup> Selate & I went for a walk. 4<sup>th</sup> S. was busy going the round of his regt. of the U. V. F., he having just been gazetted to the Command of it vice Lord Clavinllian who has got his orders. Being a civilian, he feels very important indeed, & rather fussed, but very pleased.

Monday I went in to Belfast by the early train. I had a most affectionate farewell with Mr. Selate. We have made real friends, & intend to meet again at the earliest opportunity. Lady Richardson came in in the morning, & packed up the linen, & I went back & had lunch with her. She came in again in the afternoon, & then came to the station to see me off, by way of piling up my debt of gratitude to her. Jack turned up just before the train started, having been to No. 12 to see me, & found me flown. At the gangway of the boat at Darne, an official was posted, to demand the name, age, & occupation

of each passenger, so surprising, & we were also given a card to fill up with full particulars of ourselves. It was a perfect crossing, & I sat on the upper deck all the time, & thoroughly enjoyed it. At ~~Saint~~ Stranraer, there was much excitement over a suspected spy, a Jesuit priest, who got into the compartment next mine. He was arrested, but a policeman escorted him to the train, & a soldier was put in with him, & a large crowd honored outside, peering in at him. He got out at Deeds, & was apparently allowed to go free. There was no great crowd in the train, & only 2 other ladies & a little boy in my compartment. One of them, the mother of the little boy, was the wife of a Major Stewart from Londonderry. He has been at the War Office, & Wolf knows him. He has just got his orders for the front, & she was hurrying over to see him. He had not told even her which day he was to start. We got quite friendly, & talked a lot. I only had a few minutes sleep all night, so was not sorry when we reached St. Vaucras at 8.15 a. m. I took all the luggage straight to Victoria, (13 articles, & our two bicycles in an enormous crate!), & then brought three of the boxes over to 29<sup>x</sup>, where

<sup>x</sup> Crown Hill Garden, my father's house

Elizabeth gave me some breakfast. I was nearly starving, for it was 10 o'clock, & I had not tasted food - except a little chocolate, & a cup of tea. - Since 7.30 the previous evening, I had been awake all the time! Then I went back to Victoria, & got to Chatham in time for lunch. ~~The~~ very unfamiliar, but very smart Wolf <sup>in uniform - Fed. Police</sup> met me at the station, & carried me off to our lodgings. He had to fly off directly after lunch, & I rested most of the afternoon.

We got back about 6.30, but had to be off again at 8, & got home soon after 9.

Today - Wednesday - I spent the morning unpacking. Wolf came back for a very hurried lunch, & this afternoon I have been writing, & exploring the neighbourhood. There is a nice, shady garden close by, belonging to the Garrison Recreation Club, & I expect we shall have to belong to the Club so as to use it.

The A. Q. M. G. is a Major Clarke (W. as you know, is D. A. Q. M. G.), & W. says his wife wants me to help her in Reed & work, or something of the kind, so I expect I shall soon find lots to do.

Everybody wears uniform all day long here - they are never allowed out of it now - , & somehow, last

night, it felt - & looked - so like a scene in a play. This old-fashioned room, rather bare, with its small-paned bow windows, & rickety door, is just like a stage room, & our pretty little maidervant is as stagey as she can be, & ~~with myself~~ Can't you picture it? Myself, in evening dress, waiting, the table laid, the pretty Soulbrette, & then the hero entering R. in uniform & a great heavy, & snatching a hasty meal.

Sun. Aug. 16

I can't remember where I left off. On Wednesday W. was on duty all night, returning about 7 a.m. next morning. He has his camp bed down at the office, so can get a good sleep if too many telegrams don't come in. But that night war was declared with Austria at midnight, so there were constant wires, & he scarcely slept at all. Moreover he had to go down & meet a train at 5.15 a.m.

On Thursday I finished unpacking in the morning, & in the afternoon Mr. Clarke, wife of the A. Q. M. G., called; a nice, friendly little Irishwoman. She says help is badly wanted in all sorts of ways. Red X, inspecting cases for Relief &c. So I expect I shall soon find plenty to do. We got home about 6, & we went for a walk, out on the "Great Dunes" again. It's a huge open space between here & Gillingham, with fine views all over Chatham & Rochester, & across the Medway right to the mouth of the Thames. It's not the least like any other place I know, & has a certain picturesqueness of its own, in spite of its squalor.

Friday, which was hotter than ever, I walked in to Gillingham - about a mile - [Tuesday 18] to take the <sup>early</sup> train to Walsley to see the family, & made the pleasing discovery that the train did not stop

there! There was no other good train that morning, so I came back, rather chastened, & had lunch at home, after an unproductive morning darning, & caught an afternoon train at Chatham. Mother & Sue met me at Deal, both looking most flourishing, & we drove out to Walmer. Dad was outside the house, talking to Mrs. Coward, who had just driven over in her car to see the family, with Jack's wife & her two dear little children. Father looked wonderfully well, & it was lonely to be with them again. The trains back were so bad, & left me so little time there, that I wired to W. I would stay the night there, as I knew he would approve.

We went out on the front after tea, & late Mother & I went for a walk. There are any number of destroyers & cruisers always hovering about there, & lots of aircraft, & two scout steamers which challenge go alongside of & challenge every foreign vessel that goes by.

Saturday turned much colder. I went for a walk with F. in his bath chair, & spent most of the rest of the morning sitting out. I left by the afternoon train, Mother & Sue coming to Deal to see me off. The train was crammed with territorials, evidently going to the front very shortly. One, a mere boy, was in our carriage, & I heard him talking to the man in the next compartment,

discussing their probable destination. "Some says Egypt, some France, & some Belgium. Any'ow," he wound up cheerfully, "we'll know when we come back!" Poor boys. On the way from the station at Chatham, I suddenly caught sight of Cicely Bernard Atkins, whom I hav'nt seen since I acted in that first Pastoral Play, about seven years ago. We recognised each other at once, with mutual astonishment, & she introduced me to her sister, <sup>with whom she is staying,</sup> who proved to be Mrs Maxwell, wife of one G. O. C. Rather odd! Wolf had already written our names in the General's book, but we had not met there. They were so friendly. Then I got into the train & met Mrs Clarke, who asked us to tea on Sunday.

Sunday Wolf worked all day just as if it were a weekday, so I had to go to church alone. It was another glorious day, though with a tearing wind. I went to tea with Mrs Clarke, & Mayri Clarke & W. came in together just for a short time. They have a charming bungalow close by here, with a veranda & a garden which filled us with envy! She took me over the house when they'd gone, & then showed me over the Garrison Recreation Club grounds. There used to be heaps of tennis & gaiety there, but all that is dropped now. W. didn't get back till about 7, & had to go back about 9, it being his night on duty.

at 10,

Monday I went down to the Town Hall to help the Military Committee  
 "Soldiers & Sailors Families Society." I had to interview  
 applicants for relief, & take down full particulars  
 of their cases on a printed form, & make up  
 my mind as to how deserving & genuine the case was.  
 It was rather heartrending work. All of them were  
 fresh from saying goodbye to their husbands or  
 sons, & <sup>often</sup> could not keep back their tears, & one felt  
 such a brute, peering into their most private  
 affairs, & exposing their poverty & want, but of  
 course it has to be done. I worked there till  
 nearly one, & then walked partway back with  
 Mrs. Maxwell & her sister, & the former asked me  
 to tea that afternoon, so I went. They have a  
 delightful old fashioned garden behind the  
 home, & after tea Mrs. M. took me round it, &  
 picked me a basketful of flowers. She was  
 just as kind & friendly as she could possibly  
 be, & I liked her immensely. Wolf came  
 back for a little while before I went, & had a  
 much needed sleep. Afterwards, he didn't get back  
 till after 7. This morning, Tuesday, I have  
 been at the Town Hall all the morning, doing  
 the same work, & am now going to return some  
 calls.

Thurs. Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> / I think I wrote last on Tuesday. In the afternoon I paid a call, & Wolf got back about 6. He told me, what was in the papers next day, that there was a naval battle in progress about 100 miles off Harwich. We went out onto the great dunes, & watched an enormous airship hovering over the Thames, evidently searching for submarines, & finally alighting, & being drawn into her shed. W. has to go back to work almost directly after dinner, always, so I generally do my typing down then.

Wednesday morning I spent at the Town Hall, as before. There are fewer cases now, but still a number whose reparation allowance has not come yet, & who are absolutely penniless till it does. It is the Reservists' wives & mothers who are in such a hard case. What is often their one means of support is taken away, & as none of them ever seem to have any savings, they are completely destitute for the time being.

Friday. Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> / In the afternoon I paid a call, & went into Rochester to do some shopping, but it was early closing day! Wolf & I went for a walk when he got back. He was up all that night, at least on duty. I was so amused the other day; I went to the little branch shop of the A. & N. Stores close by here to make arrangements for getting supplies from them, & when I gave W.'s name, the man who

was serving me pricked up his ears.

"Captain Spender? Why, 'e knows me! R. A. is it-??"

"Late R. A." I said. "Never!" said the man, firmly incredulous. I explained, & asked where he had known him, & it seemed he was Sergeant-major in the R. A. <sup>at Malta</sup> when W. was Brigade Major there! He obviously thought the world of W., & he will do anything for me now! You should have heard his tone of conviction <sup>proffered</sup> as he said, when I told him W.'s present-job: "Well, I know one thing. They're got a good man"; whereupon, I beamed at him, & said I quite agreed with him!

Thursday, yesterday, I was at the Town Hall all morning, & in the afternoon Sir Batters (as the Hollands always used to call the Bernalby Atkins) came to tea with me. Her sister, Mrs Maxwell, was to have come too, but couldn't after all. She is frightfully busy these days. When W. got back, about 6, we went for a cycle ride, & managed to get right into the country, beyond Gillingham. The roads are simply splendid about here, except the by-roads.

Today I was at the Town Hall, as usual, & this afternoon Wolf got back for an hour before tea, so we went for a walk. At his suggestion I wrote to Sir Edward Carson this morning, asking if it would not be possible for the

Ulster Refugees Committee to transfer its proffered hospitality to the poor Belgians who are being driven in such numbers from their homes by the Germans. We do owe them an immense debt of gratitude for their magnificent stand against those brutes of Germans. I wish I had not any German friends. The story of their treatment of poor Mr. Drummond Hayes, the Brit. Consul at Danzig, <sup>his party,</sup> made me boil with rage. I heard from Lady Richardson this morning, telling me that she had seen all our packing cases so safely removed by the storero, so everything is now out of the house. She has been good to us.

Mon. Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> Last Saturday I didn't go to the Town Hall, but stayed at home to wash my hair, & had a very quiet afternoon going up to Mrs. Clarke's to ask her to tea on Sunday. But she couldn't come, & going for a walk with W. as usual between 6 & 7. There is only one walk, & that is on the Great Dunes, but it is a fine open place, & we're lucky to have it.

Sunday I went to Early Service at the Garrison Church - W. having to go to the office before breakfast - such a nice cheerful church, & beautifully kept. I went to Parade Service there later on, & then W. & I went to lunch at the General's. W. had to go directly after, but I stayed on, & had a little talk with the General. He asked us a good deal about Ulster & seemed interested by what we told him, which evidently threw a new light on certain aspects of the question for him. We do all the missionary work we can in that way, but of course it doesn't do to say too much, & appear as vehement as one feels. I have had a line from Sir Edward, saying he has forwarded my letter to Belfast, but he thinks that ample accommodation has already been provided for Belgian refugees.

With all due respect, he is quite wrong! In the first letters, suggesting the provision of such accommodation appeared in the papers this morning, but no offer has yet

been made by the Ulster Committee, so perhaps they will consider our suggestion.

After the General had gone, M<sup>rs</sup> Maxwell made me sing. They have their piano in her studio upstairs, & it's a delightful room for sound. M<sup>rs</sup> "Bathurst" has a pretty voice, & sang several things to my accompaniment. It was a treat to have some music again. M<sup>rs</sup> Maxwell begged me to come & practise there whenever I wanted to, which is one of those tantalizingly delightful invitations which you cannot possibly accept, however sincerely they are given! I came back to a solitary tea, & then, quite unable to stay in any longer for the day was glorious, & our rooms were stifling, I wandered up to the Recreation Club, leaving a note to tell where I was going, & sat reading there till he turned up, when we went for the usual walk.

Today, Monday, is the hottest we've had. The Town Hall was like an oven. I had one rather amusing case: an old dame from the country, who wanted, as she said, to know the whereabouts of her son, & it was only after searching questions that I discovered he was her grandson, but nothing would induce her to call him anything but son. "'is father & mother's dead, & 'e never 'ad nobody but me, so you could 'nt call 'im anythin' else, could you?" And she contradicted me firmly & rather loudly.

every time I called him grandson. Later, I handed her over to Mr. Clarke who tells them how to write to their relatives with the Expeditionary Force, & who in this case, had to write the letter, as the old dame could not. I heard it going on in the distance. "My dear grandson" began Mr. Clarke. — "Son" said the old lady so loudly that Mr. Clarke jumped. The rest of the letter proceeded smoothly till it came to the end: "Your affectionate grand-mother" suggested Mr. Clarke, "Mother" snapped Mr. Matthews indignantly, adding, as an improvement, "Mother & Father", & so it was duly signed. She was a funny old thing. In the afternoon I sat in our bedroom, as being slightly cooler than the sitting room, & darned socks till tea-time. I am getting through a perfectly fabulous amount of mending these days, & it really is a comfort to have the time for it. After tea I went to the Club gardens, & there W. joined me before 6. & we had a good walk, but the heat is really trying, just like the beginning of the hot weather in India, W. said. Today our fellow lodgers on the first floor, Col. & Mr. Brittain, left cards on me while I was out, & I am much exercised as to the proper method of returning said call. Do I go, just as I am, & tap at their door, & say "Oh if you please I've come to call", or do I put

on hat & gloves, & get the maid to announce me?  
I wish I knew!

We are feeling very unhappy about Ulster. I am afraid there is no doubt which the Govt. will give us to, Redmond or Carson, but the iniquity of bringing up such a controversial matter at such a time is beyond words. As the General said on Sunday, the onus <sup>of responsibility</sup> always lies with those who are trying to disturb the status quo, not with those who wish to maintain it, but apparently the country does not see that, & anyway it doesn't care now. Poor, poor Ulster.

How one's heart goes out to Belgium now. I wonder how much we shall have to suffer, before we show the same spirit. We certainly aren't showing it at present, or there would be no more football & cricket matches. What are such men about that they don't volunteer? There is a horribly complacent spirit abroad among us, which will surely have to be knocked out of us before we can win this war.

Tuesday 25. The news is not cheering today. One wonders that Namur should have fallen so early. It looks as though the Belgians had lost their morale; but after all, is

84

that to be wondered at? I suppose anyone of us could have foretold that Germany could conquer Belgium if she wanted to, & the only wonder is that they have held out so long. One knew that once the Germans got going, they were bound to score some successes, but they seem to be hard pressed by Russia, which is cheering.

If Redmond insists on Home Rule now, surely the country will recognize him for the traitor he is.

Thurs. Aug. 25<sup>th</sup>. The days are so alike just now that it's difficult to remember where I left off. Every day this week I've spent all the morning at the Town Hall, & gone for a walk or cycle ride with W., & filled in the rest of the time with mending & writing & odds & ends of shopping &c. Yesterday afternoon M<sup>rs</sup> Gulliver - wife of the R. A. Colonel here, called on me, such a pleasant little woman. They live at Fillingham House, she said, so I told her I thought that must be where an aunt of mine used to live, & she <sup>Mr. M.</sup> remembered that a General Marriott used to live there. I shall be so interested to see it, & to hear if it is still haunted by a monk! She wants me, as W. was a gunner, to come to her table at the Town Hall & help with the Artillery cases, but I was told on Tuesday that I was to undertake the Buffs (the East Kent), so I don't know if I shall be able to get off that. They want me to do the visiting as well, but W. has put his foot down with extreme firmness, & refuses to allow me to do both. It really would be rather much, as I <sup>already</sup> spend every single morning from 10 till nearly one at this work, & I must have some time to attend to other things, & I don't want to get worn out before W. gets back in the afternoon. But

I feel rather guilty when I really have the actual time for it. However, if I can work with Mr. Mullins it will be all right, as she says she can get another visitor. She amused me enormously by assuming that I was really too young to be quite suitable for a visitor!!

W. had his first ride today. I have named the horse Mountainjoy, that being, as I need hardly remind you, the assumed name of the "Clyde Valley" which brought the rifles to Darne on that never to be forgotten 24<sup>th</sup> of April!

Friday 28<sup>th</sup>. It is as hot as ever again today. We've had some pelting rain since Monday, but it is been horribly sultry & stuffy. I was at the Town Hall all this morning, & walked back with Mr. Mullins. Some of the cases are absolutely heart-rending, but you have to do your best to harden your heart, & not let your feelings run away with you. I am sitting in the Club Garden now, simply surrounded by babies & children. They are so alluring.

My diaries are very dull just now, but, as usual, the only things of real interest are the things I may not tell! I don't think I mentioned that we have "ration's" now. Beef, 3 times a week, & bread, & oddments such as tea, sugar,

salt, haricot beans &c. The latter come in little  
screws of paper bags, so funny. We also have jam,  
always the same, blackberry & apple. I am  
wondering if the lutie army is being fed  
on blackberry & apple jam, or if some other  
officer is subsisting exclusively on, say, strawberry  
& would like to change! We also rather long  
for an occasional sheep instead of everlasting  
beef. If anybody can think of any novel ways  
of doing up beef, it would be a charity to  
send me the recipes. The less it suggests beef  
the better.

Tonight is W.'s "night out". A good deal of his  
work consists in superintending transport  
arrangements, & seeing off trainloads of  
troops at unearthy hours of the day or night.

Sat. Aug. 29. Today has been hotter than ever. I spent a busy morning at the Town Hall, & this afternoon went off to Rochester to visit a case I am specially interested in, a horribly sad one, & a thoroughly deserving family. One is not allowed to give money, of course, when visiting for the S. S. F. A., but I was doing this visit privately, & fortunately was able to help the married daughter, as she is not eligible for help from the Society. It was so harrowing to see them with nothing in the house but half a loaf, & some rice, which they were trying to cook over an almost dead fire - no coals, only a little wood. And the Society had told them not to come again till ~~Monday~~ Tuesday! I agree with Mr. Fleming, who has refused to do any official visiting because she is not allowed to take leave of every ticket to dispense at her discretion. To go to a house & find the family without food, & to be unable to do anything for them until next day, because the authorities must be consulted first, requires more fortitude than some of us possess. Most of them are only in want until their Separation Allowances or Allotments come in, so that it is now that the help is needed. I am sitting in the Club garden now, waiting for Wolf. I have managed to find a more peaceful spot than yesterday, on a deserted

terrace lawn, & as it's after 6.30, it is deliciously cool. Poor W. has had to be at the office since 1.45 today, & yesterday was his night on duty too. I really don't think the others take quite their fair share of work.

Sunday 31<sup>st</sup>. Sunday - yesterday - I went to Early Service - W. of course had to be at the office before breakfast, as usual - & later on to the Parade Service, with the Band of the R. E. in the choir, so nice. I sat with Mrs Mullins, so felt less of an alien than last Sunday. Afterwards, when W. got back, he & I went over to the R. E. barracks, to Major Wait's house, to see about buying Gen Macdonald's traps, but learnt that it was already sold. It was so blazing hot that for once, I let W. go for a walk alone till lunch time. I could not face the Great Series in the midday sun. In the afternoon I called for Mrs Fleming, & we went over to Gillingham to tea with Col. & Mrs Mullins, who were so friendly. Gillingham House is divided into 2 halves, & I can't find out which half Gen. Marriott used to live in. W. had hoped to get back in time to go to Eversong, but was just too late, so we went for a walk instead.

Today - Monday - I had a busy morning at the Town Hall. Gen. Maxwell has been appointed

Assistant to the Chief of the General Staff at  
 the War Office. He was summoned to the W. O. yesterday  
 & learnt the news, & <sup>went</sup> has gone off at 7 a. m. today!  
 I am so sorry they are going, but now it seems  
 just possible we may be depraacting ourselves!  
 We had a charming letter from Carson this  
 morning, in answer to one of his, saying that  
 if he succeeds in persuading a contingent of the  
 U. V. F. to volunteer for service (in spite of the  
 fact that no guarantee has yet been given about  
 Home Rule), he will ask the War Office to transfer  
 W. for service in some capacity with them. So  
 that we may find ourselves back in Ireland for  
 a time before very long! But of course this is  
 all very much in the air at present, & not to be  
 talked about outside our respective families.  
 When I left the Town Hall, I hurried off to the Station  
 to find out trains for tomorrow - train books are a  
 snare & a delusion these days! - & then went  
 on to see my poor family in Rochester, & to get  
 their sewing machine out of pawn, so that the  
 [Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> Sun.] mother could earn some money again. One of the sons,  
 invalided from the Army, poor boy, who had  
 just triumped from Canterbury, borrowed a hand-  
 cart, & together we repaired to the pawn-broker's  
 & rescued the machine, & I watched him, bundling  
 it home with a radiant face, while I waited for

my train. That evening I went in to Mrs  
 Fleming's, who is in lodgings in the same row,  
 & had some music. The piano was vile, & she  
 does not play very well, so it was not all joy.

I have not made up my mind yet whether I  
 like her very much or can't bear her. She is an  
 odd woman. Wolf came & fetched me.

Tuesday I went up to London for a night,  
 shopping in the morning, & getting to 29 by  
 lunch-time; a blazing day. I found, alas,  
 Mother in bed with a sore throat & temperature,  
 & Father in bed too, but I was able to have some  
 talk with both of them, & it was lonely  
 to see them all again. Ted & Charlie came to  
 tea, I had not seen the former since Xmas. Charlie looked  
 splendid, & seemed very cheerful about the part he  
 is to have in the city. After tea I walked across  
 to 24 to see Mater, & found her looking so well.

There is not very much to be seen of war conditions  
 in London. Nearly every woman in the Gardens, it is  
 true, was knitting, & there are tents near Marble  
 Arch, & an complete absence of men in Piccadilly,  
 & I saw a bus load of khaki figures going down  
 Victoria St., being indiscriminately cheered by the  
 passers-by, & themselves in tearing spirits. But  
 it is chiefly the atmosphere that one notices, &

of course the shop windows.

Wednesday morning I helped look after Dad & Mother, & went to the Dentist. The Rudge's new premises are quite startlingly gorgeous. There was very little to be done to me, thanks be, in spite of a  $2\frac{1}{4}$  years' gap <sup>(in time, not teeth!)</sup> since I last went.

Margorie MacPherson came to lunch, & we were overjoyed to meet at last. She was just as sweet as ever, & hasn't altered a scrap since we met last in Canada. I went with her to her dressmaker after lunch, & she came back to tea with me, & then came & saw me off at Victoria, like the dear she is. I had a broiling journey, & the train was over half an hour late. W. met me, & Mr. Maxwell & Mrs. Bathurst took us up in their car, & we had just time for a brief blow on the great axis before dinner. Col. Clarke has been given a Command in the 7. Division, so is leaving here at once. At first W. hoped that might mean a change for him too, but it apparently doesn't. A Maj. Green Wilkinson reigns in his stead, whom W. used to know. He has lately been farming in Canada, & I want to meet him.

Thursday I spent the morning at the T. H. W. had to go off to Felbury directly after lunch

to meet the first batch of Canadian reservists,  
 & despatch them to their various destinations,  
 & didn't return till next day. In the evening  
 I went in to Mrs. Fleming to help her with  
 some S. S. F. A. work, & she talked so much  
 I couldn't get away till after 10.30. As  
 I find so many people are, she was surprisingly  
 autobiographical, & I didn't have to do  
 anything but listen, & make an intelligent  
 remark now & again.

Friday as I was emerging from the Chatham  
 Barracks (where Wolf works) <sup>on my way to the T. H.</sup> I met himself  
 - as the Irish say - coming up from the  
 station. He had been up the whole night,  
 & looked like it, poor old thing. He was  
 sound asleep when I got back, to my joy,  
 & I let him sleep on till he woke at 2 when  
 we had lunch. I paid calls in the afternoon  
 on Col. Hastings Budge & Capt. W. Budge,  
 both R. E., & a fine hunt I had for them,  
 as people here have a playful way of  
 putting no address at all on their cards!  
 Mrs. Budge I ran to earth after trudging all  
 over the R. E. Barracks (I have a pass, of course),  
 & getting mixed up with recruits, & poking  
 my head into terrifyingly official doorways;

while Mrs Beugay, I discovered, <sup>eventually,</sup> ~~was~~ next door to us! We did not go back to work after dinner that night, & we went to bed before 9!

Saturday I had a busy morning at the T. H. I have taken over Mrs Clarke's work now, as she is going, viz: writing letters for applicants who haven't received their Separation Allowances or Allotments, or for old people who can't write, &c. In the afternoon Mrs Hartley came to tea. She is a great friend of the Maxwells; & has been staying at Govt. House (as they call the General's house, can't think why) all this time. I like her. She is doing C.O.S. work here, as well as S.S.F.A., & has had a lot of experience in that kind of work. She loves speaking, & has had a lot to do with a Campaign against the Insurance Act here; there is a tremendous feeling against it in these parts, all the Socialists & Syndicalists are dead against it. But she is pretty & gentle-looking, & dresses well, & I find, to my delight, that she is an ardent Anti-Suffragist. Now that Mr. Green Wilkinson is here, we dine at 8, & W. does not go back afterwards. Such a much nicer arrangement. He seems very nice to work with, & very anxious to do his share.

Today - Sunday - I have had a very quiet day.  
I sat in the Garrison gardens a bit this  
afternoon, & if Wolf can get back in time, we  
shall go to Evensong together. Such a heavenly day, hot-  
sun, but a lovely fresh wind.

We are trying to hear what is being settled about the  
U. V. F. Jack hopes to go out as Brigade Major under  
Col. Conchman, but I expect there is no end of difficulty  
in settling what everybody is to be.

Has any body seen this month's "Fortnightly"? I wonder?  
I think the Unionist Party is going quite crazy.

Arch-bald Hurd winds up an article by apostrophising  
Asquith as "the greatest of all War Ministers the nation  
has ever honoured"!!! While a man who calls  
himself "Auditor Tautum", discommending "the Political Trans-  
-formation", eulogises Redmond as a noble Patriot, & seems  
to think that Ireland has suddenly become whole-heartedly  
loyal, & that Home Rule may now come, & welcome! And  
he proceeds to say that everyone took it for granted  
a formal settlement must follow. "But there was  
no response from Ulster"! A truly amazing  
perversion of the case.

Sat. Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>. I cannot remember where I left off. Last Sunday I spent a very quiet day, & sat in the Club Gardens for a while in the afternoon. Wolf hoped he might have been able to go to Evening Church, <sup>with me</sup> but he was at the office from 2-8; rather hard lines on a Sunday, but it could not be helped.

Monday I was at the Town Hall all the morning, & had a busy time, writing letters to various Regimental Record Offices for poor women who have not yet received their Separation Allowances or Allowments. Most of them have got theirs by now, but not by any means all. W. had to go off to Tilbury to meet some more Canaobians, but he got back about 2.30 next morning, which was a pleasant surprise.

Tuesday, Town Hall as usual, & a long tramp afterwards to visit a case. It was absolutely blazing, & the dust & glare were really horrible. W. got back, as he usually does, about 6, & as I joined him for a walk, whom should I find him talking to but Major Christie, of Belfast! His wife is not here, but he is stopping at the R. F. Barracks, & has some job to do with recruits, which he seems to hate. He came with us for a walk, & W. tried to converse with him on the Ulster question, but he would not say a word about it! He never would in Belfast, though I think he was on our side all right. I went to the Club Gardens earlier in the afternoon, to get

some flowers, the next day being our wedding day. The  
gardener will pick you a huge bunch for a ridiculous  
sum, so nice, & I got an armful of roses for 6<sup>d</sup>, &  
another of asters for 3<sup>d</sup>! Everything else is completely  
dried up here. There have been no Sweet Peas for a  
month.

Wednesday, I went up to London for the day, to pay my 2<sup>d</sup>  
& last visit to the Dentist. It was rather sad to have to  
be away from each other all day on our joint wedding  
anniversary, but it could not be helped, & I should have  
seen very little more of W. if I had been at home.  
When I got to 29 I found Sue & Con in the garden, & Elsie  
who was also up for the day. Sandy had said we had  
better not go into the house as there was evidently  
a malevolent germ going through it, so E. & I went  
off to Whiteley's for lunch, & afterwards I hunted  
for Mrs. Gaudine, - who has moved, - but in vain.  
It was so hot that the sun felt almost dangerous. I  
came back to 29, & found dear Mother in the garden  
with E., but she could only stay a little while. It was  
horrible not seeing Father, & E. & I could hardly bear to go  
away without seeing him, but I suppose it was best.  
Deirdre & Bernard turned up in the course of the  
afternoon, & joined us in the garden. I went

off by the 3.30 train, & had a slipping journey back  
 10 in the carriage, & a back seat. I would it let W. meet  
 me, as I was not perfectly certain of my train.

Thursday still not very good news of Z. I was at the  
 Town Hall all morning, & spent a virtuous afternoon  
 darning, & had a walk with W. afterwards. How

Friday - perfectly splendid it is about the loyalty of  
 India, & all the Colonies. It seems amazing to think of  
 the Dalai Lama actually sending troops to our aid.

Really the news is beginning to cheer one a little.  
 W. had a wire from the General Richardson on Thurs.  
 afternoon. I don't think I mentioned that he - W. -

had an offer from Capt. Grant in the War Office to take  
 his post, as he wants to get something else. It would  
 be going back to his old department there, but of  
 course he would much rather get the Ulster job. So he  
 wrote & told Sir George about it, & the latter then wired  
 that he was asking for him as General Staff Officer  
 to him - he <sup>(Sir George)</sup> proposes to be G.O.C. of the two Ulster Divisions  
 - second grade. Of course W. would love it; though  
 it might not mean going to the front for a long  
 time, if at all.

Friday yesterday - Town Hall all morning. I walked  
 there in a deluge of rain, so nice to have some

at last. A quiet afternoon working, & then a good long walk with W. over to the other side ~~of~~ of the valley, beyond the inevitable cabbages to the bare downs. Why has every town on the Kentish coast got a background of illimitable cabbages, I wonder? Who called Kent the "Kitchen garden" of England? W. & I did yesterday, but I think it must have been said before.

We came back in the dark over the huge "Great Lines", & watched a searchlight from close by sweeping the sky for airships. W. had a letter from the General, supplementing his telegram, but nothing is settled yet, & there seems to be a hitch over W. at the War Office, Heaven knows why as we hear that <sup>connection with</sup> the Ulster question has no prejudicial effect at the W. O. "Rather the contrary", somebody says.

Today, Saturday, was glorious at first, with a keen N.W. wind, as I knew the minute I got up. That, & the p.c. telling of Father's improvement, & the good news of the War, made me feel extraordinarily cheerful, & I raced down to the Town Hall in 9 minutes, which, as it's nearly a mile, even through the Barracks, was not bad. I only stayed a short time, as there was very little to do: & plenty of people to do it, & I was dying to wash my hair. Now W. is here, actually with two hours to spare, so we are going for a walk.

1914

Tues. Sept. 15: Last Saturday was the first free afternoon W. has had, & it streamed with rain, really a cruel piece of luck. So W. just went back to the office so as to be able to get off later if it cleared up - which it did, - & I went into Rochester to buy cakes from a delightful little 18<sup>th</sup> century tea house by the Cathedral. Chatham shops are quite impossible. W. & I got a walk taken on.

Sunday was quite cold. I went to Early Service, where I helped to minister to a poor lady who fainted; & then to Parade Service, where I sat with Col. & Mrs. Mullins in the General's pew, next the General, wonderful privilege! Col. M. introduced me to him afterwards; - he is Gen. Mullaly, who has succeeded Gen. Maxwell. He is very interested in the Irish question, & talked to me a bit about Ulster. He is very keen that we should not lay too much stress upon Ulster's part in volunteering, but try & make it an Irish movement. I told him there was nothing we should like better if the Nationalist Volunteers would come forward, but where are they? Why doesn't Redmond go over & make a recruiting speech, as Carson did? The General did not seem to have thought of that. I went up to the Club in the afternoon, & then Mrs. Clarke came in with her mother, Lady Meagher, to say goodbye. Col. Clarke is now in Camp with the 7<sup>th</sup> Division at Lyndhurst, & probably going across very soon, & she looks

nearly heart broken. He does not seem to be a bit keen to go himself, which is odd. Earlier in the afternoon we had an unexpected visit from the Hugh Spenders, who had motored down from London with another man, named, I think, Chance, & came to see us on their way to Sheerness. Mrs. Hugh was so friendly & nice. She spoke of meeting Sue, & was sorry to have seen no more of the family. Major Christie came to tea, & later on Mrs. Fleming, so we had quite a lively afternoon. W. managed to get back rather late for tea, & after they'd gone we went for a walk.

Monday - yesterday - I spent the morning at the Town Hall, & W. came down for a little to talk to Mr. Capper. The War Office has ordered all the soldiers wives here to leave the married quarters & go into lodgings, to make room for recruits, (It sounds hard, but isn't really, as they are giving them liberal compensation, & extra allowance,) & wants the S. S. F. A. to undertake the arrangements. It's rather a big thing to thrust on them, & Mrs. Capper is inclined to rebel, but I think W. can talk her round! In the afternoon I waited in vain for W., who never got back till nearly 8, so we had no walk.