THE SCOTTISH WRITINGS OF R.B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

There is no doubt that in the last few years there has been a revival of interest, if not exactly a boom, in the life and works of R.B. Cunninghame Graham (1852-1936). Although several critics have been producing a steady output of articles on Graham over the last two decades, the last few years have seen the publication of Alicia Jurado's biography of Graham in Argentina, my study of The South American Sketches of R.B. Cunninghame Graham which came out in U.S.A., the solid biography of Watts and Davies, which appeared in England, and the little anthology put out recently by Paul Harris in Edinburgh. With my study of The Scottish Sketches now in print in Scotland, and several of my biographical works on Graham now out, including the most recent Cunninghame Graham and Scotland: An Annotated Bibliography, it finally appears as if Graham is beginning to receive belated recognition. That the boom is not over is obvious from the fact that several other works on Graham by the above-mentioned scholars are now in progress, as well as a family-type biography by his grand-niece Lady Polwarth, and a study of Graham and his wife Gabriela (politics and marriage) by Alexander Maitland. In an attempt to make Graham's work available again to the reading public, I am now completing my edition of his North American Sketches (Mexico, Texas, South West U.S.A.), and have promised further volumes on Spain and North America in the near future.

I should like to say that Graham has always been appreciated in his home land of Scotland, but unfortunately this is not the case. Born in London in 1852, he died in Buenos Aires in 1936. In the intervening eighty-four years he travelled extensively in Europe, North and South Africa, North and South America and elsewhere—hence the image of Graham as the great cosmopolitan figure, which he certainly was. However, by heritage, upbringing and temperament, he was also very much the Scot—Scotissimus Scotorum he was called by one of his admirers—and part of a complex genealogical tree that saw amongst his forebears many of the famous Grahams of Scottish history, e.g. Sir John of the Bright Sword, who sacrificed himself on Wallace's behalf at the Battle of Falkirk; Sir Robert Graham, slayer of James I, variously labelled assassin and patriot; Nicol Graham, who challenged the power of Rob Roy; and his famous predecessor, Sir Robert Graham, named for his memorable verses as "Doughty Deeds," whom Graham immortalised in the biography of the same name. Graham himself, as the rightful Earl of Menteith, could legitimately lay claim to the throne of Scotland by descent from Robert II, given the illegitimacy of the Stuart line. At least, that is the theory I often heard advanced when I was growing up in Dumbarton, where Don Roberto was often referred to by the older people as the "uncrowned King of Scotland"—a claim supported by antiquarian scholars like Andrew Lang. Despite his international reputation, however, and despite the neglect of his compatriots, all his life Graham considered himself a Scotsman. This Scottishness manifested itself not only in his life but also in his writings.

The literary career of Graham began, in a sense, in his childhood. Because of his varied life and his many travel adventures, he was an inveterate letter-writer from the earliest days. An examination of countless bundles of letters still preserved reveals not only the man of action but the nascent writer—for example, in the letters from Argentina in the 1870s, which were to be the stuff of his South American sketches written several decades later. Also, his trip to Mexico, Texas, and South West U.S.A. with his new bride in the 1880s provided the material for sketches like "Un pelado" and "A Hegira," despite his poor opinion of his own literary talent. Some thirty books of sketches, biographies, histories and travel literature, not counting translations, prefaces, pamphlets, etc. would seem to indicate that his fears had little basis.

His youthful travels over, and his political career terminated by his disenchantment with the "official" labour movement, Graham was now free to fulfill his duties as a Scottish laird and to pursue the literary career hinted at in his Latin American letters and the socialist journalism of the 1880s and 1890s. When he did come to write his first book,
not surprisingly he treated matters close to home, the region that he knew so well. *Notes on the District of Monteith* (1895), which purports to be a travel guide "for tourists and others," is still a valuable aid to those who would visit that beautiful, misty area around the Lake of Menteith. However, Graham's pithy remarks on the Scottish character, customs, history and a host of other topics enable the book to transcend the purely regional, factual and descriptive. It is significant that he chose the area that he knew best, around the family home at Gartmore, which was to be the source of many of the some fifty sketches (out of a total of approximately two hundred) that he devoted to Scotland. His sense of Scottishness, the past that formed it, and the future that it was to become, were all the stuff of his work.

Yet it is not surprising that he described what he knew intimately, for his whole literary credo was based on this personal manifestation of one's own vital sensibility. Although it plays down somewhat Graham's own status as a writer and underestimates his aesthetic qualities which were so obviously an integral part of his work, the Apologia to *His People* is a true expression of his feelings towards his craft: "Still I believe, that be it bad or good, all that a writer does is to dress up what he has seen, or felt, and nothing real is evolved from his own brain, except the words he uses, and the way in which he uses them. Therefore it follows that in writing he sets down (perhaps unwittingly) his life." This attitude towards his art, coupled with his cavalier approach to the business of correction and proof-reading of manuscripts, has earned him, perhaps unjustly, the "amateur of genius" label. Many have seen fit to admire the man, the politician, the traveller, the horseman, the laird, but have failed to recognise the solid corpus of forty years writing that bears witness to the serious author.

One of the ironies of Graham's literary career, however, is that he is often much more appreciated abroad, for example in Argentina, whilst being neglected at home. Graham, of course, helped to foster this neglect by playing down his own skills, whilst praising and actively supporting the careers of his friends, like Hudson and Conrad—not to mention others less talented than himself. This lack of recognition has been particularly manifest in Scotland where only a few critics have seen beyond the self-deprecating remarks of his literary credos. Although W.M. Parker praised this "Scottish Maupassant" as early as 1917 for his virile style, his sense of colour and his depiction of Scottish "characters," he was much more impressed by Graham's gaucho sketches and his descriptions of life on the pampa, the prairie and the sierra. This same ambivalence can be detected in another characterisation of Graham as a second Sir Walter Scott--of South America!

One of the few Scottish writers to appreciate Graham's worth, not only in the halcyon days of Scottish Nationalism in the 1920s and 1930s, was the late Hugh MacDiarmid. Himself a true Scot and artist, MacDiarmid was able to see beyond the value of Graham not only as an asset to the nationalist cause but also potentially as the greatest Scotsman of his generation, and the only one to "win the second rank as an imaginative artist." MacDiarmid was also astute enough to perceive Graham's status not only as a first-rate writer but as a *Scottish* writer: "Cunninghame Graham possesses to a higher degree than any Scot of his generation those vital qualities of the Scottish genius."

Although Graham did achieve some recognition in the thirties, one cannot help but feel that two non-literary events helped to nurture this keen interest in him--his aforementioned association with the nationalist movement, and his death in 1936. It should be pointed out, however, that writers like Frederick Niven, another neglected Scottish (-Canadian) writer, whilst praising his humanitarianism and quixotic qualities, saw fit to commend Graham's unique style of writing.

Few writers, however, are as eulogistic as William Power, who considered Graham to be the doyen of Scottish literature and "perhaps the finest literary artist alive in Europe today"--quite an extravagant claim in 1935, if one were to list some of Graham's contemporaries of that period! Although he identified with the political activities of Graham on behalf of the nationalist cause, Power was shrewd enough to appreciate the
quality of his Scottish sketches and to perceive in them the artistic crystallisation of
Graham's own experiences and observations—a feature of his work that Graham has
underlined in various literary credos. Like MacDiarmid, William Power was capable of
recognising the special literary product that emerged out of the internationalism and
cosmopolitanism of the wandering Scot—but which was no less Scottish in its essence. It is
often necessary for a writer to leave his own country in order to appreciate better the
characteristics of his own people. Power also observed and commended Graham's efforts to
rid Scottish literature of the "insular sentiments of the kailyards" identifying in his later
sketches a picture of a "twilight Scotland, ennobled by tragedy and defeat," whilst the
Scotland of his dreams is "nobly self-reliant and bravely idealistic." 18

Compton Mackenzie, whose multi-volume memoirs, My Life and Times, contain
many references to Cunninghame Graham, was a youthful admirer of the quixotic Don
Roberto, but mostly for his efforts on behalf of Scottish Nationalism, which movement
received a mortal blow with the death in 1936 of its eminent figure (-head). Though
Graham's obituary list was augmented by writers sympathetic to the nationalist cause,
like George Scott Moncrieff and Henry Nevinson, and despite the occasional references to
Graham in the works of Neil Munro and Nigel Tranter, no Scottish writer has consistently
praised the man or recognised the writer more than Hugh MacDiarmid.

Notwithstanding his identification with Graham's political stance in the 1920s and
1930s, MacDiarmid never wavered in his admiration for both man and writer. Thirty years
later in a centenary study he was still praising Graham's spirit and achievements, despite
the fact that he was of the aristocratic class. 19 His saving grace was that he did not suffer
fools gladly, especially those of bourgeois mentality, nor did he go along with the cant,
humbug and pomposity of his times. Despite this adulation by Scotland's greatest poet
of the twentieth century, Graham is still not known, and therefore not appreciated, in his
native Scotland. If he tended to travel and was thus absent from Scotland for long
periods, his fervent sense of nationalism counterbalanced the tradition of the Wandering
Scot. MacDiarmid, no casual eulogist of men, was one of the few to recognise in Graham
the rare phenomenon of a Scottish writer who was also an international figure—an honour
denied even to MacDiarmid himself. Graham's familiarity with Hispanic literature in no
way detracted from his love and knowledge of Henryson, Dunbar, Burns, Scott, Smollett
and other masters of Scottish letters whose names are scattered profusely throughout his
sketches and his correspondence. If one considers the many fine and moving funeral
orations given on Graham's death, and the extravagant obituary notices praising the
"noblest Scotsman of them all," "the peer of the greats," "the most outstanding citizen"—
all obviously sincere but emotional homages at that sad time—the tribute of Hugh
MacDiarmid, no sycophant himself, rings out magnificently several decades later: "He was
indeed a prince and paladin of our people....There is no finer figure in all the millenary
pageant of Scotland's writers." 20

Since Notes on the District of Menteith is the only full-scale book devoted
exclusively to Scotland, and was labelled by Graham a mere travel guide for tourists, his
reputation as a Scottish writer rests squarely on his Scottish sketches. I use these literary
terms advisedly—any insistence on literary tags is false and artificial—since it is well nigh
impossible to differentiate amongst the genres of Graham's writings. His travel books, for
example, contain many beautiful sketches, whilst his histories and biographies fuse to reveal
many aspects of the travel story, and so on. All of his books contain much that is
political, literary, biographical and of course autobiographical. It has been said of Graham
as of his friend and kindred spirit W.H. Hudson, that a biography is not really necessary
since he has written his own life, putting so much of himself into all his work. Withal,
despite his versatility and fecundity as a writer, Graham has perhaps made his finest
contribution, and certainly in Scottish? literature, to what has been called the sketch.

If it is difficult to distinguish between the various genres in Graham's literary
production, it is even more difficult to define what constitutes a sketch. It is not really a

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short story, although he has been called a Scottish Maupassant, since his sketches do not generally depend on plot development, but much rather evoke a scene. Nor does he rely on the evolution of his characters or on trick-endings like O. Henry, for example, although many of his sketches have qualities that place them close to the short story, e.g. "Beattock for Moffat," "A Princess," "Casteal-na-Sithan," "At the Ward Toll," "Brought Forward," etc. Although they are not short stories, they are not really essays either a la Hazlett or Lamb. Some of the Argentine sketches, however, depicting various aspects and activities of the gauchO life of the pampas, approximate to the genre, e.g. "The Horses of the Pampas," "The Lazo," "The Bolas," and other such descriptive pieces. In other words, it is probably easier to identify what this special genre of Graham is not, rather than what it is. However, given the period in which Graham lived, his close association with Impressionism, and his temperament (which prevented him from sustaining a long work of fiction), it is not surprising, given his oft-repeated literary credo, that he considered himself in the main an impressionist. What he produced, then, was mostly the impressionistic sketch, in which he evolved a scene or a situation, usually taken from his own experience (or occasionally from his imagination). As a writer, he has a gift for what Frederick Watson called the "phrase that bites into the mind and haunts the memory." His use of casual reminiscence, authorial interpolations and indirections contributes to the characterisation of these sketches as impressionist. In general, it is this subtle melange of fiction and autobiography that gives Graham's sketches a special flavour and renders difficult any precise attempt to identify or define the genre.

Although Graham tended to gloss over his aesthetic qualities, he was appreciated by contemporaries like Conrad, Hudson, Ford Madox Ford and others who detected in his writings much of the "art behind the artlessness" approach and blamed Graham's lack of success on the stupidity of the public and the jealousy and ignorance of other writers. Although well read, acutely aware of artistic problems, and appreciative of the literary merit of others, Graham was clearly not a sophisticated, dedicated or experimentalist author in the field of technique. Since his aim in the impressionist sketch is basically to evoke a scene, all he has to do is dig down into his mine of experience and his wealth of memories. One of his favourite techniques is to have a group gathered together in a camp, a ship, a hotel, a drawing-room (as in the Scottish sketch, "McKechnie v. Scaramanga"). In order to while away the hours, one or several of the characters, will tell a tale, generally based on his own experiences. These story-tellers are often Scottish exiles in Africa (as in "A Convert"), Mexico, Argentina (as in "Christie Christison"), Europe, New Zealand (as in "A Pakeha"), sometimes Graham himself, or a laird (as in "Fidelity"). Often Graham does not even need the pretext of the group and will simply go off in search of lost time by means of a memory or a flashback, triggered off by a sight, smell, a chance remark, or simply through a flight in his imagination. Another favourite technique is the "conjecture" approach. Faced with a death, for example, the narrator will wonder as to who that person might have been, how he came to be in that situation, what his youth might have been, what his family might have felt, and so on. All the sketches are spiced by peculiarly Grahamesque interjections and comments on life and death, religion and politics, and very often the triple-headed monster, civilisation-commerce-prosperity, which was the main object of his caustic and sardonic observations. Though Graham would have rejected the moralist label, and always shrank modestly from the philosopher image, his biting and perceptive remarks on, and his humane treatment of, the victims of time, fate, failure and success, give to his sketches an eternal quality that enables them to transcend mere contemporary observation, the essay of manners and the popular short story. His use of proverbs, popular sayings and the vernacular provides his sketches with an air of authenticity. The subtle and often ironic use of footnotes and parentheses gives a particular quality to his pieces, apart from explaining and illustrating the topic under consideration. All his collections of sketches are introduced by prefaces which serve as more than just forewords. Dedicated to a public or a reader variously described as
“incurious,” “observant,” “disingenuous,” “progressive,” “illustrious,” these prefices were used not only to state his views on the role of the writer, burning political problems of the time, like Britain’s colonial and imperialist role in various parts of the world, and basic philosophical questions about life and death, essence and existence, but also existed as sketches in themselves, e.g. the Preface to Hope. This characteristic tendency to mix the genres, which was first manifest in his so-called Scottish travel book, Notes on the District of Menteith, reveals itself clearly in the Scottish sketches.

If Notes on the District of Menteith is the first concrete reflection of Graham’s literary Scottishness, every collection from Father Archangel of Scotland (1896) up to Mirages, published in the year of his death (1936), provides samples of his Scottish pieces. In my study of Graham’s Scottish Sketches I have made some attempt to categorise these pieces, dividing them into various groups, although of course there is the inevitable overlapping within the divisions: (i) Landscapes and places. (ii) The Scottish character. (iii) Scenes and situations. (iv) Types and figures. (v) The Scots abroad. (vi) Scottish stories. It is, in fact, possible to see a certain evolution in his Scottish sketches during these forty years. From the first decade of his literary life, especially in the Scottish sketches of The Ipane (1899), “Salvagia,” “Heather Jock” and “A Survival,” he devoted himself to a correction of the excesses of the sentimentality of the Kailyard school. The result is a bitter portrayal of the defects of the Scottish character, somewhat in the naturalistic manner of George Douglas Brown’ The House with the Green Shutters (1901). Cf. this description of the village of Salvagia:

No trees, no flowers, no industry, except the one of keeping idiots sent from Glasgow, and known to the people as the 'silly bodies.' Much faith and little charity, the tongue of every man wagging against his neighbour like a bell-buoy on a shoal. At the street corner groups of men standing spitting. Expectoration is a national sport through Salvagia. Women and children are afraid to pass them by. Not quite civilised, nor yet quite savage, a set of demi-brutes, exclaiming, if a woman in a decent gown goes past, "There goes a bitch." 28

Hardly Kailyard sentimentality!

His middle period, in the next two decades up to 1916, date of the publication of Brought Forward, represents the bulk of his work. During this stage, having purged himself of his early virulence, he settled down to a more realistic portrayal of places (as in “Mist of Menteith,” “Snow in Menteith,” “The Craw Road,” “The Grey Kirk”) and people (like his relatives “Miss Christian Jean” and “The Beggar Earl”), of death and parting (in “A Braw Day” and many other sketches), of types (like “A Traveller,” “A Retainer,” “A Fisherman”), of characters (like “Heather Jock” and “The Beggar Earl”), of customs and events (like “The Falkirk Tryst”), of funerals (like Keir Hardie’s in “With the North East Wind”) and cemeteries (as in “The Princess”)—places, people events, all drawn from his own experience, with occasional flights in the later years into the dream world of mythology and sentimentality, which were to be the main traits of the third and last period. But basically this second or middle period is characterised by his apt and telling descriptions of people, places and events. Cf. this view, for example of “The Grey Kirk”:

In a grey valley between the hills, shut out from all the world by mists and moors, there lies a village with a little church.

The ruined castle in the reedy loch, by which stand herons fishing in the rank growth of flags, of bulrush and hemp agrimony which fringes it, is scarcely greyer than the hills. The outcrop of the stone is grey, the louring clouds, the slated roofs, the shingly river’s bed and the clear water of the stream. The very trout that dart between the stones, or hand suspended where the current joins the linn, look grey as eels. 29
The third stage, which took up the last decade of his life, coincided with his adopting the cause of Scottish nationalism. During this period, especially in *Redeemed* (1927), his political nationalism is reflected in literary terms by his nostalgia and melancholy, his longing for a heroic Scotland now gone, a land of islands and fairies, a source of myths and dreams, a noble Caledonia to which one can escape, if only in one's reveries. This is seen in sketches like "Inch Cailleach" and "Euphrasie," where he eulogises the warriors of old:

Let them sleep on. They have had their foray, they have chased the roe and followed the red deer. The very mists upon the mountains are far more tangible than they are now. Let them rest within the ruined walls of the dismanted chapel buried in the cospé, that has shown itself more durable than the stone walls that lie about its roots. Bracken and heather, bog-myrtle, blueberry and moss exhale their odours, sweeter than incense, over the graves where sleep the nameless men. The waves still murmur on the beach, the tiny burnlet whispers its coronach. Under the rude tombstones men whose feet, shod in their deerskin brogues, were once as light as fawns, are waiting till the shrill skirl of the Plob Mor shall call them to the great gathering of the clans.30

Though not a return to the excessive sentimentality of the Kailyard school against which he had reacted so vehemently in *The Ipans* sketches of the 1890s, there is a softness of touch here, a yearning for a happiness long buried in the distant mists of Celtic Scotland. In brief, this final stage reveals the dreams and wishes of an old man who loves his country even more, as he approaches death.

Within the framework of the development of the sketches indicated above, there is, however, a constant. In all of his Scottish pieces, one finds a great sense of melancholy, reflected in his preoccupation with parting and grief, with exile and death—especially death. In his description of landscapes and scenes, in which he has been compared favourably with Robert Louis Stevenson, he has a natural penchant for graveyards, monuments and tombs (cf. "With the North East Wind"). Even his portrayal of situations and scenes ends inevitably with death, funeral and burial (cf. "A Princess"). Even the character sketches of types and figures conclude with a detailed description of their demise (e.g. "The Beggar Earl," "Heather Jock," "Miss Christian Jean," etc.). The Scots leave Scotland, many never to return. Those who come back do so to die (as in "Beattock for Moffat")—as do even the foreigners who come to visit. Despite his quick wit and sharp tongue, despite his aggressive political stand at the beginning of his career (Socialism) and at the end (Scottish Nationalism), there is in Graham, as in all Scots, he seems to imply, a certain character trait, rooted in "oppression's woes and pains," manifest from the time of the Norse invaders, up through the Wallace and Bruce period, Culloden, the Highland Clearances and so on, which is a historical reflection of the Scots' eternal confrontation with grief and death. In this sense, Graham is a typical Scot, perhaps even the quintessential Scot. Thus, in spite of all his travels, his cosmopolitan outlook and his international reputation, Cunninghame Graham remained a Scot until the end, and it is when he writes of Scotland that he shows most his emotion—and, one might suggest, his art.

Emotion by itself, however, is not the essence, nor a criterion, of good writing. Fused with Graham's sentimental involvement with Scotland, and his literary treatment thereof, is an easy familiarity with, and a shrewd appreciation of, the regions described, an intense identification with the life and people depicted, and a skilful handling of the material treated. To render in aesthetic terms the way of life, character and metaphysical concerns of a nation is no mean achievement. Through his Scottish writings Graham has performed this feat admirably for his country, which has not always appreciated him or his
work. Scotland should, belatedly, but finally, recognise and be grateful to Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, a great man, a true Scot and a sadly neglected writer.

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NOTES


Of Cedric T. Watts, see, for example, "Joseph Conrad, R.B. Cunningham Graham and The Tourmaline," *Notes and Queries*, ns XII, no. 7 (July 1965), 262-65; the scholarly edition of Joseph Conrad’s *Letters to R.B. Cunningham Graham* (London 1969).


In other media, see also the BBC radio play by Alanna Knight, "Don Roberto," broadcast 21 March 1973, and the theatrical piece, "Don Roberto," presented at the University of Stirling in 1974.


3(Norman 1978).


8*Daughty Deeds* (London 1925).

9The most important and substantial collections are held in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh; in the H.F. West Collection in the Baker Library, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire (mostly through the efforts of Herbert West, Graham’s first [1932] biographer); in the Humanities Research Centre, University of Texas, Austin; and at Harden, in Hawick, Scotland, the family home of Lord and Lady Polwarth. Lady Polwarth is the daughter of Sir Angus Cunningham Graham, the nephew of Don Roberto, who preserved the letters until recently in the family home at Ardoch, near Dumbarton. I am grateful to Sir Angus and Lady Cunningham Graham, and to Lady Polwarth, for their generous help, co-operation and hospitality over the years.

10In a letter from San Antonio dated 3 July 1880 he says: "I have tried two or three times to make a magazine article out of the Mexican journey, but find I have no talent whatever in that line...I think I have no literary ability whatever."


12(London 1895). See also the beautiful deluxe edition entitled *The District of Menteith*, illustrations by Sir D.Y. Cameron (Stirling 1930).
This credo is repeated in different form elsewhere e.g. in the Preface to *Faith* (London 1909), xiii.

Conrad, whilst praising his literary efforts, reprimands him in a letter dated 9 Dec. 1898: "You haven't been careful in correcting your proofs. Are you too grand seigneur for that infernal labour? Surely I, twenty others, would be only too proud to do it for you."


In *Contemporary Scottish Studies*. First Series (London 1926), 49-57.


*Cunninghame Graham: A Centenary Study* (Glasgow 1952).

 Ibid., 40.


Sarah Sims Way, in "R.B. Cunninghame Graham and his Portraits of the Countries of the River Plate," M.A. Thesis, University of Georgia, 1958, describes him as an "essayist with a genius for artfully retelling travel experiences."


Several anecdotes bear retelling. The one that Frank Harris narrates in his biography *Bernard Shaw* (London 1931), 126, 129, shows Shaw's reaction to a piece Graham had written on the funeral of William Morris: "...a little masterpiece, a gem of restrained yet passionate feeling; absolute realistic description lifted to greatness by profound poetry. Shaw too was overwhelmed with admiration of Graham's story." Uttering the usual cliche about Graham's being an "amateur of genius," Harris goes on to comment: "It's a pity he hasn't to earn his living by his pen." "A good thing for us," cried Shaw; "he'd wipe the floor with us all if he often wrote like that."

In the Introduction to *Rodeo* (p. xi), Tschifferly tells how he and some colleagues were discussing Graham's lack of popularity. According to one cynical friend, it was because "he writes too well."

This feeling is echoed by Ford Maddox Ford in "Literary Portraits: R.B. Cunninghame Graham and *A Hatchment*," *Outlook*, XXXII (20 December 1913), 859-60. Maddox Ford complains that *A Hatchment* will not be a success because "the public is too stupid and we writers are too jealous and ignorant."

His sympathy for the downtrodden and the unfortunate is beautifully and poignantly summed up in "Success," one of his most powerful sketches: "For those who fail, for those who have sunk still battling beneath the muddy waters of life, we keep our love, and that curiosity about their lives which makes their memories green when the cheap gold is dusted over, which once we gave success (Success [London 1902], 2).


*The Ipane* (London 1898), 191-2.

*His People* (London 1906), 246.