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Both Ends of the Candle



DULAC' S PERSIAN MINIATURE CARICATURE

BOTH ENDS OF THE CANDLE

the autobiography of
SIR E. DENISON ROSS

with a foreword by
LAURENCE BINYON

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Preface

When Denison Ross died, he left behind him an unfinished autobiography on which he had been working intermittently for several years. The problem of arranging for its completion fell upon me and by a fortunate chance, in considering how best this could be accomplished, I recalled an occasion in E. D. R.'s flat when I had met John Alexander Chapman, a writer and poet, and a very old friend of the Rosses in Calcutta, remarkable too for his patriarchal beard.

From Miss Peggy Jacobson, who had been Denison Ross's private secretary, I learnt that Chapman had already done a great deal of work on the autobiography during E. D. R.'s lifetime. With her help I eventually got in touch with Chapman, now living in Yorkshire, who agreed without hesitation to come to London and give whatever help he could.

I met him at King's Cross and recognized him by the famous beard. An air raid was in full blast as we drove to my house, and coming from a quiet village in the depths of the country I was worried that he might be disturbed, but he appeared quite oblivious and this was noticeable throughout the whole of his stay. In fact, his only distraction, apart from his indefatigable work on my Uncle's papers, was my daughter Mary Ann aged two, who knew him either as John or Man.

Although the unrevised typescript of the first half of the autobiography was in London, the second half had to be sent from Turkey. For five months we waited for this until, in despair, Chapman decided to revise a still earlier prepared draft, embodying letters and notes of my Uncle's now for the first time made available. The second half of the book arrived, however, almost as Chapman's revision was completed. The latter part of the book is thus the richer for the delay since it contains much that would otherwise have been omitted; in particular a fuller account of the American Tour in 1931, and the lecture tours in Scandinavia and the East.

E. D. R. had a disinclination to destroy letters and a tremendous amount of time and patience was needed in going through his papers. It is not too much to say that without Chapman this book could never have been produced, and I should like to record my great appreciation of the care and devotion shown by him to the memory of both Denison Ross and his wife.

It is difficult to single out all the individuals to whom acknowledgements are due. I have to record the kind permission of the Public Trustee for the inclusion of Mr. Arnold Bennett's letter; the note from A. E. Housman is included by permission of the Trustees of the Estate. I have also to acknowledge the permission of the B.B.C. to reprint the article *What I Would Do with*

PREFACE

the World, and the assistance of the Chinese Minister in Stockholm who so kindly rewrote the characters. In all other cases where letters have been published, I have, where possible, obtained the very willing approval of the writers themselves, or of their executors. This has not always been easy and in this connection I am particularly indebted to Professor R. A. Nicholson and Miss Jacobson for their assistance.

Of the replies I have received to my requests for permission to reproduce letters, that from Miss Ella Maillart has given me special pleasure. This is such a good picture of my uncle that I reproduce it here:

'Your uncle—or the "Prof." as I came to call him after my stay with Irene Ravensdale—was my English Providence. In less than a week he found a publisher, Putnam, willing to translate my book *Des Monts Celestes aux Sables Rouges (Turkestan Solo)* and ever afterwards advised and sponsored my appearance in public and society. In 1934 Rene Grousset had arranged for me to meet him after one of his lectures at the Musee Guimet but he left by the back door! Next morning I went to his hotel in the Avenue de ropera with a copy of my book. The man pointed to Sir Denison smiling to himself over an "aperitif" at a cafe across the street. He welcomed me as if he already knew me and how contagious was his *joie de vivre*! When we had settled the fate of the nomads of Asia, he said, "Now you are going to laugh" and hailed a passing cabman. His witty eye shone under his pugnacious eyebrow while he ordered him: "Take me across the street!" Everyone laughed to see the poor cabman's face. Sir Denison was wheeled in state to his hotel, picked up his suit-case and went straight on to the Gare St. Lazare____'

A. DENISON ROSS

Contents

PREFACE	page 5
ILLUSTRATIONS	9
FOREWORD BY LAURENCE BINYON	11
I. BIRTH AND BOYHOOD, 1871-1882	15
II. SNELSTON AND MARLBOROUGH, 1883-1887	22
III. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, 1888-1889	30
IV. STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG, TRAVEL IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA, 1889-1895	38
V. PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON AND EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE, 1895-1897	50
VI. TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND, 1897	71
VII. PERSIA, 1897	83
VIII. LONDON, 1898-1901	88
IX. INDIA: WORK, 1901-1914	97
x. INDIA: WORK (<i>concluded</i>), 1901-1914	113
XL INDIA: PLAY, 1901-1914	119
XII. INDIA: CLUBS, VICEREGAL LODGE, DURBARS, PAGEANTS, MUSIC, 1901-1914	129
XIII. LORD CURZON	136
XIV. INDIA: FRIENDSHIPS	147
XV. FURLONGHS	154
XVI. THE GREAT WAR, THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES	165
XVII. SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON DURING AND AFTER THE WAR	175
XVIII. HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT	180
XIX. JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA, 1929	191
XX. THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION, A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA, 1931	210
XXI. THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA, 1934	223
XXII. SCANDINAVIA, ISTANBUL AND THE TURKISH LANGUAGE, BONN, ORIENTAL CONGRESS, 1936	230
XXIII. LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD, 1938	240
XXIV. MANY MEN	247
XXV. LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTS	261

CONTENTS

XXVI. BOOKS, CRITICISM, READING, REVIEWING	<i>page</i> 276
XXVII. MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS	284
XXVIII. THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES	297
XXIX. CLUBS, CONVERSATION, AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING	306
XXX. THE OCCULT	311
XXXI. ON BEING SIXTY-SIX	316
EPILOGUE	324
APPENDIX: WHAT I WOULD DO WITH THE WORLD	328
INDEX	339

Illustrations

DULAC'S 'PERSIAN MINIATURE' CARICATURE	<i>frontispiece</i>
THE LETTER FROM BURGESS HILL	<i>facing page 20</i>
EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE	56
E.D.R. IN ROTTEN ROW	88
E.D.R. AGED 31	98
LAMA LOBZANG WITH E.D.R. IN DARJEELING	114
ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY WITH DORA, HIS WIFE	114
IN CALCUTTA WITH BECKO	122
E.D.R. WITH TWO NEPHEWS	156
E.D.R. AS DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES	168
E.D.R. AFTER RECEIVING HIS KNIGHTHOOD, 1918	174
THE LONDON INSTITUTION, FINSBURY CIRCUS	178
WITH MUSTAPHA KAMAL ATA TURK AT THE TURK DIL KURULTAY,	
IN 1933	236
E.D.R. AND LADY ROSS ON ARRIVAL IN AMERICA	240
E.D.R. WITH LORD HEWART	248
A CUP OF TEA	272
CARTOON FROM <i>Punch</i> BY GEORGE BELCHER, JULY 1929	318

Foreword

by Laurence Binyon

Denison Ross was best known to his contemporaries as a brilliant linguist, especially learned in oriental languages. The tongues he knew or had a working acquaintance with were reputed to be of an almost legendary number. With his exuberant presence, his bright-eyed animation of manner, his kindling talk, his gaiety and humour, he impressed any company he was in by his vivid personality, though he hardly embodied the idea of an erudite scholar as popularly conceived. He had his fits of depression but did not obtrude them; he was a very sociable being, with a hearty laugh. He was keenly interested in the world around him, in its amusements as in its serious affairs; he had an immense zest for living, was a connoisseur of good food and good wine. He enjoyed all the arts, but his particular enthusiasm, which he shared with his gifted and gracious wife, was for music. On occasion he would sing and play on various instruments himself. A casual encounter might indeed disclose only his high spirits and the lighter side of his accomplishments. I think it would have amused him to learn that an eminent man of science, meeting him at a merry social gathering and unable to 'place' him, surmised him to be some distinguished ornament of the music-hall stage. Beneath this effervescent exterior was an astonishing energy, driving power, and capacity for hard work. With a genial egotism was combined an innate kindness and generosity of nature. He was without envy, and took pleasure in helping others, especially young students. 'I'm never tired,' I remember him saying, I think at the time when the arrangement of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House was being feverishly completed, and when most of us, exhausted with those final night-and-day labours, were only longing to be in bed.

It is rather surprising to learn from this autobiography that Ross, so far from being precocious, was a backward boy. This seems to have been largely due to ill-health and constant headaches. At any rate, the fascination of languages was not revealed to him in the public school curriculum of Greek and Latin; still less the fascination of great literature. He profited so little from his time at Marlborough that his chances of passing the Little-go at Cambridge were pronounced to be hopeless. Then, somewhat suddenly, as it would appear, a dormant instinct awoke in him; his special gift and inclination declared themselves. To learn and master languages became his chosen ambition. But his situation was peculiar and unfortunate. The 'backward boy' had received no attention from his teachers: there was no-one

FOREWORD

to superintend his studies; he had to make his own way and form his own decisions. 'What I have most lacked in life', he tells us, 'is guidance.'

The orthodox approaches to a career of learning in England seemed already closed. Ross became a sedulous attender at lectures in London University; but he had, as he laments, no systematic instruction; he was a sort of free-lance in the academic world. The consciousness of his bad start clung to him. Nevertheless, with a really heroic enterprise and courage, he persevered; his ardour carried him forward over all impediments.

It was characteristic of Ross that he was not content with hard study at home, severely concentrated on his work, but went abroad—to France, Italy, Germany, and then to Russia, Turkey, and Persia—to learn from living speech as well as from books. In Paris he sat at the feet of Renan with one other solitary student, and made an attack on Hebrew. At Strasbourg University he took his degree of Ph.D. (attired for the examination in full evening dress) in Persian. Thenceforth his future was decided. He was to be an orientalist. He had already stayed for a time—a stimulating sojourn—in Constantinople, carrying introductions from Arminius Vambéry. It was the city in which, nearly fifty years later, Ross and his wife were to die within a few months of each other.

Ross himself modestly considered that he was a failure as a student at Strasbourg. He had no lack of enthusiasm; he had the scholar's disinterestedness, he loved scholarship for its own sake. But he tells us that he 'had not learnt how to work'; he 'just did not know what scholarship is'. Obviously, he was not the type of scholar of which many eminent examples might be cited, the type which, aloof from the world, pursues a single chosen study with exclusive, even ferocious concentration. All honour to such, the worth of whose labours is often realized only by a handful of experts in Europe. Ross, with his bad start, his irregular training and natural versatility, may not perhaps have become a profound scholar—I am quite unqualified to judge of his attainments—but for any lack of depth there may have been, there was a compensating breadth of interest and knowledge. He had a sustained curiosity of the mind which never became dulled. His temper was enthusiastic. He was always eager to make personal contact with the chief authorities on the language and literature of the country he was studying, just as he was eager to see, if possible, that country for himself and mingle with its inhabitants. His early friendship with E. G. Browne, who first interested him in Persia and the Persians, was maintained till Browne's death. Ross was on terms of friendship and correspondence with many other orientalists in various countries of Europe.

It was just this wide range of interests, this infectious enthusiasm, this cultivation of personal contact with other scholars in many different fields of oriental study, that were to prove invaluable in Ross's direction of the School of Oriental Studies.

FOREWORD

His first official post was that of Professor of Persian at University College, London: he was still in his twenties. The measure of encouragement then given to the subject may be gauged by his salary of less than £50 a year. In 1901 he was appointed to an important post in India, where he was to spend thirteen years. He seems never to have felt at home in India, to have had always the consciousness of exile. Yet he accomplished an extraordinary amount of work there; and his leisure did not lack amusements, which he much enjoyed. Besides being Principal of the Calcutta Madrasah, he was in charge of the Records of the Government of India, was Assistant Secretary in the Department of Education, and found time to publish half-a-dozen books on oriental subjects. The account of these years in India, and especially the impressions of Lord Curzon, in whom Ross found a powerful friend and supporter, will be read with lively interest.

Ross returned to England in 1914. He became an Assistant in the British Museum, where it was intended that he should work on the preparation of a catalogue of part of the collections brought from Central Asia by Sir Aurel Stein. But in a few months the War broke out; and Ross was transferred to the Intelligence department of the War Office, where his knowledge not only of oriental but of little-known European languages proved of great service to his country.

In the middle of the War, in 1916, an important event occurred. This was the establishment in London of the School of Oriental Studies. Africa as well as Asia was included in its scope, though it was only in 1938 that the title of the School was enlarged to 'Oriental and African'. That the capital of a world-wide empire, an empire responsible for the welfare of millions in Asia and Africa, should have had to wait so long for such a centre seems alike a folly and a disgrace. Yet the project had been shelved by government after government. Even from the political, military and commercial point of view one would have thought such a centre for the study of languages indispensable; and these considerations have been apt to be the only considerations prevailing with the governing class. Recently a change has shown itself, and authority has begun to appreciate (what has been appreciated by some other countries much more readily) the less tangible values accruing from a true understanding of the history, literature, religion, and culture of oriental peoples.

Denison Ross was appointed the first Director of the School. It was a fortunate choice; fortunate for the School, fortunate for him. He was the right man in the right place. It was not mere erudition that was required, nor, on the other hand, mere administrative ability. Ross now found full scope for all his gifts, interests, and energies. He was Professor of Persian in the School, but lecturing was only one of manifold activities. Ross had already given proof of a statesman-like initiative and imagination in India, when he projected the establishment of an Institute in Calcutta where

FOREWORD

scholars from Europe and America might work in collaboration with Indian colleagues. The scheme was not carried out, though it may be that its fulfilment has been only postponed. The same qualities were displayed by Ross in his directorship of the London School. The first problem was to find a competent staff. Ross had an intimate and wide acquaintance with orientalists and their work, and a gift of choosing the best person for each job. He inspired his staff with his own enthusiasm, so that, in the words of his successor (to whose informative Obituary Notice in the Bulletin of the School I am indebted) the staff became 'not a mere collection of individual scholars, but a body of men and women united in the determination to spread by teaching and research knowledge of the languages, laws, history and culture of the Orient and Africa'.

Ross was Director of the School for twenty-four years. In 1936 he was due to retire, but he was allowed to continue in his post till 1938. After this long period of successful activity, in which the School, its staff, its funds, its library, had so greatly and so happily expanded, the prospect of unemployment did not please. It was therefore with joy that soon after the outbreak of war Ross accepted the post of head of the British Information Bureau at Istanbul and set out with his wife to take up congenial work. In April 1940 Lady Ross fell ill and died. Ross was inconsolable; his own death followed swiftly after hers.

He had done a great work well. Perhaps no Englishman of his time has done so much, directly and indirectly, to foster and deepen understanding of the East by the West and of the West by the East.

I

Birth and Boyhood 1871-1882

I have written this book after much persuasion, and a little reluctantly, while nearing the Biblical Rubicon of Old Age. I have brought the narrative down to my sixty-sixth year.

Nobody can wish to know all I have done, but some may be interested to hear what I have thought, and what I have seen, over a long period of years.

I have never made a practice of keeping a diary except on long journeys, and to project oneself into the past, even a few years, is rendered difficult by the fact that one's outlook on life is constantly affected by events. No-one is quite the same person to-day as yesterday, and all reminiscences of the past must take on some of the colour of the present.

Anyone who has reached the age of sixty-six, and has enjoyed the process, ought to have a story to tell. Much, even everything, depends on how he tells it; but that one must ultimately leave to one's pen. The object of such a book should be to set the reader thinking, to keep him interested. The style should resemble the spoken word. One's audience will not listen, if it is bored. My method has been to put down everything I remembered, and then to cut out all that seemed likely to induce sleep. It is, of course, far harder to write a book than to make an extempore speech. One can introduce, in a speech, as much as one chooses of the ingredient persiflage, the spice of all good talk and after-dinner eloquence; but in writings this spice must be used sparingly, unless the book is intended to be purely humorous, which this book is not.

It is always difficult to remember that you are only yourself, and that the other fellow is only himself, around whom (in his consciousness) the world revolves; whose beginning, present, and end are his chief concern. One man may not be as good as another, but to himself he is all-important, whether he is Prime Minister or pavement artist; no-one is a mere *figurant* in his own eyes. We do discriminate by allowing certain persons to have a complete existence, while the rest are, as it were, statistical figures. When I read how many men perished in some historic battle, I am wont to forget about the battle, and to concentrate on the indifference of both writers and readers towards the nameless thousands who died. I find, for example, when reading the history of Chingiz Khan, that my thoughts wander from the Great Mongolian Scourge, with his lust of conquest, to his lowliest troopers, with no goal before them.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

'Ars longa vita brevis.' 'Lang ist die Kunst und Kurz das Leben.' I think the opposite equally true—one's art looks very short, whereas life, if you survive, is tremendously long. One has only to consider the things one has accumulated; to look through old papers and letters, or to try and recall all the people one has known. Personally I feel as if I had lived dozens of lives. There were groups of people who seemed to hold together, but have now permanently dissolved. There were burning interests which have quite disappeared. There were anxieties which no longer exist. Phases of reading were once all-absorbing; studies filled all one's thoughts, and temporarily restricted one's reading to the documents bearing on them. These all represent, as it were, life-times; though what was achieved seems so little. I have often sorted out my old letters, every time destroying with reluctance what I did not wish to keep. Lately I have been sorting letters for the first time with an ulterior motive—namely, to find material for this book. I am horrified to see how much I had not destroyed, and delighted with the re-discovery of certain people and events, alas! forgotten. What one has lived through seems more than was possible in the time. What one has learnt in wisdom and experience is disproportionately little.

I was born on the 6th of June 1871, at St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, and am therefore a real Cockney. My father, Alexander Johnstone Ross, was a Scot, a son of the Manse, his father having been minister of the village of Crawford in Lanarkshire. My father entered the Scottish Church, but at the age of forty resolved to enter the Church of England, and to that end studied theology in King's College. It required courage to take up a college career in company with men so much his juniors, and to take his chance of finding employment afterwards in new surroundings. He was twice married; first to Catherine, daughter of Carlyle's friend, John Sterling. By this marriage there were two daughters. His second wife was Adelaide Sandars, the mother of my brother and myself. She once told me that she fell in love with my father on hearing him preach in Brighton, long before he became the widower she first made acquaintance with.

My mother had an English father and an Irish mother; her name was Collett. One of her brothers was Thomas Collett Sandars, the translator of Justinian, and another was William Collett Sandars, Taylorian Scholar of Modern Languages at Oxford. He published a verse-translation of the poems of Uhland, and also a most useful collection of parallel English and French phrases. Samuel Sandars, a cousin, made a line collection of pictures, mostly Murillos, and rare books, two of them Caxtons, which he gave to Cambridge University. He also bequeathed to the university a number of books and manuscripts, and £500 for the purchase of early English books, and £2,000 to found a Readership in Bibliography. These gifts and bequests are recorded in Sayle's *Annals of Cambridge University Library*.

When I came into the world my father held the incumbency of St. Philip's,

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

Stepney, which lay between the thoroughfares of Whitechapel and Commercial Road, the church standing between the vicarage and the London Hospital. His predecessor was the historian, John Richard Green. I find in my mother's journal that I was baptized 'when all hope of my surviving seemed over'. My godfathers were H. S. King, the banker (afterwards Sir Henry), and the Rev. G. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, the father of 'Anthony Hope'. My godmother was Louisa Denison, sister of Lord Ossington and of Edward Denison, M.P. for Newark, after whom I was named.

I remember the shape of my first home, St. Philip's Vicarage, and were I an architect I could probably draw a complete plan. I spent very little time there after I had been sent to school, and my memories are those of early childhood. My most vivid recollection is of the kitchen, my headquarters on Sunday evenings when everyone else was at church. I believe there was always a maid left in charge, but she had duties upstairs to attend to, and I was often alone in the kitchen with the grandfather clock, whose tick I hated. So lonely did I sometimes feel that I longed to get out of the room, but, the basement being almost in darkness, I was too terrified even to put my nose outside the door. I remember also the small back-garden, with its few trees, and the first smell I can recall is the smell of their soot-laden bark, a smell peculiar to back-gardens in London. The only picture-book I can remember was a beautifully coloured edition, I think by Walter Crane, of *The Yellow Dwarf*, and the only toy a little stable and horse and cart, which I secretly saved up for, and bought in the Whitechapel Road, and having bought was afraid to show!

It is curious to think what London was like in the 'seventies. For example, all the traffic was horse-drawn; the streets were lit with gas, and houses with gas and oil lamps. There were hardly any restaurants: there were theatres, music-halls, and circuses, but of course no cinemas. There were only two big concert halls, the Albert Hall and the old St. James's Hall, where classical music was often drowned by the noise of the Moore and Burgess minstrels performing in the basement. The Monday and Saturday Pops were in full swing; orchestral concerts were few and far between. One went to see Maskelyne and Cook at the Egyptian Hall (the English Home of Mystery) in Piccadilly, and the German Reeds in their 'Entertainment' in St. George's Hall: to the latter were taken young people not allowed to go to the theatre. Corney Grain made his name here with his musical sketches. Young ladies did not go about without a chaperone, or drive alone in a hansom. They none of them drank anything but water, and cigarette-smoking was indulged in only in secret. Smoking was not allowed in drawing-rooms. All the members of a family took their summer holidays together. Mixed bathing was unheard of, and bathing costumes were almost as elaborate as everyday dress. In August it was the custom for residents in the West End to darken

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

their windows in the front of the houses with newspapers, in order to make it appear they were away, when they were not. Buses stopped wherever asked to do so. The underground railway was run on steam, and the smoke in certain stations was dense and overpowering. The Marble Arch was in use as a gateway to the Park. German bands, large and small, were to be heard everywhere, as also Italian organ-grinders with monkeys on their shoulders. Muffin men with bells and itinerant chair-menders were a common sight. In the East End barrow men sold 'Neapolitan' ices, calling out, 'Hokey-Pokey, penny a lump.' Frock coats were almost always worn with top-hats, though Ally Sloper wore a long cutaway coat! Nearly every man and boy wore a hard bowler hat, while for the country the commonest cap was the deer-stalker with a peak in front and behind, and two flaps that could be tied under the chin. Walking shoes were uncommon; everyone wore lace or button boots, but women often wore elastic-sided boots. Black waistcoats were worn with white ties and tail coats. Sunday was rigorously observed in most families. Everyone went to morning church, and after Sunday dinner (never called 'lunch') the young were supposed to read only serious books. It was a day of universal gloom in London, and not much better in the country. In my own and in thousands of other homes the day began with prayers before breakfast, at which the servants also appeared, in the dining-room.

Of my earliest associates I can recall three in especial, all old men. Slater, the caretaker of the Board School, an ex-sailor minus a thumb, used to tell me wild tales of the sea long before I could read Marryat. This reminds me of the fact that about that time occurred the tragic sinking in mid-Thames of the *Princess Alice*, crowded with trippers. Another great friend was Spiegelhalter, a watchmaker in the Whitechapel Road; the dirtiest man I have ever known, but one of the kindest. I spent hours seated by his side, while he pulled the machinery of watches to pieces with his grimy hands. Had I possessed any commonsense, I should have learnt from this watchmaker not how to replace a hairspring but where to place the German verb. The third friend was Mr. Williamson, one of the churchwardens. I used often, as a great treat, to be allowed to call on him after the midday meal on Sunday, and partake of walnuts, while he partook of port. I so well remember the bright green cloth, the green plates for the nuts, and the fine decanters. I wonder whether I ever tasted the wine. Perhaps here was another missed opportunity, but I like to think that I have made up since both in the matter of the German verb and of port.

I must not forget to mention another kind friend, though I did not see him often in those early days. He was Rowley Wynne. A great friend of my parents, from time to time he would take me to the Zoo. Among its famous inhabitants then were the two elephants, Jumbo and Alice. Jumbo at some period was purchased by Barnum, the great showman, and taken to

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

America, leading to the song sung everywhere, the words, as far as I recollect, being:

*Jumbo said to Alice: 'I love you'
Alice said to Jumbo: 'I don't believe you do;
For if you really loved me, as you say you do,
You wouldn't go to Yankeeland, and leave me at the Zoo.'*

Rowley Wynne succeeded to the title of Lord Headley, and obtained notoriety in later life by becoming a convert to Islam. He actually performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I often discussed his conversion with him, and it was quite evident that it was the result of genuine conviction. It was the simplicity of the Muslim declaration of faith that made such a strong appeal to him.

Finally, with regard to my first home, it was not until fifty years later that I revisited it. When I say that, I mean that I looked at it from outside; for not knowing the vicar I had not the courage to ring the bell, and ask to be admitted. I felt very like Schubert's *Doppelganger*. The impression I received was that everything, house, street and church opposite, had shrunk unbelievably, and I felt that, if I *had* gone inside, there would not have been room for me.

My father every year would take a locum-tenency in the country or on the Continent, and thus at an early age I saw something of the countryside and of foreign countries. I have vivid childish recollections of St. Moritz, the Dolomites, and the Italian lakes, and I am old enough to have known the Engadine as an exclusively summer resort, and the Riviera as a winter one. I made great friends with Martin Metzger, the Swiss guide, and with him made some small ascents. I fell into the Lake of Lugano, and though I escaped drowning, thanks to some fishermen, I swallowed enough of the lake to give me a very serious bout of typhoid fever, and this resulted in my being a delicate boy, much subject to headaches during my schooldays.

I have not visited the Engadine since those days, but from all I hear I imagine I should recognize very little except the landscape. Piz Languard, the Morteratsch glacier, the Piz Corvatsch, Mount Pilatus, and the lake would no doubt be familiar, but St. Moritz in my day had only one hotel, the Kulm, and an annexe called the Pension Suisse. The only means of travel was the diligence, a rickety coach drawn by four horses. I recall the thrill of those journeys, especially of crossing the Devil's Bridge, though in those days I had no sense of danger. One year the Bancrofts came to Pontresina, and I still have a photograph of Mrs. Bancroft in *Man*. I do not know whether on the way to Pontresina there is still a *meierei* near the quaking bog. The three English locum-tenencies I remember were the old Cleve Rectory near Minehead, Affpuddle in Dorset, and Rhoscolyn near Holyhead.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

My first school was St. Philip's Board School, next door to the vicarage. I can have learnt nothing there beyond how one sharpens a slate-pencil on the pavement. My recreations were top-spinning of two kinds, the whip and the string-wound, riding the wooden bicycle called the bone-shaker, and sucking up paving-stones with a pad of damp leather, with a string threaded through the middle knotted on the under-side. The treadles of the bone-shaker were on the front wheel; the tyres were iron. The bicycle with a large front wheel, a small back wheel, and solid rubber tyres was in vogue when I went to Marlborough. I do not recall ever hearing 'penny-farthing' given as a name to these bicycles while they were in vogue.

As soon as I was strong enough I was sent to a private school at Burgess Hill in Sussex. My recollections of it are unhappy ones. Bullying was rife, and as a delicate boy I got my full share. The bright spot of the week was Sunday afternoon, when the matron read aloud to us. Never shall I forget the delight of listening to *Loma Doone* and *Cripps the Carrier*. Those were hours, too, when one could not be bullied. How unhappy I was at other times the following letter shows, both by the words and by the illustration I affixed of a little boy crying, a transfer. Other transfers adorn the margin of the sheet, but they were only to make the document an 'illuminated MS.':

'My dear papa and moly it is not a bit of use you trying to cheer me up becaus I realy do not like this school there is only one boy in the whole school [I could like] and I don't like him very mich. I wish you would let me come home. I am so auffely unhappy here I cried ever since 6 AC1 this morning til half past 7 becaus I want to come home none of the boys like me I neaver shall like this school. I do wish you would let me come home as I am quiet miserable here and allways will be as long as I am here I do detest the school so I am worse than this little boy [the transfer comes here]. I have not learnt nearly so much here as I would in a day at home and I don't feel any better here than I did in London. I wich you would come and fetch me home this week or let me come home

Good by I

E. D. Ross.'

'Moly' was my half-sister Molly. It was a diplomatic touch, about my not learning anything.

The only other pleasant memory of the Burgess Hill days is of an occasional Saturday afternoon journey to Brighton, to see an ancient grandmother and an aunt. Beyond the temporary escape from school, these visits had little to commend them: nothing diverting ever happened. The time passed in conventional conversation with the ladies, and in the enjoyment of a lavish tea. There was the off-chance of a tip, too.

At the age of eleven I went to Marlborough. I came down badly in the entrance examination by asserting that Pasteur invented hydrophobia. As a result of this and no doubt other displays of heinous ignorance, I was put



My dear papa and molly
~~it is not a bit of use~~
 you trying to cheer me up
 becaus I really do not
 like this school there
 is only one boy in the
 whole school and I dont
 like him very much. I wish
 you would let me come home.
 I am so awfully unhappy here
 I never was so this morning
 at half past 7 becaus I dont
 like the morning at the



~~long letter me~~
 boys ~~the~~ like me I swear
 shall like this school.
 I do wish you would let me
 come home ~~you~~ I am quiet
 miserable here and allways
 will be as long as I am here
 I do detest the school so I am
~~not~~ worse than this little
 boy  I have not learnt
 masonry so much here as I
 would in a play at home
 and I dont feel sorry but you
 live there I did in London.



I wish you would come
 and fetch me home this
 week or let me come home
 Good by X I E D

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

in the lowest form. My usual place, throughout my school career, was at the bottom of the class, and I think I am right in saying that I owed my promotion from the lowest form, ultimately, to the fact that it was abolished. In justice to the teachers, it is only fair to say that, suffering as I did from repeated headaches, I was a frequent inmate of the sick-room, and in 1886 I had two terms off, on the doctor's advice.

I was first in 'A' house, the house of the Lower School boys, and afterwards in Baker's (Fleur de Lys), then in the old red house that gave its title to Anthony Hope's novel, *The Castle Inn*. I was very fond of cricket, and was in the house eleven. I was also fond of fives and squash rackets. I was in the choir too, first as a treble, and afterwards as a bass. I took lessons on the organ and the flute, and when I was old enough to be enrolled in the brass band I learnt to play on several other instruments. I have always been thankful for this, as it gave me a bowing acquaintance with orchestration and instrumentation, adding to my enjoyment of operas and orchestral concerts. For many years I was a flute-player. As bugler in the band of the Rifle Corps I took part in the march-past of the Public Schools in the Review at Aldershot in celebration of Queen Victoria's first jubilee.

II

Snelston and Marlborough

1883-1887

Soon after I went to Marlborough, my father accepted the living of Snelston in Derbyshire, as a welcome change after his years of strenuous work in an East End parish. He now held the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity of the University of Edinburgh.

Snelston was where I spent the happiest days of my youth; for I had a pony and a dog. Here, too, I became enamoured of fly-fishing, my chief hobby ever since. The greatest joy was the fine stretch of the Dove, Izaak Walton's river, in my father's glebe. Of this I learnt to know every tree and shrub, and every inch of bank and shingle. Here I spent whole days, blissfully content, trying to beguile

*Here and there a lusty trout
And here and there a grayling.*

My father, himself a keen fisherman, often went with me. In those days we fished wet, with three flies to a cast. Our favourites were the March Brown and the Cochybondhu by day, and the deadly Coachman as the sun went down. On the whole I have not a good memory, but there are two things I absorb photographically: (1) the location of books in a library; (2) the details of a stream that I have fished, if only once. To have a rod in my hand, when walking by a stream, is like having a camera.

The brothers Foster, of the well-known tackle-shop in Ashbourne, were very kind to me as a little boy, and told me many fishing secrets. They invented a double-hook for small flies, and to a customer who said he found the hook difficult to remove from a fish's mouth, one of the brothers remarked that most of their customers complained of the difficulty of getting it in!

My only other hobby was collecting birds' eggs. I once rifled a kingfisher's nest in the river-bank. Inserting my rod into the hole in order to find the distance of the nest from it, I plugged the hole with cottonwool, and then dug down till I came to the cottonwool, under which I found the eggs unbroken.

In the village blacksmith's I spent happy hours blowing the bellows, holding horses, and even hammering the hot iron. On Sunday afternoons, when fishing was not allowed, I walked to a farm up a hill behind the rectory, and lent a hand in the activities of the family—milking cows, feeding

SNELSTON AND MARLBOROUGH

pigs, and churning butter. I lived my own life in short, with few home attachments or obligations. I was always happy. I was fond of father and mother, and devoted to my brother; but he was four years older than myself, and I did not often see him. I must have been a mixture of ugly duckling and male Cinderella. The people who came to stay were too grown-up for me; sometimes they were patronizing; always they were indifferent. I was reprimanded once, when I came home for the holidays, because instead of going first to greet my parents I made a bee-line for the kitchen garden, and filled myself with raspberries and currants. No fruit tastes so good as that picked from the bush, and if this is done clandestinely, as Eve did it, the taste is all the better!

When fourteen I was allowed to set out alone on a riding tour that took me into the Peak country, and to Matlock and Buxton. I had no very definite idea of the geography of the country, and my white pony, whose name was Gwen, had as much to do with the route as her master. When I felt hungry, or when it grew dark, we pulled up at the first establishment displaying signs of food and good stabling. We received remarkable kindness from everybody.

When, because of ill-health, I was withdrawn temporarily from Marlborough, I was sent to Ashbourne Grammar School. Ashbourne (famous for its associations with Dr. Johnson, through his friend Dr. Taylor, the vicar) was five miles from Snelston. On fine days I rode to school and back, and Gwen got to know the way from the school to the stables at the other end of the High Street so well that I would dismount at the school door, and, tucking the reins under the stirrups and crossing these over the saddle, let her trot down, and put herself in her stall in the Green Man.

On wet days I harnessed Gwen to a little trap, and drove to school. No doubt the life I led was good for my health, and at any rate I was allowed to return to Marlborough for the summer term. I remained there till I was seventeen. It has never been my lot to live in the country since I left school, and I feel that a great deal of everyday English life would be unintelligible to me but for those years in Derbyshire. Perhaps the more affluent among my friends do not realize how many children of town dwellers have no opportunities of learning the 'language of the countryside'. How many know their out-of-town England as a foreign country full of mysteries that, to those with country homes, are the common things of every day.

One spring in my Snelston time Edmund Venables, canon residentiary and precentor at Lincoln, whom my father had visited there, came to Snelston as *locum tenens*. It so comes about that I have two letters in my possession, the earlier in date written by Mrs. Venables to thank me for sending some violets and daffodils from our garden to Lincoln, which they reached in time to be used as Easter decorations. The letter ends with these words:

SNELSTON AND MARLBOROUGH

I hope you will like Marlborough and get on well there. How sorry you will be to leave your pony. We are in the thick of bulls and cows to-day, this week is the Fair as well as being Holy Week. The Bishop has sent a letter to the Fair people inviting them to some of the cathedral services.'

The other letter, from Miss Venables, was written many years later from the Isle of Wight, my voice having been heard there broadcasting about the East. Many an elderly broadcaster must in similar circumstances have been brought again in touch with persons long lost sight of, and have had old days thereby recalled. Miss Venables wrote:

'Our Snelston time was a very happy one, when my father was *locum* at the Rectory; you were there and I had delightful birds'-nesting prowls with you by river and hills. Do you recollect an uncommonly sharp dog you had that fetched the newspaper each morning, flung out by a guard on a train that flew by some distance from your house? The *Evening Standard* asked lately for true dog stories. I wrote up to them about your dog, and to my surprise they put the story in.'

During the Easter term of 1887 I was sent for by my housemaster, to be told that he had received a telegram saying that my father had met with an accident in London, and that I was to go up and see him at once. I ran off to catch the train with my college cap on, only noticing this when half-way to the station. I had to run back to get my bowler, and just managed to scramble into the train as it was starting. What a journey that was—a carriage full of strange people from whom one half expected sympathy, though aware they knew no more about one's troubles than one knew of theirs. Then the drive in the cab, I wondering whether the blinds would be down at the house. They were not. Everyone spoke in an encouraging way, but my father died that afternoon of an internal injury sustained in a fall in Liverpool Street Station. Not till he was dead did I realize that there had been no hope all along, and that this had been kept from me.

It shocks me to think how little I remember of my father. I am not sure that he was quite real to me. My devotion was that of a dog to a kind master. I cannot remember being scolded or punished by him, but I don't think I often gave him an excuse for praise. I remember no heart-to-heart talk with him, or for that matter with anybody else during my boyhood. My father was a fine preacher, and even as a boy I felt how pathetic it was for him to devote so much time to the preparation of sermons to be preached to a tiny congregation unable to follow him. True, he had a wide and cultured audience as a writer and reviewer in *The Spectator* during the twenty-three years from 1860 to 1883. A good Hebrew and German scholar, he had a fine library, which my mother, not dreaming that I should ever care to own it, sold for a fraction of its value. When, after leaving school, I developed a passion for study, how often did I regret not being able

to communicate my enthusiasm to my father. It would have given him much pleasure. He lived on terms of friendship with many famous men of letters, such names occurring in my mother's Memoir of him as Archdeacon Hare, Carlyle, F. D. Maurice, Christopher North, Edward Irving, Stanley, and Kingsley. My father wrote the Life of Alexander Ewing, Bishop of that Scottish diocese that bears the charming name of Argyll and the Isles.

I wish I could recall some of the many stories my father was fond of telling, for he loved a good story, and often indulged in a bad pun. I remember his saying that Gorgonzola cheese got its name from the fact that when the Gorgons defeated the Solar System, they found the cheese in the Milky Way. His favourite expression for pleasure or surprise was *Hoots mon makochlie* I He used to quote from a sermon he had heard, when the preacher suddenly said: 'Brethren, let us pause and look back on those who have gone before us.' He also loved: 'Good Lord, but this is fair ridiculous!' when a violent thunderstorm broke over the church just after the minister had said the prayer for rain. A joke of his was to say, looking hard at me, that Q.E.D. signified *Quoth Edward Denison*; so that in my turn I might say to my wife *Quod erat justificandum*, Q.E.J. or *Quoth Empress Josephine*, that being one of my familiar names for her!

Every child has a natural affection for its parents, at least up to a certain age. I mean a kind of instinctive feeling, independent of selection, choice, or preference. At what age the feeling becomes critical varies with every child; but the time must come when the love of a child for its parents can no longer be taken for granted. The love of the parents for the child probably lasts longer.

We seldom hear of children preferring other parents to their own, though a child may speak without hesitation of its preference for another child's home. Filial piety, which the Chinese account the greatest of the virtues, together with its development, ancestor-worship, is not spontaneous. The Hebrews, for example, had to be offered a reward for honouring father and mother. One has quite other feelings towards one's 'nearest and dearest', making their lives precious, their sufferings contagious, their company comfortable.

The small degree of learning that I acquired at school must be fairly representative of the backward boy. Of Greek I learnt a number of irregular verbs, many of them without knowledge of their meanings, and enough of Greek generally to read Xenophon with a dictionary. I don't think I reached the stage of reading Greek poetry. As for Latin, I learnt a great many examples of the peculiar uses of case and idiom in the poets; for I found it paid to learn the notes at the end of the texts, even if one could not construe the text. I, who couldn't compose two lines of Latin correctly, was invited to write poetry in that language! Small wonder if I left school ignorant that the classics are literature.

Of French I acquired an extensive vocabulary, and an acquaintance with the subtle tricks played by the subjunctive mood; but I never attempted to converse in that language. I was told nothing about French literature that I can remember. The books we read were mainly *morceaux choisis*. I studied only two real books, one of them recounting the siege of a fortress in the Middle Ages. The book bristled with the terminology of fortification, the terms conveying little more to us, when translated, than they did in French. One was so busy, too, hanging on to the English of *chevaux defrise*, *guet-apens*, *ravelin*, and so on, that one could pay no attention to the construction and style. Something akin to genius must preside over the choice of school-books. As to mathematics, I was hopeless at all the varieties, and regarded algebra as a hoax.

Possibly I derived more education from being made to get poetry by heart than from any other item in the curriculum. One read at least a certain amount of good English, picking up a small stock-in-trade of quotations. It has always been very difficult for me to get anything by heart, unless it be Persian poetry. My memory is photographic, in the matter of language, only of separate words and meanings. At school we nearly always had so many lines of Latin or English to learn overnight, and repeat as *rep* the next day. At an early stage I abandoned all idea of learning the whole passage set. I learnt nothing overnight, but got up early to learn a few lines, in the hope of being put on to repeat them.

As no-one ever hinted to me that knowledge, after one left school, might not merely be useful, but also a source of pleasure, I had no pricks of conscience regarding my ignorance. For the clever boys I had a respect mixed with neither envy or malice. I just wasn't clever, but it didn't seem to matter, and it did not affect my happiness. So I grew up, unspoiled by Fate or by man. The masters were all kind to me, but they cannot have regarded me with favour; for schoolmasters are rarely philosophic enough to see that, if there is to be a top to a class for the clever boys to shine from, there must be dull boys like myself to make the bottom.

The word 'aristocracy' has acquired a misleading sound, and some substitute must be found for it, if we wish to describe that element in any congregation of persons that is superior to the rest in property, physique, or brains. In every large school there is an 'aristocracy', constantly changing. It is represented by the Sixth Form, the best cricketers, footballers, and so forth. These boys constitute the *elite*, and enjoy the resultant privileges for two or three years, sometimes only for one.

Below them come the boys not quite so clever, or good enough at games, and below these again come those who have no outstanding gift of intellect, or aptitude for games. These are the three *castes*—the Upper, Middling, Lower. In any large school the majority belong to the lowest caste, and, while at school, they are more or less confined, in intercourse and friendship,

SNELSTON AND MARLBOROUGH

to members of the same caste. They look upon the higher castes with awe, but seldom, I fancy, with envy, and they develop a feeling of insignificance, resigning themselves to their inferior status. For myself, it never occurred to me that I could be in the running for distinction either in work or in play. The boys of the highest caste were to me more or less gods, to be admired from a distance. This was certainly true with regard to the Senior Prefect and the Captains of Games. One might know them, but one couldn't be in their set.

I am surprised to find how little I remember of my schoolfellows. Being undistinguished myself, I did not get to know any of the aristocracy at Marlborough, but I got to know some of them later, notably E. F. Benson, Eustace Miles, and H. G. Comber. Miles is among the most curious men I have known. There was nothing he couldn't do, once he put his hand to it. He took a first-class in the Classical Tripos; was amateur champion of America in racquets and real tennis; amateur champion of England and the world in racquets in 1902, and so forth. While tutor at Cambridge he developed theories of diet, but, such was his constitution, on no more than a few biscuits a day he was able to do all required of him as a teacher, and still have strength to remain the best amateur at racquets and tennis. His vegetarian restaurant used to be well known.

Henry Comber was one of the most patriotic Marlburians ever produced by the school. In 1890 he went up to Pembroke, Cambridge, and in 1902 was elected a Fellow. From that year until his death, except during the Great War, he lived in and for the college. A keen promoter of games, he accomplished much at Cambridge. But he never lost his love for Marlborough, and was influential in bringing many men from it to Pembroke. His rooms in Ivy Court, opposite those of Edward Granville Browne, were constantly invaded, and everybody was welcome. To many generations of undergraduates he was affectionately known as the 'Old Man'. He was a great lover of birds, and kept one of his rooms full of 'peopled' cages. During the war he was Intelligence Officer at Boulogne, where his fluency in French, Spanish, and German made him a most valuable staff officer. He was given the D.S.O., and in return for courtesies he had shown to many allied princes he received the Legion of Honour, the Crown of Rumania, and other foreign Orders. It used to give him pleasure to show you his medals, beautifully displayed in a glass case.

When the war broke out Comber organized the first officers' training school in the country. Familiarly known as 'Comber's Irregulars', the school secured official recognition, and Comber served as Adjutant of the C.U.O.T.C. until 1915.

H. B. Irving was at Marlborough with me. I knew him well at school, and continued on very friendly terms with him afterwards though he and I moved in such totally different circles.

I overlapped with my brother at Marlborough, but I did not see much of him, as I was in the Lower School and he in the Sixth. After he left school he was apprenticed to Hawthorn, Leslie, & Co., and I often went to stay with him in his lodgings in Newcastle-on-Tyne. When he died in 1931 he was the managing-director. During the war he was in charge of the North of England for Sir Joseph Maclay's Committee on standard ships and engines, and was a member of the Admiralty Shipbuilding Council. In 1919 he attended the International Labour Convention at Washington, and was knighted in 1921.

If it had not been for the fact that my brother had a number of most interesting friends, who were all of a friendliness to me, my visits to Newcastle would have been lonely ones, for Archie was a man who disappeared from the house soon after six, and did not return until evening. Among this group of men were Sir Andrew Noble, Wigham Richardson, and Sir Benjamin Browne among the shipbuilders and engineers, and Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, the author of *Italy and her Invaders*, Dr. Spence-Watson, and Dr. Merz, the chemist-philosopher. It was the last who introduced me to Goethe, and Richardson told me of a habit of his that I adopted—that of entering on the fly-leaves at the end of books references of special interest and importance. Often, when wishing to find a passage in a bulky tome, I have found this habit a time-saving one to have cultivated. I may confess here that I disfigure all my best books (by that I mean the books that are worth it) for everyone but myself, by underlining and putting crosses against outstanding passages.

I shall always regret that in those days I was too ignorant to take full advantage of intercourse with Dr. Hodgkin. I often met old Skipsey, the miner poet, a truly remarkable example of a self-educated man.

Newcastle is an unlovely city, and has always depressed me horribly. It is pathetic to reflect how drab and ugly most of our big towns are; yet nearly all of them have beautiful country all around. Take Sheffield, one of the ugliest towns in the world—its drab buildings and its smoke fade away into a lovely forest, and on into the Peak district.

It is difficult to write about a brother, as anything said in praise sounds like family partiality. Since my brother lived most of his life in the north, I saw him but seldom after we both of us had grown up, but I did visit him twice in St. Petersburg and once in Govan. One of the reasons why I held him in such high regard was the fact that he did whatever he tried to do so much better than myself. He played the flute really well, and read music accurately at sight. He threw a good line, and was among the best fishers in the north of England. He was very clever in imitation of provincial dialects, a thing I cannot do at all, and he was a perfect Russian scholar. I believe he was a very fine engineer. The men at the works all loved him. He was over-conscientious in keeping early hours, and the strenuous life he led, long after

early hours are expected of a man, was one of the causes of his premature death.

I wrote this on the day of his funeral:

'Newcastle-on-Tyne. [18.iii.31](#). To-day we buried my brother Archie, in the Crematorium at Darlington. I felt nothing. I felt more at the Memorial Service in Newcastle Cathedral Church, attended by 1,500 men. A great personal tribute, a number of busy men had come from London for the service, and the train we returned by was full of these, with their black ties. Archie went out of our lives several years ago, for no particular reason. When I look back on my utter devotion to him, I feel how tragic it is that love may prematurely die.'

In this chapter I have reached the age of sixteen, and in retrospect I don't quite know what to make of myself. The sixteen years do not seem to have brought me anywhere. By sixteen I ought to have learnt something, to have developed some sort of taste, to have made friends, to have some kind of ambition. But no! I do not think I had even developed a personality of any sort. I was not vicious. I was not consciously idle. I was unsociable; I was neither happy nor unhappy; I was lonely, but without any craving for companionship. Above all, I was in nothing precocious. I don't think I enjoyed poetry. I had read very few books. The ones I remember were some of Scott (under compulsion, as holiday tasks), one or two of Henty (especially *The Young Franc-Tireurs*), Whyte-Melville, Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, Kingsley's *Water Babies*, *Midshipman Easy*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, and Erckmann-Chatrian's *Waterloo* and *VHistoire d'un conscrit*.

III

University College, London

1888-1889

When my father died my mother returned to London, where I joined her at the end of the summer term. It was a great blow to me to give up country life, of which I had grown fond, and where I was beginning to make friendships. It so happened, however, that from the day when I went to live with my mother at 16 Chepstow Villas, Bayswater, I developed the tastes of a student, conceiving for the first time the desire to learn. It occurred to me that I should like to know French, and with this intent I was sent to stay with a Frenchman who offered to take me in during the summer vacation. I think he was a master at Clifton. I joined him in Caen, of which my chief recollections are of early morning wanderings by the fortifications, and of watching a regiment at drill. Making friends with the buglers and drummers, I got them to teach me the side-drum. Incidentally I learnt many bugle-marches. From Caen we moved to Cabourg in Calvados, where most of the families seemed to be Spanish. I must already have dabbled in oriental languages; for one of my vivid recollections is of writing the Lord's Prayer in Syriac in large letters in the sand. I suppose I learnt a certain amount of colloquial French, and I cannot forget asking someone the meaning of 'ca y est', and feeling horrified that I should have spent 'so many years 'doing' French at school without learning one of the commonest phrases. The moment was perhaps the turning-point in my studies; for I then realized that languages are composed not merely of words and irregular verbs but *of phrases*.

It was not till I lived alone with my mother that I really got to know her, and for twelve years I was her constant companion, except when I was abroad. I had the reputation of 'being good to my mother'; but the phrase hasn't much meaning beyond implying that one is 'not bad to one's mother'. I was so constituted, above all so circumstanced, that I did not acquire the habit of going out of an evening. Partly I preferred reading; partly there was nowhere to go. In the 'nineties there was only the theatre to tempt a young man (one not old enough to belong to a club) to go out. If I dined out, it was usually in company with my mother. Thus we spent our evenings together.

She was always fully occupied in the daytime. Her greatest interests were painting and women's emigration. A gifted water-colour artist, whenever she was in the country or abroad she made sketches, and many are the homes

where I find pictures which she had given to her friends. When too old to travel she would amuse herself by working up a landscape from some memorized scene—rather on the system of the Chinese landscape painters. Down to the age of eighty she went to the National Gallery on Thursdays and Fridays, to copy the Turners she loved so well. She actually did some of the large Turners in water-colour, and thus I grew up surrounded by excellent copies of such masterpieces as *The Fighting Temeraire*, *Chichester Canal*, *Petworth Park*, and *The Approach to Venice*. Eastlake, the famous Keeper of the National Gallery, used to say that my mother's copy of *The Fighting Temeraire*, though in water-colour, was one of the best he had ever seen. It was done nearly fifty years ago, and it is interesting to compare the still brilliant colours of the copy with the fading pigments of Turner's original.

My mother took an active interest in everything that came her way. She was a fluent public speaker, possessing a voice which, though soft, filled any room or hall. She enjoyed nothing more than to take part in a debate. I well remember the intense interest she took in a Browning Society she helped to found. An omnivorous reader, she was specially interested in the discoveries made in Egypt and Babylonia. She was an interesting companion, always keeping pace with what was passing in the world around her.

My mother must have been very handsome in her youth, and as I remember her best, in her sixties and seventies, she was a striking figure. She had strong aquiline features, piercing eyes, and a noble bearing. She loved rich material, and when dressed in velvets and lace, with lappets on her hair, she looked regal. Her intellect was almost masculine, but she had a truly feminine side to her nature, and was as happy cutting-out small garments for her grandchildren as she was in taking part in literary discussion. She was widely read in French, German, and Italian. She kept up friendships with many men of intellectual distinction, and carried on an extensive correspondence with friends abroad. Living very frugally, she would much sooner travel by omnibus than by cab (not a trait I have inherited from her). The bus bringing her twice a week from the National Gallery stopped at the Red Lion Tavern. Once when she asked the conductor to drop her at the Red Lion, he said: 'Oh, ma'am, at your age!' I don't remember her ever going to a theatre or concert, but she haunted lectures.

One of her greatest interests in later life was biblical criticism in the light of recent discoveries, such as the Creation Tables and the Code of Hamurabi, nothing pleasing her more than to invite eminent theologians or politicians for the discussion of knotty points over the eggs and bacon. In 1905 she had printed a pamphlet entitled *A Reasonable View of the Old Testament Scriptures by a Layman*. On re-reading it to-day I am astonished at the manner in which my mother had kept abreast of discovery, and at the liberal spirit in which she approached the new criticism. She wrote this pamphlet

while I was in India, but never referred to it in her letters. Thus far did she carry the anonymity of the Layman.

I think it must have been late in the 'sixties—after her marriage—that my mother published a book of three hundred pages entitled *The Helping Hand; a Guide to the New Testament* by Adelaide Alexander. It apparently formed part of a series called 'Books with a Meaning'. Apart from its religious tendency, this book reveals in the historical portions a great amount of reading and a keen historical sense.

My father died under the impression that he was leaving his widow comfortably off; so much so that there were legacies to relatives and annuities to old servants in his will. His chief source of private means was shares in *The Times*. Just then the Pigott case was decided against *The Times*, the value of the shares being thereby so greatly reduced that my mother found the payment of the annuities a burden. She was not as bad a financier as myself, I am sure, and she may even have been a good one. She knew, at least, how to face losses without complaining. Once being told that what the post had just brought her was the half-year's dividend on a small holding of stock, I urged her to sell the holding, and treat herself to a really good holiday. I argued that it couldn't matter to her if, during the rest of her life, she didn't receive the dividend. My mother, telling the story to one of my friends, ended, smiling, with: 'What Denison doesn't understand is that it is on a number of such small sums added together that I live!' It was as well that I did not understand the value of money, but could accept without question or comment whatever she allowed me; for it was never much.

Those words are the only morsel of my mother's talk that I have to give, not being one to remember talk and quote it afterwards. It will have been seen that I owe them to another's memory. To that same friend she once mentioned that the lady who had been invited to tea, when he also had been invited, was spending the afternoon (her name was Violet) with another man. My mother went on: Tie rather monopolizes her; but one cannot wonder at that: she is "the violet of his native land"! It amused her greatly, it seemed, to think of her so.

To return to my own life. Books were my chief companions. Greedily, without method, and probably with little profit, I read almost exclusively serious books. I spent time and most of my pocket money in secondhand bookshops; whole days in the famous shop of Mr. Westall in New Oxford Street. I became great friends with that old bookseller, as untidy in his person as in his shop. From him I learnt a great deal about books in general, and so well did I get to know his stock that he would often, when a customer asked for a book, ask me to get it for him. His chief pride was his long-enduring association with Mr. Gladstone, and he would show me the last postcard he had from the G.O.M. Always an order for a book.

My relaxation was a weekly visit to a matinee. In those days the pit cost

only half-a-crown, and when *Dorothy* was enjoying its long run I went Saturday after Saturday to see and hear Marie Tempest, Phyllis Broughton, Hayden Coffin, Arthur Roberts, and Ben Davies.

In April 1888 I went off by myself to Brussels, where my father's brother, Colonel Charles Ross, was living in retirement. I kept a diary, devoting the entries mainly to the pictures I saw, and the battlefield of Waterloo. The next year I spent six days in May travelling in Holland. I visited Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, and other places, doing all the chief picture galleries. Again I kept a diary, and from it I learn that, one of the days being a Sunday, I went to church. Eloquent though the preacher, a Lutheran, was, the men began putting on their hats in the middle of the sermon. One man even smoked throughout the service, but I think unobserved by everybody except myself.

This pleasant but aimless sort of existence couldn't be allowed to continue indefinitely, and my mother was confronted with the problem of choosing my career. All that I could claim, when I left Marlborough, was a liking for two languages not part of the curriculum—German, for which I had attended evening classes, and Italian, which I had begun to study by myself.

The first idea was that I should go to Pembroke, Cambridge. That college was chosen as E. G. Browne's, a man whose acquaintance I had made through his father's being the head of my brother's firm in Newcastle. If I didn't go to Pembroke, for a reason that will presently appear, I formed a life-long friendship with E. G. Browne, and was influenced by him in the choice of my hfe'j work. That I might pass the Little-go, I was sent to a crammer to study Greek and algebra. Ere many weeks were past this man had the honesty to write and tell my mother that my case was hopeless; for no amount of coaching would get me through the examination. So good-bye to my dream of Cambridge!

'But', said my mother, 'even if you can't pass an examination, you must learn something.' So it was decided that I should attend lectures at University College; not as an undergraduate, but as a free lance. It was then possible to obtain admission to all the first-year courses without being a registered student. Thus, at the age of seventeen, I began my education. The lectures I attended were on English literature, Physics, French, and Italian. I suspect that I was admitted to the first three only as a favour; but I had no trouble with regard to Italian; for the professor, Farinelli, had no other pupils.

He and I became great friends, and it was Farinelli who introduced me, not only to Dante, but to comparative philology. He had once, in Italy, been a lecturer in Sanskrit, and had got so far as to translate the episode of Count Ugolino into Sanskrit *slokas*. He started me on a wild career of pursuit of foreign languages, and my chief reading now became the great works of Max Muller, Bott, Bopp, and Schleicher. Farinelli was not, I fear, a great

scholar himself, and certainly not up-to-date in comparative philology; but I was uncritical then, and delighted in the many hours I spent with him, in college or in his funny little room off Tottenham Court Road. There we had heated discussions, which before very long I was able to carry on in Italian, for I had by now discovered that I could pick up a spoken language quickly. In the intervals of conversation the old man fingered out Italian operatic airs on a wheezy accordion. In college we read *The Inferno* very thoroughly together, and what I learnt then added enormously to the joy of my first visit to Florence. I like to think I brought some happiness into the life of this lonely man: he certainly brought a great deal into mine. He retired from University College in 1898, returning to Italy to marry for the first time. I have a photograph of him with his bride, with on the back of it, in my mother's writing: 'All good things come to him who waits; but don't wait quite so long as Farinelli!'

I soon retired from the field of physics, finding the subject quite beyond my reach; but with English literature and French it was otherwise, and I repay a debt in part, one unpayable in full, when I confess that the elements of literary taste lying dormant in me were first stirred by Professor Henry Morley. He lectured on Milton, Dryden, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, till suddenly a whole new world opened out before me. He made everything alive and real; the poet and the poem. His method of piecing together the careers and the works of writers, and of explaining how and why they wrote what they did, may not have represented the high-water mark either of scholarship or of literary criticism; but it was exactly what I, and I dare say many others, needed to cause our eyes to open to the value of great books. My fellow-students were preparing for examinations, while I sat open-mouthed and entranced. Henry Morley never knew what he had done for me, and I do not think I ever spoke to him: what I owe him I can never forget.

In following Professor Lallemand's courses on French literature I heard much French correctly spoken, and was introduced to the personalities and works of Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Hugo, and others. I was having revealed to me the secrets that my schoolmasters had not divulged. But my year at University College as a casual student brought me no nearer to the starting-point of a career than I had been on leaving school. I had nothing outwardly to show for it, if inwardly I was a changed being.

During that year I often visited Reginald Stuart Poole, Keeper of the Coins in the British Museum. I had known the Pooles as a little boy, and then it was I made the acquaintance of Reggie Poole, who has since become the famous head of the firm of George Lewis. On one of my visits I had my thumb squashed in the big gates at the entrance to the British Museum. They move mechanically on wheels, and in my innocence I thought I was helping them to shut by pushing one side. Fortunately the gates aren't close-

fitting; but I shall never forget the journey home to Whitechapel on the top of a bus in great pain. Poole introduced me to Egyptology among other things, and I read with him some chapters of the New Testament in Rumanian, a language in which he was interested on account of its un-Latin peculiarities, especially the terminal article, which Rumanian has in common with Scandinavian. Hieroglyphs made an especially strong appeal to me, and though I could get no regular instruction in this language, I managed to learn a good deal from text-books. I studied the inscription on Cleopatra's Needle in Wallace Budge's handbook, and, having mastered the contents, amused myself by going to the Embankment to read the inscription on the obelisk itself. Had there been any prospect of a livelihood to be made out of Egyptology, I should have taken up the study of the subject seriously, but none offered itself. I tried, but without success, to get employment under the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

When I think of the many young men with individualist tastes who have come to me for advice, and whom I have helped in their choice of career, I marvel how it came about that none of my mother's friends suggested to her one of the many openings that could have been found for a boy of eighteen with a passion for languages. I attribute this to two possible causes; the first, the fact that my school career had caused those friends to conclude that I wasn't worth troubling about; the other, that they were put against me by the exaggerated praise of a devoted mother, overjoyed by my conversion to the Humanities.

I have often noticed that young women have a better knowledge and a greater appreciation of Greek and Roman culture than young men, apart from the men who are professed classics. I have the notion that girls, who do not study the classical languages (but more now do), give more time to classical literature in translation. Men are too proud to read the translations, whereas they do not mind confessing to inability to read modern European classics in the original. For the average boy and girl I would advocate a thorough course in classical mythology, art, and letters, with only an elementary course in Latin—to serve rather as an introduction to language study in general than that Latin should be their medium for reading classical literature. Every great Greek and Latin work has been adequately translated into English. Under the existing system there is the danger of the study of the languages forming a barrier to the study of the literatures. I left school not knowing that Xenophon is a great historian, Virgil and Horace fine poets.

Nothing is more surprising in Greek literature than its modernity. European civilization, at any rate, appears to have been continuous, notwithstanding the Dark Ages. As Renan says: 'Le progres consistera eternellement a developper ce que la Grece a congu.'

In consequence of the poor start I made, all through life I have been

trying to make up for lost time (as the M.P. who, getting up half an hour late every day, spent the rest of the day trying to catch it up), and I don't think I ever have!

Though there is no time-table to regulate one's intellectual development, it is certain that children are expected to reach a certain standard by a certain age, but this is absurd; for we are no more like one another in mental growth than we are in physical feature. The wonder is that so many boys and girls manage to do what is expected of them at given ages. It is obvious that in my own case the conventional time-table was wrong. So long as I was put in a train with others of my age, I was unable to take any interest in the journey, or in our destination. Not until I was released from community travel, and allowed to choose my own direction, and my own pace, did I begin to wake up. We are all familiar with the experience of reading a page of a book, while thinking of something else, and of realizing afterwards that we haven't taken in a single word. I think my intellectual youth may be compared to this experience, with the extension of *the page* to the whole *book* of life.

It is impossible ever to make up for time lost in the impressionable 'teens, and it is due to the circumstance that I was *adopted* into the academic caste, where so much learning and knowledge are taken for granted in a man, that my deficiencies in school knowledge were seldom apparent. This has not been due to any attempt of mine to pretend to knowledge where none was. The older I grow, the more I love study, but always for its own sake; but I have never been able to concentrate on anything that did not absorb me. What I have most lacked in life has been guidance. The contacts with the many great scholars I have known have never been sufficiently close. If only I could have had the chance of continued study with such men as Edward Cowell, Robertson Smith, E. G. Browne, Noldeke, and Charles Rieu during my student years, instead of being destined, it has always seemed, only to pick up the crumbs from their tables! To attend lectures is much, but not enough. No-one ever told me what were the right books to read, and the essence of all knowledge is bibliography. To know where to find the truth is often far more important than to have it at one's finger-ends.

Religion has been a matter that I have always kept to myself. Though I was not drawn to it, I was not antagonistic. I simply left it alone. The only sentiment I was capable of was one of gratitude for blessings, in the hope that there is Someone to thank. The older I grew, the more I disliked sermons, their effect being to make me feel anti-religious. I have recently been assured, but this I had myself forgotten, that I have been heard quoting Swinburne on religion, and not Algernon Charles on his best behaviour.

After all (this I quote from my earliest Indian diary): 'it seems that Faith, or rather the Faiths, are merely a branch of history. We have the historical prophet, and the record of what he said and did; just as we have the histo-

cal king, and the record of what he did and said. All Faiths have of necessity an historical basis. History in general and other Faiths than our own differ not at all. We believe them or not, as we like, on their merits as historical records. But to our own Faith or Religion—to the doings and sayings of our own Prophet—we apply a different manner of test, which is in fact, with the majority of the faithful, no test at all. We are told to believe—in fact, to accept all—and the result is we ask no questions. As for historical Faith, were this all that was demanded of us, every man might accept it as part of his education, but such Faith is allowed to count for nothing with the religious. We must have their history imprinted in our hearts, and not in our minds only. We are told to search our hearts. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you;" to consult our consciences; in short, to delve into the inmost recesses of our thinking soul where, we are told, we shall find traced by the pen of instinct or inner-consciousness, on the tablet of the heart or soul, the same chronicle we have read in history. As who should tell us to gaze into the glowing embers of a fire in search of forms and faces; but, in place of letting our fancy have full play, should inform us positively what we shall there see, protesting loudly if we happen to confess that we have seen other shapes—or none at all; "Myself creating what I saw" (Cowper).'

The Gospel of Joy is all very beautiful and very soothing, but one has the inner consciousness that it is not *Life*. It is either beyond reality, or it falls short of it: it is hard to determine on which side the error lies. Nietzsche, with all his strangeness of language, his unwonted mannerisms, his *renversement* of accepted notions, seems to touch one's practical soul more nearly. It is a comfort that we are not compelled, continuously, to face the Eternal Verities—all that we wish to know, and cannot know; for I suppose the only real, primitive, and unchangeable truths in the universe are those which lie outside the realm of human knowledge. Sometimes the consideration of the Verities is forced upon us; mostly in times of sorrow and depression. Sometimes we take it upon ourselves—often it is in our happiest moments. But in both cases there is an undercurrent of human struggle within ourselves, and we are thankful to be able to take refuge in the knowable, the normal, the transitory.

IV

Study in Paris and Strasbourg: Travel in Turkey and Russia

1889-1895

Thinking advantage should be taken of my taste for languages, my mother, in the autumn of 1889, sent me to live in the family of a French Protestant *pasteur* named Cerisier, living at Auteuil. The children of Paris were at that time all excited about Buffalo Bill and his Peaux-Rouges, and the Bois de Boulogne was full of big and little children enacting Wild West scenes, inspiring terror in the incautious passer-by: at any moment figures in khaki and feather headdresses, armed with arrows or toy guns, might dash out from behind trees, yelling soprano war-whoops, and threaten destruction to the peaceful citizen.

While I was abroad two architects, one of them Mr. H. V. Lanchester, since famous as a town-planner, proposed that I should accompany them on a tour in Italy. My mother was wise enough to allow me this great treat, and I spent six most enjoyable weeks among the art treasures of Italy. I acquired a considerable knowledge of the history and art of Florence, Milan, Pisa, Siena, and Parma. My solitary wanderings in Florence constituted the second phase in my education. Although my going to Italy was a pure chance, there was equally the chance that I was prepared by my study of Dante with Farinelli. My companions, busy all day sketching, left me to my own resources, and I got to know every building and picture in historic Florence, my chief 'guide' to the pictures being Ruskin's *Walks*. Savonarola became my chief hero; Giotto my ideal artist; the story of Dante and Beatrice my favourite romance. I had my meals in the smallest of eating-houses; chicken, macaroni, chestnuts—chestnuts, macaroni, chicken. I never knew a dull moment, living entirely in medieval Florence, with nothing between me and it. My favourite works of art were Giotto's frescoes of the life of Saint Francis, Del Sarto's Holy Families, and the Saint George of Donatello. I had frequent opportunities of practising Italian, either with the gentlemen in charge of the churches and galleries, or with my neighbours in the little restaurants. In one of the last they served a *fritto misto* that included octopus.

From Italy I returned to my *pasteur*, and shortly after had a great adventure. One day in the Latin Quarter I caught sight of a poster on the walls of

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

the Sorbonne, giving a list of lectures to be delivered in the College de France. Admission, it stated, was free. Two names in the list were already familiar to me—Ernest Renan and Henri Maspero, the Egyptologist. Surely, I thought, there can be no better way of learning French than by listening to the lectures of famous men. In addition there is the advantage of sitting at their feet. Renan, on two mornings a week, was to lecture on the Book of Daniel, the time eight to nine. In spite of the length of the way from Auteuil to the Boulevard Saint-Michel, I resolved to appear on the first advertised date, and see what happened. I told the *pasteur* that I must be out by seven on the morrow. It was November, and I should have to get up in the cold. Moreover, the quickest route in those days from Auteuil to the BouF Mich' was by the river boats known as *bateaux hirondelles*. The disadvantages would only add spice to the adventure.

Full of excitement, I rose far earlier than necessary, and proceeding to the Pont d'Auteuil, took the first boat that came along. It was cold on the open deck, and the passengers fought for places round the boiler. I reached Pont Saint-Michel long before eight, and feeling cold and hungry, had a lovely bowl of chocolate at a cabman's stall. On arriving at the College de France I tremblingly inquired where M. Renan was lecturing, and if I should be admitted. The *concierge*, pointing to a door, told me to go in, assuring me that 'Tout le monde peut assister; il y a deja un monsieur.' So I opened the door, to find before me a classroom with a long table in the middle, at one end of which the great Renan was seated, sunk deep in his chair, with his chin lost in his collar. At one side of the table sat a student with a Hebrew Bible in front of him. Renan put me at my ease by motioning me with his hand to take the chair opposite the student. Then he began to speak. His subject was the Book of Daniel; the inferences to be drawn from the differences in language in different parts of the Book. I still have my notebook of the lectures. Renan told us that the word 'Jehovah' was coined in 1523, by a Jew converted to Christianity, who became a cardinal. To the sacred letters YHWH had been adapted the vowels of 'EdonaF (our Lord), as if, adapting the vowels of 'Lutece' to PRS, one had made *Purese*. 'Jehovah' was introduced into French by Lamartine: it is not used by Voltaire. The student was busy looking up references in his Bible, while I sat spell-bound by the learning and eloquence of the great man. The lecture over, I withdrew without saying a word. On the way home I bought a Hebrew Testament, Hebrew being a language in which I had dabbled. Having discovered how simple it was to gain access to the lectures, I made out a list in the form of a time-table, including the lectures of Maspero and Darmesteter, and most mornings in the week I was to be seen disembarking from the *bateau hirondelle*, and sipping chocolate with the cabmen.

Not until after an attendance of two or three weeks had I the courage to present myself to Renan. Afterwards I had the privilege of conversing with

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

him in his home. Everything he said was either informative or instructive. He made biblical criticism as entertaining as a detective story. I remember his saying that he included *le costume* as the sixth of the fine arts. I have never met a more captivating personality, its captivatingness not due either to charm of looks or ostentatious affability. He was forthcoming but reserved ; ponderous but light of touch. *L'Elephant* was the name by which he was affectionately known to his colleagues.

I returned to my mother at Christmas, having learnt a good deal of French. My ambition was now to learn German. I found a German living in Percy Street, and to him I went twice a week. When I had made a certain amount of progress, my mother sent me to a schoolmaster in Elberfeld. I have since regretted that I should have spent so long a time in so uninteresting a town; for no other country in the world, account for this whoever can, boasts so many beautiful old towns. Elberfeld had no resources for the foreigner: a modern, manufacturing town, it did not possess a single beautiful building, nor a museum. The society was commercial, none of the people one met belonging to the intelligentsia. My host was a typical schoolmaster, but he smoked and drank far too much. He sometimes took me with him to the evening *Kneipe*, when the experience did my German more good than my head. He had an amazing way of inventing pseudo-English based on German. Thus he might describe wholesome food as 'very becomely for the book' (*sehr bekommlich fur den Bauch*)! If only Elberfeld had been a university town, I might have begun my oriental studies there, or had I been a novelist, my experience of middle-class society in a German manufacturing town might have been turned to account.

I spent the summer of 1890 on a big farm (*Pachtgut*) near Sternberg in Mecklenburg. It belonged to the schoolmaster's brother, a splendid type of gentleman-farmer. I enjoyed life to the full, wandering about among the farm-hands, and sometimes shooting, chiefly wild geese, duck, hare, and roebuck.

Fritz Reuter, the *Plaat-Deutsch* novelist, had been so frequent a guest at the farm that they kept a long pipe with a porcelain bowl for him by the fireside in the big sitting-room, where it still was when I was there. I enjoyed his writings, to which I was now introduced, more than anything I had read. Partly because of the fascination of the Low-German dialect of his books, Reuter made a stronger appeal to me than Dickens, whom in many respects he resembles. *Uit Min Stromtid* has kept its place among my favourite books, and to read it in Reuter's own country, in a house he had lived in, thrilled me. Before returning to Elberfeld we made a journey to Copenhagen, via Warnemiinde and Malmo, and we visited Elsinore, which of course made a great stir in my imagination.

I spent Christmas in Elberfeld, and saw the festival celebrated with all the old traditions. For a week the market-place was stacked with Christmas

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

trees of all sizes, and each family was busy selecting its tree, which would be decked out in a room kept locked, that the children should see nothing until Christmas Eve. When the evening came the candles were lit, the door opened, and the festivity began. A large bowl of hot punch was there for all to help themselves from, and among the ceremonies was that of *Blei-giessen*. One pours a ladle full of molten lead into cold water, taking the lead out when it has cooled, to see if the shape assumed throws any light on one's future. Before going to bed the children put on the windowsill a saucerful of corn for the *Schimmel*, the white horse on which the *Christkind* will come riding in the morning.

At the beginning of 1891 I returned to London, to live with my mother in 18 Upper Westbourne Terrace, a house she had taken in order to make a home for a bedridden sister. It further allowed of my having a fair-sized study, with shelf-room for plenty of books. The presence of an invalid in the house made it necessary to move about quietly, and always to shut the door gently (not a bad thing for a man to learn): if I came in late I would remove my boots in the hall, and go upstairs in my socks. When at last I attended the funeral of Aunt Mary, and stood by the grave, hearing the priest read the service, I said to myself: 'Am I devoid of all real feeling? I don't seem impressed; this scene neither affects me, nor fills me with ideas.'

Still I had no plans for the future, except that I had made up my mind to study in Paris. I had to wait till the beginning of the new session in November, *Vannee universitaire* beginning later in France than in England. I was prepared meanwhile for whatever turned up. I spent the time in the study of Arabic and Persian, and, I fear, of a great many other languages. I received no regular instruction, but of course I learnt much about Persian literature from E. G. Browne. I learnt a good deal of colloquial Persian, thanks to the hospitality of the Persian Legation, to which I had a standing invitation. There everything was done to help this enthusiastic beginner. I must have been a considerable anxiety to my mother; but she was patient, having the instinct that it was best to let me work out my own salvation. I still never went out alone of an evening.

In October 1891 I went to Paris to study oriental languages in the College de France and l'Ecole des Langues orientales vivantes, putting up in the Hotel de Nice, a small, incredibly cheap establishment in the rue des Beaux Arts. It was run by a very fat old Englishwoman, Mrs. Franklin, who sat in a small room outside the *salle a manger*, and treated her twenty or thirty *pensionnaires* as children of her own. I had a small sitting-room overlooking the street, and a smaller bedroom overlooking nothing. There being no bathroom, one had to take one's bath at odd times in an *etablissement de bains* on the other side of the street. But what could one expect in return for an inclusive *pension* rate of twenty-five francs a week? The food was quite satisfying, and my favourite lunch dish was *moules marinières*. There

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

were French and Italian artists, a Spanish singer, some *unrich* American girls, an English girl studying singing, and so forth. Most vividly of all do I remember a dear little hump-backed Irish lady, who had lived for years in a single room in the *pension*, earning her living by painting miniatures. She was like a mother to me. If ever I felt out-of-sorts or depressed, I would go to her room, sure of a warm welcome and comfort. She was the little mother of all ready to be adopted, and even our small world provided enough adventure to enable us to repay her kindness with a little scandal.

I was so greedy for knowledge that I made my time-table contain no less than twenty lectures a week. This was rather much for my young head to cope with, and physically also it was a great effort, as most days I had half an hour's walk between the College de France and l'ficole between two lectures. I was studying Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Hebrew, Syriac, and Armenian, and the lecture attendances left me little time for study by myself. I had no-one to guide or advise me, and was reading for no particular examination. I am no partisan of the examination system, but I recognize that it compels a student to concentrate on his subjects. I don't think I wasted my time in Paris, but I certainly should have learnt more if I had had a definite goal. The fact that I was an *auditeur libre*, to whom all the courses were free and open, was demoralizing.

My favourite professor was Charles Schefer, with whom I read Persian. He was not only a very fine scholar, but also a *grand seigneur*, a man of considerable wealth: I once visited him in his lovely chateau at Chambéry. His memory was prodigious: in the course of his classes he quoted whole pages of poetry, but often with no bearing on the text we were reading. He had a marvellous *flair* for good manuscripts, and his collection, now in the Bibliotheque Nationale, contains many unique treasures of Persian and Arabic literature. Schefer gave me a *certificat* in 1892, part of which reads:

^k M. Ross . . . a passe . . . l'examen de deuxieme annee pour l'arabe litteral, avec la mention *bien*, l'examen . . . pour l'arabe vulgaire, avec la mention *trEs bien*, et l'examen de fin d'etudes pour le persan, avec la mention *tres bien*.*

My experience showed that there was in the University of Paris neither cohesion nor discipline. One was either an *Hudiant*, or one was not, but nobody bothered. Yet with no distinctive badge or uniform, and with no particular college to call one's own, one yet had the feeling of being part of a system, and of possessing rights, if undefined, the principal one being not to feel a stranger. One walked into any caf6 frequented by *etudiants*, as a man walks into his club.

I used to go, every evening, for an *aperitif* to Les Deux Magots, the well-known cafe facing l'eglise de Saint Germain des Pres. I usually went with some students whose course was the same as my own. Going there once alone, I found myself seated next a Frenchman whom I had repeatedly seen.

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

We entered into conversation, and thus began an acquaintance with Maurice Belot that rapidly developed into a close friendship.

Belot was an artist, and that in London one would quickly have guessed, but as in Paris all the students were apt to follow the fashion of the art students, I had not discovered this in Belot. He was thirty, he told me, and earned his living by his art. It wasn't for me to ask what kind of painting or drawing was his, and he never volunteered the information. It was manifest he didn't earn much. He lived at the top of a house in my own rue des Beaux Arts. Each of us often visited the other. I never saw a trace in his rooms of the paraphernalia one expects in a studio. There were a number of oil paintings on the walls, mostly unfinished studies, he told me, from his student days.

Belot attracted me most by his philosophic talk. I was then a young man of twenty, and was beginning to blossom out in a kind of pious speculativeness, fostered by residence in this entirely new intellectual *milieu*, and intensified by my being left so much to my own thoughts. Though he was a man of deep religious instincts, Belot was a hopeless pessimist, and for that I was unable to account; for so black a pessimism seemed out of keeping with his vigorous bodily health, and with his keen interest in art and letters. He was a great reader, spending long hours reading old books in that largest and windiest of public libraries, the *quais* of Paris.

Christmas was near at hand, and I was to spend two weeks in London. Belot and I had an affectionate parting, agreeing to meet and dine together on the date fixed for my return to Paris. When I did return the first thing I did was to cross the street to find my friend. Imagine my horror when, on opening the door, I saw Belot stretched dead on the floor, with a revolver in his hand. On the table was a letter to me, which I translate as follows:

'Dear Friend—My natural pride hinders me from continuing to live. There was no other way for me to live, and that way was impossible. You have no doubt often wondered why I told you nothing of my *metier*. When you read this I shall have passed beyond the realm of pride, so I will make you a confession.

'During my student days and for five years after, I had more than enough to live on. Then my father went bankrupt, my mother died of grief, and I was left penniless. So good-bye to all ideas of making a name as a great artist. Money had to be earned. I was quick at drawing, and especially at *genre* pictures. I walked into the office of a weekly paper that always had a highly coloured front-page, illustrating a topical event. The editor gave me a subject for the next number. It was a railway accident in which several people had met with horrible deaths. I hated the idea of drawing such a subject, but money had to be earned; so I agreed. The result was so successful, that I was taken on the regular staff, and ultimately became their

STUDY IN PARIS AND STRASBOURG

principal front-page artist. But, my God, when I think of the pictures I have had to draw, and how I have debased not only my own talent, but also the public taste! Nothing but murders and accidents; for if neither had taken place during the week, something had to be invented! You know now, my friend, why I did not reveal to you *mon metier*, and why I bring it all to an end.

Farewell—

M. B.'

In spring 1893 I was still studying oriental languages in Paris, when Austin Leigh, the Chancellor of the British Embassy, sent for me, introduced me to Lord Dufferin (that afterwards secured me the ex-Viceroy as a pupil), and asked if I would care to become private secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, the famous American journalist, a man already blind. It meant leaving my courses in Paris unfinished, but I had no other means of livelihood in prospect, and was longing for travel and adventure. So I hurried to Monte Carlo, to be put through my paces. My family was naturally excited about this offer, and so was I. I was given a suite of rooms in the Hotel de Paris. Such luxury had never come my way before. Pulitzer's doctor looked after me, and told me what would be expected of me. I should sit or drive out with Pulitzer, and read aloud to him. There would be no telling when he might want to be read aloud to: it was what often happened in the middle of the night. The pay and the conditions of employment sounded too good to be true.

The next day I had a long drive with Pulitzer along the Corniche Road. He talked about the lovely scenery that he could no longer enjoy except in memory, now and again asking me to describe the point we were passing. We got on very happily together. The programme was repeated several days without Pulitzer's making any allusion to my appointment. He would give me notes to gamble with in the evening, but I never came home any richer. Finally he sent for me, to tell me what impression he had formed. It was briefly:

'I like you; I think you're bully, and but for one thing you would do perfectly for the job. I want my secretary to think more about me than about anything else. I must be his chief, if not his only, interest. Now I've learnt enough about you to know that you'll always care more for your oriental studies than for anything else. In short, I might possibly buy you, but not your heart. If you're prepared to make the necessary sacrifice, then come along and stay with me. If not, take my advice, and go and see something of this East that attracts you so much.'

The next day I gave Pulitzer my answer, which was in the sense of: 'Thank you, but I would rather not.' He was charming and kind, saying that I had probably chosen rightly, stuffed my pockets with notes sufficient to enable

TRAVEL IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA

me to travel in comfort to Constantinople; to sojourn there for two months; and then return to Paris. My family were horrified at my decision, and in Vienna were telegrams from my mother and brother, begging me to reconsider the matter. I was so far prevailed on that, from the Koenig von Ungarn, my hotel in Vienna, I telegraphed to Pulitzer: 'Should like to accept post; mother and brother wish; myself determined.' He replied (I have his telegram still):

'Extremely sorry but have made provisional arrangements which tie my hands for the present. I advise you to go to Constantinople and follow the bent of your natural inclination and apparent destiny. If that fails, the subject of secretaryship may be re-opened later in about a month. Leave your address with Lee so that may communicate.'

On the way from Vienna to Constantinople I stopped in Budapesth, where I was kindly received, as a budding orientalist, by Professor Ignaz Goldziher, the great Arabist, and by the famous Arminius Vambery, the orientalist.

It is related that Vambery became, nominally at least, a full Osmanli, and, having entered the Turkish service, rose to be secretary to Fuad Pasha. Later he visited Teheran, whence, disguised as a dervish, he spent several months in rough travel through the deserts to Khiva, Bukhara, and Samarqand. He might send a postcard with: 'If you are passing this way, come and see the old dervish again,' meaning himself.

Vambery gave me most useful introductions to Turkish writers in Constantinople. There I met with much kindness and hospitality, notably from Woods Pasha and his family. My chief desire being to associate with orientals, for part of the time I disappeared from Pera, the European quarter, and resided in the Valide Khan, the quarter of the Persian merchants in Stamboul. Not to attract attention, I wore a black lambskin *kulah* (a fez-shaped hat, but taller). My Turkish was not very strong, but I could speak Persian with fair fluency.

The streets of Constantinople were full of dogs, most of them a kind of collie. Each dog belonged to a distinct quarter, and woe betide any dog in a street access to which wasn't his by right. The people were kind to them, and would throw them refuse (indeed, Turks were known to leave money for the dogs of their quarter in their wills), but the beasts were a mangy lot, and numbers were maimed, thanks to their obstinate stupidity in not avoiding passing vehicles. Some years ago it was decided to rid the city of the dogs. The measure was justified, especially in view of the motor-cars, but the manner in which it was carried out was too cruel to speak of.

Anxious to visit the Green Mosque of Brusa (Yeshil Jami'), I went by steamer to Mudania, whence I proceeded by train to the historic town. I was greatly struck by the sight of the veiled women huddled together in the bows, screened from the passengers and crew by a canvas awning. The mosque,

TRAVEL IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA

built in 1420 by Sultan Muhammad I, is one of the gems of Muslim architecture ; but nothing was then being done to preserve it from the ravages of time.

In 1894 I studied daily in the British Museum, until in October I went to Strasbourg. I used to go for lunch to the Vienna Cafe, the corner house later occupied by Negretti & Zambra, where Museum Street runs into New Oxford Street. Downstairs was a *conditorei*, or tea-shop, and upstairs a first-class Austrian restaurant, where one got the best *Wiener Schnitzel* and *Gulash* in London. Joseph, its most efficient head-waiter, was lodged during the Great War in Alexandra Palace. The lunch-time company, mainly British Museum officials, included some of the most brilliant young men of the day. Among them were Laurence Binyon, Maurice Hewlett, R. A. Streatfield, George Calderon, Cecil Bendall, the Sanskritist, Barclay Squire, the authority on musical history, and Hughes-Hughes, the paleographer. Calderon, at the age of fifty, joined up, and died a hero's death at Suvla Bay.

I went two evenings a week to the Church Lads' Brigade Club of St. Luke's, Camberwell, out of admiration for Roland Oakley, son of the well-known Dean of Manchester, who was sacrificing his life for the work. It meant mounting a bicycle at 6 p.m., and riding to Camberwell. In the club rooms I did whatever I was asked, as box, teach the fife or drum, gymnasium, sing-song, or bagatelle. The boys belonged to a very tough class; many of them earned their living hanging on by the cords to the backs of Carter Paterson vans, delivering parcels. My evening meal consisted of a hot potato in its jacket, well salted and peppered, bought on the way home from an itinerant vendor near Victoria Station, and a cup of coffee at a stall near the Marble Arch.

In the summer we took the boys into camp in Lulworth Cove. Some of us went, as advance guard, to erect the marquee, and make rough benches for meals, and we woke once to find that a herd of cattle had knocked the whole thing down in the night. I had once to sail round to Poole harbour and bring back Sir Alfred Fripp to set a broken leg in the camp.

This year I gained one of the few prizes of my life. I entered for the Ousely Scholarship, founded in memory of Sir William Gore Ousely, the orientalist. The work consisted of translation from and into Persian, and a piece of dictation. There was one other candidate, a man whose father, a well-known orientalist, had taught him Persian. When the scholarship was awarded to me, the father lodged a complaint, maintaining that his son must know more Persian than I. It was not until the two dictations were shown to him that he was convinced there had been no unfairness. The examiner was a native of Persia.

On the 23rd of October 1894 I arrived in Strasbourg, my intention being to read Arabic for a year under Professor Noldeke, one of the most brilliant

TRAVEL IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA

orientalists the world has ever seen. Many of the Arabic scholars of to-day are greatly indebted to him. I did not myself benefit as much as I should have by this golden opportunity. I cannot explain why. I suppose I was not *ready*. What would I not have given later for the chance all over again! I also read Armenian with Professor Hubschmann. I cannot explain why I did so little justice to these great teachers. It was not that I was lazy; still less was I indifferent. So keen was I that, having been told before I left London that I should be reading Ibn Hisham with Noldeke, and thinking this meant, not the Life of the Prophet, but a grammatical work by a man of the same name, I searched until I found a manuscript copy at Quaritch's, and bought it at considerable expense. No; I was not indifferent: I just had not learnt what scholarship is. At that period, as I have never ceased to regret, I had not learnt *how* to work. I do not think I even had the right ambition to become a scholar. The impress still lingered on me of the backward boy of my schooldays, and I had no-one to help me to remove it.

I took my Ph.D. degree in the German fashion, but I didn't really deserve the degree. The German fashion means the presentation of a thesis (mine was a description of the early years of Shah Isma'il of Persia, based on original sources), and a *viva voce* examination. The degree was awarded me for my Persian, of which I had a good working knowledge before I went to Strasbourg. For the *viva* one had to present oneself in full evening dress and white kid gloves. In that garb I found it difficult to collect my wits.

My failure as a student in Strasbourg was partly from my becoming too engrossed in the life around me. I made a certain number of friends outside the academic circle, and played tennis and went excursions with some of the local big-wigs like the Putkammers. My landlord was first bassoon in the State Opera, and from him I had endless anecdotes of the great conductors of the time. Von Biilow was his particular hero. I was entitled, as a student, to admission to the opera at half-price, so that I then heard more operas than I have heard since in many years put together.

It was in this home of *pate de foie gras* that I cultivated that taste for delicious food that has made a *gourmet* of me ever since—in some ways a misfortune for a poor man. My favourite dishes were *Rehriicken* and *Hasenbraten*, which I've never eaten half so good elsewhere. I joined a Students' Club, and took part in their *Kneipen*, *Kommerzen*, and *Ausfluge*, but not actively in their duelling. I got to know a number of army officers, and was allowed to ride in the Uhlanen *Reitschule*. One of the high spots of my musical memories was encountering the regiment returning to barracks in a dense morning mist, singing Lutheran hymns.

One day I received a telegram from my brother (he was superintending the building of a battleship, the *Petropavlovsk*, in St. Petersburg) that he had become engaged to a Russian girl. I decided, with my mother's permission, to go to him. That is how I came to visit Russia the first time. I paid three

other visits; two before the Revolution, and one since, but then I merely travelled home from Teheran through Russia. Although many books descriptive of Tsarist Russia have been written, Mackenzie Wallace's the most notable of the English books, I feel that old Russia has so completely disappeared that I may be excused if I give some description of the Russia I first saw.

In St. Petersburg I lived with my brother in Ekateringorskaya Prospekt. Owing to my academic contacts, I got to know a number of people outside the circle he had made, and lived a double life, which kept me busy. My brother left early in the morning for the dockyard, but I found no trouble in keeping myself amused. For one thing, thanks to Baron Victor Rosen, doyen of the Oriental Faculty of St. Petersburg University, I was permitted to attend certain of his lectures. I had to carry a permit, issued, I believe, by the Russian Foreign Office, and I felt like an ugly duckling in my civilian clothes, among the Russian students in smart uniforms, long black coats with many brass buttons, and black trousers.

I made a journey up and down the Volga, in pre-Bolshevik days one of the most instructive river-journeys in the world. The towns passed between Nijni-Novgorod and Astrakhan offered an epitome of the history of Russia. Nijni, situated at the junction of the Oka and the Volga, was composed of two cities--the old Russian city high up on the hill, with its Kremlin full of churches, and the rampart wall, and the business town on the river-bank, where the annual market and fair were held, famous chiefly for the trade in furs. Here one encountered rough men from all over Siberia, Persia, and Central Asia, handling bales of furs of every description, while experts separated the furs into heaps according to quality, doing it with the rapidity of a hand dealing cards. I was fascinated by the black Astrakhan sheepskins, for they looked all so much alike, yet to the connoisseur were immediately distinguishable the one from the other. One ruminates on the history of this or that fur; for, beginning in the rough and tumble of a fair, it ends, splendid but solitary, in the window of a Paris or Viennese furrier.

Leaving Nijni by steamer, one came next to the ancient Tartar capital of Kazan, a Muslim town with domes and minarets. After leaving it we had much trouble with the sandbanks, which in the Volga change position in the most unexpected ways. A special service of men has to be employed to mark the course, by posts during daylight and by lamps at night: they do this the whole length of the river, whose banks are dotted with the huts in which they live. Though this service was nominally maintained by the State, the only money that ever reached the men, I was told, came from the steamship companies, the most famous that of Zeveke & Co. It was owing to the kindness of Mr. Zeveke that I was able to make the trip on the Volga in one of the company's stern-wheel steamers.

Most of the people on board seemed to subsist on water-melons (*kharbuz*),

TRAVEL IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA

great green fruits larger than a rugby football, with rather hard red and white interiors, but very good to eat. One end of the steamer was piled high with this fruit.

The next town we came to was the purely modern Russian town of Samara, where there is a long railway bridge. It suffered terribly during the great famine of 1920. The town of Tsaritzin, the next place of call, is a German settlement. Here one sometimes hears German spoken in the streets, and the shop signs are often in German as well as in Russian. Tsaritzin, now called Stalingrad, began as a fort erected, after the fall of Astrakhan, to prevent raiding by Kalmucks, Kirghiz, and Circassians. At a much later date, I think in the time of Catherine the Great, a German colony was settled here, I do not know with what object.

The last landing-stage is Astrakhan, the town that has given its name to Persian lambskins, for no particular reason. We were now in the land of the Kalmucks. The city, situated on the left bank of the river, was on the typical Russian plan, with a walled Kremlin and many churches. The Kalmucks, true nomads, do not live in the city, but are found in tents in the surrounding steppe.

I did not return to Strasbourg from Russia but to London. What happened to me there I relate in the next chapter.

V

Professorship of Persian in London and Edward Granville Browne 1895-1897

I returned from Russia in 1895 with considerable additions to my mental outfit. I had taken a degree. I had studied Arabic with Professor Noldeke and Baron Victor Rosen. I had learnt a good deal of Russian, and had travelled from Finland to the Caspian. But I was still no nearer finding regular employment than when I left school. I had determined to be an orientalist, with Persian as my chief subject. But this was a mere gamble, and I had no post in view. As I had never gone to Oxford or Cambridge, I imagined the gates of those great universities would be closed to me, and I could not aspire to a post there. Since, in order to become a British Museum official in the Oriental Department, one has to pass a Civil Service examination, including Latin and Greek, that door was also closed to me. I don't really know how I had the assurance to continue studies that seemed to offer no opening.

It had oddly enough never occurred to me that University College, London, might require my services, though Arabic and Persian were both taught there, mainly in connection with the I.C.S. Probationer Courses. The professor at that time was my old friend, Dr. Rieu, Keeper of the Oriental Books and Manuscripts in the British Museum. Dr. Rieu was near the age of retirement from the Museum, and, when the Lord Almoner's Chair of Arabic in Cambridge became vacant on the death of Robertson Smith, it was offered to and accepted by him.

Two orientalist vacancies thus occurred simultaneously. *Pro forma* I offered myself as a candidate for the vacancy in the British Museum, but that I would not have done, had I known that my rival was no less a scholar than Dr. Barnett, who in his Classical Tripos papers, it is said, had made his examiners run to their lexicons. I do not think I applied for the Chair at University College, for I knew that a far better scholar than myself, Arthur Strong, was a candidate. In the event the Chair was divided into two, the Arabic given to Strong, and the Persian to me, to my intense surprise. I was twenty-five years of age, and I had at last become a bread-winner, but only on a very small scale compared with the high-sounding title of my post. During my five years' tenure of the professorship my salary never quite

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

reached £50 per annum. All depended on the number of I.C.S. men who took up Persian for their final examination, and they never exceeded twelve. I went to University College four days a week, and enjoyed the teaching work, the first I had ever done, very much. The students represented the picked men of Oxford and Cambridge, and many of them I was destined to meet again when I went to India myself.

I added to the princely sum by reviewing for *The Athenaeum*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and *The Daily Chronicle*. As I dealt only with books on the East, this work did not amount to much. I wrote most of my reviews after my mother had gone to bed. In those days there was a clearance of pillar boxes at 3 a.m., which meant first post delivery in London. An entry in my diary, on my being given my Indian appointment, reads:

There is nothing from which I shall be more thankful to escape, by going to India, than reviewing, my main source of income. When I look back over the past few years, I realize that the greatest worries and anxieties that I have endured, have been attributable to books which I have had to review. . . . The game has not been worth the candle. For my sins I still have half a dozen books on my hands, and I feel perfectly incapable, not merely of reviewing them, but even of reading them.'

When, a very youthful professor, I joined University College, I was lucky enough to be thrown among brilliant and delightful men, whom it would have been difficult to get to know in any other way. It will always be a source of pride to me that I was so well received. I don't know what my colleagues found in me except high spirits; but they evidently overlooked much that was missing. We met at lunch, retiring afterwards to the Common Room, where we cooked and drank coffee and smoked. The company as a rule included Carey Foster, the Provost; Sir Richard Thane, the doctor; Oliver, the botanist; Karl Pearson, the statistician; Sir William Ramsay, the chemist; W. P. Ker, Professor of English; Arthur Piatt, Professor of Greek, and A. E. Housman, Professor of Latin, author of *The Shropshire Lad*. The talk of these men was a perpetual joy, and I, a kind of child among the elders, was the willing butt of their wit.

My chief friends were Ramsay, Ker, and Piatt, and them I saw outside the college also. Ramsay, a most lovable man, was a fine German and French scholar to boot. He was at that time actively engaged in discovering the Inert gases', argon, neon, etc., which made him famous. I have kept one letter from him, written to me in Simla from Tighnabruaich in the Highlands, and beginning, after a word or two about that address, with: 'I enjoy doing nothing so much, and get so little time to do nothing.' Ramsay was much interested then in a man I was sure to meet in India, Travers, who had just been appointed to the Principalship of the Tata Institute in Southern India. He described the work Travers was coming to India to do, as 'exploring the whole country from a chemico-physics bacteriological point of view'.

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

W. P. Ker was not an easy man to get to know. He spoke slowly and very little, but everything he said was worth listening to, if one could hear it. He had a bronzed and rather rugged complexion: a thin nose, glittering eyes, and very thin lips. His lips, when he was amused, or even only just about to make a remark, closed so tightly that his mouth disappeared. His knowledge of European literature, especially Scandinavian, was astounding.

He called his work in the lecture-room the 'Daily Jaw'. He came into the room with a great pile of books under his arm, but he seemed to use no notes. He was a bachelor, living happily in simply furnished rooms in Gower Street, among his books. I often visited him there, and, if I found him alone and in the mood, he would talk for hours. He had a line of humour, almost uncanny in its buried wisdom.

I need not dwell on the value of Ker's teaching to all other teachers of English literature; but I should like to quote his characterization of the fourth stanza of Shelley's *West Wind* ode—

*If I were a dead leaf thou might est bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, . . .—*

as 'a return of the worshipping mind to its own weakness'.

Arthur Piatt was a very different type, if as fine a scholar. He was as forthcoming as W. P. was reserved, capable even of telling one that there was a new Poole baby called Joan, 'whom, of course, we must call "the Yellow Chicken" ' [Joan Poole -jaune poule]. His range of learning and interests was amazing. Of his Greek scholarship I was unable to judge (he translated the *De Generatione Animalium* of Aristotle for the Clarendon Press), but his precise knowledge of many subjects, among them Spanish bibliography and music, used to take one by surprise. He knew the *opus* number of all the most famous symphonies, concertos, quartettes, preludes and fugues, and so forth. We sometimes read Calderon together, and were so greatly struck by the triteness of a passage in *El Magico Prodigioso* that for ever after we quoted it to one another, on anyone's saying anything particularly trite:

*No tiene
Tantas estrellas el cielo,
Tantas arenas el mar,
Tantas eentellas elfuego,
Tantos atomos el dia,
Ni tantas plumas el viento,
Como el per dona pecados.¹*

¹ Professor Entwistle has kindly given this translation: The sky hath not so many stars, nor the sea sands, nor sparks the fire, nor sunny atoms dance by day, nor hath the wind such feathered populace, as He for sins hath pardon.—J. A. C.

AND EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

Piatt amused himself with learning some Persian, and taught his children, my friends will know why, to call me *diraz-gush*, meaning *long-eared*, or, in the nursery, something less respectful. He bought a fox-terrier just after I had left for India, and the Common Room christened it Ross, 'to commemorate the departed,' he put it. The dog came from Whiteley's, and was billed for between kidneys and a leg of mutton; thus:

1 pd. kidneys	4 6
1 fox-terrier	2 10 0
1 leg of mutton	7 6

One day I received an unexpected call from Lord Dufferin, no longer ambassador in Paris. He had come to say that he wanted to read Persian with me. I had heard that, while Viceroy in India, he had taken a good deal of trouble to learn Persian. He even tried to memorize page after page of Palmer's little dictionary. He had received much help from Dr. Friedrich Rosen, the tutor of his sons, and afterwards a correspondent of my own on 'Omar Khayyam, of whose work he was a profound student. Lord Dufferin begged me nowhere to mention that he was having Persian lessons, giving as the reason for this secrecy that Lady Dufferin disapproved. She considered that it was a waste of time for a man to study Persian; for the probability is that the *houris* in Paradise talk only Arabic!

In those days Lord Dufferin was very deaf; so during his lessons he sat in a low chair on my left hand in order to hear better. When they came to an end, he gave me a copy of his delightful *Letters from High Latitudes*; in which he describes a trip to Iceland. It is full of humour. There is, for example, the sad tale of the cock that got so confused by the unusual behaviour of the sun in those northerly climes, that 'he took a calenture and died'. There is the amusing speech Lord Dufferin addressed in dog Latin to the grandees of Rykjavik, beginning: 'Insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum ego propere respondere ad complimentum. . . .'

I have mentioned A. E. Housman in passing in this chapter. This is the one note from him that I have kept:

'I return the suit with many thanks. It was a pride to me and a joy to all beholders, and I hope it is not damaged by the cold sweat which broke out upon me when I found I was expected to sum up the debate. The tie-clips are in the waist-coat pocket.

Yours faithfully and obliged,

A. E. H.'

I saw a good deal of Edmund Gosse about this time, he being a near Paddington neighbour. A story he told me of his father does not figure, I believe, in his delightful *Father and Son*. At the funeral service of a friend the elder Gosse gave out a hymn in the following words: 'Brethren, let us now sing hymn 152, a great favourite with the Remains.'

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

Edward Granville Browne, 'the greatest Cantab of his day', frequently invited me to stay with him at Pembroke, where he had the rooms which had once housed the younger Pitt, and there I passed some of the most delightful days and evenings of my life. E. G. B. at that time was almost entirely engrossed in research into the origin and history of the Babi religion. It is a matter for regret that he should have devoted so many years to the minutest inquiries into this subject; for he might have been turning his vast knowledge to more useful account. For example, what a fine history of Persia he could have written! It is, of course, true that the rise of the Bab and the persecution of his followers bore a close resemblance to the rise of Christianity, and that they had engrossed the attention of Count Gobineau.¹

It has fallen to me to write two memorials of Browne: an introduction to his *Year Among The Persians*, one of the great English classics of travel, and a memoir for the *D.N.B.* Now, after many years' interval, I find myself again reviving past memories of my intercourse with this most remarkable and lovable man.

His outstanding characteristic was his infectious enthusiasm for the matter in hand, whatever it might be. Among his earliest friends was E. J. W. Gibb, who had devoted the whole of his life to the study of Ottoman poetry. When Gibb died, only one volume of his monumental *History of Ottoman Poetry* had appeared, if most of the matter for the other five volumes had been gathered in. As a labour of love E. G. B. took upon himself the onerous task of seeing the whole Work through the press, completing the unfinished parts, and this involved an immense amount of research, for every quotation had to be verified, and the originals of the many poems translated by Gibb had to be traced to their sources, often in rare manuscripts, and copied for the printer. It fell to Browne, too, to establish with five other scholars and Gibb's widow the 'E. J. W. Gibb Memorial', founded with a sum of money given by the scholar's mother. This Trust has published upwards of thirty texts and translations of Turkish, Arabic, and Persian authors, and it was E. G. B., up to the time of his death, who was the moving spirit of the Trust.

His own great *History of Persian Literature*, in four volumes, is too well known to require any comment of mine.

For *A Persian Anthology: E. G. Browne* Mr. Atkins wrote an introductory memoir, while I contributed a note on Persian poetry. In this I have in one part:

The two greatest writers of quatrains were Abu Sa'id ibn Abi'l-Khayr and Omar Khayyam. Evidently out of respect for FitzGerald's marvellous renderings of Omar, E. G. B. never published any renderings of his own. He

¹ For the titles of two of Gobineau's books see Arnold's letter (p. 170): his interest in the Persian passion plays is well known from Matthew Arnold's essay on that subject in *Essays in Criticism*.—J. A. C.

AND EDWARL

did, however, translate a number of quatrains by Omar's forerunner, Abu Sa'id ibn Abi'l-Khayr, who died a few years after Omar was born.'

These, with other of Browne's verse-translations from the Persian, are to be found, of course, in the anthology.

E. G. B. had a gift possessed by few orientalists; namely, of being able to write letters in the oriental languages he professed. He was equally at home when writing in Arabic, Persian, or Turkish. He also spoke all these languages, if he had not a very good pronunciation of them, though it was better than his French accent, which was frankly atrocious.

I knew E. G. B. (always known at Cambridge by the absurdly inappropriate nickname of 'Johnny') in two distinct phases of his life; first, as a bachelor in Pembroke, then as a married man in Firwood, his house in Trumpington Road. His rooms in Pembroke were crammed with books on shelves, on the floor, on tables. On the one space of wall not taken up by shelves were some clever posters drawn by Mark Sykes for an amateur performance of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and an oar E. G. B. had used in the third Pembroke boat. The chairs were old and musty, and there was a general air of disorder and comfort.

Before I went to India, besides constantly running down to Pembroke, I spent several long vacations there. In those days there was very delightful company at the High Table, and after dinner in the Combination Room. The men I met whom I remember best were Neil, Herries Smith, Baker, Hutchinson, Comber, Leonard Whibley, and Birtwhistle. From the Combination Room we used to move to Browne's rooms, where we were always joined by a number of undergraduates. On one of these evenings we tried table-turning, and I remember being raced down the funny old staircase into the quad by the little round table I was practising on with Jack Atkins. On another occasion E. G. B. produced some hashish he had brought from Persia (he had nearly fallen a victim to the drug there), and several of us tried it, including myself. It produced the most extraordinary sensations of happiness and exaggeration. Everything in the room seemed to grow to immense proportions, one losing all sense of one's size. Gautier, in his *Notice* on Baudelaire, writing after Baudelaire himself on the effect of hashish, says:

'II specifie parfaitement bien le caractere propre des hallucinations du haschich, qui ne cree rien, mais developpe seulement la disposition particuliere de l'individu en l'exagerant jusqu'a la derniere puissance. Ce qu'on voit, c'est soi-meme agrandi, sensibilise, excite d'ömesurement, hors du temps et de l'espace dont la notion disparait, dans un milieu d'abord reel, mais qui bientot se deforme, s'accentue, s'exagere....'

I shall never forget the arrival one afternoon of a distinguished Continental orientalist invited to stay in Pembroke. He carried in his hand a cardboard case containing a gibus (collapsible opera-hat). Having bidden him welcome, E. G. B. said he would tell the lodge porter to take his luggage

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

up to his rooms, whereupon the professor said, pointing to the gibus case: 'Oh, but *this* is my luggage!'

When E. G. B. married, things were altogether changed. In Miss Blackburne-Daniell he found a wonderful wife, who, while entering into all his interests, and helping him in his work where she was able, made his home orderly, bright, and happy. He built himself a study looking on to the garden from two sides, and henceforward every book had its place, and all was comfort and luxury. If his bachelor days were happy, his married life, with this charming and devoted lady, was happier still. Of course, the new life meant good-bye to Pembroke, where he was sadly missed.

In later years he was apt to go to sleep after dinner, but at eleven or twelve he would wake up, and be his own brilliant self. However sleepy I might be, I always sat up for this awakening, and we would continue into the small hours, he from time to time boiling himself a cup of tea, the drink he loved above all others.

I made several journeys to the Continent with E. G. B. in the Pembroke days, visiting, among other places, Rome, where we attended an Oriental Congress, and Spain. During that Congress we had an amusing, if not academic, adventure. Playing truant one morning to the Congress, we drove out into the Campagna in a one-horse shay (*legno*). On the way back we stopped at a farm-house, and asked for a drink of wine. Large mugs were brought and emptied, and we set out again refreshed. We were actually somewhat more than refreshed; for the wine had only just been brewed, the result of the potions being something closely akin to inebriation. As we sat back in our seats in an attitude of semi-abandonment, we passed the Coliseum, where a large group of orientalist were sight-seeing. I think we waved to them. But I never discovered whether our appearance evoked special comment. E. G. B. was a wonderful travelling companion, and, which I am not myself, an indefatigable sightseer. It was a joke between us that he must see the neighbouring 'Cartuja', or Carthusian monastery, while I preferred to stay in the town and watch the people. I was, however, thrilled as much as he by the monuments of Moorish Spain, those especially of Cordova, Granada, and Toledo.

In Toledo and Seville I wrote, but did not post, two letters that have survived, and that may be given as part of this record. They are:

'We spent yesterday at Toledo. Would that I had the power to convey to you even a faint idea of the wonders, the surprises, the charm and the beauty of the little town. It is in itself an epitome of the History of Spain from the earliest times, through the days of Philip II and the Armada to the present day, with its steel factories and bull-fights. There, for example, you find a Roman Coliseum, a Visigoth Palace, a Moorish Castle, an Arab Mosque, a Jewish Synagogue, a Gothic Church, and medieval fortifications. Nearly all



EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWN

the churches have been mosques originally, and some synagogues. But the whole town to-day is really Moorish: all the dwelling-houses are still on the oriental plan, with a courtyard in the middle, and hanging windows looking out on the streets, which are most of them too narrow for vehicular traffic, and some too narrow for a loaded mule to pass along. Most of the houses, as they now stand, date further back than the fifteenth century—and the whole town is lit with electric light! It is impossible to find one's way without a guide. Every street contains some gem of architecture, either a Moorish house or palace or a church or ancient mosque or an archway—one house which now serves as a *posada*, or common inn, is the actual building in which the Inquisition held its fearful tribunals. The cells on the ground floor and underground, in which the prisoners were confined and tortured, are in their primitive state, with the same old numbers in faience over the doors. In one little underground cell were three mules munching hay; and it was in this cell that the awful torture of the "drop of water" used to be carried out. There is also shown the house where Cervantes wrote a part of *Don Quixote*; absolutely unchanged, they say, since his day. There are fascinating curiosity shops, in one of which I purchased a manuscript signed by Philip IV (the man Velazquez was always painting) and the chief officials of his court, including the then Archbishop of Toledo, conferring the title of Hidalgo on a man whose brother, apparently, had done good service for the State: it is dated 1636.'

'Seville. Saturday before Easter. 3.30 p.m. I may mention before starting that I am enjoying the best of health, in spite of the fact that I have been plagued beyond measure by the mosquitoes, which, however, disfigure more than they harm. And now what shall I tell you first? Shall I continue my diary where I left it off, or shall I begin at once with the Holy Week in Seville? I think I took you down to our arrival in Granada on Thursday night. We spent Friday morning in the Alhambra. Now I suppose the name Alhambra suggests to the average mind a Moorish palace comprising among other beauties the famous Court of Lions. In the days of the Moors it served as palace and citadel. It is situated on the crest of a steep precipice, at the foot of which runs a dirty little river about three or four yards wide. It is built entirely of red bricks, and the whole exterior of towers and palaces alike is absolutely plain. Seen from the hill on the other side of the river—the quarter of the town where the gypsies live in houses cut straight into the hillside, and comprising also the old Moorish quarter of the Aristocracy—the Alhambra looks very fine, and the precipice is overgrown with the richest vegetation. Behind it and to the right and left hand rise the beautiful snow-clad Alpujarras.'

Those two letters (not posted) belonged to a series (the others were posted) addressed to Miss Sybil Mounsey-Heysham, whose sister, Baroness Max von Boeselager, was then one of my friends, whom I visited in her home

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

in Bavaria, and who had suggested my corresponding with her sister in her home in the north of England. Miss Mounsey-Heysham and I had agreed that it would be fun to correspond regularly, but without ever meeting, and we kept it up for nearly three years, or until not long after I went to India. Her letters, expressing, I well remember, an amazing *joie de vivre*, described the activities of the writer, or the home-coming on a visit of the sister who had married and who to that extent had been lost to her. Her chief delights were playing the violin, and especially the music composed for the violin by Max Bruch, and shooting the wild-fowl of the marshes and river estuary near her home. My own letters dealt with a great variety of human interests, but with music and literature mainly, and I would make her a present of anything I published, as *The Heart of Asia* or my *Omar Khayyam*. For a long time I went steadily through the letters of the alphabet. I have a note, written on the 8th February, 1900, that the letter 'b' had been chosen, and that the main topics were to be Beethoven and ballets. On March 4th the main subject was Charles XII of Sweden. I have still not met this charming lady. The nearest we ever came to meeting was when one day, as I was looking at the concert programmes in the entrance to the old St. James's Hall, I read the girl's name on the violin case that a person at my side was carrying; for it was my correspondent. Losing my head a little, I looked at her, saying: 'So that's you!' She, saying: 'Damn!' turned on her heel. She is still alive, and was recently mentioned in a letter to me written by Dr. Eileen Power, co-editor with me of the 'Broadway Travellers'. She was mentioned in that letter as just having given Dr. Power the copy I had given her long years before of *The Heart of Asia*; for she had two copies, having inherited the copy that I gave to Baroness Max von Boeselager. Another member of this group of friends was Miss Ivy Clegg, a friend and correspondent of E. G. B. also.

I never made any record of E. G. B.'s talk, but I have a large collection of letters from him, and these writings contain, naturally, much that he would have talked about to anybody that had been present. With certain of these letters, and with extracts from still others, I will continue:

'*Kayrowan. 7 April 1898.* I think it may amuse you to hear what this country, which we thought of visiting together,... is like. Tunis is on the whole a disappointing town, though it improves on acquaintance, and the Arab quarter there is fine; but this place—the one unapproachable and jealously-guarded city of Kayrowan—is perfectly splendid—an entirely Arab town save for the few European buildings on the south side of the town outside the walls. It is a most curious thing how entirely the fanaticism which prevailed here before the French occupation has evaporated. You can walk about wherever you list in the town, sit and drink coffee in the Moorish cafes, visit the mosques (a thing permitted in no other Tunisian town) and sit about and sketch, etc., as you please, without the least difficulty or molestation.

The people are most friendly, especially when they find I can read and write Arabic. I find I can talk fairly well to the more educated, who have had a literary training, but not much with the common folk. The French Controleur-civile (M. Gallepe). . . has been most kind. Learning that I was very anxious to see the old manuscripts preserved in the Great Mosque (of Sidi 'Okba) he arranged to take me there yesterday with the Bash Mufti, Muhammad Siddam, and a dear old Sheykh named Al-Sheykh Muhammad 'Azum. The manuscripts are not very interesting from the literary point of view, as they are only Kurans and commentaries, but they are of very great interest paleographically. I never saw so much Kufi—many volumes of it—mostly left to the Mosque in the fifth century of the Hijra, but of course much older in themselves. I do not think there are any books to be picked up here, but M. Gallepe is going to make inquiries.

'I do not know how long I shall stay here—probably over to-morrow anyhow, as I have to see the wonderful and I believe rather horrible performances of the 'Aissawan—a sort of dervish order who excel the Rufa'is in self-torture and mortification. I then think of going down the coast (first visiting the ruins of al-Jem) to Sfax, Gabes, and Jerba (the Island of the Lotophagi). I have still some ten days at my disposal ere I need start back, as my lectures do not begin till April 25.'

Newcastle-on-Tyne. 27 September 1891. . . . As regards your idea of going to Meshed, it is "a far cry" there, and rather a hot-bed of fanaticism when you reach it. I am all in favour of going to the East if you can, but you could get all that you wanted much nearer than that—Constantinople, Syria, or Egypt, for example. My first introduction to the East was at Constantinople. I went there for two months just after I took my degree in 1882. I got a passage in a merchant-steamer given me, and landed on Turkish soil having spent only £2. There you will find "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia" in every variety. There are some very learned Persians living there in exile or of choice or for business. If you want I could give you a letter to some of these. One with whom I constantly correspond is in my opinion one of the finest scholars I have come across, and has supplied me with masses of precious information, so that I am inclined to concur in the estimate he gave of himself (quoting from Mutanabbi)

*The night and the horse-troop, and the desert know me,
And blows and war and the paper and the pen.¹*

¹ E. G. B. himself, in his *Literary History of Persia*, vol. i, p. 370, describing the death of this famous Arab poet, has: 'Being worsted in the combat, al-Mutanabbi was preparing to take to flight when his slave cried to him: "Let it never be said that you fled from the combat, you who are the author of this verse:

*lam known to the horse-troop, the night and the desert's expanse,
Not more to the paper and pen than the sword and the lance!"*—J. A. C.

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

As this is the book of an orientalist, I may be forgiven if I crowd some pages with those names of persons and languages with which we were all so concerned; of whom and of which we so often wrote and spoke. To omit the dates of the letters:

'I have read some of Harlez' articles on Pahlavi, but don't think he is up to Darmcsteter, whose doctrines he would fain overthrow. It is an odd thing that a good Avesta scholar very often makes a bad Pahlavi scholar. I fancy minds have naturally a Semitic or an Aryan turn, and rarely both. And Harlez is too many-sided. He has gone off on Mongolian and Mantchu lately.*

'Many thanks for your letter and reviews of X's work. The latter I return, with a few rather trivial notes. The Isma'ili books he describes are very interesting: I only wish his descriptions were more adequate.

There are still Isma'ilis in Persia: two were assassinated during the Revolution, and the British Government made a row to please the Agha Khan. Their revolt in Yazd-Kirman in 1842 was quite serious.

'The Isma'ilis of Shugnai-Rawshan are interesting, as they are probably the descendants of Nasir-i-Khusraw's disciples. His final place of retirement was Yamgan, which I think is in that part of the world.

'The question of Sufiism and Isma'ili doctrine is interesting and there is a curious connection through Shams-i-Tabriz; but it must be borne in mind that ostensibly all the great Sufi poets of the older time, like 'Attar and Jalalu'd-Din, are Sunnis.'

'As for the future of Babiism, I may very likely be wrong in thinking it may yet make no small stir in the world, but at any rate I am wrong in good company, for I believe M. Renan has expressed the same opinion in *Les Apotres*. Anyhow its interest to me is quite apart from its success or failure. I think it throws much light on the history of religion, and it is a manifestation of a heroic spirit rare enough in these days. Remember

*How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes.'*

'Schefer talks Persian beautifully and has published many good texts and well selected. Barbier de Meynard is also admirable in the highest degree. I respect the French orientalists and their Asiatic Society immeasurably, and would that ours were half as good.'

'I have been spending two days at Redcar with the Bells, and have made the acquaintance of Miss Gertrude Bell, who is really wonderful. She was travelling about alone in Syria among the Druzes, etc., wearing a *kepye* and *'uqal*, and has since been climbing the most formidable aiguilles at Chamonix. Now she is off to Naples by long sea with her father, and they talk of spending the winter in India.... I am glad you are getting on with the

India Office Catalogue. As regards *kabikaj*, it constantly occurs in manuscripts from India, and is said (by Cowell) to be an invocation to either the *King of the Cockroaches* or an *Angel concerned with the repression of exuberant cockroaches and other insects* which destroy books, to protect the book in question from their onslaughts.'

'If you care for an introduction to Prof. Vambery, I think you would find him *most valuable*. He knows more about Turks of every kind than anyone else, I should think, and has many friends amongst the influential Turks of Constantinople. I have corresponded with him, and he has stayed with my father at Newcastle when he was lecturing there, so that in case of need (i.e. failing anyone who knows him more intimately) I could perhaps venture to give you an introduction.'

'If you are going to Geneva I will introduce you to Paul Horn, Persian lecturer at Strassburg, who will be there. I will also give you a letter to Nolldeke¹ when you have finally settled.

'I think you will do very well to go to St. Petersburg afterwards. There are such good men there—Rosen, Salemann, and Schukovsky. I had a letter from the second about the Old Persian Commentary a day or two ago.'

'I only know Dr. Mills by name, and am not familiar with his work, as I have but dabbled in Zend under the auspices of Professor Cowell, who is enthusiastic about it. Personally I find the Zend Avesta singularly unattractive; it seems mainly to serve as a battle-field for rival philologies. Pahlavi is, I think, far more interesting, and I have a great admiration for Haug, West, Darmesteter, and other Pahlavi scholars.

'Of course it is very hard to judge what anyone else would like or what would suit them. My own feeling is that living languages are more interesting than dead ones as a rule, and that it is the human interest of being able to put one's self in actual contact with a new world of thought which lives and moves in a different orbit to us that makes the study of languages interesting. Now with Zend I am never quite sure that I am actually in contact with anything but the ingenious speculations of comparative philologists.'

'I am very glad you are not thinking of giving up Persian. I did rather fancy from what you said in your letter that the older languages had begun to exercise a greater fascination over you. A knowledge of them is most precious for the study of modern Persian, and, with a knowledge of Arabic, would lift a man quite beyond the general run of Persian scholars. But I think there is far more unworked ground in modern Persian literature than in Zend or Pahlavi, and the Arabic literature of Persia (i.e. nearly all their philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence) is a branch in itself which is almost unexplored, professed Arabic scholars rather disdaining it as "post classi-

¹ E. G. B. always spells the name in this way.—J. A. C.

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

cal". I am very glad you have been having some more lessons in Persian with a Persian. There is nothing better than that. Also it is good to try and talk as soon as you can. I learned to talk Persian pretty fluently in London, and though of course I improved enormously in Persia, I could still hold rational converse with Persians from the very moment I crossed the frontier.

'As regards *openings*, as I have said, they are rare and not to be depended on, but when they do turn up it is too late for a man to set to work to learn the language with a view to getting them. You have to learn it from love and in faith, and if you learn it well it is hard if the opportunity doesn't come sooner or later. As the Turks say

"'God builds the blind bird's nest",

or, if you prefer it in Persian—

"If thou art a pearl of price, fear not,

For fortune will not suffer you to be wasted." '

'(December 1908)... I am glad you are coming home on leave, and hope you will succeed in getting something at home, but it is a great chance whether anything turns up. You are wasted in India, and I doubt if even you, the least officially minded of men by nature, can permanently withstand the demoralizing influence of Anglo-Indian environment. Your lack of sympathy with the Persian Constitution distresses me a great deal, and I ascribe it to this cause; but of course you do not know Taqizada and the other leaders of the popular party, and cannot therefore realize what fine and capable and honest men they are. I saw a horrible and most misguiding and misleading article on Persia in the *Englishman* (Calcutta). . . and I suppose that represents the view popular amongst Anglo-Indians. However the Turks have given the lie to the old myth about Asiatics being incapable of representative government, and, please God, the Persians will emphasize what the Turks have declared, let the *Englishman* eat dirt as it will. Anyhow Lynch and I are doing all we can to secure the Persian Constitutionalists fair play and to enlist sympathy on their side in this country. This has been an arduous business, and things are going ahead now, but I won't enter into details, as I do not know whether I should find in you a sympathetic listener on this subject, which, however, lies very close to my heart. I cannot understand how any one who feels that the Persians are a great and talented people, capable of doing much in the future as they have in the past for the intellectual health of the world, can fail to be wholly with them in this great crisis. . . . '

Professor Cowell has been mentioned: he and E.G.B. had long been neighbours in Cambridge, when Dr. Rieu joined that society after leaving the British Museum. Then his name begins to occur in E. G. B.'s letters, and

AND EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

I might give an extract in which he is mentioned; but I have a letter from Dr. Rieu himself, and will give it as better still. This letter from the great scholar I owed to my having contributed to the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* a translation of a memoir of Omar Khayyam from the pen of the Russian Schukovski. Dr. Rieu's letter is:

My dear Ross,

Dear Cowell called here yesterday. He was much excited about the identity of the author of the article on Omar Khayyam. He thought it must have been written by a namesake of yours who wrote five years ago a paper upon the *Divan i Shems i Tebriz*. Say what I could I think he left me but half convinced. Perhaps you had better write a word to him to set his mind at ease. Nor is he convinced of the cogency of Schukovsky's argumentation on the wandering Ruba'is. No more am I. By the bye why do you go so far to seek for the meaning of the first line of the Ruba'i on p. 359. It seems plain enough. Omar salutes the Donkey as the Avatar of a former professor and says:

O thou who wert gone and art come back, nay, whose very name is become one of the names lost, etc.

. . . This reminds me of a professor at Geneva to whose lecture-room the students had brought a donkey. He quite unconcerned took his seat and said 'A vos places, Messieurs, ça ne fait qu'un de plus.' It was not a Ruba'i, but it turned the laughter against the students, as Omar's against the professor's *crimen lesae majestatis*.

I hope you will go on with the *MuzafTariyyah* and give us the substance of other contributions especially those of Ganzburg and Oldenburg.

yours affectionately,

13 May 98

CH. RIEU

Professor Cowell wrote to me the very next day, and on the same subject:

My dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your paper *Al-Muzaffariye*. It is very interesting, but I do not quite see how Professor Schukovsky draws his inference in p. 365 about the least debatable quatrains. Why should these 'wandering' quatrains supply any criterion one way or the other as to the character of Omar's genuine work? And even granting that they do, why should we ignore the fact that a third are devoted to love, wine, and self-indulgence, in estimating their verdict? Surely the evidence of B., the oldest MS., is more important.

Yours sincerely

E. B. COWELL

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

On the 28th of November, 1900, again from Cambridge, Professor Cowell wrote this:

My dear friend,

I have read your book and am delighted with your 'Life and Times of Omar',—in fact with all your introduction. You have quite settled the disputed points. I am loth to give up the three school friends, but your arguments are unanswerable. I can only console myself with the old saying 'tant pis pour les faits'.

I feel very unwilling to write any more, and rather ashamed as well; so you must forgive me and turn the page as quickly as possible.

I have read the Commentary also with great interest, but I cannot think that the Quatrains deserve that intense appreciation. I cannot help thinking that the author takes them too seriously. My admiration for Omar's Ruba'iyat is from the literary point of view—I have always loved them and admired them as grand poetry but not as a philosophy of life. Our 'Oxford Bible' used to teach us that our only chance of happiness lay in striving to fulfil the law of our highest nature, and Omar himself spent his life 'scorning delights and living laborious days' as earnestly as Aristotle himself. This is why I could not recommend the Commentary—greatly as I admire its keen criticisms—to an enthusiastic young man, whose very enthusiasm, the noblest part of his nature, might hinder him from distinguishing between the poet and the mathematician, and so between the *parergon* and the *ergon* of Omar's life.

Pray forgive what I have written and let me see you from time to time when you come to Cambridge. I am an old man now and have no time to read Persian, but I love the old books which FitzGerald and I used to read in Oxford days nearly fifty years ago, and it will be a very great pleasure to talk about them with you. I can tell you nothing, but you can tell me a great deal of the deepest interest.

Believe me

Yours most sincerely,

EDWD. B. COWELL

Surely no letter from an old and greatly honoured scholar to a man not yet in his thirties can ever have borne witness to a lovelier and more mellow soul.

Here, as Gertrude Lowthian Bell and Al-Mutanabbi have both been mentioned, I may bring in a letter from her that I still possess, first explaining that, travelling in Burma, she telegraphed for a line of Al-Mutanabbi, which I telegraphed back from Calcutta. This is her letter or note:

Dear Mr. Ross,

Thank you so very much for the prompt despatch of the quotation which is exactly the couplet I want. I am going, however, to be very tiresome

AND EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

and ask you if you would be so kind as to write it out for me on a bit of paper that I may send it to my man. I am so desperately afraid of making a mistake in the pointing which would be a blot on my scholarship and a sore to my eyes for the rest of my days, c/o the Chartered Bank, Singapore, will find me.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GERTRUDE BELL

I have one more letter to give here; this one from a Swedish savant to E. G. B. but mainly about a matter concerning myself, one in which Dr. Rieu, as I afterwards learned from Browne, took a lot of trouble. I might, as will appear, have become a traveller in Arabia, but I decided against that, and E. G. B. thought that I was wise. The letter is from the Comte de Landberg: it is an eloquent tribute, which makes another reason why I should give it, to the position among orientalists that E. G. B., even at that early date, had won for himself:

*Haute Baviere, Schloss Tutzing
le 14 mai 1896*

Cher Monsieur le Professeur,

Mon secretaire avait mis une fausse adresse, et moi, j'avais totalement oublie que vous etes le *tres digne* successeur de mon excellent ami R[obertson] S[mith], avec qui j'ai passe tout un hiver au Caire; rahmat Allah! Vous avez tant de merites et vous avez tant fait pour la science orientale, que l'Angleterre peut etre heere de vous. Votre Supplement est une *merveille*. Et les services de bibliothecaire que vous avez rendus aux savants! Vous etiez devenu le factotum de tous les orientalistes.

Votre lettre est pour moi, ou pourra deviner, d'une importance extreme. Voici en peu de mots ma situation. Vous savez que je suis Suedois, mais je suis devenu cosmopolite, habitant l'Auemagne depuis quinze ans. J'ecris pour la plupart en francais, mais cela ne me convient plus, vu que j'ai transfere mes etudes sur le territoire anglais—l'Arabie du Sud. Mesyeux sont assez mauvais, car je travaille beaucoup. Or, j'ai un secretaire que l'ami Noldeke m'a procure, un eleve a lui; mais ce monsieur ne sait que l'allemand, et quoique j'aie fait mes etudes en Allemagne, je ne veux publier en cette langue peu connue hors de l'Allemagne. En outre, il n'a pas invente la poudre. M. Denison Ross voudrait peut-etre devenir mon secretaire? C'est une place sure. Il devra voyager avec moi dans l'Arabie du Sud ou nos amis anglais font tout pour moi. Je connais mal l'anglais, et voila mon malheur, car je veux publier mes recherches et les rcits de mes explorations en anglais. Il serait pourtant necessaire qu'il sache la stenographic, ce qu'il pourra apprendre. Croyez-vous qu'il veuille accepter cette place? Je suppose qu'il est anglais sachant l'anglais a perfection. Mon but est d'elever un successeur qui continue mes etudes de dialectes arabes. Si Mr. D. R. est

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

dispose a entrer avec moi en pourparlers, je viendrai a Londres ou j'irai en tout cas, pour m'equiper pour ma prochaine campagne dans TArabie du Slid en mois d'Octobre. Je vous serais bien reconnaissant, si vous vouliez me dire si une proposition directe de ma part aurait chance de succes. Croyez-moi, cher monsieur,

votre tout devoue,

LANDBERG

Ce qu'il pourra apprendre'? I hardly thought myself that I ever could; shorthand would beat my effort, I thought, much more than it beat David Copperfield's.

Another eloquent testimony to E. G. B. is in a letter from A. G. Ellis to myself, written just after Browne's appointment as Dr. Rieu's successor in the Sir Thomas Adams Chair of Arabic at Cambridge, and it is a tribute to Dr. Rieu also. I received this letter in Calcutta:

'Old Rieu's death causes a very great loss. Now that he is gone one fully realizes how valuable his learning and scholarship were. Unfortunately so much of what he had gathered during his long life was only preserved in his memory and has gone with him. Like my old teacher Prof. Wright, Rieu was a first-rate paleographer, but he has committed to writing even less of that art than Wright has. However, Rieu's catalogues will form a splendid and lasting memorial to their author. I presume you have heard before this that Browne has been chosen to succeed Rieu. I cannot imagine a better successor, or one who is better calculated to enhance the importance of Oriental studies at Cambridge. Browne will not only raise the standard of the studies themselves, but he will render them interesting and attract students.'

Another tribute to E. G. B. is in a letter from Robert Gauthiot:

'Dites a Browne toute mon admiration, et que je ferai visite a Asqabad, s'il a une commission pour cette ville tres persane et tres babi.'

M. Schefer and M. Barbier de Meynard have been mentioned. The latter, writing to me once when I had ventured to ask his assistance in some small matter connected with 'mes debuts dans les voies de l'erudition orientale', as he thought of it, went on to say:

'M. Ed. Browne sera d'ailleurs pour vous, dans cette circonstance comme dans toutes les phases de vos premieres tentatives, un guide excellent et le meilleur des conseillers. Je vous prie de lui transmettre mes plus affectueux souvenirs.'

Nothing could have been truer; not only did E. G. B. take pains, as those of an elder brother, to set my student footsteps on the right road, as still other letters than those I have given would more clearly show: he was as devoted to guide me later as an editor of texts. For instance, on his suggesting in '96 that I should take on the Tarikh-i-Guzida, and on my demurring

on the score of a scruple that to do that text would be poaching in Guy Le Strange's preserve, E. G. B. was at pains to write as follows:

'As for the *Guzida*, I can set your mind at rest. I had a letter from Guy le Strange in Cyprus in which he writes—

"Now I wish you would seriously entertain the idea of publishing the text of the *Tarikh-i-Guzida*: I am sure it will be worth while. It is an excellent little history, in fact quite a *chefTceuvre* among the bombastic later Persian historians. Further I could give you my MS. which is corrected and with all the variants of the old Shiraz MS. written in : so much of the work of reconstituting the text is already done, and some one of your scholars might do a working translation. I cannot do it, for I have forgotten all my Persian, but what I could do is to verify the names and genealogies from Tabari and Ibnu'l-Athir- I mean the Hasans and Huseyns and the Mongol names from Haworth and company. Think it over. . . ."

'So you see Guy le Strange is not thinking of doing the text himself, and his opinion as to its importance coincides with mine. . . . If you decide to undertake it I will write to Guy le Strange and I daresay he will lend us the MS., especially if I explain to him that this is our joint scheme, and that I will help you with the *Guzida* and ask your help for the *Dawlatshah*. I strongly recommend you to take it up. . . . Let me hear from you about the *Guzida*.'

By and by I received from Le Strange this characteristic letter from Florence:

3, via San Francesco Poverino
Florence
14th Oct. 1896.

My dear Ross,

. . . Now I am perfectly ready to send you my copy of MS. of *Tarikh-i-Guzideh* and of my MS. translation of the same made some seventeen years ago at Shiraz, if you will undertake to use them for an edition of Text and Translation of the said work. The only thing for which I stipulate is that you should use my two MSS.

If they are to lie idle on your shelf, they might as well repose in the better climate of Florence....

The MSS. could easily come by parcel post: and you can keep them as long as you want them. The MS. of the *Tarikh-i-Guzideh* is valuable because, though not itself a good copy, it has been collated by me throughout with a very old MS. which Farhad Mirza (?) of Shiraz borrowed (or stole) for me; and further I read it through with a good Persian Mirza and made the alterations—in margin—which he suggested.

Now what are your plans?

Ever yrs. most truly,

GUY LE STRANGE

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

Le Strange sent the two manuscripts and another manuscript of the *Tarikh-i-Guzida* was procured through the kind offices of Baron Victor Rosen in St. Petersburg. If I may give his letter also:

St. Petersb.

Cher Monsieur,

Dans la seance d'aujourd'hui de l'Academie j'ai demande et obtenu l'envoi du mscr. du *Tarikh-i-Guzida* qui vous interesse. Le mscrit. malheureusement ne peut pas vous etre envoye a votre adresse, les regies ne le permettant pas, mais il sera adresse au British Museum, ou il pourra etre retenu quatre mois, en comptant de la date d'arrivee. Le mscrit. commencera donc ses voyages ces jours-ci. Mais n'allez pas croire que vous le verrez a Londres de sitot. Le voyage doit etre accompli par voie diplomatique, par les chancelleries du ministere des affaires etrangeres, des ambassadeurs, etc., etc. Il arrivera a Londres probablement au mois de Janvier. C'est triste, mais il n'y a rien a faire.

Le mscrit. mentionne dans mon catalogue persan est date '855 de rhgire' et c'est un bon mscrit. Pour en obtenir l'extradition il vous faudra vous adresser a votre ministre des affaires etrangeres, car le mscrit. appartient malheureusement a l'institut des langues orientales, qui, apres la mort de mon vieil et regrette ami Gamazof, est devenu tres peu accessible au public savant. Une correspondance diplomatique au sujet de l'extradition de ce mscrit. menerait sans doute a un bon resultat, mais cela durerait evidemment longtemps.

M. Barthold a ecrit une critique tres detaillee de voire *Tarikh-i-Rashidi* . . . qui paraîtra dans un mois.

tres devoue,

V. ROSEN

I had plans then, yes; good enough to satisfy Le Strange; but it ended in my making the *Tarikh-i-Guzida* over to E. G. B., from whose hands a facsimile of the text was published by the Gibb Memorial Trustees in 1911, followed by an abridged translation and indices three years later. The Persian author's name is Hamdu'llah Mustawfi. His other work, the *Nuzhatu'l-Qulub*, was undertaken by Le Strange, and published, the text in 1915, the translation in 1918. I myself, through having gone to India, had become involved in a work of editing of which I must speak in its place.

As I have said, I never played Boswell to E. G. B.'s talk, but I remember well how brilliant his talk was. Holding his listeners spellbound, however abstruse his subject might be, he always gave of his best and most brilliant, no matter who composed the audience: the colleague, the professor, the graduate, and the fresher were all regaled with the same feast. For he was rather a talker than a conversationist; but no-one who listened to him could

possibly have wished it otherwise. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, and yet one could not recall ever having heard him tell what might be called a 'current story'. His stories were drawn from one or other of two sources; either oriental literature, or the adventures of his friends or himself, and to the latter he so had the gift of adding a peculiar charm as to make one's own adventure, one happening to be the protagonist, seem new. He would remember sayings verbatim, too, that the speaker himself had quite forgotten.

Of what did he talk? Who should attempt to describe the manner of his discourse? One can recall a hundred topics that held his hearers enthralled for whole evenings. Such were visits of orientals, the Irish question, the iniquities of Tsarist Russia, Stephen Leacock's latest nonsense (E.G.B. delighted also in the writings of Chesterton and Belloc, having a great sense of fun), Wilfred Blunt, or the beauties of oriental poetry. In describing that poetry he would not only quote the original Arabic or Persian without faltering, but would follow up with a fluent literal rendering in which not a point was ever missed.

E. G. B. was perfectly fearless in all he said, as in all he wrote, and his views, if idealistic and arguably premature, were always founded on the love of justice, no considerations of expediency ever moving him from his rooted ideas. For this passionate man there was no such thing as compromise, and one who was so prompt to tolerate and overlook faults and shortcomings in his fellow men was in politics intransigent and unforgiving—usually, of course, on the losing side. He adored the Irish, and loved their patriotic songs; but for that matter his nature made him love all peoples with a grievance. It was his sympathy with the Turks in 1876 that made him take up the study of their language, diverting him so to orientalism from medicine; for he had set out to become a doctor. That this man should not have been altogether *persona grata* with the Foreign Office is not to be wondered at; but that he should not have been is greatly to be deplored; for there was nobody in England who could have given the authorities, not excepting our own representatives in Teheran, as reliable information regarding the state of feeling in Persia. He was always a severe critic of our Persian policy, which he felt was inspired by a fear of Russia, and the agreement made with that Power in 1903 incensed him beyond measure, and led him to protest with all his strength, if in vain.

E. G. B. had no ear for music, and no real interest, I believe, in the fine arts, excepting only a love for Persian carpets. I do not think he cared any more for Persian miniatures, apart from their subject-matter, than he did for a language apart from the thought it conveyed. One never heard him discuss either religion or art. He took no interest in society outside that of Cambridge, London existing for him only as the home of the British Museum and a few book-shops. He once mentioned, but this was when he

PROFESSORSHIP OF PERSIAN IN LONDON

was a father with boys at Eton, and when he had spent the day before at Lord's, that he had been to Wembley. 'The only interesting thing I found,' he added, 'the Rodeo being over, were two Arabic-speaking silversmiths from Yemen in the Palestine Pavilion.' He cared little what he ate, and had no taste for wine—the only repasts I ever knew him to enjoy were those midnight tea-drinkings of which I have already spoken.

That E. G. B. was a genius no man could deny, his genius being of two distinct kinds. He not only fulfilled the condition of possessing the capacity for taking infinite pains: he also had the genius which reveals itself in the inspiration of the spoken word. For it was in his talk and conversation that the scholar, the wit, the enthusiast, and the man of heart were revealed in full bloom. Beside them his writings, with all their brilliance, are but so many pressed flowers.

E. G. B.'s end was very sad. In 1925 his wife, after nursing him through a long illness, suddenly died, and the shock was one from which he never recovered. Never again, except to thank friends for their sympathy, did he take pen in hand, or open a book, and within six months he died at the age of sixty-four. In a letter to myself are the words:

'I think she wore herself out for me, and just bore up until she had brought me back to my own people. The last day she was downstairs was the nineteenth anniversary of our wedding—June 20. . . . She died very peacefully, and in death looked very noble and beautiful.'

VI

Travel in Russia, Bukhara, Samarqand

1897

Having been granted leave from University College in order that I might visit the East, I set out in August 1897 for Russia, staying in St. Petersburg for some weeks with my brother. At that moment the Russians were feting the French, and a French battleship, the *Pothiau*, was at Kronstadt. The shops on the Nevski Prospekt were full of pictures of Felix Faure, the President of the Republic, who received the Tsar on his visit to Paris in 1896, and was now paying a return visit.

On September 9th I left St. Petersburg by the night express for Moscow, whence, after some sight-seeing, I left for Rostov-on-the-Don, arriving there on September 13th. The Russians do not like reading in a train, partly, I suspect, because the Russian printed character is so trying to the eyes; but also because they love talking, and set about it directly the train starts. At every small station the entire village is there to see the train pass through. The food obtainable even at small stations was excellent, especially the *viabchik* with *smetana* sauce.

At Vladikavkaz, on the northern foot of the Caucasus, my train journey came to an end, and I proceeded, starting early one morning at six o'clock, by tarantass, taking the Georgian military road to Tiflis. At every post we changed horses, and as there was a good deal of traffic coming and going, there was often difficulty in getting them. I reached Kazbek at 2 p.m., and there changed into a larger tarantass drawn by four horses. As companions I had a mother and daughter and two children. At Gudaw we stayed the night, and I slept in a dormitory with a number of men. We left next day at 6.30 a.m., beginning the descent of the southern slope of the Caucasus. Here, coming into a region of snow, we changed to sledges, and I saw for the first time in my life such things drawn by cows.

At the next post-station, Passanaur, I made the acquaintance of General Zeidlitz, the head of the Geological Survey of the Caucasus. He was most kind to me, insisting on taking me in his own sledge, which made all the difference in time and trouble, as we never had to wait for fresh horses. On arrival at a posthouse the general would utter the magic words *Po kazennikh diel* (on State affairs), and horses were at once forthcoming. We arrived at Tiflis at 9 a.m. on the 16th of September, having paid a visit to the wonderful Armenian church at Mtskheta, where I fell, going upstairs, and hurt both my

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

knees. Tiflis was founded by the Georgians in A.D. 455, when they were forced to abandon their ancient capital, Mtskheta, owing to the perpetual incursions of the Ossetians and other dwellers in the Caucasus Mountains. I remember, at an inn on the way, asking a waiter his name, and on his replying 'Alexander', and on my asking further 'Alexander *what?*' he said: 'Alexander Makedousky', or 'Alexander of Macedon'!

The general and I had become great friends, and during my week in Tiflis I was his guest. He took me to all the interesting sights in the beautiful town, which is peopled by Circassians, Armenians, Georgians, and Tartars, offering a wonderful variety of national costumes. The Circassians with their long coats, with cartridge-holders at their breasts, and swords, daggers, and pistols in their belts, were almost as alarming as picturesque. I went several times to the theatre, and heard some Russian operas really well done, including *La Dame de Pique* by Tschaikowsky. It was amusing to see the men in Circassian dress giving up all their weapons in the cloakroom like so many umbrellas and walking-sticks. In this town I was very much struck by the similarity, both in appearance and character, of the Greeks, Jews, and Armenians; three races with a past far greater than their present.

I left my charming host on September 23rd, and took the train, along the line of the oil pipe, to Baku, which I reached on the following morning. At a wayside station I bought a basket, measuring two feet, full of grapes, basket and contents costing thirty kopeks, or about sixpence. This railway journey provided many curious sights. All the houses in the villages beyond Elizabetpol had high platforms for sleeping on, in order to avoid the mosquitoes. On one side of the railway track were bare hills, where one caught glimpses of wolves and foxes, while on the other there was an occasional wild pig among the reeds. Here, where I got a real idea of a desert, I passed many caravans of camels. I noticed the first skeleton, and cows and animals grazing on soil so bare that only here and there showed a rusty tuft. In the compartment, besides myself, there were four Tartars, an Ottoman Turk, a German, a Swede, and a Georgian. At Baku I embarked in a steamer across the Caspian. The brilliance of the sun's rays on the oily water was very remarkable, and the sides of a lake, because unfed by any stream, were all hard salt. There was an extraordinary crowd travelling steerage, but there were strangely, I noticed, more smiles than scowls. We reached Krasnovodsk early in the morning of September 25th, and there I entered the little Transcaspien train that was to take me to Bukhara, where I arrived at 5.30 p.m. on the 27th. Monsieur Ignatieff, the Russian Resident, met me at the railway station.

I stayed only four days in Bukhara, mostly engaged in rummaging in the bookshops, or rather in the shops of those merchants who had also books for sale. Bukhara was the first purely oriental town I had seen, and I was almost intoxicated with excitement. A familiar sight was that of a donkey

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

carrying two and sometimes three stout Bukhariots at a time, their slippers, hanging to their feet by the toes, touching the ground on either side. The ass's burden is there regulated by space rather than by weight. The Bukhariots are too lazy to walk, and one hardly ever meets a man on foot. They all dress in the most brilliant colours, wearing white turbans. Only the Jews and the Hindus wear black or white clothes.

I lighted upon many wonderful manuscripts for sale in the bazar, but was able to make only a very few purchases, having no money to spare. Had I but known it, there was a small fortune to be made by purchasing manuscripts in Bukhara, and selling them in Europe. There were illuminated Persian manuscripts, for which only ten or twelve rupees were asked. To-day they would fetch many hundreds of pounds in Europe or America. The following is an extract from a letter I wrote to E. G. Browne on October 4th, from Samarqand:

My dear Browne,

I have at last seen something of the real East. I am more charmed than I can say with Bukhara and Samarqand. I reached the former place on September 27th, and was the guest of M. Ignatieff, the political agent. I was so fortunate as to find Professor Salemann also staying there on his return from the province of Farghana, where he has been making dialectical studies. We spent two days in the old town together. (Old Bukhara is unfortunately ten miles away from the railway station and the New Russian town.) We spent a great deal of time looking at and bargaining for old manuscripts of which we saw a great number. Salemann bought 'heavily'—among the best being two very old copies of *Ikhwan-as-Safa* and a copy of *Ansari*. I was fortunate enough to pick up a very old copy of the Persian *Tahari*. A few pages are missing both at the beginning and at the end, but it is in a good naskh hand on old paper, and Salemann quite recognized its antiquity. They stuck out at £5 5s. Od. for a long time, but I finally secured it for £1 8s. Od. There was a beautiful *Khamsa* of Nizami with twenty-four miniatures, dated (I forget the date, but very old), in perfect condition for which they asked £8. I think I would give £4 for it—and mean to try to get it on my return to Bukhara. I came here on Thursday last and am returning to Bukhara on Thursday next the 7th inst., as M. Ignatieff has (most kindly) made me promise to go and stay with him again. . . .

The most notable feature of Bukhara is the beautiful Minar Kalan, the round tower, thirty-six feet at the base, tapering upwards to a height of 210 feet, from which criminals were precipitated into the market-place below. The whole surface is covered with geometric designs in carved brick. The Zindan or State gaol, fills one with horror, so terrible were the punishments to which prisoners in it were subjected under the regime of the amirs.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

Some were riveted by iron collars to the wall of a vaulted room, lit only by a barred opening in the ceiling, and there they remained until they died.

I was dead tired on arriving at my hotel in Bukhara, but while trying to catch forty winks was called on by Professor Salemann, and taken by him to dine with M. Ignatieff. I could hardly keep awake. Muller, the secretary, was also present, with two other officials. I must have spent part of the next day with Salemann; for a diary entry records that at a watering place a *chilim* was offered first to him, then to myself, and then to the *jigit* (groom) and the driver. A few pulls at a *chilim* are quite enough.

I found the Bukhariot children strikingly handsome.

One cannot speak of the streets of Bukhara. The arrangements of the shops and the traffic remind one most of the Bon Marche or the Louvre, and there is as much room in the latter. Through the narrow passages flows a continual stream of horses, donkeys, and camel caravans. Their approach is announced by a bell, usually suspended from the neck of the first camel.

At dinner on the 28th I met a Russian who spoke English very well, though he had never been in England, but owed his knowledge of our language to a year's intercourse with Bateson of Cambridge. He had been an officer, but as a result of his having telegraphed to the Tsar, after capturing a fortress without orders: 'The fortress of so-and-so lies at your feet,' General Kuropotkin brought about his dismissal from the army. He was then working in the Bukhara Imperial Bank.

I noticed many Bukhariots, grown-up men as well as children, nursing cats.

A visit I paid in the neighbourhood of Bukhara was to one of the summer palaces of the amirs, an extensive building in a lovely garden full of avenues of vines. The interior was mostly cheap and tawdry. We were regaled with figs, plums, and grapes, and afterwards with a big lunch, when there were two kinds of *pilaw*, Bukharian and Persian. There was a distinct difference in the taste of the rice.

On October 1st I reached Samarqand, the city whose mere name, ever since I began to read Islamic history, had fired my imagination. I lodged in the Russian town by order of the police, and as it was some miles from Tamerlane's capital, I hired a bicycle on which to ride over daily. Few spots in the world have been so much the object of a man's devoted attention as Samarqand during the latter half of the fourteenth century at the hands of Tamerlane. In 1897 the city had been visited by comparatively few Englishmen; its name then was certainly not the household word that it has become since, thanks to the song in Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*. Before the Trans-caspian railway was built, the journey was one of considerable difficulty; but after that time Samarqand, down to the outbreak of the Great War, was easy of access, except that permits were not readily granted. In 1896 a party of English tourists made the journey, and of the party was Mr. F. H. Skrine, with whom I afterwards published *The Heart of Asia*.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

I spent my entire days in Tamerlane's still lovely capital. In no other town are to be found in close proximity so many beautiful buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, a period at which architecture and the art of making glazed tiles reached the zenith of their perfection. The Rigistan Square, with its imposing Madrasas on three of its sides, has often been described, but no description can give the reader any idea of these imposing gateways and minarets towering into the blue sky with their dazzling tile mosaics of every colour. The great Square itself was always full of the most picturesque crowd it has ever been my lot to see, thanks to the wonderful colouring and designs of the Bukhara silks which all the men wear.

Perhaps because the bazars of Samarqand offer very slight opportunities to the seeker of oriental manuscripts, being as poor in them as Bukhara is rich, I kept a diary in Samarqand more regularly and fully than anywhere else during the autumn's travelling. It will serve the purpose best, I think, if I reproduce it here almost *literatim*.

J October. Samarqand, town of avenues. Perpetual sound of running water and rustling trees. All along the streets of the native town are little pegs stuck in near the edge of the road, to which a donkey or horse may be tethered. Camels carry loads in enormous rope baskets hung on either side. Drove round the town, and across the 'desert graveyard', the site of Timur's (Tamerlane's) Samarqand. At the end of this a wonderful valley, and the tomb (twenty-six feet long) of the prophet Daniel, believed to have been brought by Timur from Susa.

Have to buy my own bread from a pedlar in the morning.

2 October. Drove with Cossack officer to the Rigistan, Bibi Khanum (tomb of Shaiban Shah), and the Gur Amir, or tomb of Tamerlane. Bibi Khanum is much dilapidated by the recent earthquake. Several tons of bricks and tiling have been dislodged.

Had coffee in the morning, soup and chop at twelve-thirty, tea at five, and nothing else. Went to church: choir composed of soldiers led by an officer.

3 October. The Rigistan a most interesting study, as it is always changing. In the morning one finds bootmakers, where at sundown one finds sellers of *kabab* (meat cut in small pieces and roasted with onions and eggs stuck on skewers).

Last night much rain fell, and the thermometer stands at 15 Reaumur.

Only 3 per cent of the Jews are allowed to attend the Gymnasium school. They are allowed no schools of their own. They do not suffer the same restriction of dress as in Bukhara, but they mostly dress very simply.

Bazar much frequented by Sarts.

Saw the mazurka very well danced by a Cossack volunteer.

Spent the evening with Professor Boehm of Freiburg and Herr Thiene-mann.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

4 October. Visited the Shah Zinda mosque. It is quite the finest part remaining of Timur's town. A great deal of it is still in an excellent state of preservation. Inside one of the courts grows a tree with a small, long-shaped bitter fruit, which is supposed to cure women of barrenness.

Men walk about the bazars with lighted *chilims*, offering puffs at one *tanga* (a copper coin) to passers.

Two ways of watering the streets; one by sprinkling from pigskins, the other by scooping up and scattering with a spade from the 'canalettes' running alongside the streets.

While driving in a wind the dust was so thick that we drove into another cart.

In the evening visited Bai Kabak with Professors Boehm and Walther.

5 October. There is a regular system of 'claquage' in connection with the story-tellers in this town. Two or three men are always seated some distance away facing the raconteur. These are either beggars or other story-tellers taking a rest, and they act as assistants, jerking out unintelligible sounds by way of stops, howling too, while the reciter takes breath, or collects his thoughts. Travellers have often imagined, for example Curzon, that the men or boys seated opposite a story-teller put prompting questions to him, to add an interest to the narration. I have listened long and attentively, but have never heard this. All they do, and very hard work it is too, is to put in the stops according to the pauses in the narration. One can easily distinguish the comma, the semi-colon, colon, and full-stop. The words used are principally *hakkcm*, *khuh*, and *khush*.

Before the end of the tale warning is given that *amin* (so be it! amen!) is to be said, whereupon all assembled place their hands on a level with their faces, the tips of the fingers touching and the palms turned inwards. This is also done at the end of meals, lessons, etc. After the tale is finished, money is collected, and to each person who gives, the *risalachi* (*moddah*—encomiast) says either 'Jamal Muhammad' ('the grace of Muhammad'), or 'Jamal paighambar' ('the grace of the Prophet'), or 'Nazar-i-rasul Allah' ('the gift of the Prophet of God'). The sum usually given is five *puis*, but sometimes only one.

Visited mosque and school of Khoja Akrrar.

Saw Amir Ishaq, the cousin of Abdur Rahman: had conversation with his servant.

In the mosque is the most lovely stucco work.

6 October. Visited the town with an official interpreter; lunched with a Mulla in Tilla Kari. Saw *jang-i bi-dana* (quail fight). Naqshbandi dervishes shouting and collecting alms.

7 October. Visited two Muhammadan schools. The first a small, one-room hovel. Teacher and ten little boys seated on the ground: they were 'reading aloud all together, some without the book. The teacher seemed to occupy

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

himself with one or two in especial, and made one of them read a *ghazal* (ode) of Hafiz over and over again; so that in the end the boy, following with his finger, said the *ghazal* by heart, without understanding a single word. One little boy began to weep when I asked him to read aloud to me; a sign that they are used to bad treatment at the hands of their teacher.

The second school was of a higher standard (very like those I had seen in Tiflis). The boys (from twelve to sixteen) were reading Russian, and were translating to or from Russian and Sartish.

Spent a most extraordinary evening. At nine o'clock assisted at a *tui* (feast). I then drove with four interpreters (two Kirghiz, a Tartar and a Persian) to some weird quarter in the native town.

8 October. *Namaz-i-jwrfā* (Friday prayer): watched the service in the Tilla Kari from the roof. Very few of the worshippers had mats: the rest for the most part untied their handkerchief-sashes, and spread them out to kneel on.

Met a Babi tea merchant.

9 October. A man from Herat, showing primitive pictures of Murtaza Ali.

The Russian church is called by the Sarts *but khana* (idol house), and the railway train, *atish araba* (fire waggon). In the evening two mounted police rode up to the hotel, bearing an invitation from the Chief of Police of the native town. At 7 p.m. drove to his house, escorted by the two mounted police. On our arrival we were ushered into a large audience room, at the end of which was a table with a *dastar khwan* (fruit and sweets). I sat at the table: tea was brought. Then dancing began. First two boys, then four, and finally five went through very simple and dull, though certainly graceful, evolutions, accompanied by five drummers seated before a *mangit* (brazier), over which they kept heating their drums. To many of the movements they sang, with generally a painful effect on the listener. A dance called the Merv dance was performed by the two principal boys—two of the 'distinguished and limited' audience lent their handsome silver girdles. Then came the dinner, consisting of *piroshkis kandag* (a kind of *shishlik*—meat on skewers—in thick sauce), *pilaw* (pronounced here *palau*). After this a famous musician performed on the *dutara*. This instrument is tuned to the fourth: a great many of the intervals correspond to our own. One of the great points in the singing is to *strain the voice* as much as possible. The more unnatural the better.

Among acquaintances I made were Mulla Junayd Ullah in the Shir Dar School, with whom I often took tea, and Mulla Muhammad Azim Quli, who wished me to take a photograph of his *bacha*.

10 October. At 8.30 a.m. rode up to the *Maktab* (school) escorted by a mounted policeman, only to find that there is no school to-day. Curiously enough, for the last two years Sunday has been kept as a holiday in the Musulman schools instead of Friday, on which day attendance is optional.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

This is partly, no doubt, due to the fact that many of the teachers are Russian Orthodox (*pravoslav*) and are not allowed by their priests to work on Sunday. To-day is a great bazar day, and the town was more full of life than I had yet seen it. While the sun is shining Samarqand never has a dead appearance. Round the Bibi Khanum were sellers *en gros* of cotton in the plant, grapes, granates, melons, and corn.

Some camels have their noses pierced, while others have rope bridles. The nose is pierced just above the nostril, and often looks sanguinary and painful. The donkeys are never fastened together.

To-day, for the first and only time, one of the 'entertainers' in the Rigistan took notice of me.

Persian is certainly most useful in making purchases. The boys by whom I was generally escorted round the town, who spoke pseudo-Persian (in contradistinction to *tajiki*), said that I obtained most of my purchases at half the price usually paid by foreigners.

I am heart-broken at leaving Samarqand, and long for an inspiring muse—to bid it a seemly adieu—but it does not 'fit'.

It is literally true that a branch or sprig stuck in the ground of Samarqand will thrive. I had an excellent opportunity of verifying this in the case of the newly covered grave of a man who was buried here on the day of my arrival, ten days ago. A rough heap of earth was thrown up over the grave, and into this twigs of various trees were stuck haphazard. I went to look at them last night, and they were all flourishing despite the lateness of the season.

As I rode into the town this morning I met the Sart Chief of Police with his whole retinue, coming out to receive the new Governor, who arrives to-day. The greeting they all gave me made me feel a very big personage.

It is curious that none of the Russians living here seem to like Samarqand. In summer, it is true, it must be scarcely bearable. A cold of any sort is always accompanied by fever, and colds are very common. The people seem to take no precautions whatever, but go on long expeditions without great-coats, simply dressed in their light holland vests and jackets. The change of temperature even at this time of year between half an hour before sunset and half an hour after is unimaginable to such as have not experienced it.

Snuff-taking (*nas*) is universal, but it is not snuffed up the nose, but placed in the mouth on the palate behind the teeth. As regards *c/jzY/m*-smoking and tea-drinking there exists the most absolute republicanism. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me to be regarded as more polite for one's host to drink some of the tea first before handing it to his guests. The green tea (*chai kabud*) is drunk out of little china bowls. Nothing is ever added. The dregs are thrown, with a practised jerk, on the floor.

I noticed one mulla who, when he washed his face and hands after a meal, also damped the toes of his inner shoes. What can be the meaning of this? I should imagine it to be purely symbolic.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

At four o'clock dined with Mahmud Beg. Was persuaded to defer my departure, and become his guest for a few days. The room given me was the most unsuitable for a bed one could imagine. A bedstead and a pillow provided, but nothing else. Went to the theatre in the evening, to see what the Samarqandians put up with. Having slept soundly through the first two acts, came away, and going directly to bed took three whole hours getting to sleep again. Was very glad when the morning came.

11 October. Waited on by my host's own sons. A small boy helped me to wash, with a pint of water poured slowly into a flat brass tray. Having taken tea and two boiled eggs, started off on a long bicycle ride round the suburbs of the native town. Found many most lovely spots; then rode up to the Rigistan, and sat for a long while reading with a bookseller and a policeman who knew Persian very well. Came back at 2 p.m., and having dined heavily (nothing but vodka to drink, unfortunately), set out for a long ride, returning at 7 p.m. Read Persian and Uzbeki with Mahmud Beg until nine-thirty, when I went to bed. While out riding, witnessed a most lovely sunset from some rising ground looking on to the mountains. I gained a better idea than I had before of the wonders the Zarafshan canals have worked in the midst of a barren steppe.

Visited the grave of Khwaja Ahrar. Rams' horns, placed on the grave, round which pilgrims tie little strips of stuff torn from their garments. We were saluted with great dignity by all natives, who, if seated, stood up while we rode past.

12 October. Rose at six-thirty, and rode out on bicycle to Afrasiab. Wonderful scenery with morning light. Surrounding mountains nearly all visible.

A very common horse-load is a long sack balanced crosswise, with rider seated on top. Was amused this morning to notice that one boy, going up a steep bit of hill, got off the sack, and stood on the horse's back behind it.

I write this, sitting among the tombs of the old town of Afrasiab. Many of the graves have been disturbed (for scientific research, partly), and many human bones lie scattered about. Also many chips of Persian tilework or pottery, for which I am unable to account.

I had a most delightful ride down the valley of the Siab, and, while taking tea in a cottage, had interesting conversation with the inhabitants. Curious old mills at work on this stream, chiefly for grinding or husking rice. Watched caravans of camels being watered. The driver finally makes his own (the leader) camel lie down in the water, that he may be nearer the surface, when he fills the stone bottles slung on either side by means of a pail.

In the evening one carries a dagger in one's pouch or toolbag.

There is only one meal in this house—a big repast any time between 2 and 4 p.m. At it only vodka is drunk, which is more intoxicating than satisfying.

TRAVEL IN RUSS[A, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

While I was standing in the Rigistan to-day a quite common Russian addressed me on the subject of the Samarqandians, saying he had been in China, and thought the Chinese a far more interesting people in every way.

Quails are kept here for fighting, but others quite distinctly for their song. These latter are kept in cages, while the former are kept in the owner's hand or up his sleeve.

The word 'Kirghiz', the name of a small Qazaq tribe, is not employed by the people themselves. It is an invention of the Russians, and by them it is applied to the whole race. They call themselves 'Qazaq', and it is the Kirghiz that Mirza Haidar means by the word 'Qazaq' in the *Tarikh-i-Rashidi*. They consider themselves stupid but honest: they think the Sart a bad lot and the Russian not much better.

12 October. Left Samarqand at 8 p.m. Had difficulty in getting my letters, which, instead of being kept/wste *restante*, had been sent to the hotel. I had to wait till the postillion returned. I got them safely in the end, and spent half the night, in the train, reading them, which gave me the most intense delight.

13 October. Met at the station in Bukhara by the Cossack of the Agency. It seemed like meeting an old friend: also delighted to see the Tartar servant. A great relief and rest, to be seated once more in a clean room. I never appreciated 'cleanth' so much before. The sight of a basin and jug filled me with joy! Between Samarqand and Bukhara is one huge steppe, devoid of all cultivation. In these parts one notices the approach to a town by seeing a tree or two and a little green, just as in other parts one notices the outlying suburbs of a city. After lunch, the first civilized meal for two weeks, drove into old Bukhara with Mr. Muller. Was not so successful in the matter of manuscripts as before. The Nizami had been sold, alas! Drove through the narrow streets without mishap. Visited new baths now in construction. Also some madrasahs and mosques. Some of the detail was delightful, but the whole seemed *kleinartig* after the magnificent structures of Samarqand.

Visited the prison, situated on a high mound opposite the ark (citadel) Received at the foot by an officer, a handsome, well-built man in a spick and span uniform. A few steps led up to a doorway, on either side of which was a small room containing a mattress—probably for the sentry to sleep on (it is a way of seAtries here!). The secretary to the Political Agent, in whose company I visited the town, was saluted by all the soldiers scattered about it. We seldom found one standing upright: one, half asleep, was lying full length on the ground. He remained in that position as we passed, but *touched his cap in salute!*

Having passed through that portal, we entered a courtyard in which twelve of the weirdest soldiers ever honoured with the title were drawn up in a row (one could not say 'in line'): only one had a gun; one had a sword. Their uniform was uniform only in that all the drawers they wore were dyed

bright red. Outside was a man selling bread. We had brought a plentiful supply of it with us. It was equally distributed among the prisoners, who poured the blessings of Allah upon our heads.

The Bukhariots have a sense of humour, but it is of the most childish description. Noticed some workmen in the old town imitating a *bacha* performance. One was dancing, while the others pretended to play the drum on a large square brick. The Bukhariots are fond of imitations of animals, such as cats fighting, camels, donkeys, and highly value a servant who is also a *tnaskhara* (jester or droll fellow). They also like to see the Madman' (*divana*), i.e. someone acting the part of a madman.

The Turkomans (Tekkis) of Astrabad wear most fantastic thick woollen stockings, and pointed shoes turned up at the toes, without sides to the heels, which are generally pointed (sharp). Except the stockings, and that they wear very warm hats (but fairly light), they clothe themselves most coolly—simply white cotton pyjamas and nothing else.

In all Central Asia, save once in Samarqand, and once in a village outside Bukhara, I never saw cultivated flowers. The mirage often reminds one of the sea at low tide, the flat steppe stretching out to the sea.

The Rigistan at Bukhara is in our sense far more full of life than its counterpart in Samarqand, but the buildings surrounding it are for the most part comparatively low, and there are a vast number of small trees, which, by obstructing the view, take away from the general impression. It is very curious to wander through the town an hour before sunset, and then an hour after it. The bazar then seems like a city of the dead, with all the shops either shuttered up or conveyed entire to their owners' houses.

18 October. From Bukhara I entrained for Krasnovodsk, and after crossing the Caspian found myself again in Baku. We arrived before sunrise, and the sight of two huge fire-fountains shooting up from wells (there was a third one the next evening) was really marvellous in the surrounding darkness. The sea was like molten silver, and smelt like a thousand pantries in which lamps are being cleaned. The scene, as we approached Baku, was like a dream; the dying night and the birth of the day; the fountains ceasing to glow, as the light of the pink and purple dawn grew stronger. I received a call from Baron Hoven, and went with him to visit some most interesting Babis. Indeed, during the two days I spent in the town I saw a good deal of the Babis there. They had fled from Persia, where their sect was subject at the time to persecution. They were all most cultivated men, earning their livings as bricklayers and masons. They gave me, in secret, indications how to discover their co-religionists in Teheran, hiding in out-of-the-way parts of the town. In Bukhara I had met some Babis belonging to a sect known as *Lakhi*.

I brought away with me a certain number of treasures from Turkestan including some old manuscripts, a slab of mosaic tiling which had fallen

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA, BUKHARA, SAMARQAND

from Tamerlane's tomb during a recent earthquake, and a large number of Bukharian silk coats and embroideries. I have always admired the textile arts of Bukhara more than those of any other country. The carpets, when good, make a more direct appeal to me than any other kind, while the large embroidered designs which usually contain large rosettes, are a never failing delight to one's eyes.

VII

Persia

1897

When I reached Baku, I had so little money left, as to oblige me to return home there and then. In the course of the evening, however, I got into conversation with the only other English-speaking guest in the hotel. He turned out to be Mr. Hardy, a charming American diplomat and poet. He had been American Minister in Athens, and was now on his way to take up the same post in Teheran. This chance meeting, altering all my plans, gave me my first opportunity of visiting Persia. When Mr. Hardy heard that I had no definite goal, and that I could speak Persian, he very kindly suggested that I should accompany him as interpreter. In this way I reached the Persian capital without spending a penny. Mr. Hardy and I became great friends, and I think he was quite glad not to have to make the tedious journey alone. I myself, I suppose, had become a little as Gil Bias, with his luck of the road.

On October 20th the Minister and I embarked on a steamer bound for Enzeli, having the best cabins, and on board was an old pupil of mine, Mr. Garland: he was on his way to Ispahan, as a missionary to the Jews.

From the moment we touched Persian soil Mr. Hardy was received everywhere with full honours. It was a wonderful experience for me, to see the old-fashioned reception of an envoy, of which I had read so often in books, but which, since the advent of motor-cars, has disappeared. It took us seven days to make the journey from the Caspian to Teheran, and it now takes twenty-four hours. At Enzeli we were met by the Governor and a guard of honour, and there was a salute of guns. At a reception we partook of tea and sweet-meats, and afterwards we visited one of the Shah's summer palaces, a huge octagonal building many storeys high. The next entertainment was a lunch of eight courses, after partaking of which we returned to the boat through streets lined with troops. Some of them, carrying no arms to present, stood at ease by way of salute! The rest were armed with muzzle-loaders. The uniforms were anything but uniform.

We crossed the Murdab lake in our steamer, towing behind us small rowing-boats; into these we transhipped at the entrance to the Pir-i-bazar river. The heat was intense, and the red awnings spread above our heads afforded scanty protection. We had six rowers in the boat, and we frequently stuck in the mud. Thereupon the rowers got out and pushed us off into the stream. Part of the time they had to tow us, when the motion was exquisite.

PERSIA

At the end of two hours we reached Pir-i-bazar, where a carriage lined with blue satin awaited us, and an escort of twenty lancers with ten spare horses. There were three other carriages for the rest of the party. There was also a troop of fifty mounted infantry, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, bound round the barrel at intervals with brass rings. One man had an ordinary double-barrelled sporting gun, with shot cartridges in a banderolle round his waist, and the escort leader bore a beautiful, solid silver mace.

About half-way to Resht we were received by the Collector of the Province of Gilan, and given tea. All along the route the people flocked to see us, bowing as we passed. We were met outside the town by the Controller of Roads. We alighted at the house of our host, Muhammad Sadiq Khan, and there took tea with all the officials who had attached themselves to our party on the way. When they at last withdrew, the Minister and I heaved a sigh of intense relief after these strenuous hours of rough travelling combined with formal etiquette. We took a short walk in the town, and then sat down to an elaborate dinner of eight courses, with champagne. And so to bed. We were given two beds in one room, and one mosquito net.

The next day, after a heavy lunch, we set out at 4 p.m. in a carriage with a military escort; but when the carriage road came to an end, which it soon did, we took to the horses. We spent that night at Qudum, again under mosquito nets.

23 October. We began the steep ascent of the hills of the Rudbar valley, a narrow path of alternate mud and loose stones. We lunched at Rudaba, and at 3.30 started on the worst bit of the road, arriving at Manjil, in the dark, at 8.30. The wind that blows at Manjil is notorious for its ferocity, even making it hard to keep one's horse on its feet and oneself in the saddle, as one crosses the bridge.

24 October. We set out early, and after a three-mile gallop in the river-bed, reached Kharaj, at the top of the pass, by dinner time, and stayed the night in a cottage, where we were devoured by insects, and could not sleep.

25 October. Set off at 6.30 a.m. along an excellent path. Outside Qazwin we were met (*istiqbal*—meeting and receiving a visitor) by the Governor and many troops. Given the choice of continuing on horseback or driving in carriages, we gladly chose the latter. The Minister went in the first carriage with the Governor, and I in the second with the *kalantarbashi* (the Lord Mayor). As we drove into Qazwin, all the town was astir, lining the streets. The cavalry performed tricks, as they escorted the carriages. We alighted at the hotel, a very fine one for Persia, and partook of what is called a *dastar-khwan* (many kinds of fruits and sweets). We stayed the night in the hotel, in our rooms finding a mirror, two scrubbing-brushes, and two tooth-brushes! There were towels for napkins, and the salt-cellar had begun life as an ink-stand.

26 October. We left Qazwin in a carriage, and proceeding on the ninety-mile journey to Teheran, reached it at noon on the following day. We were received in the garden of the old race-course.

PERSIA

Thus ended the formal peregrination of the new American Minister to Persia. Thirty years were to elapse before I saw Persia again, and in the interval much changed, but nothing so completely as the means of locomotion. The only things that remain unchanged and unchangeable are the hotels.

I found awaiting me in Teheran a cable to say that my godmother, Miss Louisa Denison, had given me £50. I had never before had so handsome a present, and never did I need money more. I was actually what the French call *a sec*, but Fate had it that I should remain only three weeks in Teheran, and I shall regret all my life that that first visit was so short. Moreover, I was within an ace of making a long stay, but *dis aliter visum*. The circumstances leading to my hurried departure were peculiar, and deserve relation. That in a moment.

I had a most interesting time in Teheran, lunching and dining out every day at various legations, or with Persians as my hosts. I often rode into the country with members of the British Legation. In the late evenings, on returning from dining, I was often fetched mysteriously by members of the Baha'i community, and carried off to spend the night in a secret conclave. Thanks to the writings of Edward Browne, I was deeply interested in the Babi movement, which had now become the Baha'i movement. These conclaves gave me the keenest intellectual pleasure; for the discussions were all on religion and philosophy, and in addition there was the excitement caused by the secrecy of my visits. I said nothing to any of my other friends regarding my movements after dark, and I believe that for long they remained undiscovered.

Sir Charles Hardinge (afterwards Lord Hardinge of Penhurst and Viceroy of India) was very kind to me, and when the post of Oriental Secretary to the Legation was about to become vacant by the resignation of Lieut.-Colonel Picot, he asked me if I was willing to make a career in Persia. Nothing would have been nearer my heart. It was agreed that he should cable and write to Sir Mortimer Durand (it was for him that Sir Charles was acting as *charge d'affaires*) that he thought me suitable for the post, and was advising me to return to London, to call on Sir Mortimer, and get his approval. Thus it came about that, under the impression that I was likely to spend many years in Persia, I left Teheran on November 17th, having for my only feeling of regret that, being pressed for time, I had to return to England the way I had come, and not travel through another country on the way home.

The following letter, dated the 13th of November, 1897, gives an account of part of the return journey from Teheran: it is to a neighbour in Upper Westbourne Terrace.

My dear Miss Hale,

The post doesn't go till Monday but I will begin a letter to-day, as having very many engagements I don't get much time at a stretch for writing. I am so sorry I sent you that horrid letter the other day by the last mail. Since sending it I have received letter No. 10 from you which was delightful

PERSIA

and gave me the greatest possible pleasure. It was much nicer than '8' and '9'. You had just received my long letter from Samarqand. I should like to write you another very long letter this time, as I shall not be writing again till I reach Tiflis, which will be I don't know when. I am making every effort to start on Tuesday the 16th. Persian distances are recorded by *farsakhs*; i.e. four English miles. The whole distance from Teheran to Tiflis is something short of 800 miles, which, when one comes to think of it, is a fairly long journey in a country where there are no railways and very few roads deserving the name. I told you I had dismissed my last servant as I suspected him of having stolen my clothes (of which I have no news). I then resolved to make the journey without a servant, but the people at the Legation advised me not to, and recommended one of their own men as my servant. He is a splendid cook and a very good man on the road—his brother is cook at the Legation—and so there will be a control on his behaviour. He is very expensive—but one has to pay very highly for a man who even approaches honesty—not a single Persian is really honest! I will wait till I come home to tell you what one has to put up with at their hands. I could fill a book with my personal experiences of these few days. It soon ceases to arouse one's anger—it just fills one with unutterable disgust.

The first ninety miles to Qazwin I do in a carriage. I propose to leave here in the afternoon and reach Qazwin on the following morning, so as to avoid spending the night (and my money) in the hotel there. From there to Julfa on the Russian frontier I go on horseback about 370 miles, stopping perhaps a day in Zinjan and certainly a day or two in Tabriz. There are some very high passes on the way, and the cold and snow will be very severe. It will be so sudden to come out of Teheran, which is now hotter than the hottest English day, and be planted into feet deep of snow, etc. Well, I trust I may survive without adventure. It will be a most interesting journey and one made by comparatively very few Englishmen—and I could of course never have contemplated it without Miss Denison's unexpected gift. It was so funny, the news of that £50 reaching my hands one hour after my arrival in Teheran. But the telegram was so unclear that I never understood who had really done what to whom! It is so fortunate that you mentioned it in your letter, for it is the first *definite* information I have had on the subject. I shall now write to Miss Denison, which I did not like to do before.

You are the only person I have heard from since I have been here. I cannot think why my mother has never written.

From Julfa I drive or ride (having dismissed my servant, as I shan't need one in Russia) to Akstafa, about 300 miles, and from there train to Tiflis.. . .

I might well have been mystified concerning my godmother's generous gift; for to Seidlitz was telegraphed from London: Tell Ross Denison gives fifty pounds'; but, the message arriving in Tiflis after I had left, what I

PERSIA

received in Teheran read: 'Miss Denison presente cinquante *upton* Seidlitz traducteur,' *livres* having gone so far wrong in transmission.

On reaching London I at once called on Sir Mortimer Durand. He received me in his sitting-room in an hotel in Curzon Street, and there it was immediately evident that he was more embarrassed than myself. He asked me if I had had a good journey, confessing how much he himself disliked riding on the bad roads between Resht and Qazwin. At last, taking the bull by the horns, I asked what he thought of Sir Charles's suggestion. He hummed and hawed for a few minutes, and then said: 'Unfortunately I have selected another man.' So all I had to do was to say good morning, and keep my bitter disappointment to myself.

The man selected was George Grahame, and never did a man seem less destined for Government service, let alone a diplomatic career. He was first and foremost a Bohemian of the old *vie de Boheme* type, and he was an artist. I got to know him when we were students in Paris. Like myself, he had been persuaded to take up Persian by Edward Browne, a great friend of his, and in Paris he combined the work of an art student with that of an orientalist. He was a man of exquisite taste and wide culture, and his talk and conversation were delightful. I do not think he did any serious work in Persian, nor did he to my knowledge publish anything of importance. I often saw him in the early 'nineties in the British Museum, in a loose-fitting suit, in sandals, and sockless and hatless. He had a most interesting long narrow face, rounded off with a beard. This was the man chosen for the Legation in Teheran. Nothing could have seemed less promising, and yet the choice was fully justified. George Grahame entered on this new life with full seriousness. He bought the smartest clothes and even a top-hat. Everything savouring of Bohemia was discarded, and when he got to Persia he became not only the polished diplomat, but even learnt to ride and play polo. He was afterwards posted to Shiraz as consul-general, and did excellent work requiring a clear head and great physical courage. He had a nervous breakdown after the war, and never recovered from it. The strain had been too much for him, and he died in a nursing-home. His case must be a very rare one in the history of the Services, though, of course, during the war many examples were furnished of men with sensitive artistic temperaments donning khaki, and making smart and brave soldiers.

Thus ended my first journey in the East. The Fates seemed at any rate opposed to my living in Persia long enough to learn the language thoroughly or to see much of the country. As a man of small means I was of course sufficiently thankful to have seen as much as I had, especially of Russian Turkestan, which I have never had the chance of visiting again.

I now returned to my work in University College and my reviewing, with a new background of valuable experience. As it turned out, India and not Persia was the land in which I was destined to spend the middle years of my life, as will be seen later on.

VIII

London

1898-1901

A soldier friend of mine, Charles Bancroft, son of Sir Squire Bancroft, having been ordered to the East, left with me a horse called Volunteer and an aeolian organ. These two gave me great pleasure during the years of which I am now to write. I rode every morning with my neighbour, Mr. Hale, and in Hyde Park we generally fell in with other men. In those days the 'Liver Brigade' included Mr. Justice Hawkins, George Alexander, the three Misses Wertheimer (of Sargent's picture in the Tate Gallery), and other notabilities.

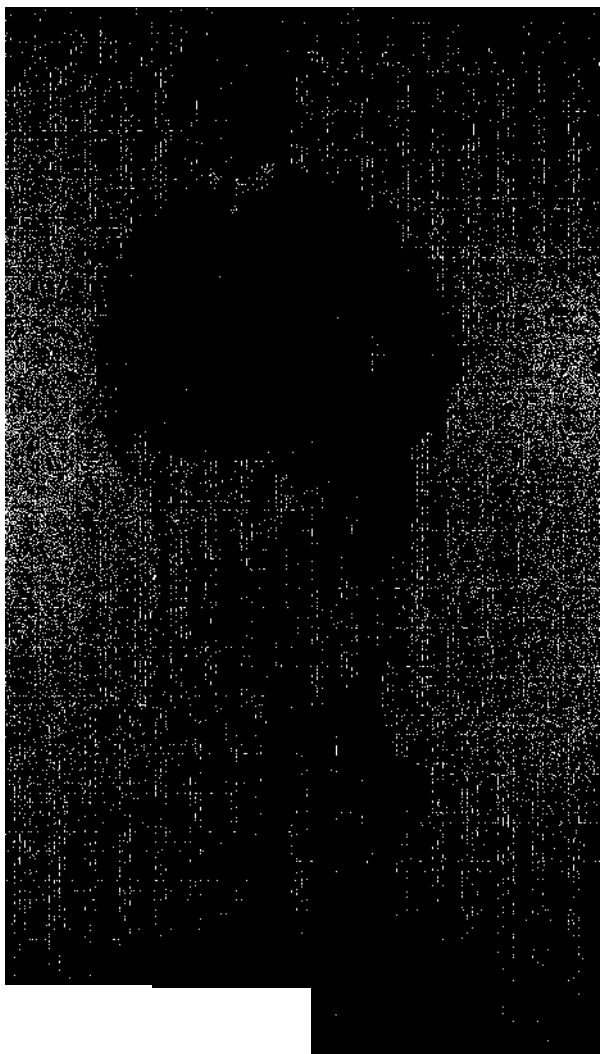
As for the aeolian, with which came a number of scrolls, among them the C Minor of Beethoven, several organ preludes and fugues of Bach, Tschaikowsky's *Symphonic Pathétique* (the superior christened it 'The Beastly Bathetic', but it has outlived them all), it taught me more music than I had ever known. The gramophone had not then been perfected, and I am convinced that one can learn much more about the orchestral masterpieces by grinding them out with one's own control of *tempi*, stops and swells than is possible with the finished product of the record.

The third stage in my musical education (or the fourth, to count my singing and flute playing as the third) is still in progress; for during the last thirty-four years I have had the inestimable privilege of living with one whom I regard as among the most gifted of musicians.

For myself, I have only really succeeded as a listener, though I came quite near to singing fairly well, I fancy, being endowed with a natural singing voice.

I will here give the first of many extracts that I am to be privileged to make from a record made by my wife in 1930, much of it drawn from early diaries and contemporary letters. This first extract has music for its subject, if it may also be said to have ourselves:

'It was our habit to meet in the mornings at Mrs. Heaton-Armstrong's at 30 Portland Place, and there indulge in singing Quartettes. Mrs. Heaton-Armstrong was the soprano, Mme. Sandon the contralto, E. D. R. the bass, and there were tenors of varying quality. They were hard to find, and were not regular in attendance. Henry Boulderson, who had a really lovely tenor voice, was one of our best. E. D. R. had a charming timbre of voice, and was naturally musical, but he did not want to study his part at home, and



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E.D.R. IN ROTTEN ROW, BY SPY

some of the Brahms Quartettes we used to try were very difficult. *O Schöne Nacht* and the others in that *opus* (No. 92) gave them and me a great deal of trouble. We nearly always stayed to lunch after, and E. D. R. and I much enjoyed our sparring matches across the table, and gentle persiflage. We held curiously similar views on all sorts of things, and had many dislikes in common, such as addressing any one, man or woman, by his or her Christian name; preciousness of all kinds; puddings of every sort; and sitting out the entire Ring. We shared likes too, such as devotion to cricket and music-hall turns. I thought E. D. R. very amusing, and much livelier than most young men, but rather restless and volatile. He was then contemplating an Indian career, and was always on the point of going to or coming from the India Office. I don't remember when these musical mornings ceased, but I expect it was when E. D. R. went to India.'

During the year 1900 I was engaged in cataloguing a large collection of Persian manuscripts in the India Office Library. The work, when I left for India, was not quite completed, but Edward Browne very kindly finished it for me, and the catalogue was published as our joint work.

I enjoyed the work, especially when the lunch hour brought me into company with Dr. Tawney, the Librarian, Sir George Birdwood, Sir Charles Lyall, Sir William Foster, and other distinguished men. Tawney was full of learning and fun: I remember his talking one day about the 'eternal practical joking of the East'. It was as if those old Indians, Arabs, and Persians had known by premonition that their works would one day be tackled by the West; so, with a kind of anticipatory *Schadenfreude*, they made their writings as obscure as possible. But half the charm of oriental studies lies in their obscurity.

Sir George Birdwood, the father of Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, always wore a black skullcap, and was a mine of information on every possible subject. During many years his name was familiar to readers of *The Times* because of his witty and informative letters to the editor. I wrote to him from India, and had a reply, part of which is:

'I keenly enter into your enjoyment of India. I went fairly mad with delight on my return there, after fourteen years absence, in 1854. I never would get to the end of my 'marches'—up-country—for standing over and worshipping the wonderful flower forms that surprised me at every step on my way. When I first saw *Hoya viridiflora* I fairly turned 'cart-wheels' round and round it and my shriek of delight, and precipitate rush upon it, when I first saw *Bombax malabaricum* in full bloom, infected the whole regiment—of young draughts from England—behind me: they all rushed off to the tree with me; leaving the commanding officer in the high road stupefied; until at last he realized the position and frankly forgave my escapade.

'Avoid the snares of social life and become the first of living Arabists, and

LONDON

take a good stride forward in this year, is the best seasonable wish that can be formulated for you by yours sincerely.—George Birdwood.'

Sir Charles Lyall, after a distinguished career as an Indian civilian, devoted all his retirement to the study of the early Arab poets, and was to be found every day in the India Office Library, surrounded by ponderous Arabic lexicons. His renderings of pre-Islamic Arabic poems from the *Hamasah*, the *Mufazzaliyat*, etc., make a fascinating book for anyone interested in the Arabs, even if not specially interested in poetry.

Sir William Foster, then a young man, was just beginning to make a name for himself as editor of the *Court Minutes of the East India Company*, the *Letters*, and the *English Factories in India*. They now form a row of twenty-eight volumes, wherever such works are to be found. Foster and I met first over work of the Hakluyt Society, of which he was honorary secretary, and with myself, as later Keeper of the Records in India, he would naturally keep in touch. We met frequently over the work of the History Board of London University; he did a volume on Thomas Herbert's travels for the 'Broadway Travellers', and he and I had a common interest in the Shirley brothers in Persia.

Among my acquaintances at that time was Frank Otter. He stood out quite alone; in his generation there was nobody like him. Exceedingly handsome, always perfectly dressed, his manners were exquisite. The soul of generosity, everyone loved him. He lived on champagne, which seemed to do him much good, but probably did him more harm. In addition to his 'profession' of being Frank Otter, he had been in the Guards. He got up in time for race-meetings, and went to bed when no-one would sit up with him any longer.

He would stand, in immaculate dress clothes, his hat slightly tilted back, in the bar of the old Empire, greeting all his friends with the offer of 'a glass of wine', by which champagne was meant. I ran across him in the bar of the Chatham in Paris, on his return, with a bullet hole in the seat of his trousers, from the Balkan War of 1913, when he was war correspondent for the *Pink \m*. He was in splendid form. The night began with a numbered Aylesbury duck *chez Frederique* at the Tour d'Argent, and ended at Barattes near the Halles.

In 1898 I struck up a friendship that lasted many years with Princess Gorchakov Stourdza, daughter of the last Hospodar of Rumania, and widow of the Russian, Gorchakov, who represented his country at the Congress of Berlin, when Great Britain was represented by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury. We met first at a tea-party in the house of Admiral Kay Seymour. The princess suddenly said she would like some underdone roast beef. This, by good fortune, our hostess was able to produce, and the princess ate it with relish. We next met at Hatchards' in Piccadilly, whence we embarked in the coach and four for Hampton Court. The drive was delightful, and after wandering about the lovely gardens we lunched at the Mitre. When it came

LONDON

to paying I hadn't enough money, and only saved the situation by giving my watch as a guarantee that I would come another day, and pay.

In September 1899 I accompanied E. G. B. to a Congress of Orientalists in Rome. I shall never forget the intellectual enjoyment I derived from my first journey by rail from Civita Vecchia to Rome, and the drive through Rome to my hotel. It was like passing through an enormous open-air museum of ancient and medieval antiquities. I was subject to a hundred spontaneous emotions and my first hour in Rome, half of which was spent in my hotel room, was the most fruitful of my visit. As I wandered in her streets and saw one by one her famous sights, spontaneity of interest began to wear off, and finally, at the end of a few days, I had become a mere sight-seer, regretting that one could not, in the given time, see half the things one ought to see.... I have, however, never suffered much from the Traveler's Baedeker conscience'.

After the Oriental Congress in Rome I spent a week in Princess Gorchakov Stourdza's beautiful villa in Sorrento. Next door to the villa belonging to Marion Crawford, hers was one of the houses perched on the top of the cliff overlooking the Bay of Naples, it had steps winding down inside the cliff to the sea. The garden was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, the vegetation almost tropical. Though by no means slight of figure, as one who eats cold roast beef underdone at tea is not likely to be, the princess bicycled every day along the picturesque but dusty roads leading to Amalfi and Pompeii. She was a very handsome woman and a great *raconteur*. Gardening was her chief hobby, and in Paris she had a charming formal garden in the rue de Varenne that can have changed but little since the days of Watteau.

Some of my pleasantest evenings of those days were spent in the beautiful house of the Plimmers in St. John's Wood. Dr. Plimmer was a fine musician and pianist as well as an eminent scientist. His wife, German by birth, was the kindest hostess I have ever known. Their house was a mixture of luxury, informality, and intellectuality. The company was interesting, the talk instructive and amusing. One often met Meredith, Rhys Davids, Almoth Wright, and Mrs. Wedgewood. Dr. Plimmer would play to us, sitting at the Steinway in his black velvet coat, and red tie, and wearing a large green shade over his eyes. He often described what he was going to play, saying what it meant in the history of music. I especially remember his explanations of opus 110 and opus 111 of Beethoven, which contain so many of the harmonic elements developed by Wagner. He was an admirer of D'Albert, and was fond of playing his settings of Bach's organ preludes and fugues.

A curious experience I had in the Plimmers' house was of talking into a phonograph. One record, begun with Meredith's reciting part of the first chapter of *The Egoist*, ended with a reading by myself of the Lord's Prayer as paraphrased by Dante in Canto XI of *Il Purgatorio*:

LONDON

*O Padre nostro, die ne" deli stai,
mm drconscritto, ma per piu amore
die aiprimi effetti di lassu tu hai,
Laudato sia il tuo nome e il tuo valore
da ogni creatura....*

It came out well, but I hope no Italian heard the record.

Another house to which I frequently went was H. M. Stanley's in Richmond Terrace. H. M. had quite a preference for me, and would talk to me by the hour. I made out by slow degrees, piecing hints together, that the old man he then was found the forest of London 'high life' far more impenetrable and disheartening than the forests of Darkest Africa. I was present at a dinner when everybody but myself either staggered under jewels or creaked with celebrity. One of those latter ones, and he sat opposite me, but so that I did not hear a word he said, having an old chatterbox by my side to listen to, was Bernard Shaw, in a blue serge suit and a red tie.

Among the friends my being an orientalist brought me was Harry Lynch. He was writing his work on Armenia, and required details to be gathered only from Persian sources, a task for which I was recommended by Dr. Rieu. Through Lynch I got to know George Leveson-Gower, at one time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. Once he happened to mention that he had learnt from Sir Walter Lawrence that a man was wanted as Principal of the Madrasah, a Muslim college in Calcutta. I had taken no interest in India, nor had had a desire to visit that country, but I was earning almost nothing, and had small prospect of anything better. I was prepared to go anywhere, and do anything, to justify my chosen pursuits. The affair was therefore soon settled.

To continue with an extract or two from my diary:

23 January 1901. Queen Victoria died yesterday at about 6.30 p.m. The news began to spread about 8 p.m. I had to go to Gower Street, to play the flute in a concert... (it was postponed). Outside the station, posters on the pavement announcing the death of the Queen were attracting mixed and eager crowds. Across the street a barrel-organ was playing, and children, all ignorant of the news, were dancing to it.

II February 1901. To-day I gave a party in honour of E. G. Browne. The guests were Edmund Gosse, Owen Seaman, W. P. Ker, Arthur Piatt, Laurence Housman, Vernon Rendall, Douglas Ainslie, and Charles Keith-Falconer. Gosse and Browne, after dinner, became the centres of rival groups.

3 June 1901. Here have I been neglecting my journal, while I have been living through some of the most eventful and fateful days of my life. Since I last made an entry in this fitful book, I have escaped being arrested on one day for manslaughter, and on the next for theft. In addition to which I have been offered a post in Calcutta.

LONDON

I was riding with the 'Liver Brigade', as had been my daily habit for some years. Near Hyde Park Corner there is a pathway across the Row, much used by people going to work. Just in front of me was a girl on a white pony. In order to let the pony pass, an old workman with a bag slung by a hammer over his shoulder halted, and after she had passed, not seeing **my brown** horse, continued on his way. I had not time to pull up, but only to swerve a little to one side, and my knee struck the man on the side of his head. He fell down unconscious; but after we had picked him up he soon came to, and with great relief we went on our way.

On the following day I had an appointment with the Secretary of State for India, Lord George Hamilton. I naturally put on my best bib and tucker, and for a finishing touch had gone into Lincoln Bennett's (in those days occupying the corner of Sackville Street) for a *coup de fer* for my top-hat. While I was in the shop, a young man came in, and asked one of the assistants to cash him a cheque for £10,000. He gave his name, and said he was a partner in a big American bank. Naturally no-one in the shop was prepared to cash a cheque for such an amount, and so the young man went out, and my hat being ready I followed him into the street. By the pavement of Piccadilly there were one or two broughams with grooms standing at the horses' heads. My young man went up to the first groom, and offered him the cheque which Lincoln Bennett had refused to cash for him. The groom took no notice of such a ridiculous offer, and this same thing occurred with a second groom. The young man proceeded slowly on his way. In those days, St. James's Hall was still standing, the entrance sheltered by a porchway stretching across the pavement. There happened to be a constable near each pillar. Fearing lest my young man come to some harm, I went up to the first constable, and asked him to tip the wink to his colleague to stop my young friend. We then went all together to Vine Street, and when I had told my story the young man gave his address, and a constable saw him safely home in a hansom.

That was the last I saw of my eccentric banker, but it was not the end of my adventure; for just as I was about to leave Vine Street an inspector asked me if I would be so kind as to take part in an identification. It appeared that some villain had gone into Spink's shop and calmly walked off with a cushionful of valuable tiepins. A suspect had been arrested, and two assistants and a commissionaire had come to identify him. The suspect was placed in a row with eleven men including myself. They were men of all kinds and classes, taken haphazard from the street. I noticed uneasily that one of them bore a resemblance to me; moreover he was dressed exactly as I was. His trousers were the same pattern as mine, and he was wearing a frockcoat, as was the fashion then. As ill-luck would have it, my double was the arrested suspect, and so great was my resemblance to him that one of Spink's assistants picked me out as the thief! Fortunately the other assistant

LONDON

and the commissionaire said it was the other fellow, or things would have been extraordinarily unpleasant for me.

Under the date of the 16th of June, 1901 it is recorded in my diary that I had accepted the offered post in Calcutta, and that I felt perfectly satisfied that I had done the right thing. I wrote that, and then went to a party given by Maurice Hewlett to Sarah Bernhardt, and was fortunate enough to have some conversation with her. She was without exception the most fascinating woman I had ever met, and she made me feel that my French was much better than it really was. Perhaps it was with her.

This chapter may rightly be ended with a letter or two called forth by the Calcutta appointment, beginning with one written by Vernon Rendall in the *Athenaeum* Office:

'I guess that you have been hurried and worried, but that is almost inevitable. All congratulations on such a sphere of operations, where you will have room to move and power to organize beyond what we get in England, and, I daresay, good aid from Government. *Coelum, non animum*: you must give us an occasional Calcutta letter. It is rather annoying to lose you just as pleasant intercourse seems in view, but one can wonder at no-one leaving England, where so little is done for scholarship. We that remain have a tough job before us in trying to retain anything beyond American and street slang.

'I anticipate that you will have a good time and speedily be at home; in fact, it is just the place for you with your versatility and the gifts which often do not accompany scholarship. Nicholson, I'm afraid, will always be a stranger in the land of Harmsworth, literally and generally *desorienté*. I have been grossly busy, and am, otherwise I should have seen you before now.'

A. Edmund Spender, writing from Plymouth, was another sender of congratulations:

'My heartiest congratulations to you on your Indian appointment; your mother has good cause to be proud of you. I *might* almost envy you, but the heat of Calcutta would never suit me; indeed but for that I might have been able to welcome you on your arrival out there, for a year or two ago I was offered the Editorship of the *Englishman*. However, we now drift into different spheres in which your star at the present is in the more brilliant ascendant. I myself have much to contend with in these parts—a drab level of mediocrity, in which every one who does not know the bore of a gun, or the name of the latest actress is despised and contemned. I exaggerate, but I am neither military nor a lady's man, and I spend my leisure among slums and trying to establish public houses on the lines of the Public House Trust. I wish you would kindly translate the enclosed, as I have to go to an at home on Wednesday at Blackford, and I promised to try and test your knowledge of Sanskrit, Persian, or heaven knows what.'

LONDON

I may continue with a letter from Eustace Miles, as it bears the same date, the 16th of August, 1901, as Spender's letter, which I have just given:

'Police come and see me; but be a fisherman (drop a line) a few days behindfoot. I want to see you (2 c u is a sort of joke that wd. appeal to those terrible people who read your articles in *Tit-bits*).

'Don't forget.'

The next letter is from the host of a dinner given in my honour by Harry Lynch. Its date is the 13th of October, 1901:

'As you *must* surely be on my right, neither of your schemes seems quite feasible. I make the following suggestion, but please endeavour to come early so that we may discuss this and other questions.'

G. L. G.

[George Leveson-Gower]

Browne
[E. G. B.]

Piatt?
[Arthur Piatt]

Leonard Schobridge
[a kind of Walter
Pater, who didn't
write]

Ainslie?
[Douglas Ainslie,
the author]

Ker?
[W. P. Ker]

Rcndall
[Vernon Rendall]

Wright
[Hagberg Wright,
Librarian, London
Library]

E. D. R.

H. F. B. L.

The last letter, with its delightful touch of the witty man at the end, is from W. P. Ker, a fellow guest, it will have been noticed, at Lynch's dinner:

'I send you some books for the voyage. If you have no room, give them to your mother to keep for you. Dr. John Brown was a friend of mine when I was young. That is no reason. But the essays are good enough for me even without that. Especially Marjorie Fleming, which you probably know already.

'It was a good evening at Lynch's—he is a good man and so are his friends.

'Good luck to you, and give my regards to H. E. the Governor-General, to Raleigh, to Stephen and to Professor Bain of Poona, when you meet them. Keep some Western language still and write to me occasionally.'

LONDON

Professor Bain of Poona was, of course, the well-known author of *The Digit of the Moon* and the other books.

In how high esteem I held these men, Browne, Piatt, Ker, and the others, is shown in an entry in my diary, made one day that last October in England:

12 October 1901. I have spent part of to-day in the company of the cleverest of my friends, E. G. B., Piatt, Ker. A few minutes of the society of any of these is enough to knock completely out of me any conceit or self-satisfiedness that may have accumulated since last I saw them.

IX

India: Work

1901-1914

Toute la terre a besoin de l'Inde, qui seule n'a besoin de personne.

Voltaire

Europe is not a thing easily digested.

T. E. Lawrence

From the end of 1901 to April 1914 India was my home, or my place of exile; for to Englishmen in India in those years India meant exile, if exile means long absences from home. One cannot be simultaneously in exile and at home. It is hard to give an account of the years, which at best represented an unnatural existence. Probably they included as much happiness as unhappiness; but the happiness was not quite the happiness one enjoys in Europe, while the unhappiness was of the first quality. Looking back I see a kaleidoscope of things pleasant, unpleasant, beautiful, ugly, uninteresting, dull, magnificent, squalid. I see beautiful mosques and temples in sunshine, marble palaces by moonlight, the snows of the Himalayas, mud-built villages surrounded by rice fields, processions of caparisoned elephants and prancing horses bearing riders in armour, crowds following the sheet-covered corpses of victims of the plague, multi-coloured crowds at race-meetings, long dusty railway journeys, overloaded bullock carts, washermen's donkeys, hot days and stifling nights under mosquito nets, counting of days and hours as leave out of India grew nearer.

I do not wish to give a detailed account of my years in India, but I do think I should describe briefly the nature of my work, and the kind of life I led, or that my wife and I led, for I was a married man most of the time. My journal is seldom a help, as it is almost exclusively devoted to what was going on inside me, only rarely to events passing around. As in London, it was usually a state of depression that led me to write in my journal: unlike the sundial, I only record sunless days. Down to August 1904 I lived in solitude. Then I married.

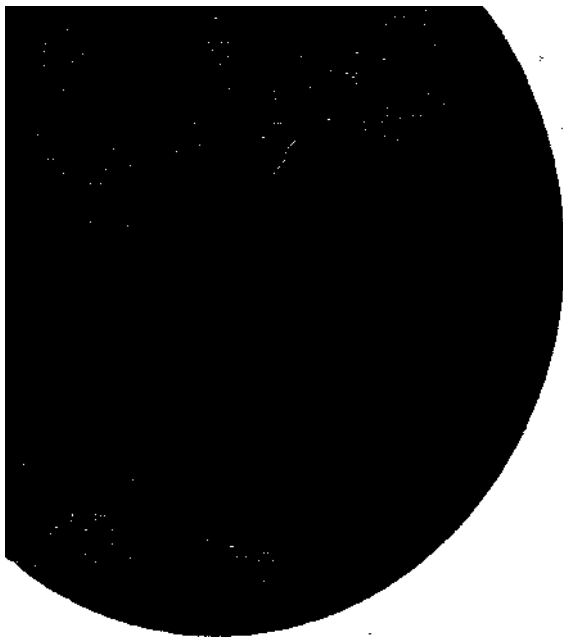
The Madrasah, founded in 1781 by Hastings, had two departments—the Arabic Department, in which only the traditional curriculum of the Muslims was followed, and the Anglo-Persian Department, where boys studied up to the Matriculation examination of the university. Only Muslims were admitted to the Madrasah. At the head of the Arabic Department was a

learned Maulavi: he had received the old type of training. The Anglo-Persian school was under a headmaster, a graduate. Most of the students lived at home, but in my time a fine hostel was erected near by, the gift, if I remember rightly, of the Nawab of Dacca. It housed about eighty. The subjects of study in the Madrasah proper were the Qur'an and its commentaries, the Traditions of the Prophet, theology, philosophy, law, logic, prosody, rhetoric, grammar, mathematics, and the early Arab poets. No history, no geography, no science. Education was mainly a question of getting the texts by heart. There was no scope for original thought or initiative. In the higher classes much of the instruction was given in Persian, a Persian differing both in pronunciation and idiom from the language of Iran.

My chief delight was in intercourse with the learned Maulavis. My position as their chief broke down any barrier of restraint they might otherwise have set up in discussing their religion with a *kafir* (infidel). Some of them were highly respected throughout India for their learning. I recall with affection the memories of Vilayat Husayn and Sa'adat Husayn. Vilayat Husayn had the typical appearance of a Muslim saint. Of medium height, he was thin almost to emaciation; his hair and his pointed beard were of the purest white; he wore a turban and a long linen coat reaching to his heels. Sa'adat Husayn in figure was burly and his face was round. The natural colour of his hair and beard was disguised by a strong application of henna. He wore a green turban. On festive occasions, of course, these learned Maulavis wore their robes of honour. They were Shams-ul-Ulame.

Shams-ul-Ulama Vilayat Husayn and Shams-ul-Ulama Sa'adat Husayn knew all that could be learnt from Arabic literature, except history and geography, but they had no conception of research, and no ambition to seek knowledge outside their texts. It is precisely this profound but limited range of learning that has hindered intellectual progress within Islam, putting the Muslims at a disadvantage compared with those professing more liberal creeds. (The only Muslims who have ever broken away from this bondage are the Turks, and they, in spite of their close contact with the West, made very little progress till their schools were secularized.)

Having spent ten years in studying Islamic languages and literatures from a Western standpoint, I found it intensely interesting to be brought into direct contact with Muslim learning as taught by Muslims, and to see at work a curriculum on which all Muslims throughout the world had been brought up from the early days of Islam, the curriculum identical everywhere save in the case of the theological text-books, which are in accordance with the teaching, now of one, now of another, of the four different schools of interpretation founded by the Imams of a remote age. Otherwise all the text-books used in the Madrasah were the very ones studied in Nishapur in the days of 'Omar Khayyam in the eleventh century. For in Islam all learning had been confined to what was known to, and approved by, the orthodox



E.D.R., AGED THIRTY-ONE

INDIA: WORK

in the Middle Ages. Although in many branches of learning, such as astronomy, medicine, and mathematics, the Arabs and the Persians had carried forward the torch of progress while darkness reigned in the West, a halt had been called on religious grounds, and a barrier thus raised against all further progress in science and speculation.

I had a deep respect for the learning of the Maulavis, and was strongly opposed to any suggestion that the old books should be neglected, or the old traditions lost, but I did regret the narrow outlook. My aim was to combine the old curriculum with scholarly research on modern lines. I felt that fine scholars might be made out of those who, having acquired in the orthodox way a familiarity with Arabic literature such as no European can acquire in youth in the West, should then read what has been written on this literature by great scholars like Noldeke and Goldziher. To this end I introduced a modicum of English into the Arabic Department, and while I was principal one or two young men were turned out who have since made their name by scholarly researches. The volumes of the Bankipur Catalogue bear sufficient testimony to what such men can achieve, if given a chance. The taste for modern research has since spread like wild-fire among both Muslims and Hindus, and numbers of young Indians come every year to England to take higher degrees in oriental history and literature, and theses of first-rate importance have been written. One's fear is, however, that in future such men for the most part will be recruited among those who have not had the inestimable advantage of the old orthodox training in the background of Muslim and Hindu lore, without which the Western foreground becomes little more than a veneer. In the competition between tradition and research one fears tradition may eventually be lost sight of. What is wanted is the combination of the two.

On the night of the 10th of February, 1911, to relate this while on the subject of the Calcutta Madrasah, a large party was given in our honour on the occasion of my leaving the Madrasah, of which I had then been principal for just over ten years. Looking back on those years, I think my appointment was a good one at that particular juncture in the history of the college and school. I had very good luck on the whole, having only one real trouble, and that was in connection with an attempt to adjust the vacations of Muslim schoolboys to the movable fast of Ramazan. It was trouble, too, more with the Muslim 'politicians' than with the scholars whose welfare was my special responsibility. How serious a conflict one might have with certain elements in one's surroundings in Bengal is shown in a contemporary letter from which I excerpt the following:

'I am having a great bother with the community. You must know that there are a number of ambitious Muhammadan title- and office-seekers, whose whole aim is to keep themselves before the eye of Government, and to lead people to regard them as the spokesmen and leaders of their com-

INDIA: WORK

munity. At the head of one section is a judge whom I will call X. Y. Z. (to avoid libel in case the ends of this letter fly open and expose it to the world). He is the most unmitigated scoundrel I ever met, and as clever and Machiavellian as it is possible for any one to be. Having discovered his double-dyed villainy, I have refused to encourage him, and refrain from consulting him on matters connected with Muhammadan education. This absolutely infuriates him, as former principals, seeking peace before all things, have always encouraged him, and have never taken any action without first asking his advice, and securing his promise of support. However, things go very badly with me, for the simple reason that the D.P.I., (may God stiffen his back in the next world!) is entirely under the thumb of X. Y. Z. and thus all my suggestions prove abortive. I have all the unpleasantness of being on unfriendly terms with a very scheming and unscrupulous man, and am at the same time obliged to submit, when he opposes me—indirectly. I am led to believe that the Ramazan question was all a plot to bring me wito disfavour with the community and the authorities. My head teacher, as a Muhammadan, suggested the scheme, and when dissentient voices were raised, he said it was only an agitation got up by X. Y. Z. I have since come to know that my head teacher himself was in the plot, though he pretended to be on my side.

'I am so terribly hurt and pained to find how villainous these people can be after the efforts that I have made to help them, and how they *enjoy* nothing so much as to turn and rend those to whom they are under obligation.'

I did not lay down the principalship, to end on a pleasanter note, before seeing to the institution of a title examination, and to the organization of the Madrasah as a college teaching up to the higher course.

The great advantage of life in India was that there was always plenty to do, especially in a place like Calcutta, where, in addition to the Madrasah with its forty teachers and nearly a thousand students of all ages, I found much else to occupy myself with, as the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Calcutta University, and my own studies. During the last of the Indian years I held the Keepership of the Records of the Government of India; simultaneously, too, for a time with the principalship of the Madrasah; for it was some time before Mr. Harley, who succeeded me as principal, was forthcoming. I was also Honorary Epigraphist to the Government of India and one of the trustees of the Victoria Memorial Hall.

To tell the story in detail. One day I received a letter from Lord Curzon, intimating that at his suggestion I was to be offered the Keepership of the Records of the Government of India. The Viceroy's letter was:

Dear Dr. Ross,

You will presently receive through the Bengal Government an offer about which, as I am responsible for it, I should like to say a few words. It

INDIA: WORK

is that you should become the Officer in permanent charge of the Records. I have for long felt that your present position, congenial though it is to you and admirably though you fill it, hardly affords adequate scope to your powers. It has seemed to me that an officer possessing your tastes, abilities and enthusiasms should, if possible, be secured by Government for a post which will give full scope to their exercise, and will enable you in an official capacity to render those services to Government which you now so often place gratuitously at their disposal.

I hope that the plan may not be distasteful to you; and that the increased salary may enable Government to testify its great appreciation of your deserts.

Yours sincerely,

CURZON

As Trustee of the Victoria Memorial my correspondence in connection with the collection of objects in England and in India became so great that I was allowed a special clerk for this work. By the time Lord Curzon left India a very good beginning had been made and the collection was first of all housed in the Indian Museum, and after Delhi became the capital it was moved to Belvedere. It is not generally known that the Victoria Memorial came very near to being built of Pentelic marble. Indeed the contract was nearly completed when it was brought to Lord Curzon's notice that the hills of Makrana possessed fine marble quarries which had been employed for many famous Indian buildings.

When I took over the Keepership of the Records I was brought into close touch with the civilians at the head of the Service in India, a new experience for me. As principal of the Madrasah, my immediate chief was the Director of Public Instruction: on him I depended for the support of whatever schemes I put forward, and to him I submitted my reports. He was interested only in the purely administrative side of the work, and consequently I had had very little to do with him. In the Records, first, nominally Assistant Secretary in the Department of Commercial Agriculture (heaven knows why), and later as Deputy Secretary in the Education Department (under Sir Harcourt Butler), I had an opportunity of seeing behind the scenes of the Government of India. My duties were threefold: (1) the filing, indexing, and preservation of the Records, and these went back to the days of Warren Hastings, and included the voluminous correspondence which that great administrator conducted in the Persian language with the Indian princes and chiefs; (2) all the correspondence regarding the Government of India's patronage of learned publications, and also the distribution throughout the world of those publications; (3) a variety of questions filtering through to me from the different departments, such questions as my special studies pointed me out as the man to deal with. I had at one time, for instance, to

INDIA: WORK

compose a suitable *ta'rikh* or chronogram for King George V's Coronation Darbar at Delhi, or rather for that darbar medal. A *ta'rikh*, I ought to explain, is a sentence in Arabic or Persian relating to an event, and recording its date by the addition of the numerical values of the letters composing the sentence, 'a' equalling 1, 'b' 2, and so on. A similar system has often been used with the Roman numerals. I spent whole days over this puzzle, finally getting Lord Hardinge to accept the inscription to be read on the obverse of the Delhi Darbar medal of 1911: 'Jargi panjum Qaysar i Hind Padishah u Malik i diyar i Ingliz,' 'George V, Kaiser-i-Hind, Emperor and Lord of the British Dominions.' I do not think my *tcCrikh* is above criticism, but it at least gives the total of 1911.

With such manifold duties I was brought into contact with many eminent public servants, among them Herbert Risley, Denzil Ibbetson, John Hewett, J. O. Miller, James Bourdillon, Archdale Earle, and Lord Hailey, and thus learnt to realize the quality of these men, and of what stuff the I.C.S. as a whole is made. It was a constant delight to be privileged to read their Minutes, just as it was my perpetual terror that I might be invited to write a Minute myself. With Risley, who was also an ethnologist, and did much work in the sphere of the census, I had a correspondence in 1902, the year in which he became Home Secretary. In his first letter he wrote:

'In 1900, having to address the Asiatic Society, and being obliged to say something about the Scythians, I cockered up the remarks which I enclose. Since then I have extended measurement to Rajputana and Baluchistan and have conclusive evidence

(1) that the Rajputs are a *longheaded* people with no traces whatever of Mongolian blood

(2) that the Baluch and Brahui are broad-headed.'

Risley was one of the first I told of my having discovered in the Madrasah Library a unique Arabic manuscript, an historical work of which there will be more to say when I come to the books at which I have myself laboured. This led me to apply for leave on deputation; for I desired to have the publication of this text taken in hand. The idea was unfavourably received by the Director of Public Instruction. When the matter had been finally settled in the sense I desired, I was shown the Minute written by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and (it is short) I unblushingly reproduce it:

The D.P.I.'s reply is, I think, a little ungracious. Dr. Ross is a specialist of high qualifications, and is also the possessor of abundant energy and enthusiasm. These two facts should be borne in mind in dealing with the proposal. It would be a pity to keep a racehorse in the brougham, even though he had been bought for harness.'

During my tenure of the Keepership I had in succession two assistants, both of them remarkable men and most efficient workers. First was Harold

Claughton, who came out to India in 1905 (I think), and resigned in 1911. In 1914 he was taken on in the Postal Censorship Department, and became Personal Assistant to the Chief Censor. He did splendid work there, winning golden opinions from all his superiors. After the war he joined the administrative staff of the University of London, and is now the Secretary to the Court.¹ He married 'Helen Henschel', the gifted daughter of Sir George Henschel, the musician.

A. F. Scholfield, who succeeded Claughton in the Record Office, and in 1914 succeeded me as Keeper, never really took to life in India. He went out in society hardly at all, and from choice made very few friends. He regarded India as a land of exile, and made no effort to relieve the monotony of life in Calcutta. He is now, after having been Librarian in Trinity College, the Cambridge University Librarian. He has a sinister look, born of a natural shyness, and he has, both as speaker and letter-writer, a caustic or mordant wit, which, for all that it is of that nature, is closely related to a sympathetic understanding. I rejoice in the great rewards that their talents have gained for both Claughton and Scholfield. The latter, one is afraid, with his high standard of work in Record Office or library, was often sorely tried in India. He once exclaimed to a friend of his and mine: \ . . the malignant obtuseness of the Bengali BabuF

I once wrote, offering Scholfield the Librarianship of the School of Oriental Studies. Part of his reply ran :

'It was infinitely sweet of you to think of me in connection with your oriental library, but I suppose one of the first requisites is to know at any rate one Eastern language, and I can truthfully say now that I know not a single one. Every word of Persian has gone from me.

'By the way I suddenly recollect that I have not congratulated you on your knighthood, though it is now six months old. It is always a particular pleasure to see learning represented when honours are bestowed, and it must have afforded you real and merited satisfaction to find your services thus publicly acknowledged.

'Are you going to the Russian ballet, and the Beecham operas? I hope you prosper. Au revoir.'

Being invited to visit the famous Khuda Bakhsh Library in Bankipur, I took an early opportunity of going there, and was overwhelmed by its wealth of manuscripts, Arabic and Persian. The founder was still alive in those days, and I was delighted to drink in his marvellous erudition. He knew every book of the vast collection. The library building, quite adequate in itself, was surrounded by a *basti*, exposed thus to constant danger from fire. The learned founder had made a hand-list of the most important books, but there was no catalogue. It seemed to me imperative, first, that the surrounding land should be purchased, so that a clear space might be

¹ He is now Acting Principal of London University.—J. A. C.

INDIA: WORK

made round the library; secondly, that the great collection should be well catalogued. I immediately wrote to the Viceroy, telling him about the library, and what I thought should be done. Not long afterwards it was arranged that the surrounding land should be bought by the Government, and a grant made for a full catalogue. My next duty was to train two or more young Muhammadans in the craft of cataloguing according to the ideals of modern scholarship. I did this training in the Madrasah itself, where there were uncatalogued manuscripts, if nothing of great value excepting the *History of Gujarat*. The men proved apt pupils, and six months later went to Bankipur to begin on the great catalogue. It is only now nearing completion. There will be close upon five-and-twenty volumes, if not actually that number, and from that the size of the collection may be judged, and how many volumes Khuda Bakhsh had studied.

I feel that the Bankipur catalogue is the one monument I left behind me in India, and it, as also the preservation of the library from the danger of fire, is due to the sympathetic understanding of Lord Curzon in all such matters. The cataloguers were Abdul Muqtadir, to whom orientalists owe all the volumes in which the Persian manuscripts are described, and Azim-ud-Din, Hajji Mui'uddin Nadwi, Hedayat Husain (a son of Vilayat Husayn), and Abdul Hamid, who all worked on the Arabic manuscripts. A number of Englishmen stood by these men, especially after I left India, helping them by reading their volumes, one by one, in manuscript, and in other ways. Among these were A. F. Scholfield, the late Eric Arthur Home, and J. A. Chapman. The last, indeed, was in charge of the catalogue for several years, under the orders of the Government. As the volumes were distributed, interesting letters came from the scholars of Europe, as Brockelmann and Goldziher.

My career in India very nearly took an unexpected turn in 1904, for it was then proposed that I should go to Aligarh as Professor of Arabic under Theodore Morison as Principal. This proposal led to what figures in my correspondence as the 'famous Breakfast Conference', when, with Denzil Ibbetson, the Home Member, as host, H.H. the Agha Khan, Ameer Ali, Morison and I first had breakfast and afterwards discussed the matter. The proposal was abandoned finally for political expediency, but before then I had myself cooled off from it as a proposal involving my leaving Calcutta and my work with the Viceroy.

A very gifted man I had much to do with in Calcutta was Harinath De, a Bengali who, after a brilliant but far from satisfactory career, died prematurely. He went to Cambridge, when he had learnt all that could be learnt in Calcutta, and there took a first class in both the Classical and Oriental Triposes. He had an interesting way of discovering both men and books, and he might suddenly turn up at my house with a Japanese Buddhist priest, or an Arab, or a rare first edition found in the bazar. He not only had

INDIA: WORK

a great command of Indian and European languages, but appeared to know everything else. When Lord Curzon visited Dacca, Harinath prepared for him a history of Dacca drawn from native sources, with an eloquent dedication in Latin. Accompanying the Maharaja of Burdwan as interpreter, when the Maharaja was received in audience by the Pope, Harinath addressed His Holiness in faultless Latin, and on the Pope's complimenting him, and observing that he ought to study the modern language of Italy, Harinath made a little speech in Italian.

Unfortunately Harinath was sadly lacking in stability of character, and this led to a break in our intercourse that was never healed, and changed him from a friend into a bitter enemy. But I forgive him every wrong he did me, except his bribing two of my instructors, one in Chinese, the other in Arabic, to cease coming to read with me. These matters, in the East, are not without their amusing side. I had a letter from Colonel Phillott, written when Harinath died, and telling me of the grief of his typist, another Bengali, and how real it was, for, Phillott explained, this man had been in Harinath's pay as a spy on his master, and now his life had lost its spice. I have no doubt that Harinath had a spy among my servants.

In 1908 my wife and I spent two weeks in May in Lebong, the cantonment of Darjeeling, as the guests of Colonel Somerville. There I read daily with a Lama from Lhasa, thus obtaining an introduction to Tibetan. We also spent a month in Simla that year. I then heard Sven Hedin lecture; I also spent a delightful morning with the great explorer, when we discussed the publication of a famous Chinese geography in six languages, a work I had come across in the British Museum, while examining the Chinese polyglot books. I had had a complete set of rotographs taken of the three volumes. The geographical data are all in Chinese, but the place-names are in six languages, each in its own script; namely, Chinese, Mongolian, Manchu, Kalmuck, Tibetan, Turki. Special interest attaches to the Kalmuck, in that the script indicates more accurately than the Mongolian the nuances of the vowel sounds.

I had become more and more interested in Central Asian studies, especially after a visit to Berlin in 1907, when I saw something of the work being done by F. W. K. Muller, Von le Coq, and Grunwedel. With Von le Coq I formed a friendship, and with him I conducted a correspondence, brought to a close in 1914 by the outbreak of war, but resumed ten years later. He belonged to one of the Huguenot families of Potsdam. His knowledge of England and his sympathy with English people were such that one never thought of him as a foreigner. Only comparatively late in life did he set out on his travels and exploration in Central Asia. Entering heart and soul into this new career, he became a first-class digger and a fine scholar of old Turkish, for apart from many of the Turfan documents being in the old Turkish language of Central Asia, he studied the locally spoken dialects of

INDIA: WORK

Turki. His travelling done, he devoted himself to deciphering documents, and to arranging the artistic treasures brought back from Turfan. With immense ingenuity and perseverance he erected huge frescoes on the walls of the Ethnographical Museum. Some of the wall-paintings were so large that they had had to be cut into sections, there being a very definite limit to the size of the packing-cases that could be carried across the desert by caravan. No-one who had had the privilege of visiting the galleries in his company could ever forget his enthusiasm and unfailing kindness. He told me in one letter that the Kaiser was to bring King Edward VII to examine the Turfan finds.

There being no English scholar equipped to decipher the manuscript treasures that were being brought back from Central Asia, notably from Tun-huang, I determined to write to Marc Aurel Stein, telling him I was prepared to devote myself to the study of Chinese and Ancient Turkish. This eventually led to my being offered a post in the British Museum for work on the Stein Collections. Of Sir Aurel there would be much to say. A Hungarian, he became principal of the Oriental College in Lahore. Profoundly learned in Sanskrit, and strongly drawn towards antiquarian researches, he spent his vacations making exploration in Kashmir and along the Afghan frontier. In 1900 he began archaeological work in central Turkestan, and this first of fruitful expeditions was followed by others in 1906-8 and 1913-16.

Stein's excavations at ruined sites in the Taklamakan desert revealed fully the great historical interest of the ancient culture, the joint product of Indian, Chinese, and classical influences, that flourished in the oases of Chinese Turkestan. His second journey extended these explorations eastwards for nearly a thousand miles in a straight line. There, along routes that linked China with the kingdoms of central and western Asia and the classical world, are scattered ruins that yielded relics throwing light on the history, arts, and life of regions whose past, save for rare references in the Chinese annals, were lost in darkness. Stein's further explorations in central Asia and western China, and again in Central Asia and Persia, bore the most fruitful results. Seldom has there been combined in one man such qualifications for exploration. This great Hungarian is the pride of two nations and the wonder of all.

I will end this chapter with some of the letters I received at this period from Von le Coq, Aurel Stein and Robert Gauthiot.

Berlin. 29 January 1910

My dear Ross,

I was delighted to have your kind lines of the 13th inst. with the cutting of your Csoma article: many thanks—poor Csoma! what an example!

Your notice concerning the Japs I have read with very great interest. I

INDIA: WORK

take it, the Uighur things you saw were part of Otani's 'pilgrimage'? It will be a very nice feat to identify it and I do wish those Japs would turn the editing of their things over to yourself, for I do not think, to judge from what I have seen of the average, that they have a sufficient amount of staying power in science: they are warriors and surely some of their deeds and views in that metier are quite capable of warming your blood with sympathy and admiration. Yet it is well never to forget that they love none but themselves; that they are being devoured with ambition. Also: no Italian of the Cinquecento was a greater adept at deep and deadly hypocrisy and intrigue, and to statesmen I would say: Use them if you *can*, but be careful of not being used yourselves.

Mongolian Buddhist texts have *not* been found excepting a Sanskrit Sutra—in Pags'pa letters. This Grunwedel's men found I think in the late settlements in the Tien-shan foothills north of Turfan. Otherwise our finds are singularly free of all trace of the two great swarms of human locusts—the Arabs and the Mongols. . . .

F. W. K.¹ will bring out his Soghdians pretty soon. He sends salaam.

A. v. LE COQ

Berlin. 23 August 1910

My dear Ross,

. . . Tachibana was here a few days ago. Jove! He was in luck not to have fallen into one of those waggon ruts in the Turfan loess-soil; he could not have got out of it again. Otherwise he is a fine little chap, and I think will become a most useful member of the Turfanite crowd. Sharp enough of wit undoubtedly is, and his being a Buddhist priest gives him a tremendous pull.

A. v. LE COQ

Berlin. 17 June 1910

My dear Ross,

. . . F. W. K.'s Soghdian is again taking a back seat. We have, by dint of nosing around, hit upon a few delightful things and got a wonderful vocabulary. But those blessed Manichaean texts still are a bugbear. Radloff's translation is a shocking muddle.

The behaviour of the Hungarians is charming and I sincerely congratulate you to [*sic*] the many proofs you have got of having touched a nation's heart.

Generous they are, and ever were and patriotic to a degree! 'Teddy' also has been saying nice things about them, but I fear their pride of race does not require much encouragement—when I was amongst them, I rather thought they were too well pleased with themselves.

¹ F. W. K. Muller.—J. A. C.

INDIA: WORK

I do not know whether I have said anything to you yet in sympathy with the loss England has experienced by King Edward's death. As a sincere well-wisher of the great old country that was, in dark days, the last and fortunately successful obstacle to the power of Spain and the Catholics, and that has given shelter to more than one Le Coq, I have felt the same pangs that have moved the hearts of Englishmen, with every one of whom I can truthfully condole. . . .

A. v. LE COQ

Berlin. 27 May 1911

My dear Ross,

I have been delighted to have your very kind letter and re Sylvain Levi I am particularly glad that you got out of the dispute on top: meseems Leo Silvanus is a little rapacious.

I met him at Paris and confess that I was very much taken with the old boy; I took a very great liking to him and since then I have been a bit shaken, *vide* his article in *Le Temps* of about a week ago. He evidently belongs to that class of Frenchmen who would like to claim *every thing* for their own beloved country and while I admire, in a way, a patriotism of so ardent a nature, I cannot help to feel sorry for people who allow their fine feelings to carry them beyond the bounds of international, nay common, honesty. Yet it is difficult to be angry with these Tartarins, their conviction is so complete! My own French blood permits me, perhaps, to speak so unreservedly about this failing, which appears unlovely and rather ludicrous, in matters belonging to science, to my more sober northern training. The English used to be exemplary in these things, and you my dear Ross have given me much pleasure and satisfaction in my belief, by your way of treating the Kara manuscripts: if others have not agreed with you do not allow yourself to be shaken: I myself have offered some of my Chinese things to a French scholar, Pelliot, and others to Foucher, not to speak of Wilhelm Thomsen; once because I like the men and secondly because they are better fit than others to do the work. I certainly would feel deep disgust if political or commercial bickerings should interfere and prevent the different nations from working together in that spirit of good fellowship that their scientific work ought to raise in them. . . .

Farjanel has attacked Pelliot and Chavannes most bitterly in *La Revue indigene*, Dec. 1910, and we have been so angry with this unprovoked attack, that F.W.K. has pointed out, in the Academy, the importance of Pelliot's finds with a view of supporting Pelliot against Farjanel's attempt to make his finds appear as 'fakes'. This has been done in acknowledgment of P.'s merits in bringing to Europe the fine collection he did obtain; we have felt it to be a duty. . . .

As to those Kara manuscripts, Sieg will have written to you meanwhile.

INDIA: WORK

They are unfortunately written in the tongue termed 'Sprache IT by old Leumann. Now Hocrnlc has published some texts in this tongue, but excellent Sankritist that he may be, he does not appear to help the matter on. Pity F. W. K. has not the time to go in for it: it takes a man who is master of *many* tongues to unravel this secret. Andreas might help, too, not however a mere Sanskritist like Leumann. . . .

A. v. LE COQ

FROM SIR AUREL SIEIN

British Museum. 22 December 1910

My dear Ross,

Please excuse a hurried line of thanks for your letter of Dec. 1st. I was very glad to see that your work on the Abhidharma Koca has been making good progress, and that your meeting with Stcherbatskoi has been mutually fruitful in results. I have just arranged for the reproduction of the manuscript by rotograph, and shall have the portion which may be ready despatched to you by instalments as soon as possible. . . .

I am just leaving for a short Christmas tour, most of which will have to be spent in looking up various collaborators on the philological and science side, so you must excuse me if I only add my heartiest good wishes, belated though they are, for the New Year. I hope you will get a pleasant holiday outside Calcutta during Christmas.

M. AUREL STEIN

Merton College, Oxford

23 January 1911

My dear Ross,

In continuation of my letter of Dec. 22nd, I am glad to let you know that the rotary prints of the Abhidharma Koca manuscript were despatched to you by Book Post as soon as we got them from Fleming. There was no time to arrange them in numerical order, but as every page bears Chinese numerals, and as the total of copies delivered agrees with the counted number of pages, I hope you will experience no difficulty in their arrangement and will not find any gaps.

I should be very glad if you could supply for the R. A. S. Journal a short preliminary account of your investigation of this manuscript. This would help to draw attention to the interesting work which has claimed so much of your time, and would be useful also perhaps in other ways for yourself. The same course is being followed by others of my collaborators, like Hoernle, von Le Coq, Thomsen, etc., and I have reason to believe that the R. A. S. is quite ready to give an early chance of publication to any preliminary account of manuscripts from my collection.

INDIA: WORK

I hope that the cold weather has been giving you some leisure in decent climatic conditions, and that the prospect of an early furlough has been keeping up your spirits.

M. AUREL STEIN

Merton College, Oxford

23 March 1911

My dear Ross,

I was very glad to get your full letter of March 2nd, and to see that you are prospering and your work progressing steadily. I must also congratulate you,—and the Department of Education,—upon the status they have given you as Adviser in Oriental Studies. I trust that plenty of opportunities will be given you to advise, and that there will be adequate means to give effect to your recommendations.

I am very sorry that Fleming omitted to number the pages of the rotary prints sent to you in the first instance. I can quite understand the difficulty you would now have in arriving at a correct pagination. If you will kindly return here those pages in which the Chinese numeration is repeated, I shall be able to arrange for their being put into order, and shall return them to you without delay.

I do hope that you will find time early in the Simla season to prepare the preliminary note you have promised for the J.R.A.S. I think it is expected with some interest also in Paris, and would form a very welcome 'pendant' to Von Lecoq's paper in the April number. Kindly let me know whether your notes can be expected in time for the July number, as Miss Hughes requires some preliminary information in order to keep space for them. You may be interested to know that Gauthiot in Paris has been able to make considerable advance in the interpretation of the documents in an Aramaic-looking script of which Cowley published a preliminary notice last January. The language seems to be an *early* form of Soghdian.

M. AUREL STEIN

Oxford. 22 June 1934

My dear Ross,

Having returned a few days ago from my third journey in Southern Persia I should feel very glad for an early chance of having a short talk with you about some small matters which have drifted as it were into my 'sphere of interest' recently.

I shall be in town on Monday and Tuesday, the 25th-26th, and should feel very grateful if you could kindly let me know by a line addressed to the East India United Service Club, St. James's Square, between what hours I might be able to see you at the School of O. S.

A. STEIN

INDIA: WORK
FROM ROBERT GAUTHIOT

Paris. 18 avril 1912

Cher Monsieur,

Nous sommes sans nouvelles des peuples reunis a Athenes: esperons que Minerve les protege. En tout cas, S. Levi ne sera a Paris que la semaine prochaine.

J'ai vu hier de la Vallee Poussin qui m'a demande votre adresse et qui reve de l'Abhidharma Koca.

Von Le Coq ne partira *certainement* pas de cette an nee pour une autre expedition. C'est une fausse nouvelle qu'il a lui-meme dementie aupres de moi.

Nous vous attendons en tout cas a Paris. Ma femme vous prie de transmettre a la votre toutes ses amities et je vous charge de lui exprimer mes respectueux sentiments.

Votre bien devoue,

ROBT. GAUTHIOT

Paris. 12 mars 1913

Mon cher Ross,

Il faut tout de meme que je vous dise quels regrets vous avez laisses ici. Il n'est personne qui ne regrette quelque chose de vous, mais je puis ajouter que mes *tres* proches amis et moi-meme nous vous regrettons tout entier.

Nous vous presentons a la Societe Asiatique apres-demain. Soyez tout-a-fait *chic* et envoyez-moi la photographie de l'alphabet sogdien d'apres le manuscrit Ellis. Le mois prochain, je ferai une communication sogdienne qui fera sensation, je vous jure. Seulement *faites vite*, parce que je suis accable de travail.

Saluez, je vous prie, votre femme de ma part et dites-lui qu'elle songe a moi avec indulgence, et avec joie, si possible.

Ne m'oubliez pas et n'oubliez pas ce qui est entendu pour votre passage a Paris.

R. GAUTHIOT

Paris. 22 mars 1913

Mon cher ami,

Faut-il vous dire que votre lettre si cordiale m'a rechauffe mon vieux cœur de barbare? Vous le savez de reste.

J'ai transmis a Meillet vos salutations et nous avons gentiment parle de vous. Je vous ai d'ailleurs deja dit ce qu'il pense. Et vous l'avez apercu, je pense.

Merci de votre photographie et de votre note. Je vais agiter la mare aux grenouilles qu'est la Societe Asiatique; traduire votre introduction, ajouter quelques notes et publier le tout. Je previens Finot.

INDIA: WORK

Stein me fait envoyer par le courrier diplomatique un 'stick' de trois pieds environ, avec des caracteres Sogdiens (?). 'I shall be very much obliged if you could give us some idea when we may hope to hear the result of your examination.' Signe: F. M. G. Lorimer. Business!

R. GAUTHIOT

Paris. 16 decembre 1913

Mon cher Ross,

... J'espere, mon cher ami, que vous avez reçu la carte que je vous ai envoyee de Samarcande et que vous savez ainsi que j'ai ete etudier le Yagnobi en lieu et place. C'a ete pour moi une grande joie et un excellent exercice sous tous les rapports.

J'ai vu cet ete F. W. K. Miiller qui a ete tres malade et que Ton a ete oblige de trepaner. Nous avons parle de vous bien cordialement.

Je travaille beaucoup a une grammaire du Sogdien en ecriture sogdienne et differents travaux de linguistique. Savez-vous s'il serait possible d'avoir *Grammar and Vocabulary of Waziri Pashto* by J. G. Lorimer, Calcutta, 1902? D'ailleurs ce qui touche au Nord-Ouest et aux langues iraniennes dans l'Inde m'interesse de plus en plus. Mais je n'ose pas vous demander vos propres travaux.

Quand done pourrai-je venir vous voir?

En attendant je vous envoie des tirages a part de votre article du Journal Asiatique. Je l'ai envoye aux savants d'Europe et d'Asie. Mais pas dans l'Inde. La vous ferez ce que vous voudrez.

Et surtout, mon cher ami, ne m'oubliez pas. Moi je songe toujours avec une grande joie aux heures excellentes que nous avons passees ensemble et je reste votre ami bien ddvoue.

ROBERT GAUTHIOT

Paris. 4 avril 1914. Hu.

Mon cher ami,

... J'espere que vous etes tout a fait bien, ainsi que Madame Ross; je suis seul et assez triste. Mais j'ai trouve un exemplaire de votre Tarix i Rashidi pour moi, c'est quelque chose.

Pelliot m'a dit de vous quelque chose de ridicule que je vous raconterai la prochaine fois que je vous verrai. . .

Faites-moi quelque chose pour Iran et Turan pour tres bientot, si possible ; nous aurons bientot un beau numero.

A tout de suite une nouvelle lettre de votre cordialement devoue,

R. GAUTHIOT

X

India: Work (concluded)

1901-1914

The post of Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India had lain dormant for ten years when Curzon came to India, but the Viceroy was quick to see how much depended on a central directing force. He proposed that an expert should be appointed, and, the home authorities having agreed, Sir John Marshall was made Director-General. The enthusiastic Viceroy could not have found a better man for India, and what Marshall achieved is now fully known. His name will for ever be associated with the two famous sites, Mahenjo-daro and Taxila, the one prehistoric and proto-historic, the other Buddhist. Marshall had received his training in Athens, and when he arrived in India he had something of the features and figure of a Greek god. Although of a commanding appearance, he was gentle in manner, his attitude towards those he met being rather that of an inquirer than of an instructor. But only a tireless worker could have kept his eyes on the far-flung activities of the Survey, for they extended from Kashmir to Tinneveli.

In 1910 my wife and I spent the hot weather in Darjeeling. One of our first acts was to visit the grave of Csoma de Koros, the Hungarian scholar who, having walked from Bucharest to Lahore, and thence, doubling back, to Leh, spent the years from 1821 to 1831, when he passed on to Calcutta, in the study of Tibetan and Sanskrit in Leh, Ladakh, Zaskar, Kanum, and the monastery of Yangla, where he passed a whole twelvemonth. There he would sit reading, wrapped from head to foot in woollen, the cold so intense 'as to make it a task of severity to extricate his hand to turn over the page'. In Calcutta he resided for several years in the rooms of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He died in Darjeeling of a fever contracted while passing through the Terai, being then on his way to Lhasa. His tomb, erected by the Government, is situated on a high point from which a full view is obtained of the mountains of Tibet into which he was destined not to penetrate. I felt that a new English tablet should be cut on a good piece of white marble, a replica of the existing one, except for the correction of errors due to the first stone-cutter. This was ordered to be done by the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

One day I came across a large folio volume in the Society's library, which proved to be an unpublished work by Csoma de Koros. I shall have to speak of it in a later chapter: it suffices to say here that the work was the *Mahavyutpatti*, the Sanskrit vocabulary of all the technical terms of

INDIA: WORK

Buddhism, with a Tibetan translation, and English renderings added by Csoma. Having learnt all I could about the great scholar, my chief source of information being the admirable life by Duka, I was consumed with shame to think that so much labour and devotion as the manuscript represented should lie unregarded in the book-devouring climate of Bengal. I determined to move the Society to undertake the publication.

Not long before our visit to Darjeeling I had delivered a lecture on Csoma de Koros before the Asiatic Society, when there chanced to be a Hungarian artist, E. Toth, and a Hungarian journalist, E. M. Löffler, in my audience. Coming up after the lecture, these two thanked me for the tribute paid to their countryman. I saw Mr. Löffler many times afterwards: he took photographs of me with Lama Lobzang, of whom I am to speak immediately, and wrote articles for the papers. He went to Darjeeling by and by, to superintend the renovation of Csoma's grave. To Hungary he sent far too glowing accounts of the service I had rendered to Csoma's memory, and my astonishment may be imagined when one day I received from Budapest an illuminated parchment, an expression of thanks from the ladies of that city signed by over one hundred persons. That year, too, I was elected a Foreign Corresponding Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Not until 1928 had I an opportunity of lecturing before the Academy, but that year I did, in German, on Csoma de Koros. A gracious act of the Academy was to send to the Asiatic Society of Bengal a bronze bust of the Hungarian scholar. And here I may give a letter from Vambery:

I am glad to see from your letter that your presence in Calcutta gives a mighty impulse to the study of oriental literature, and that you will be able to unearth more than one treasure which has remained hidden up to the present.

What you have done for Korosi Csoma has filled us all with deep gratitude, and I thank you beforehand for the copy which you are about to send to me. Your publications of Cagataische texts is a happy idea, as we have got very little excepting Nevai, Baber, the Sheibani-nameh and some minor poets given in my Cagataische Sprachstudien.

As to your question about Mr. Löffler, I do not know him personally—he introduced himself to me in a letter from India, nor do I know the object of his travelling.

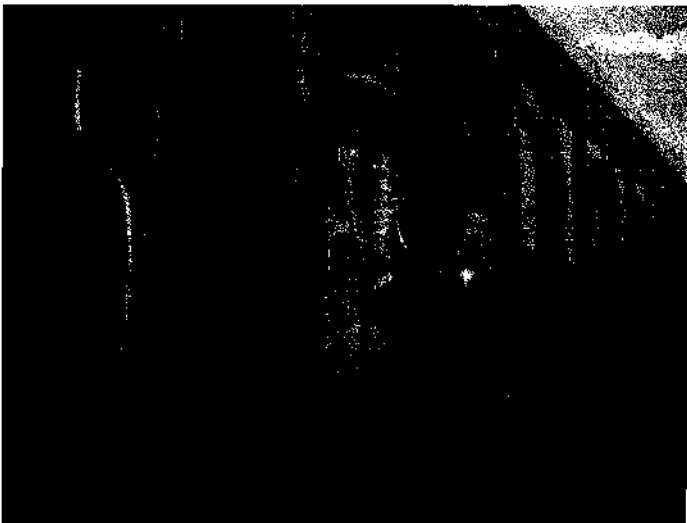
I did not receive your 'Polyglot List of Birds', and you will oblige me by sending me a copy. Thanks for your enquiry after my health. I am fairly off in spite of 72 years, and I hope to see you again in life.

A. VAMBERY

During that year, in Darjeeling, my wife and I devoted days together to the study of Tibetan. A lama, Lobzang, came to read with us every morning after breakfast. He was very learned, but very dirty too. Tibetans wash not,



E.D.R. WITH LAMA LOBZANG IN DARJEELING



ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY, WITH DORA, HIS WIFE

neither do they change their raiment. They wear woollen undergarments, and these are allowed to wear out on their bodies. Their outer garment is a long-sleeved coat, fastened by a belt in such a manner as to make two useful, for they are capacious, pouches. These are capable of holding anything and everything. On occasions Lobzang would produce from beneath his coat whole assortments of Tibetan curios, including, it might be, a bell or big kettle. Tibetans, naturally, have a peculiar smell, carrying it about with them, and leaving it in rooms behind them. Its chief ingredients, I made out, are opium and mutton fat: the last is what they drink with their tea. When Lobzang's lesson was over, we let him out at the door, and what still remained of him in the room we let out at the window.

Lobzang was the most lovable of men, charming and full of character. Besides Tibetan, he knew just enough Hindustani to make his lessons intelligible, and his translations absurd. His year was divided into two periods. The period he enjoyed most were the months when he was an opium-eater. When reduced again to poverty, he would deliver himself up to the missionaries in Darjeeling, making full profession of the Christian faith, or, as he put it, 'Jesus ko biswas karta' ('I believe in Jesus'). It was at those times of comparative sobriety and virtue that he turned again to teaching.

It was while pursuing these Tibetan studies that it was borne in on me that the Bhutia lads who might wish to proceed to the University of Calcutta would have to study Hindi as their second language, that of their homes being, of course, Tibetan. I approached the university with the proposal that they should be allowed to take Tibetan in the Intermediate Examination. This was agreed to on condition that I supplied a reading-book. With the help of Lobzang I did so, the reader being duly published by the university. It was no doubt my part in this concession to the Bhutia students that led to my receiving from the Dalai Lama a small Buddha, one he had brought with him in his flight from Lhasa to Darjeeling. This Buddha I naturally have always regarded as one of my treasured possessions, and I have often felt that the presence of this god justifies our displaying other idols in our drawing-room. There are people with qualms about possessing such objects.

In the last chapter I spoke of a decision that led eventually to my being offered the post of a First Assistant in the British Museum, when my work would lie among the Stein Collections; the documents of all kinds brought back by Sir Aurel Stein from Central Asia. The matter came to a head in 1913, and in my diary of that year is this:

'I am trying hard to make up my mind whether to chuck India and all its works and be content with a small salary and congenial work in London. If I were unmarried I should not hesitate. The whole question resolves itself into this: Would "D" [my wife] in the long run prefer a good salary and Indian conditions to a poor salary plus the amenities of London? An

INDIA: WORK

entirely new aspect of the situation occurs to me. I am forty-two, at which age men have been known to retire from India. Why should I not do so, and regard the British Museum post as a pension—a better one than I should get after twenty-five years of service in India? And seeing that I never save a penny anyway, it cannot make any difference *when* I retire.'

On September 1st I wrote: To-day I took the bull by the horns and sent the following telegram to "D"—"Kenyon writes about Museum appointment; am perfectly ready to accept for congenial work and surroundings provided you agree: please see Binyon and then cable wishes."

*I have discussed the whole question with Hailey and he strongly recommends my leaving India as such an opportunity offers itself.'

'2 December. I received to-day a cable from "D" saying the Treasury have sanctioned my appointment to the British Museum.'

I was so well and confidently prepared for this result that the news hardly excited me. I at once sat down and wrote a letter to Harcourt Butler, explaining the situation. It was thus decided that I should leave India in March 1914, and join the staff of the British Museum. My letter of appointment begins as follows:

'We, Randall Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, Richard Burdon, Viscount Haldane, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and James William Lowther, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, being the Principal Trustees of the British Museum, do hereby nominate and appoint

Dr. Edward Denison Ross

to be an Assistant of the First Class . . .'

and it bears the signatures of the three great men.

The following is a letter I received from Harcourt Butler, dated 25 February 1914:

My dear Ross,

I cannot let you leave India without placing on record my appreciation of your services in many lines of activity, as scholar, orientalist, historian, epigraphist, Record-Keeper, and unifying influence between West and East. You will be missed by many, by none more than by me. I much regret that we cannot keep you who have done so much for India and Orientalia, but I hope that in your new sphere of work you will be happy and do as much for others as you have done here.

Of the loss to the musical and artistic world which the departure of Mrs. Ross and yourself involves I find it difficult to speak. *Quando ullum invenient parem?*

Bon voyage if you take my best wishes with you and my grateful thanks and kind regards to Mrs. Ross.

H. B.

INDIA: WORK

On leaving India, I resigned the Trusteeship of the Victoria Memorial Hall and the resignation was recorded in their Minutes as follows:

'In accepting with very great regret the resignation of Dr. Denison Ross, the Trustees desire to place on record a brief note of the great services he has rendered and of their grateful thanks for the same.

'Dr. Ross was appointed a Trustee on 29th March 1904 and was re-elected on 30th March 1909. He was from the very beginning placed by Lord Curzon in special charge of the Victoria Memorial Collection, and in February 1905 Lord Curzon expressed his cordial recognition to Dr. Ross of the arduous and important work that had been voluntarily undertaken by him, in the collection and arrangement of the Victoria Memorial Exhibits in the Indian Museum. Twice in the Indian Museum, and for a third time in Belvedere, has Dr. Ross devoted his time and energy to the complete arrangement and rearrangement of the Victoria Memorial Collection, and has also been indefatigable in obtaining for the Collection pictures and other objects of great historical interest and value. In fact it may be said that it is due to Dr. Ross that the collection of old Indian pictures in the possession of the Trustees is probably the finest in existence that is open to the public.

'In thus placing on record the services rendered by Dr. Ross the Trustees venture to hope that in England he will continue to aid them in the purchase of objects suitable for the Victoria Memorial Collection and that he will be good enough to offer his services to Lord Curzon to act as collaborator with the latter in securing exhibits for the Victoria Memorial Collection.'

My greatest regret in India was the fact that around me everywhere was spoken either English, which I happened to know, or some Indian language that did not interest me. It is true that, in the Muslim quarter, I had constant opportunity of conversing in Persian 'as she is spoke' in India; but that did not give me what I wanted. I shall never cease to regret that the best years of my life were spent in India, not because it was India, but because in Egypt, Persia, China, or Japan, I should have had the chance of learning really well one of the languages I should most have liked to master. In India, whatever one's post, one was bound to hear more English spoken than anything else. On the other hand living in India was of itself a liberal education, and if I did not study any one language seriously, I had opportunities of learning a great deal about Muslim education, something of India, and of watching the rise of the great nationalist movement, which has revolutionized the whole Government of India.

It was my habit to devote the first hours of the morning, before breakfast, to some particular study. For this purpose I would engage some learned man to come and read with me. For some time I had an Arabic scholar from Baghdad; for another period I had a Japanese Buddhist priest, with whom to read a Chinese work on psychology, and during many months I had a Tibetan lama. After him came a delightful old Central Asian Turk. From

INDIA: WORK

him I took down page after page of Turki, describing the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Kashghar. Part has since been published under the title, *Dialogues in the Eastern Turki Dialect on Subjects of Interest to Travellers*, a publication in which I enjoyed the collaboration of Miss Rachel O. Wingate.

Much I have felt I must leave unmentioned, or only briefly mentioned, chiefly because others were concerned besides myself. For instance, I must say something of the collection of Arabic and Persian manuscripts known as the Buhar Library. It belonged to a zamindar of Buhar, but after I had visited it (that involved my longest bullock-cart journey in India), it was vested in the Government, and forms part now, under its separate title, of the Imperial Library in Calcutta. The catalogue was the work of Hedayat Husain for the Arabic manuscripts, and Abdul Muqtadir, dealing with the Persian, completed the work begun by a scholar whose *takhallus* of Razavi I remember, but not whose name. Among the Persian manuscripts Abdul Muqtadir found the first copy of the Diwan-i-Nizami to be identified, if other copies have turned up since. Nizami's Diwan, it was long thought, had perished.

XI

India: Play

1901-1914

My quarters as principal was a house of the old Anglo-Indian type, with spacious rooms and a deep verandah. As a bachelor I found life lonely in this big, bare house, and I was subject to fits of depression. I vividly recall months during which the plague raged in the *basti* on the other side of my garden wall. It was nerve-racking, listening to the wailing of the never-ending processions of mourners bearing corpses to the burial ground.

The best of those bachelor years was the last, when I had my marriage to look forward to, and meanwhile my wife-to-be to write to; when I saw a great deal of Theodore Morison and his wife (she was insistent that I should keep up my Arabic); dined nightly at the Bengal Club with Archdale Earle, and enjoyed other unexpected blessings. One of these was a call on the first Sunday of May from a wandering Arab, whom I had seen only once before briefly. In his knowledge of Arabic literature he was certainly the most learned Oriental I had yet met, and he had a memory that was positively uncanny; the sort of memory I had read of in Arabic and Persian histories, but had never quite believed in. He had travelled all over the Musulman East, in every city reading with the most learned man the books in which that man was most versed. I wished I could have persuaded him to stay a little while in Calcutta, to read with me (for my benefit, this time), but he was too much a wandering spirit. I concluded that he lived entirely on charity, except that he might carry and sell a few manuscripts, as he did to myself.

I found the correspondence with my wife stimulating intellectually as none before it had been. I even then became something of a literary man, if I oftener sketched a 'masterpiece' in my mind than executed one. I thought of writing a book describing India from the point of view of a man who should visit the country for the first time; who should know nobody and ask very few questions; who had never been in Europe and knew little of it; who should know nothing of the differences between East and West. That would give scope for satire. The man would wonder who were the *real* Indians; why people should live so dissimilarly; why the houses of equally wealthy people were so different; why those with the whiter faces kept disappearing, and where they disappeared to, etc., etc. All very silly, but the sketch amused me.

INDIA: PLAY

When I married, 19 Wellesley Square became a beautiful home, completely changing my outlook on life in India. During the cold weather we were entertaining, or were entertained, practically every evening. In the hot weather we hardly ever went out, taking what air there was on the flat roof at sunset. In my wife's diary is this entry:

'A baking day registered. Even my ayah, the sweetest-tempered little mortal, was cross, and inferred that *real* memsahibs were all in the hills. Our roof. .. was a great resource to us all this time. About 6.30, when a little sea-breeze is wafted gently from the south, we used to go up and amuse ourselves playing cricket and flying kites. This last was really good fun, and is a regular pastime in India. We had fights with our neighbours, a real *larai* (battle), and the thing was to cut your enemy's string, and bring down his kite.'

We spent part of the summer either in Darjeeling or Simla. My duties, nominally, confined me to Calcutta, but my superiors were kind enough to invent some 'special duty' for me, necessitating a visit to the Hills. If hot, we were very happy during those months that we did spend in Calcutta, as I was always occupied with some research in which my wife took a prominent share. During one summer we prepared *A Polyglot List of Birds in Chinese, Turki, and Manchu*. During another it was *An Alphabetical List of the Titles of Works in the Chinese Buddhist Tripitaka*, being an Index to Bunyiu Nanjio's Catalogue and to the 1905 Kioto reprint of the *Buddhist Canon*.

We were never bored for want of occupation. Our great social relaxation was on Sunday evenings, when we kept open house for all who cared to come and listen to chamber music, or just to drink and smoke on the verandah. Among our friends were a number of business men who did not go to the Hills, and there were the officers of whatever regiment happened to be stationed in Fort William. The regiments, during our time, included the Rifle Brigade, the Black Watch, and the King's Own. I quote from my wife's diary about the music on Sunday evenings:

'There was little or no music in a general way in India. Only a very small percentage of that not very large community had any real interest in the arts. There were no concerts, of course; no travelling musicians or artists came there, as there was too small a public for them; so that what music there was was made by ourselves. I managed to scrape together some two or three enthusiastic amateurs, who played chamber music. We met every Sunday evening in o'ur house in Calcutta, and as they were good readers at sight, we devoured the whole of the literature of chamber music, and took a pride in keeping ourselves abreast of all the new publications. Sometimes, with a little professional aid, we rose to a Quartette or Quintette, but this was seldom. We were always at home to those who cared for music, and there was a faithful little band of regulars who hardly ever missed a Sunday, even

INDIA: PLAY

all through the hot weather. Others, less musical, strayed in by degrees, and these were allowed to go into the inner room and read, or lounge in the verandah and smoke, and often sleep.

The guests were nearly all men, especially in the hot weather when most of the wives had drifted away. If the female invasion became too large, a round robin was sent up, begging me to keep the evenings free from feminine influence; the excuse for this being that the men had to dress up more, talk (between the Movements), and generally preserve a more rigid and conventional demeanour. I had to give in in the end, and allow only a privileged few, the wives of the performers for instance.

These Sunday evenings were a pleasant little oasis in the week, during the hottest months especially, and we all looked forward to them. After the music there were long, cold drinks and then talk—endless discussions on all sorts of themes—books, music, religion, art, life—often continuing till 2 or 3 a.m.'

As to our life in the house, I cannot do better than give my wife's account: 'We had an ample staff of servants, about eighteen to twenty; a good cook, whom I rarely saw, and an excellent khansamah (the head butler), who was in charge of the very important food department. He was a good servant of the old school; spoke no English and did not read or write, but had an admirable knowledge of life in general, and of the properties and possibilities of all food-stuffs. He was not a young man (it is always difficult to gauge the age (!) of an oriental); about forty, perhaps; somewhat portly, but gentle; bearded like Queen Victoria's Lord Salisbury (so that he often got that for a familiar name); kind, but always firm when we didn't please him. That was when we ate what he considered things not good for us, etc. He gave us excellent food always, and no doubt lined his purse as well as his tummy very well; but we winked at that, thinking that it was wise to keep well, and not squabble about one egg more or less. The presentation of his monthly bill was an event I half dreaded and half looked forward to. Some of the entries had a quaintness; as, for instance, when a dog died in the middle of the month:

Late dog's food for 10 days - - - Rs. 3

The number of eggs varied from about four to twenty a day, and the item would be concealed in some odd corner of the page, or written small to escape notice.

'As our financial position improved, so did our bills, i.e. they grew larger, and when the mounting-up went too fast, I had to protest. This was the usual answer I got from AH Mullah, the khansamah: "Yes; I have always said you were the most extravagant *mem-sahib* in Calcutta!"

'He was invaluable in furnishing me with information and gossip about all the Calcutta residents when I was new to the place. It would have taken

INDIA: PLAY

me years to acquire such an elaborate insight into all the households and their ways. Lord Salisbury knew everybody's income; whom the men had married, and how much each wife brought as *dot*; what sort of cooks they kept, and what sort of table. I would say: "I am going to tiffin with Mrs. C. to-day." He would then say: "Have a good breakfast. You will get only potato cutlets for tiffin. Mem-Sahib loves economy." On another occasion it would be: "You will get a good dinner to-night: I know the cook." He could always supplement our china, glass, and silver from somebody else's supply, when we ran short. I do not know how this was done! I never asked questions, or criticized their actions; but took whatever it might be for a custom of the country that we were all to follow.'

It is true that 'Lord Salisbury' spoke no English, and had been taught none; but how much he had learnt just by following the meal-time conversations is shown by this story. One day we had two Russian travellers to dinner. I conversed with one in Russian, and my wife with the other in German or French. The next day, after 'Lord Salisbury' had been given his orders, he said with a kind of awe: 'I didn't understand a word you and the sahibs said last night.'

'I desire to put on record that, with hardly an exception, we were very well and faithfully served during the whole of our ten years in India; from the moment when my husband's bearer, looking like an Abyssinian, met the *Mongolia* in Bombay harbour, until his last day in India. Our servants were affectionate and honest, and devoted to us personally. Only death (in one case) brought a domestic's service to an end. The khansamah was with us all the time, and was a tower of strength to us both. He continued to write to us for many years, to tell us about his sons' and grandsons' careers. They, unfortunately, did not follow in their father's footsteps, but elected to be educated and go into offices. The more's the pity.'

India is a hospitable country, and dinner parties can be arranged on any scale at very short notice; for the Indian servant is full of imagination and resource. In Thackeray's day it was considered snobbish to provide better service and more elaborate dishes than could be expected from a household in its normal state. This is certainly no longer the case. Indeed it is a recognized practice for people to enlist outside help in the matter of service; and this apart from the silver, glass, etc., which my wife has mentioned one's servants borrow from establishments which are not entertaining that evening, not infrequently because the master and mistress are to be one's guests. This is merely a variation of the old phrase: 'Please bring your own mug.'

All sorts of conventions had to be obeyed by all who found themselves in Calcutta society; most of them unknown in ordinary London society, but some of them copied from Court circles. This, if somewhat artificial, was natural in a town which during the winter months was the residence of the



IN CALCUTTA WITH BECHO

INDIA: PLAY

King's representative. The most notable feature was the strict observance of official precedence in every house. Every party had its *bara mem-sahib*, or chief lady guest, however humble might be her rank. You could not know people unless you called on them formally between noon and two on a Sunday.

In England it is the almost exclusive privilege and pastime of the wealthy to consider how much, or generally how little, they shall pay for their articles of necessity or luxury. In Calcutta this is common ground to underpaid and overpaid alike. Willy-nilly one becomes a sort of peripatetic price-list for the stock-in-trade of one's acquaintances, and this is merely another of the innumerable instances of the influence of the East upon the West, of the conquered upon the conquerors. The public price-list custom no doubt grew indirectly out of the system of bargaining. In the early days of Eastern settlements the man who had obtained anything at a moderate price after much haggling, was so pleased that he went about telling everybody of the bargain. From this to asking a man what he paid for an article he is showing you is but a brief transition. Your politeness is to give him an opening to speak of his commercial prowess. For the newcomer this Anglo-Indian practice is of the utmost utility. By the end of a week, if he keeps his ears and eyes open, paying special attention to the 'oldest inhabitant', he knows within a rupee or two the price he will be justified in paying for anything from a polo pony to a pew in St. Paul's. One says 'justified'; but that is not to refer to the relationship which should subsist between his conscience and his credit, but to his reputation as an ass or otherwise that will follow the inevitable revelation of the details of his transactions.

I should also let my wife speak of all our pets:

'We had many pets; among them a deer, which, when it first reached our house, a present, was four feet high though quite young, and, tame and gentle, would come at breakfast time to be fed on bananas. It would even come upstairs. We had also many birds, and one day visited the local Jamracks, and brought back a marvellous Australian magpie. We called him Becko. He was very handsome, with glossy black and white plumage and shiny body. He looked an aristocratic crow. He was very clever, and, caught all insects big and little (his captures included moths, grasshoppers, ants, cockroaches, caterpillars and lizards). Before swallowing them Becko would throw them about, teasing them as a cat does a mouse.

'One afternoon, about 4 p.m., we missed Becko, and though a vigorous search was made everywhere, he was not to be found. He must have flown, we thought, into the street, and have been picked up and carried off'. This proved right; but a *blind* beggar who always sat near our gate, had been an *eye-witness*. We offered a good reward, and forty-eight hours from the time of his disappearance Becko was brought back in a small cage. In that short space of time he had been sold thrice; first for twelve annas (very low down for a bird which had cost thirty rupees); then for Rs. 1, and last to the finder

INDIA: PLAY

(one of our servants) for Rs. 3 and some sweets. I don't know how they followed up the clues; but the bird had been as far afield as Entally, the local Whitechapel. Becko was no worse for his outing; in fact I think he had rather enjoyed it.

'Becko behaved very strangely on our getting back after our week in Darjeeling. He screamed so hard (for joy, I supposed) that I thought he would never cease; but after about an hour he calmed down, and resumed his wanderings round the house.

'Becko slept in a space on a bookshelf that he made himself by knocking down two or three books.

'Other pets were masses of cats. Indian cats are rather plain, but by dint of feeding and caring for three charming kittens we managed to establish a delightful cat family. The three kittens (originally brought in from the garden by the khansamah, just that we might see them) were called Bianchi (he was pure white), Ghilardi (after the Italian Consul in Calcutta at the time), and McDougal (but more familiarly 'Dougie')—she was a sort of black and white tartan, with unusually beautiful eyes. She long survived her two brothers, yet hers were the endless kittens. Some of them we kept. One, called Augerau, was very recalcitrant, and a bored friend dropped him out of an upstairs window, greatly to his surprise, but he was not injured. Some moments of painful anxiety were felt, especially by D., once when Bianchi, having climbed to just under the foliage of a lofty palm, and not knowing how to turn and climb down, was in distress. At that moment the same friend who had dropped Augerau out of the window, coming through the house, saw what was happening. He turned immediately; walked to the dinner-gong, and struck it. Bianchi, assuming it was a meal-time, made one leap, and landed on the lawn unhurt.

'The three kittens (I wrote this one day when they were still young) don't grow much, but they are utterly spoiled by being fed at table, partaking of all the courses in turn; milk, fish, and meat at breakfast; fish, meat, and pudding at tiffin, and a full six-course dinner in the evening. The khansamah is upset, and says they have become "Amirs" and "Padishah-log". Their poor mama, a worn and worried-looking little lady, hangs about the door of the *bawarchi-kliana*, picking up scraps of every sort.

'The prettiest pictures the kittens ever made, and they made many, were three. First, when some one placed an open umbrella on the verandah flagstones to dry, and the kittens, with the deep cat instinct for that kind of effect, *posed* underneath it. Secondly, when they raced up and down a screen in the dining-room, putting their heads through holes they had worn in it. Thirdly, when, with the peculiarly circumspect steps with which every feline creature moves amongst *loose* objects, the kittens walked at dinner-time on the sideboard, taking little sips of water out of the finger-bowls. A fourth picture is of their assembling under the chair of one of my tea-time

callers, a young clergyman. There they sat, as long as he stayed, playing with the tassels of the girdle of his cassock. His coming was always the signal for that assembling.

'A pet for many years was a Shama'a, a black and white bird with a musical note. He had to be fed on grasshoppers and grubs, and these were collected and brought for him by one of the very oldest men in Asia. His wage for that attention to the shama'a was Rs. 3 a month, or four shillings in English money. He didn't come to the house daily, but very often.

There were two geese in the garden, sharing that domain with an old white horse; one that D. had driven about so much that he could not bear to think of its being unhappy. Its final home was the Jain-kept *pinjrapole* of which one caught a glimpse going by train to Barrackpore.'

Every small boy is fond of tin soldiers and of model trains. I can have been no exception; but I do not recall having had soldiers or trains as a boy, while I remember my brother as keen on steam engines. I cannot recollect how I came to buy a box of soldiers in Calcutta—it just happened. Shortly afterwards I began buying trains and clockwork locomotives. I had a huge deal table built to play on at one end of the veranda upstairs. I find it difficult to believe that we spent hours playing with toys on this table. Our railway lines were highly complicated, and running about changing points made for even violent exercise. With the soldiers we worked out many of the Napoleonic battles: we left the Austerlitz battle standing for days, so pleased were we with the representation. We even invited professional soldiers to come and see it. The undulations of the *terrain* were done with plasticine, and one scene showed the crisis, when the French opened fire on the frozen lake.

We also built things with architectural bricks, of which we had a huge box full. One was a copy of the memorial outside Munich—a flight of steps leading to a lofty pillar. While this was still standing, a tornado swept across Calcutta, scattering the bricks far and wide. That evening we noticed from the roof a solitary cloud that seemed to hold all the colours of the rainbow. A strong wind began suddenly to blow from the north, and the temperature dropped at least twenty degrees. Whilst we were in the act of descending the steps leading from the roof, the tornado had come and gone. Its course cannot have been more than a hundred feet wide, our veranda lying in its direct course. The sight that met our eyes beggared all description. The memorial had disappeared; the table was rent asunder; the floor was strewn with dead crows blown out of the neighbouring trees.

My wife has mentioned our kite-flying. I have never met another Englishman who has played this game of the East. It was brought to our door by the principal's house being in the heart of one of the Indian quarters, quiet as the surroundings were, with the college building opposite, and a sheet of

INDIA: PLAY

water beyond it. Kite-flying is a game played by all who own houses in the right localities. I understand that the Nawab of Dacca, the successor of my old friend, Salimullah, is an enthusiast. To facilitate air-battles, the kite-strings were prepared with finely ground glass. The sale of such string for kite-flying—if not kite-flying itself—was recently made illegal in the Punjab by Act of the Legislative Council. No doubt it was a necessary measure; for in highly electrified urban areas fallen kites might catch where they would be a danger; but one mourns to think of a country deprived of one of its pastimes.

Government House dinners during Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty were unusually well done, as he had large private means to draw upon. Somewhat overbearing in his demeanour towards the ordinary man, he could be the best of company when he chose, especially at a small party, when he would talk brilliantly, and hold the whole table. He had a prodigious memory, and was also an excellent *raconteur*. He liked women to be good-looking, but not too intellectual, and was at any rate at that date distinctly anti-feminist.

Lord Kitchener, who was Commander-in-Chief most of the time we were in India, was another excellent host. His hospitality in Fort William was lavish, and the famous gold plate nearly always decorated the table. Lord Kitchener was fond of pretty things; he collected china, and generally bestowed almost housewifely care on his possessions. He was fond of music in his own way, and generally asked my wife to play, dictating which Wagner selection she should do. He loved *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin*, but was reluctant to listen to the *Ring*, although we assured him that he would like it all on better acquaintance. One memorable evening he made me toe the line, and sing a Persian song. On another occasion, when his guests were boring him, he whispered to my wife to work up what at the moment she was playing on the piano into *God Save the King*, which she did, and everybody rose to go, though it was still early.

Lord Kitchener was always very kind in doing what was asked of him, and once he came and gave away the prizes at the Madrasah. In one of his letters about this (I suppose it remained on the file) there was a shrewd hit at the Viceroy, the example of whose Convocation speech (the one that gave such dire offence) Lord Kitchener said he proposed not to follow. The Commander-in-Chief was so nervous, however, about the speech that he was to make, that there had to be quite a lengthy correspondence between FitzGerald, his A.D.C., and myself concerning it, when many little details were settled, for example the lectern behind which Kitchener was to stand and speak. This he wanted to be high enough almost completely to hide him, as if his thought was that the less of him that was seen, the less of him there would be to feel shy. Perhaps it was so. On the day itself, he made many charming little remarks to the boys in Arabic, giving the very greatest **pleasure** by doing so.

INDTA: PLAY

On the 13th of September 19021 entered in my journal:

'After my first spell of Calcutta fever I have come to Darjeeling. The fifty miles up the hill from Siliguri in the smallest of trains has often been described. The train is simply a joke; not half so like a train as the ordinary toy train. The gauge is only two feet, and the line is single all the way. In the course of fifty miles it rises over 7,000 feet. The wheels of the engine and carriages are scarcely visible. The engine was covered with drivers, stokers, and look-out men, like a plum with flies. On my way up it rained part of the time, and it was amusing to catch glimpses, as the line curved, of these gentlemen sitting tailor-wise on the buffers, holding their umbrellas up. The first seven miles of very gradual ascent lie through the most wonderful primeval jungle. It is just what I have always wanted a jungle to be like, and was beginning to fear I should never see. The rest of the journey is straight out of the world. Up, up, and ever upward into the unknown cloudlands, with a "no-whither" feeling pervading every turn of the line, till one reaches, not Land's-End, but the World's End, 7,000 feet up in the sky, with the world below and just within touch behind one.

The view one gets of the valleys below, the mountains opposite, and the snows above, are fitful, stolen, sudden and magical. No effect is ever repeated. Kinchenjunga is never twice at the same level to the eye. It appears at its highest and sublimest when some patch of the valley beneath is lit up with sunlight, and the pure white clouds (as pure in their whiteness as the snow) lie rolling round the lesser heights, which here and there poke bits of black elbow or knee through the white robes. Then the eye wanders up and up from the sunlit patch until, many heavens higher than it expects, it finds the saddle of white, dazzling marble firmly set on a colossal steed hidden in cloud and mist. Every corner of the earth is visited by man, or will ultimately be accessible to him; much of the sky is his, and the bottom of the deep blue sea, but Kinchenjunga and his brothers, one feels, are safe for all time. Here the Ice King and the Snow Queen dwell for ever in glorious solitude, receiving only the Storm God and the Four Winds as favoured guests to their spotless board.'

In Darjeeling I was the guest of the Bourdillons, Sir James being then Lieutenant-Governor. I have this in my diary:

The great Chinese reformer, Kang Yu Wei, came to tea with his daughter, who interpreted for us. He has a delightful personality, which makes one long to have a language in common with him. He is curious about all the religions of India, and especially about the rise and spread of Islam. He pointed out to me that when the Great Wall was built, China was a small kingdom, comprising only five provinces, a point often lost sight of in men's study of the early history of the Yellow Empire.'

In 1903 Lord Curzon had the fine idea of holding a period ball to celebrate the centenary of the ball given in Government House by the Governor-

INDIA: PLAY

General Wellesley (it was also a house-warming to celebrate the Peace of Amiens). This was all the more appropriate in that Government House was built on the model of Lord Curzon's Derbyshire home, Kedleston Hall. The ball was a marvellous sight, everyone present wearing costumes of 1803. I had the audacity to appear as Napoleon: he would no doubt have very much liked to be in India in 1803. No-one looked more imposing than the Viceroy and his lovely wife. If the Empire costumes reminded one of other, more ordinary, fancy-dress balls, there was something about the contemporary uniforms of the various regiments which was quite new to the eye. They seemed like old colour prints come to life.

Dining out in Calcutta might end in an unexpected way. I dined out, one evening in 1904, with Judge Stephen, brother of J. K. S., the parodist. Just as I was about to leave it came on to rain in torrents with thunder and lightning. I waited till 2 a.m. for it to stop, but it did not, and not liking to have my horse out any longer, I drove home. The whole town was in flood, and the drive at a snail's pace was like fording an interminably wide river in pitch darkness.

XII

India: Clubs, Viceregal Lodge, Durbars, Pageants, Music

1901-1914

I belonged to the United Service Club in Calcutta and the Bengal Club. For a bachelor these clubs were a tremendous resource, as saving one from dining alone of necessity, while in the hot weather it was oftener far less tiring to sit up and talk than to go to bed. I have never played cards when I could help it, but I have always been fond of billiards, though never getting beyond a certain point of expertise. For about a week every year in Calcutta there was a plague of green fly, swarming on and into everything as soon as the lights were lit. One had to have a lid on one's glass. The fly was identical in colour with the billiard cloth, so that at a distance the table, covered with them, looked normal. It was useless to sweep the fly off, for there were millions more. If one attempted to play then, the ball soon became a green snowball, with inebriated movements.

The Bengal Club, primarily a club for the senior members of the big firms, was frequented also by senior civilians. A young man in India, whether in business or Government Service, would not expect to be a member. Those in Service could join the United Service Club, while for the men in business there was the more frivolous Saturday Club for tennis, dancing, etc. Government servants joined the Saturday Club also. Sometimes concerts were given in it.

In 1905 Lady Curzon issued invitations for another costume ball she was to give at Viceregal Lodge in Simla. Shortly before the date fixed there occurred the conflict between Curzon and Kitchener on the subject of the status of the Military Member, which led to Curzon's resignation. Everyone thought the ball would be cancelled, but this was not so. It was a wonderful sight. No group looked as lovely as that which contained Lady Curzon dressed in pure white as Queen Berengaria, with her three little daughters as hand-maids. My wife's account reads:

'When we stayed with the Curzons at Viceregal Lodge in Simla, the shadow of the Viceroy's quarrel with Lord Kitchener and his subsequent resignation was over all, and he was then a very unhappy and bitterly disappointed man. Lady Curzon had invited us to go and stay there, and take part in her costume ball. The dresses were to be Louis X V I period, and I was

INDIA: CLUBS, VICEREGAL LODGE

to be in her group. At the time, because of the resignation, everything at Viceregal Lodge was in a state of confusion. The ball was not put off, but was shorn of much of its glory as no-one had the heart to enter into it. The dresses were exceptionally good, of course; but the original groups were not adhered to.'

I continue with an account, taken from my wife's record, of a visit to Sir Denzil and Lady Ibbetson at Barnes Court that preceded the visit to Viceregal Lodge:

*Barnes Court is beautifully situated in the middle of a forest of deodars, shut off from the world, with lovely views on all sides. I was warmly welcomed by Lady Ibbetson. There wasn't too much ceremony about the Lieutenant-Governor's household, and we had a week of pleasant entertainments, smaller dances and less pompous and formal dinners than in Calcutta. We both indulged in severe colds for the first few days. We huddled over the fire, and I wore furs, taking several days to become acclimatized.

'We moved into Simla proper on October 3rd, and were soon installed in the Private Secretary's house in the grounds close to Viceregal Lodge. Lady Curzon sent for me at once in her boudoir, and made me feel at home and happy, and Lord Curzon came in, and was very jolly. We had a gay lunch, I sitting next to the Viceroy, detailing the Calcutta news to him, which interested him intensely. His views on that "hysterical community" had remained unchanged, and he could never really love the Bengali.

'Lady Curzon was truly beautiful: I think, on the whole, perhaps the most beautiful woman I have ever seen: perfect features, lovely eyes and hair, a splendid figure, and beautifully formed hands and feet. A radiant personality, she had an artistic style of dressing, and could carry off regal clothes royally. She was very well read, and was interested in most things, and had enough character to be quite a striking personality even by the side of her brilliant husband. He is a wonder, with the memory of a king, and a grasp of everything that comes his way. I have been on my mettle, sitting next him so many times for lunch or dinner; but he is a very easy neighbour; fond of fun, and always inspiring. So one is at one's best at table with him. We were only a small party, which made the conversation general, and often pleasantly personal.'

Lady Curzon, devoted to music, used often to ask my wife to play and myself to sing. One afternoon the Viceroy's band came across to our rooms, and they played two concertos, with as audience only Lady Curzon and myself. Herr Buchner, the Viceroy's bandmaster, a fine musician, was a man whose English at times was very amusing. I remember his using the delightfully mixed metaphor, that he feared 'having put his foot in the hot water'.

Let me continue with a fuller description of these doings, taken from my wife's account:

'I used to play a little with the Viceroy's bandmaster, Herr BUCHNER, an

DURBARS, PAGEANTS, MUSIC

excellent musician. Once we had the full orchestra in the dining-room of the Private Secretary's house, and with them I played Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Lady Curzon had been well grounded in all branches of music, and was very appreciative. She used to make Denison sing some of his favourite songs—*Traume* and *Schmerzen* of Wagner, and we found a little French ditty by Mehul, *Femme Sensible*, which the Viceroy adored. I had to decorate it afterwards, and play it a la Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, Liszt, etc.'

My wife continues:

'5 August 1905. We each had a rather unpleasant go of fever lasting about a week. I began first and D. soon followed my example. All I can remember of it was lying very low, eating sloppy food, drinking nasty medicine, and devouring trashy novels by the dozen. We went up to Darjeeling after it was over, and had a week in delicious cool hill air, and slept in beds without mosquito curtains. From Darjeeling station we were conveyed up a sheer further 1,000 feet to Jalapahar, I in a rickshaw, D. in a dandy. I was well bumped but much amused by my human horses, sturdy hillmen of the Tibetan type. They puffed, panted, whistled, sang, and at the specially steep parts fairly groaned, but I was greeted with a charming smile, when they landed me at the top.

'21 August 1905. To-day we paid a visit to a typical Bengali family, the well-known Tagores of Calcutta. The Maharajah's palace, lying in the heart of the old Calcutta, is large, but not very imposing on the outside, and has the air of neglect and semi-decay one is used to in Indian houses. We were received with great kindness and old-world courtesy by the Maharajah and hosts of sons and grandsons, male relations and friends. The Maharajah, one of the best type of Indian gentlemen, is very fair, with refined features, charming soft voice and distinguished manners. It was delightful to see the reverence shown to him by all, especially the devotion and tenderness of the sons. There was no self-consciousness about him, but much real dignity, and one felt that the charm of Hindu family life was here seen at its best.

'We had visited the palace to sit in judgement on Indian music, and to help to decide what pieces might be appropriately played before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were to be entertained in December. The musicians, about fifty in number, were all gentlemen amateurs, and nearly all the Indian instruments were represented; many varieties of the *sitar*, and the *jaltarán*, a series of china cups, varying in size, filled with water, and played with sticks, or with a bow like a violin bow. The combination of instruments was sometimes pleasing, sometimes the reverse, but the music was never loud enough really to annoy. The musicians, once started, could rarely be induced to stop; the repetition of one figure became very wearisome; but after many futile attempts we at last succeeded in convincing them that there must be a time-limit to every item of the programme. The Oriental,

INDIA: CLUBS. VICEREGAL LODGE

with his whole day (or indeed his whole life before him, for what is time?) thinks nothing of spending two hours in merely tuning up, and the rest of the twenty-four in performing. We enjoyed our afternoon very much, and are glad to have seen Bengali family life at its very best. All the men wore their own Indian costume; white muslin or linen dhoti, shirt outside, shoes but no stockings, and over their shoulders a lovely snow-white flimsy muslin shawl, like a toga. I would have liked to institute a little reform in the drawing-room. Noble in its proportions, but with every form of early Victorian horror rampant. Much plush and gilt and glass chandeliers.'

In 1906, while we were in Simla, where I was temporarily working on a committee drawing up regulations for the University of Calcutta, I came back one afternoon complaining of a bad headache. The doctor declared I had enteric. By good fortune we were allowed to stay in our hotel; for one dreads being taken to hospital in India. I was laid up for six weeks. That, not to count slight goes of fever, was the only illness either of us had in India, and except in that country, since I grew up, and once in England when I had shingles badly, I have never been ill. It is an intriguing question, why does a man, a hard worker and never ill, seem to get no more done, for it appears that he gets no more done, than this or that friend of his who is oftener ill than well?

That enteric time the Agha Khan, living in the same hotel, used to come and see me, and discuss Persian poetry. It is not generally known that he is a devoted admirer of the lyrics of Hafiz, and can quote them by the hour. Even in everyday speech his voice has a rare mellifluousness, and the effect this quality gives, when applied to the most beautiful poetry in the world, can well be imagined. Some will remember that, about the time of the Persian Exhibition in London, H. H. contributed an article to *The Times* on Persian poetry generally, and a *qasidah* of Qa'ani in particular in praise of the Creator. He begged someone to make a translation of it in any language spoken in Europe. This article was reproduced by permission in *The Statesman* of Calcutta, and that led to the publication later on in that journal of verse-translations of the *qasidah* in English and French.

In Simla we met Sven Hedin, and invited him to lunch after hearing his lecture. He did not come to lunch, but the invitation drew from him this reply:

Viceregal Lodge, Simla. 11 June 1906

My dear Ross,

I go to Srinagar the day after tomorrow, as they will not let me use the Gantok route. All my plans have thus been changed; but I hope anyhow to get a happy and nice time in the mountains.

It is only a pity I do not get an opportunity now to come and lunch with you and Mrs. Ross; but you will understand my heart has no peace now

DURBARS, PAGEANTS, MUSIC

until my work is done. I will enjoy it much more in Calcutta, when I shall have interesting things to tell you inshallah!

Hearty thanks for your friendship and sympathy to me. You know how sincerely I value them.

Yours ever faithfully,

SVEN HEDIN

In February 1911 the Crown Prince of Germany visited Calcutta. I entered in my diary one day that his visit so far had consisted mainly of unkept engagements. The rumour went round that at least once he was impersonated by an English cavalry officer, who bore a striking resemblance to him. To the closeness of the resemblance I can witness, for I have seen a photograph of the two men taken wearing each other's uniforms.

Another diary entry of that year has for its subject His Majesty King George V's Coronation Darbar in Delhi, partly a great ceremonial function, and partly a political event of no small importance. There was no excuse for our being invited to the Darbar, but one was found, and for the great pageant our whereabouts was the Press Camp, where I officiated as correspondent of *The Rangoon Times*. Special attention was to be paid to the football tournament, but on the day of the most important match I overslept myself, and did not get there until it was all over. We arrived in Delhi on November 26th, and found comfortable quarters under canvas. During the whole of our visit I saw so much that my mind became a whirl, and with the best of intentions I did not know what to write about. Nothing impressed me more than the dress rehearsal of the presentation of new colours to the Gordon Highlanders, the Seaforths, the Highland Light Infantry, the Devons, and the Connaught Rangers. The battalions were drawn up in three sides of a square. In the middle were the regimental drums, with in front of them Sir Power Palmer, the Commander-in-Chief, taking the part of the King-Emperor, and the staff officers. The view from the historic Ridge of the many vast camps, with their thousands of tents, was astonishing in its brilliance. The plain had become a huge town of houses *without windows*.

After the Darbar King George and Queen Mary came to Calcutta, where a vast pageant had been prepared in their honour. The organizing committee, of which I was a member, held many heated meetings before it decided what form the pageant should take. Mr. Frank Lascelles had been brought out from England to arrange the pageant; but naturally he was not able to realize the local prejudices, nor the enmities between the Hindus and the Muslims. It was Lascelles's business to carry out the scheme, but it was for others to decide upon it. It was obvious to all of us with Indian experience that no single historical scene could be reproduced without offence being given in one quarter or another. Finally it was decided to confine the

INDIA: CLUBS, VICEREGAL LODGE

pageant to an elaborate procession in which many of the ruling chiefs should be represented by their state carriages and elephants and men. Two famous Hindu festivals were taken for the models for this procession, and it fell to me to work out all the details, so that the various contingents should pass by the Royal Tent in the proper order. The chiefs were most generous in lending their men and animals, and their equipment. When the day drew near, we had to start an Elephant Camp near the cathedral on the *maidan* (never before had so many elephants been collected in Calcutta). I tried rehearsing on horseback, but I afterwards found a bicycle more practical, as I could drop it at any moment, and the camels were especially shy and unruly. On the day of the procession I walked, wheeling my bicycle, on the far side of the leading elephant, in order to be ready for any emergency. The great danger was lest one of the elephants suddenly ran amok. Everything went off without a hitch and according to plan, and the Queen told me afterwards that she had seen the wheels of my bicycle between the legs of the elephant, without being able to see who it was who was wheeling it.

Let me now give a diary entry relating to a visit to Peshawar in 1911:

13 March. We have just reached Peshawar, where we are the guests of Sir George Roos-Keppell. The corridors are thick with men in red liveries, armed to the teeth. And my peaceful mission is to tender the Government some advice regarding the education of its Muslim subjects. We nearly missed our train on the night of the 10th, when we found Howrah Bridge blocked by the police, who were trying to take the census of those who were crossing the bridge, whether going to Calcutta or coming therefrom. We were so childish as to give fictitious names and religions.

19 March. We have been thrilled by the Indian quarters of Peshawar, which we visited under escort, as also by the Khyber Pass, and the strange anxious existence of the soldiers in the frontier forts.

In Simla that year I made my first appearance as an operatic star. Every summer the Simla Amateur Dramatic Society, in addition to straight plays, used to produce a musical comedy. In 1911 it was *The Quaker Girl*, and I was cast for the Prince, which meant singing two long solos, and doing a lot of things besides. I had to give several *encores* of 'Come with me, come to the Ball', but the credit for this I must give to the words and the tune. I was always singularly incapable of learning the words of a part; so whenever it was time I addressed another fatuous remark to the leading lady, my wife (one of the chorus) had to prompt me. Even at the end of the week's run I had no more hold over my speeches.

In 1913 I also had a lead in a pot-pourri called *The Romany Rovers*.

When I was studying in Paris a well-known teacher of singing tried to persuade me to become an opera singer, my voice being what is known as a baritono-tenoreggio: Though the suggestion did not tempt me at the time,

DURBARS, PAGEANTS, MUSIC

it was not until I had sung in musical comedy, that I realized how wise I had been to stick to oriental languages.

On occasions, at home in Calcutta among friends, I played the flute: on a few occasions I sang in public in Calcutta. A friend reminds me that at one concert (it was at the Town Hall in 1905) I sang 'O Tod, wie bitter bist du! wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch', which is No. 3 of the *Ernste Gesdnge* of Brahms.

Another diary entry of that year is: On the way back to Calcutta we spent a day in Lahore and one in Agra. The Mughals were perhaps the last Eastern race to erect fine buildings; and the Mughals come very close to our own time. The Taj is only three hundred years old. One is apt to forget the privilege it is to behold *intact* so many examples of an art that is dead.

XIII

Lord Curzon

My first years in India were made specially interesting by an association with Lord Curzon. The Viceroy showed me much kindness, giving me every possible support in matters appertaining to the advancement of Islamic study. Had I not enjoyed this privilege, I should still have regarded it as fortunate to serve under this great Viceroy. He had entered on his duties, not merely as the man appointed by the Queen to carry on the government, but as a saviour to right all wrongs. He did not merely take up the reins of government, but himself pulled the chariot. He made use, too, of the powers vested in him to be the patron of the arts, and the protector of ancient buildings.

The Viceroy's helpers were not men to resent his assumption of so much detail in the work of administration. His position was not that of an English Prime Minister, holding a Cabinet together, but that of a despot dictating to ministers. In his determination to set things right, equally on the North-west and Tibetan frontiers as in top-heavy Bengal, in education, police, railways, irrigation, agriculture, industry, and commerce, he was upheld by an absolute confidence in his capacity to put things right anywhere. He brought to the task an amazing power of getting through work, and a great command of language. Conscious of these gifts, Curzon felt he was a *big man*. Moreover, he came to India with a knowledge of the country such as hardly a Governor-General before him had possessed. With this equipment, and with a beautiful wife—every inch a queen—to support him, he was determined to 'run' India. No man could have had higher ideals, or more devotion to duty: his motives were utterly disinterested, and in his working-day he would spare himself neither mentally nor physically.

It is unfair that, when passing judgement on men who have failed in tropical or sub-tropical countries, the conditions under which they have worked are so often ignored. Perhaps the reason is that, except when the man's health has been manifestly undermined, there is nothing to judge by but the sum of achievement, and if it is small it is small. Men forget that no-one can be at his best, if, owing to the climate, he is every day and all day 'conscious of his body', and must take constant precautions in order to keep fit. Curzon gave one the impression of giving no thought to the climatic conditions of India, though the pain he endured owing to a malformation of the spine made him always 'conscious of the body'. I never saw him ex-

LORD CURZON

hausted by anything but pain, and I have known him spend long days in the sun followed by hours in stifling ballrooms, from which he would retire at midnight to do two or three hours' desk-work before going to bed.

The length to which the Viceroy was prepared to go in asserting himself was shown in the measures he carried through in the spheres of administration and legislation. As an example of close attention to detail, which any other Viceroy would have left to subordinates, may be mentioned the Darbar of 1903, which Curzon organized, rehearsed, and directed down to the minutest detail: he went so far as to collect sweepers and general riff-raff from the bazars to fill the darbar hall, in order to make certain how loud he would have to pitch his voice, on the great occasion, if he was to be heard by everybody. There was an inhuman element in Curzon's thoroughness.

The Darbar passed off without a hitch, but Curzon at one moment had been at loggerheads with the British authorities. He wished, in his speech to the assembled princes and notabilities, to announce a royal boon to the peoples of India, in honour of King Edward's accession. It was to be a remission of taxation. The Cabinet in London wisely refused to allow the King's name to be used in such a connection, and Curzon came very near resigning. 'The Indians', he held, 'would fail altogether to understand a Coronation Darbar that consisted merely of a pageant and a plausible speech, associated with no mark of royal favour.' A compromise was reached. Words were incorporated in the darbar speech which, without involving the name of the sovereign, foreshadowed a decision of the Government in favour of early measures of financial relief.

Curzon's great ambition was that his viceroyalty should stand out above all the others, but for the attainment of this goal he needed not only brains but high courage. To speak first of his courage; I find this in a letter I wrote to my wife in 1904:

'I have just returned from the Convocation of the Calcutta University, where the Viceroy made one of his most admirable and eloquent speeches. He is really most plucky; for he has encountered the keenest opposition to many of his proposals lately; but he stood up as if he were the most popular of men, which certainly he is not to-day either with the Indian or with the European community. To-night he starts on a tour in Eastern Bengal, chiefly in order to reconcile the inhabitants of those districts to an important Bill recently introduced for the partition of Bengal.'

Curzon's cleverness in debate was very aptly shown during a debate on the Universities Bill of 1904. The opposition to the measure was led by Krishna Gokale and Ash utosh Mukherjee: their argument in chief was that the Government, by assuming so great a power of control over the universities, would exclude the 'all-important influence of the quiet scholar', the quiet scholar being one, it was contended, that no bureaucracy becomes aware of. It so happened that for twenty-four years the Calcutta University, exercising a

LORD CURZON

statutory power vested in the senators, had elected one person annually as a senator. With the exception of two doctors, two teachers, and one engineer, who were only elected because the Chancellor ordered men to be chosen from those categories, *all* the men elected had been members of the Bar Library of the Calcutta High Court; in other words, had been prominent *lawyers*. Curzon, having stated these facts, added dryly: That, I think, disposes of the *quiet scholar argument!* It effectively did: not another word was heard of it. I am indebted for this paragraph to a friend who was present throughout the debates on the Bill, and heard the Viceroy's speech.

For an example of the Viceroy's attention to detail, and his retentive memory, let me tell this story. One day, he and I being together over some matter of the Victoria Memorial, Curzon suddenly said: 'Oh, by the way, Ross, there's another great library of Arabic and Persian manuscripts at Rampur in the United Provinces. Go some time and see it, and let me know if there is anything we ought to do.' I next saw the Viceroy after he had made a speech at a banquet in honour of a retiring Commander-in-Chief. Many other matters had engaged his attention that day: only that morning important dispatches had come in from one of the frontiers, and there had been a meeting of the Executive Council. As we filed past Curzon that night, saying 'Good-night, sir,' the instant I stood opposite him, he said, the question coming as sharp as a pistol-shot: 'Have you been to Rampur yet, Ross?' I hadn't been; I had forgotten all about it.

A characteristic story is told in connection with the Imperial Library, an institution for the promotion of learning that Curzon himself founded. A letter was sent out to the retired Viceroy, asking him to return a book the Issue Department affirmed he had borrowed when in India. Curzon was sure that he had not borrowed it, and had he been any other man his reply would have been simply: 'I did not borrow that book.' What he actually wrote was:

'It is not a book that I should have wanted to read: it is a book that Lord Minto, my successor, might very well have wanted to read. If Lord Minto did borrow it, where he would be likely to read it would be in the Retreat at Mashobra: so will you have a search made for the volume there?'

The book was found in the Retreat: Minto *had* read it there.

The first librarian of the Imperial Library was a man sent out by request from the British Museum: over him Curzon watched as a ewe over her lamb. The librarian was to have printed a letter that was to be sent to anybody presenting books to the library. Curzon, having asked how John Macfarlane proposed to word this letter, and having been told, said: 'No, no,' and sat down and wrote his own letter. It is used to this day.

This is the place for an extract from the speech with which the Viceroy introduced the Bill that, passed by the Legislative Council, became the Imperial Library Act:

'My object in carrying out the scheme which has taken place in this Bill,

LORD CURZON

has been to present Calcutta with a public library worthy of the name. When I came to India we could not be said to possess any such institution.... The existing public library in the upper storey of Metcalfe Hall, while it contained an enormous number of books, had degenerated, as far as the use made of it was concerned, into a library of light literature and of fiction. It seemed to me desirable ... to constitute a library which would both have the solid foundations that would recommend it to the student and at the same time possess all the necessary works of reference upon India and Indian subjects. ... I hope that, within about a year from now, Metcalfe Hall will be a place for the student, a place for the historian, and a place for the casual reader as well.'

Metcalfe Hall was raised by public subscription in honour of Lord Metcalfe as a man who had deserved well of India. When it became too small for the Imperial Library, it was decided by the Government that it should be used as the local income-tax office. That is the kind of vulgarity that Lord Curzon would never tolerate.

Another example of the thoroughness with which the Viceroy worked in India, repeatedly finding and making work for himself, was the Indian Art Exhibition at Delhi. On the opening day, the 30th of December 1902, a day upon which the rest of India was making holiday, he said:

'Dr. Watt and Mr. Percy Brown, his assistant, have proceeded far and wide throughout India, travelling thousands of miles, everywhere interviewing the artisans, selecting specimens, giving orders, where necessary supplying models, and advancing money to those who needed it. Three conditions I laid down ... (2) I would not have anything English or quasi-English in the exhibition. I declined to admit any of those horrible objects ... that find such a surprising vogue among certain classes in this country, but that are bad anywhere in the world, and worst of all in India, which has an art of her own.... I wanted only the work that represented the ideas, the traditions, the instincts, and the beliefs of the people. (3). .. what I desired was an exhibition of all that is rare, characteristic, or beautiful in Indian art, our gold and silver ware, our metal work and enamels, our jewellery, our carving in wood, ivory and stone, our best pottery and tiles, our carpets of old oriental patterns, our muslins and silks and embroideries, and the incomparable Indian brocades.'

It is extraordinary that the Viceroy should have made no mention of the miniatures, for which, especially the Rajput, India is famous.

Another passage in Curzon's speech that day was: '... in an age which wants things cheap and does not mind their being ugly, which cares a good deal for comfort, and not much for beauty, and which is never happy unless it is deserting its own models and traditions, and running about in quest of something foreign and strange, we may be certain that a great many of the old arts and handicrafts are doomed.'

LORD JCURZON

Curzon pleaded eloquently that 'the Indian Chiefs and aristocracy, and people of culture and high degree, should . . . patronize Indian art*, and the Indians to this day point out to one another, those who are old enough to remember, that it was an Englishman, Lord Curzon, who started the *swadeshi* movement in India.

As the duty into which Curzon most threw his heart was to visit every notable historic site and building in India and Burma, the proudest moment of his viceroyalty was probably when he addressed the Council on the Preservation of Ancient Monuments Bill. His speech began with the words of Horace:

*'Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donee templa refeceris
aedesque labentes deorum et
foe da nigro simulacra fumo?*

(Thy fathers' sins, O Roman, thou, though guiltless, shall expiate, till thou dost restore the crumbling temples and shrines of the gods, and their statues soiled with grimy smoke.)

The speech itself was a long, sonorous roll of names: the Taj, the mausoleum of Itmad-ud-Daulah, the tile-enamelled gem of Chini-ka-Roza, the Mughal palaces in the Fort of Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, Akbar's tomb at Sikandra, Jehangir's tomb at Shahdera, Humayun's tomb, the Delhi fort, the restored *bund* along the Ana Sagar Lake in Rajputana, Gaur, Pandwa, and Bhubaneshwar's Hindu temples. Then one heard (Curzon was now speaking of the mosques at Bijapur): 'I succeeded in expelling a *dak* bungalow from one, the relics of a British post office from another,' and (he was now speaking of the superb *mantapam*, or Hindu temple, in the Fort of Vellore): 'Once it was used as an arsenal, and finally commissariat bullocks were tethered to its pillars.' The roll of great names went on and on, but one cannot reproduce them all. The speech ended with a quotation from a letter from Samuel Johnson to Warren Hastings, and Curzon added: 'It is in this spirit that my archaeological coadjutors and I have worked.' The Viceroy knew that he was a Warren Hastings in a different time, calling for different achievement: he also knew there was no Johnson left at home to write to him. To watch that man at work, as I did among so many other watchers, was to behold a great athlete, but one contending this time with things of the mind.

There is the other side of the shield. If Curzon, during the years of his viceroyalty, had no obvious faults, he had many failings; the chief of these, perhaps, his ignorance, or disregard, of the other man's point of view. Logic guided him rather than feeling: what he was convinced was right ruled him rather than what other people wanted. In two matters, not part and parcel of Government's policy, and relatively unimportant, Curzon, with the best

of motives, gave deep offence. One was the case of the Ninth Lancers, and in that Curzon, well intentioned as his action was, incurred not only unpopularity with his fellow countrymen, but the humiliation of a public demonstration.

The second case was, in its consequences, the opposite of the first, and gave deep offence to the Indians. I speak now of the Viceroy's address in the Senate House in 1905 as Chancellor of the University of Calcutta, when, claiming that in the West men's sense of their obligation to speak the truth is stronger than among men of the East, he pleaded with his audience of young men, that they for their part should aim at the highest standard. That, I believe, is a fair summary and representation of what the Viceroy said. The moment was inconceivably badly chosen for any such homily, and, in any case, Curzon, remembering that he came from the West, should have had the good-feeling to leave the homily for some Indian leader to deliver. What Curzon did, never dreaming he was doing it, was to give to the intelligentsia, notably the Bengali, embittered by the Viceroy's condemnation of their weakness in educational administration, and still more by the partition of Bengal, the chance to revenge.

One can only conclude that this truly great and gifted man, his life dedicated to unsparing toil in the service of the Empire, had in attendance on him an evil fairy constantly urging him to acts of foolishness, which would have undone his achievements, had these not been on so great a scale. One who had watched Curzon at close quarters, and who once told me how fond Curzon was of reading poetry aloud, and how he might reduce himself to tears, added: 'He was intensely emotional on the surface, and highly sensitive deep down in his nature; but between that surface and those depths he seemed to be quite wanting in fine feeling.'

While reading Lord Zetland's *Life of Lord Curzon* one was continually asking oneself, wherein lay the cause of failure that seemed to dog the footsteps of this greatly gifted man. Was it that he worked too hard? Did he fail because he took too much trouble? Is it not over and over again apparent that he wasted his time, attending to too much himself? Writing, one of his passions, gave the man his chief virtue (or was it no virtue but a huge blunder?)—that of answering, with his own hand, every letter he received, and on the very day. He paid no regard to the importance of the letters he was answering, or their lack of that. It is evident that, if a man replies by return of post to every letter, he will write many things to-day that he would not write to-morrow. But to reply to all letters, himself, immediately—that was Curzon's practice and boast.

The forty letters and notes that I received from Lord Curzon myself dealt for the most part with the portraits and other exhibits in the Victoria Memorial Hall and with his book on the official residences of the Viceroy in India: few have anything personal in them. To give one that has:

LORD CURZON

Las Palmas, Grand Canary. 7 December, 1908

My dear Ross,

This abnormal address means that I am halting here for a fortnight on my voyage to the Cape. All this comes of that shocking motor accident which left a deep gash down my forehead and shattered my nerves. Sea and rest are supposed to restore them. Personally I am deeply plunged in the eternal and fascinating question of Napoleon and St. Helena where I shall be this day three weeks.

I was very glad to receive good news from you about the V. M. H. though I hear nothing about contracts or marble or building. Perhaps you will let me have the latest news. Neither have I ever anything officially about my friend the Dewan of Bhaunagar and the statue¹ which never materialises from a paper existence.

Do the V. M. Collections make any progress and have all the old things been recovered? Not all, I have been told. I am delighted that Holland² came to the rescue. He was always a man of vigour as well as charm.

This autumn has been a poor one from the Hackwood point of view. Owing to my illness I have not fired a shot and have had to let the shooting. No one has played on Mrs. Ross' piano. We have had none of those agreeable evenings when you entertained us all from the corner of the Saloon. The 'Moke'³ only hovers as a dim memory. When shall we see you both again?

Believe me, Yours sincerely,

CURZON

In another letter Lord Curzon, then Chancellor at Oxford, consulted me about a degree for Rabindranath Tagore. It was, in 1912, much too early a date for that; for if *Gitanjali* was published during that year, it was in a limited edition by the Indian Society, and not until Macmillans published it the following year had the book its astonishing success, and not until then, of course, did Tagore's name become known outside the small number of European readers of Bengali poetry.⁴ This is his letter:

Hackwood, Basingstoke, 30 May, 1912

My dear Ross,

Can you tell me anything confidentially about Rabindra Nath Tagore of Calcutta, the Bengali poet? Someone has suggested that he

¹ Of Curzon himself.—J. A. C.

² Sir Thomas Holland, Director, Geological Survey of India, and now Principal, Edinburgh University.—J. A. C.

³ 'Moke' had somehow come to be Lord Curzon's and the Rosses' name for *Femme Sensible*, the French ditty by M6hul that the Viceroy adored. Cf. p. 131.—J. A. C.

* In 1940 an Oxford degree was conferred on Tagore by a Deputation in India, Dr. Gwyer speaking for the University in Latin and Tagore replying in Sanskrit.—J. A. C.

LORD CURZON

should have an Oxford degree, but I question whether he is up to the standard. I will not quote you.

CURZON

If Lord Curzon undertook not to quote me, I may keep silence myself.

In many ways Curzon was a darling of the gods. He was too talented to be ignored. Perhaps his was the disguised misfortune of beginning too high, missing the discipline of having to work his way up. He began almost at the top: having been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs when Lord Salisbury was Secretary of State, he became Viceroy of India before he was forty, with gifts enabling him to make the viceroyalty grander than it had ever been, or has been since.

It would be useful to compare his career with those of men of his time who had not to endure such humiliation as Curzon did, and to examine wherein lay the roots of his disappointments. A striking contrast might be drawn between Curzon and Arthur Balfour. Curzon devoted his whole life to hard work, and lived to see some of it undone. Balfour took life easily, and all he did seems to endure. Take the Partition of Bengal and the Balfour Declaration. The first was a reasoned act of policy carried through with difficulty, only to be undone a few years later. The other was an irreparable error that cannot be undone, and seems doomed to cause perpetual trouble. Balfour led a sort of 'soft-court' existence: there seemed no emphasis in his life; no raising of the voice; no great enthusiasm; no great dislikes. His spiritual ingredients were gentility, culture, and indifference to everything save tradition.

In part the roots of disappointment for Curzon may have found nourishment in his passion for self-justification. Always, in one form or another, he must prove himself, if not absolutely right, at least 'best-intentioned', and this 'proof, if from the nature of things it could not see the light publicly or officially, must be demonstrated in a letter to somebody, or in an *aide-memoire*, and more than likely letter or *aide-memoire* was composed when Curzon ought to have been resting or asleep. For, to take up that last point, one asks whether Curzon's power of continuous work was not altogether exceptional. It was unique. One has read of great business men, as Lord Leverhulme, who worked fourteen hours a day; but those were regular hours, and the work mostly of one type. Curzon's hours were irregular, his work of every kind.

How comes it that the name of Curzon has something attaching to it that the names of other eminent Englishmen have not? Or is this feeling personal to myself and a few others? I have a sentiment or sense (something partaking of the nature of the sense of taste or smell) when encountering the names of certain famous men and women. Just as one is prepared for the scent of the rose, hyacinth, or violet, when one approaches those flowers, or as one has

LORD CURZON

the anticipation of a type of flavour when sipping port, sherry or claret, so, upon recalling the names of Napoleon, Gladstone, Balfour, Curzon, the sense I speak of is aroused, to pervade all that I read of them. The difficulty is to find a term whereby to express this sense. For want of a more precise word, one might use the Sanskrit *manas*, which in some philosophies ranks as a sixth sense.

Whatever expression one may use, I feel that Curzon had this *cachet*, and every whit as much as Napoleon had it. Thus in reading, thinking, or speaking of him, one has in one's mind a certain flavour. Curzon had a very strong flavour; far stronger than that of men who have done greater things. I have known (to add a word on the general question) even quite unsuccessful men command special attention, not because of what they could do, but because of their *manas*.

In Curzon's religious feelings and in his imperialism lies the secret of his untiring activity; but one wonders how far the forensic element outweighed the conviction in both these 'beliefs'. Each was the child of what he wished things to be. Curzon's imperialism really meant: 'Let England hold what England held.' As for his religion, it was a trust in prayer, the hope that everything has a purpose, and the desire for a communion of spirits after death.

Imperialism and religion had this in common; they were both the justification of means by ends, the former tangible, the latter a pious hope. Curzon discarded all orthodox forms of religion in the light of reason, but retained the belief in a Creator with a purpose, and in a future life. That is, he believed in the major purpose of Creation and the minor purpose of the British Empire. In both these schemes he had his part to play: in the former he was a pawn, while to the latter he dedicated his gifts and his life, this time with the conviction of being worth many pawns. For long years he nursed the hope that he might become the chief piece on the board; but every time he came in sight of triumph Fortune deserted him.

To pass to small matters; Curzon had many peculiarities and habits. He wore only white shirts; collar and shirt in one piece, the cuffs upside-down. He always wore a black sailor-knot tie. He hardly ever went to the theatre; but he told me that, while working at his Oxford thesis on John of Gaunt, he used to wander into the pit of the Oxford Music Hall after dining at the Horse Shoe.

As a boy his often repeated questions were: 'What has any member of the Curzon family ever done for England? Were there among them any distinguished soldiers, sailors, statesmen, poets, or painters? Is the Empire in any way different because of any one bearing our name? Have we Curzons done nothing but inherit land, and marry heiresses to enlarge the estate, and add to the quarterings on our coat of arms?' To these questions he got no reassuring answers. Poor disappointed boy.

The truth is, and it is a highly significant one, Curzon had no youth, as he

LORD CURZON

neither had age. He grew neither up nor down. He was a Peter Pan aged about forty from the day he made his first speech at Eton to the time of his death. If it is more blessed to travel than to arrive, Curzon was among the blessed, because with him every arrival was involved in a fresh setting-out. Physically he was brave; mentally he was self-reliant; yet there was in him a streak of moral cowardice, causing him to submit to the decisions of men whose judgement he felt to be inferior to his own.

To return to India and Curzon's viceroyalty; in his farewell speech, delivered on the 16th of November 1905, after speaking of his landing in Bombay 'on coming to India to take up the dream of my life', he said: 'Oceans seem now to roll between that day and this; oceans of incident and experience, of zest and achievement, of anxiety and suffering, of pleasure and pain.'

Inevitably at that moment, so soon after the violent end brought to his viceroyalty, Curzon thought of pain. I have spoken already, and let my wife speak, of Curzon's great difference with Kitchener, when the antagonism came to a head between the individualist and the *robot*. As I have already said, we were the guests of the Curzons at this crisis, and my wife, in her diary, has this note of the time:

'Lord Curzon was obviously heartbroken at this bitter end of his viceroyalty, and sometimes, when we were alone, he would break down altogether. The whole country was in a state of excitement over his resignation. The famous quarrel between the two strong men had resulted in a victory for Lord Kitchener; but nearly every one's sympathy was for Lord Curzon, who had made a valiant stand for what he considered a right principle. The Bengalis made no secret of what they were pleased to call Lord Curzon's downfall, and their newspapers, abusive as ever, had been given splendid copy. One could not regard their criticism as serious, as it was entirely personal.'

That attitude of the Bengalis provoked that brilliant parodist, Charles Russell, to his stinging satire :

*No doubt but We are the People—shall the West redeem the East?
They sent their Greatest to rule our land, and we honoured the greatest least.
Of all the rulers their King sent forth we hated the last the worst;
When he strove to bless us with open hand, we opened our mouths and cursed.
He protected Us from the White Man's blows, and humbled the White Man's
pride,
Till white men muttered in wrathful mood that he wrested the Law aside. . . .
When they bade him deliver us hand and foot to the Mastery of the Sword,
He fought for Us till he lost his throne—and small were the thanks he scored!
Will ye ask us why we cursed him, and slandered his Words and Acts?
He confronted our Aspirations with naked and brutal Facts.*

LORD CURZON

*We were lords of the first of Cities, we gave to our sons Degrees,
And he said that we {as events had proved} were unfitted for tasks like these,
That we with our bonds new loosened were lesser adepts at Rule,
Than a race that a paltry thousand years had trained in a rougher school_____*

Not a little of the Viceroy's grief arose from the knowledge that many of his schemes for the future were still in embryo. He explained to me, in a walk to Annandale, that he was convinced he must make any sacrifice rather than give in on a point essential for the safety of India. Then he spoke of all the wonderful projects he still had in his mind in connection with archaeology, the preservation of ancient monuments, the Victoria Memorial, and so on. One felt terribly sorry for him, and also for India, about to lose so great a friend. India, the Simla world especially, had woken up to the fact that Curzon was a great man, and could ill be spared in India.

As for myself, I felt like one whose occupation was largely gone, so great had been the interest of association in work with the retiring Viceroy. There were many men in India who had never been face to face with Nathaniel Curzon, to whom he had never addressed a word, but who had watched him through the newspapers and the conversation of men working with the Viceroy, who also felt his leaving India as an impoverishment of their personal lives.

XIV

India: Friendships

It is not so easy to write about one's Indian friends, if only because one could never be on the same terms of intimacy with them as with Europeans, and this chiefly because one knew little of their private lives, and saw less. I much valued the privilege of knowing some of the leading Indians of my day, and there were among them some very remarkable figures. The one I saw most of was Ashutosh Mukherjee, the High Court Judge and Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University. He had one of the most remarkable brains I have ever known. His memory was photographic and infallible; his eloquence was domineering, and his activity inexhaustible. He lived and dressed (except in Court) as an orthodox Hindu, and his mode of life was consequently of the simplest. In the Syndicate, as Vice-Chancellor, he had to compete with the finest orators in Bengal (that home of oratory), and always came off victorious. He did wonders for the University of Calcutta, with the aid of moneys he was able to extract from the Government, thanks to his powers of persuasion. He had earned the highest honours as a mathematician, and as President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal he disclosed his intimacy with every branch of Oriental learning.

The most interesting of my friends in India, the one with whom we formed the closest friendship, was Charles Kesteven; a man who arrived in Calcutta while I was there, yet at a still more advanced age than my own. He was, in fact, sufficiently old to be admitted at sight, without question or comment, to the Bengal Club. Incidentally, he was one of the most charming and cultivated men I have ever known. He was typically a man of the world—not the Indian world, but the London. He was tall, dark, with clear-cut classical features, and a beautiful figure.

Kesteven was a man of fine taste, devoted to music, and exceedingly well read. His presence at any table immediately made the company good. By profession he was a solicitor, and a very good one; by choice he was a racing man, and eventually he became one of the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club. Although many of the wealthy young merchants in Calcutta were acquainted with the clubs of London, and with the race-courses in England, Charles Kesteven was far more a man of the world than anyone I ever met in India. What he did counted; and although he managed on occasions (so one suspected, but one did not really know) to make rather a mess of his life, he also seemed—surprisingly—always to do the right thing. He was a

INDIA: FRIENDSHIPS

frequent inmate of our Calcutta home, where he could indulge to the full his taste for books and music, and talk about them. After the war he came home on leave, during which he spent six months in a nursing-home. Then suddenly, without any warning, he got married to a beautiful girl whom he had met in India. He returned to India alone, at a season too hot for a delicate girl; but she followed soon; he met her in Bombay, and took her to Kashmir before bringing her to Calcutta. Soon after their arrival there she fell ill with typhoid, and while she lay dying Charles Kesteven had an accident which in less than three days led to his death. Thus neither knew of the death of the other. That was the end of two charming people. No friend we have lost has left so big a blank in our lives.

I have known well one or two men whom I should like to class as supermen by reason of their physical superiority combined with first-class brains and the capacity for taking on any enterprise at any time of the day or night. A notable example was Sefton Brancker, whom I first knew as a young gunner captain in Calcutta in 1910. Brancker was then an unknown quantity; not particularly distinguished from other young officers serving in India. He was small of build, but made mostly of sinew. He had dark hair and a dark complexion, and glittering eyes, in one of which he was wont to carry a rimless monocle. What happening could ever displace that monocle we never discovered, but in case of accident he kept himself supplied with two or three spare ones.

Brancker was one of the first soldiers to fly in India in the beginnings of aviation, and consequently (should one say?) one of the first to crash. At the manoeuvres held at Aurungabad in 1910 he fell to the earth either with his machine or out of it. Bruised he may have been, or was; he had not dropped the rimless monocle. Later that year, at a dinner given by the Calcutta Light Horse, then in camp, Mr. Bertie Barrow ('Sabretache' of the *Tatler*) offered to draw Brancker on the blackboard. The picture consisted of a central aeroplane, an indication of Mother Earth, and between the two a small circle.

Brancker was not only one of the first men to fly, but, during the Great War, did perhaps more than any other Englishman to speed up aeroplane development in England. From the outset he saw that it was imperative to create an Air Force, and not to have the War Office and the Admiralty working on independent and often conflicting lines. He was a man of great vision, and most of his suggestions, though many were bitterly opposed by his elders, were ultimately adopted.

Physically, Brancker seemed impervious to all ills, and fatigue—as fear too—formed no part of his composition. His energy and his high spirits were inexhaustible, and if he required sleep, it was difficult to discover when he got any. For example, I have known him in Darjeeling dance till three in the morning; then walk up to his barracks a thousand feet above Dar-

jeeling, but be down again next morning (the same morning, that is), a thousand feet below Darjeeling, training his pony for the races, in which he always took part, but usually fell off. He was not a man ever to consider whether any risk he ran (the true d'Artagnan spirit) was worth it. He would do the most foolhardy things whenever challenged. Not only was he prepared to masticate and swallow his monocle, but, challenged once in the Bengal Club to swallow a wine-glassful of anything the assembled company might choose to put in it, he did so without turning a hair. I cannot remember all the ingredients, but they certainly included mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar, cigarette ash, wine, and beer.

In India he was always engaged in the study of a particular subject, and while in Darjeeling he made himself especially well acquainted with Tibet, a subject on which I believe he delivered an admirable lecture. A Bengal Club lecture of his (Charles Kesteven was one of his audience: it was in 1911) was on the aeroplane for reconnaissance in war.

During the first year of the war Brancker lived with us in my mother's house in Upper Westbourne Terrace, and I also saw him daily in the War Office.

Brancker was like a machine. The impression he gave one was of a man who never looked backward or aside, but always straight ahead. He was very attractive in a peculiar way, though at first sight people were often almost repelled by him. He had a charming speaking voice, very quiet, low and rather soft, but clear. On meeting him one felt that here was a man with real personality, forceful, masterful, and vital; yet he was always quiet and controlled. He could do a hundred things at once, and was always as ready to do things which did not involve danger as those which did. He would sell a chest of drawers in the bazar; copy twenty pages from a book; take a hand at bridge, or fill a place at dinner at five minutes' notice.

The friend that we saw most of in Calcutta was J. A. Chapman. He came out to India as an Assistant in the National Bank of India, having made something of a name for accountancy in Threadneedle Street; and that is why for over thirty years all his friends have known him as the 'Banker'. I believe he was quite a good banker; but his tastes lay in a different direction. By nature he was a poet and a philosopher. Thus it came about that he gave up his business career, and entered the Bengal Educational Service, being later transferred from it to be the librarian of the Imperial Library, which, it has been mentioned, Lord Curzon instituted. The Banker was a type all to himself: he had a lonely disposition, but an affectionate and sociable temperament. The people he knew and liked were something far more than fellow creatures and companions to him. They were one and all entities, which he had analysed in every detail and fully catalogued. He had a fine literary discernment, and was deeply read in the English classics. He loved good talk and good wine. He was in those days gaunt, pale, and

clean-shaven; but when I last saw him in London he had grown a beard, and was often taken for G. B. S. He remained until very recently in India, having adapted himself to that country to such a degree that he feels almost a stranger in England. Had he met a Johnson, he would have made a first-class Boswell. He is a keen observer, and has a good memory for what he hears said. In fact, he remembers far more of my conversation than I do myself. Being devoted to animals, music, and books, our house in Calcutta was for him a miniature paradise. He is the person (now to let it out) that I have spoken of as our 'cat-loving friend'.

We always thought the Banker would make a good priest, and he took us all by surprise when he suddenly married. Some years after we left India he published a sketch of myself (as 'gathered to my Anglo-Indian fathers') in *The Calcutta Review*, and from this article I may be allowed to quote these few passages, as they recall matters which I had forgotten, and give a better picture of the Madrasah time than I am capable of giving myself:

'Sir Edward Denison Ross is not a man that I could wish should die, though, if he should, then I could write his biography. Being very little older than myself, and being good for a long life, he will do me out of my greatest opportunity as a biographer. For his would be a most interesting life to write. But why, I have just thought, shouldn't I write a part of it? As an Anglo-Indian he was long ago gathered to his fathers.

'Ross had been very active, under Curzon, in collecting things of artistic, antiquarian and other interest for the Victoria Memorial. For the collection of such things he had *more flair* in his little finger than the rest of Calcutta had in its whole body. "Ross," said Curzon one day, "do you think you could go to the Indian Museum and see if they haven't a room or two to lend us in which to keep all these things?" So Ross went, and the report flew round Calcutta that he had been to the Museum on some pretext, but really to measure the Director's drawing-room, and see if it was big enough for his carpet. The game of this man, they said, who was never up to any game at all, except the innocent one of making the Government of India buy Arabic and Persian manuscripts, or getting the Asiatic Society to publish the Tibetan-Sanskrit dictionary of Korosi Csoma, was to turn the Director out, and put himself in. It was a time when Denison did not possess a carpet either in Asia or in Europe, nor money to buy one with that he would have deigned to possess, and it is doubtful if he possesses one to this day, or ever will, or money enough to buy one. But for ten long years Calcutta, with long ears, was busy inventing such stories.

'I knew Ross, first as a boy riding to school, and learning to fish, and not interested in books, especially the Greek and Latin classics. Not that I ever saw him in those days; but he would talk about them vividly in Calcutta. At about the age when young men go to college he made the discovery that his

great interest would be the study of languages, dead and living, but chiefly living; and he decided to travel.

'A word now of Ross's reading. I do not know rightly when it was done. His reading in Calcutta was mostly of "texts" and grammars, and out-of-the-way things like Houssaye's *Ligny* and *Waterloo* books, and French Memoirs picked up in the New Market or China Bazar, and *Soirees d'Orchestre* of Berlioz (in all such reading it was his idea that you should follow him, and, if you enjoyed playing the game of life with such a man, you did follow); so his reading of all the English, French, German, Russian, Italian, and other classics, even to such things as Southey's *Doctor*, must have been the occupation of earlier years. Or on board ship between Europe and the East; for he'd make a business of the choice and packing of books for a voyage. He would call you to come and see how very exactly and beautifully the chosen books had fitted into the box. His provisions of another kind when train-travelling (a thing he hated) were apples, a Dutch cheese, and some bottles of champagne. I propose to put down any touch that will add to the portrait which I am trying to sketch, and any oddment, as something in the main narrative puts me in mind of it. When a little book of mine was printed for private circulation, and "Pan's Fellow" in it discovered me to be fond of apples, that proved Ross's chief interest. "Yes," I replied to the charge, "I have always thought them beautiful things." "Humbug!" said Ross, "they are very good to eat!"

'The third time I saw Ross was in his house, where I found him, in the matted but carpetless and furnitureless drawing-room, standing with a friend whirling his dog round and round with the dog's teeth clenched hard upon the end of Macfarlane's handleless walking stick. My recollection of the next few years is of a house with first one and then two persons in it, who, however, bulked less large than the cats, Becko, an Australian magpie, a sha'ma, the deer, the geese, and the baby donkey that was always to be got, but never was. There was a horse too, or two horses. After the pets came manuscripts and miniatures and music; but they were liable to be swept away for cricket on the roof, or kite-flying, or railway trains on rails laid on the drawing-room floor, or battles (Austerlitz reproduced as exactly as possible) with lead soldiers and cannon and bullets, but no powder, on a huge table on the verandah.

'I was once asked by Salauddin Khuda Bakhsh, an Indian friend of mine, to ask Ross if he thought the British Museum would send him an Arabic manuscript on loan. "Tell him", was the prompt reply, "they'd as soon give him the Elgin marbles to play with!"

'I went once, when the barber had trimmed my beard, so that it was the shape of the great Duke of Devonshire's, straight to the Madrasah. "How are all the little Devonshires?" said Ross, rising ceremoniously.

'It was a house, I have said, of manuscripts and miniatures and music,

INDIA: FRIENDSHIPS

especially music, but there was always another strong current, but one of which there was talk with only one or two. It was Ross's work in the college, or if that is to put it misleadingly, as giving the impression of his teaching in the Madrasah, then I will say round about the college, which would include the Asiatic Society and the Senate House. Nobody ever did such work; nobody was ever anything like the same inspiration. There are men working in India to-day, ten years after Ross's going, whose work he began, and in a sense still inspires, and there are hardly any other such workers, as there were none before he came. It was a desert in which he made a rose blossom, and how often has that been done?

'But when he was only Keeper of the Records, life was too uninteresting; so he left India, and we have never been able to persuade him to come back. There are two men whom we want back—Curzon and Ross.'

I have already introduced another friend in India, Charles Russell, by quoting some lines of his parody of Kipling, 'No Doubt'. It was published in a Calcutta newspaper as the work of 'Vox'. Russell wrote and published other parodies, one of Swinburne, one of Tennyson. After a brilliant career at Oxford, where one of his tutors was Canon Rashdall, he came out to Bengal, but was transferred later, I believe at his own request, to Patna, when I rather lost sight of him. He joined up in Kitchener's army, and after a time in Gallipoli and in Burma went with a Gurkha regiment to Palestine, and was killed in a battle there. They say he nicknamed me 'The Lord of Superlatives'.

A man we saw more of was William Hornell, another recruit to the Indian Educational Service from Oxford, who began his teaching in the Presidency College. He was afterwards Assistant Director of Public Instruction, then, after some years in Whitehall, Director of Public Instruction, and last of all Vice-Chancellor at Hongkong. He is now Sir William, and is back in London.

At one time Archdale Earle was often in our house, always wearing a salmon-pink tie, and ready to do anything one asked him to do, tying a knot in his handkerchief (with a shy smile) to remind him. He came to dinner by himself on Sundays throughout the cold weather of 1910-11, our last in No. 19, but never stayed for the chamber music, being an early goer to bed, and very strict in observing that rule.

We saw, of course, and entertained scores of travellers and scholars sojourning briefly in Calcutta. Among these were Orange, Theodore Morison, Archbold, Gertrude Lowthian Bell, and Professor Stcherbatsky from St. Petersburg. To meet that last-named I would invite Indian scholars deep in Sanskrit, as Haraprasad Shastri, leaving the Indian presently alone with the Russian, that they might be the more free to converse. I would leave them speaking to each other in Sanskrit. Only once, it was when the Indian

INDIA: FRIENDSHIPS

was Satischandra Vidyabushan, who must come again into this record, were they still conversing in Sanskrit when I returned. I had forgotten this, but I told the 'Banker' at the time, and he has recalled my story.

I must not fail to mention Miss Cornelia Sorabji. From her my wife had a letter recently that I am almost 'commanded', as will be seen, to reproduce in this record of my life, and which I forthwith do:

16 December 1939

Dear Lady Ross,

I am so delighted that Sir Denison's great abilities are so signally acknowledged in his new appointment. It makes all your old friends—especially my Brother and one who knew him in our undergraduate days, when his wonderful Mother was still here—very happy.

You two are marvellous in your knowledge of worthwhile things and have delighted me in two Continents. Blessings on you! I have never forgotten you, and often think of the old days when we dropped in at the Calcutta Madrasah to refresh our souls, and saw Sir Denison playing soldiers on your spacious veranda, and drinking barley pop, which the Bengal Club manufactured, it was said (or was it 'invented?'), for him! We used to say that these two themes must be mentioned in his autobiography, whatever else was forgotten. . . .

All remembrance, and a happy Xmas, and good luck in the new life before you.

CORNELIA SORABJI

XV

Furloughs

There is something so distinctive about leave while on service in India that I have relegated my furloughs to a separate chapter. I was fortunate in obtaining as many as five in less than thirteen years, if two were very short. During the first, connected, as I have related, with the discovery of the unique copy of an Arabic history, I found the lady who became my wife, living with my mother, and on the day of my return to India we became engaged. I had spent some time in the Hague, arranging for the printing of the text. A year later, when I had three months' leave, we were married in Venice. I had always disliked a public wedding, but I hadn't realized that, if you aren't married publicly, you get few wedding presents. We were not to be married, however, for the sake of presents, and we thought Venice the most romantic spot to be married in. My mother and Dora Robinson resided for several weeks there before the wedding, which took place on the 3rd of September 1904, Cromwell's day of triumph, Cromwell being a hero of ours. I had travelled from Bombay to Brindisi, and thence to Venice. The formalities to go through were complicated. First of all I bought the wedding ring on the Rialto bridge, as is the Venetian practice. We were rowed from our hotel on the Schiavone to the British Consul on the Grand Canal, and thence, the licence obtained, to the church. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Ely, Lord Alwyn Compton, who was staying in Venice at the time. My wife had one bridesmaid, the three-year-old Elnith Arbuthnot, and the congregation consisted of Lady Alwyn Compton, Mrs. Robert Arbuthnot, and my mother. We were rowed back to our hotel in a beautiful gondola lent for the occasion by Lady Layard, the widow of the great archaeologist.

Our wedding trip included visits to Verona, Munich, and Strasbourg, the last chosen because of my early association with the city. My wife has kindly contributed the following account:

'Munich was interesting and amusing. We had taken tickets for the *Ring* and other Wagner operas, and had spent endless time and money in getting good places. I regret to have to acknowledge that we never heard a whole opera through except when we were shut in for the *Flying Dutchman*, done without a break. That was a little trying, as it was in the days when listening to Wagner was almost a religious ceremony. D. saw about one Act of each of the four *Ring* operas, as the sounds, sights and general attractions of Munich proved too much for him after absence in the East. Or was it,

FURLOUGHES

perhaps, the excellent but decidedly heavy meal served by Herr Posch, the proprietor of the *Englischer Hof*? Those were the days of the real Mittag-Essen at one o'clock sharp. A ceremony, indeed, consisting of about ten courses, all good. The host himself prescribed, seeing to it that we all over-ate. Our favourite pastime was to *bummel* about the streets until 11 a.m.; turn in for a glass of beer and an *illustriertes brodchen*, a delicacy for which Munich was famous, and then embark on a course of sight-seeing. Munich was then a beautiful city, gay and sparkling with splashing fountains, clean streets, and handsome buildings. It was the centre of all modern art-movements, and specimens of the work of Cubists, Impressionists, and Futurists were in all the shop windows.

'From Munich we went to Strasbourg, spending one or two happy days there revisiting old haunts. The cathedral clock, which did all sorts of funny things at midday, drew a large crowd, and many idlers watched the fat carp fed in the lake in the Public Garden. Then Paris, and thence to London. We sailed in October, our ship the *Mongolia*. Edward Browne saw us off at Tilbury. What a poor, cramped little cabin; no comforts, no luxuries, and about enough room to hold D.'s cigar boxes. We were met in Bombay by D.'s bearer, a man who looked like an Abyssinian emperor. He took complete charge at once, proceeding to handle the baggage and ourselves in the most efficient manner. I have a mixed recollection of my first meal in India, not a very good one. The menu consisted of about ten entrees, but there was little to eat. However, I enjoyed the pickles. In Calcutta I had my first experience of dining under an old-fashioned hand-punkah. The dinner was quite good, but there seemed a paucity of china, glass, etc., and D.'s furniture consisted mainly of orange-boxes, not even draped—naked and unashamed. We had two immense verandahs, one on each floor of the spacious old Calcutta house. They were deliciously cool in the early mornings.'

I was given leave in 1907 to recuperate after the enteric I had in Simla, as I have mentioned. It is the doctors' invariable practice to send an enteric patient home as soon as he has recovered sufficiently to travel. We sailed from Calcutta in the *Pahlawan*. I give the story of the year in these extracts from diaries of the time:

II March. At sea. We have just lived through two awful days and nights. From the time of our entering the Straits of Bonifacio the weather has been ghastly. Over and over again it seemed to us ignorant ones that the ship could not survive. North of Sardinia the wind was terrific. All Monday we had a huge sea and wind on our bows, and once the ship pooped. In the middle of the night the wind changed to the port side, and during the change the movement of the ship was frightful in the extreme.

11 March. 5 p.m. I suppose the moment we touched French soil was one of the happiest of our lives. It is paradise to be back in Europe. The greatest

charm of an Indian career is the possibility it offers of going to heaven from time to time without the trouble and expense of dying.

Paris. We are overwhelmed by the life of the West, but think it has grown far more vulgar since we were last here. We dined in the Cafe de Paris, and found it still the best restaurant in the world. We visited Pere-Lachaise, escorted by a guide who, passing the tombs of the Erards and Pleyels (makers of pianos), said: 'Ces messieurs ont fait beaucoup de bruit dans le monde!' We also visited the State Archives, permission to examine them being obtained by my mentioning that I was *le Directeur des Archives* in Calcutta. There are many records dating back to the thirteenth century in a state of perfect preservation. I was specially interested in a letter in Uighur (Old Turkish) bearing the seal of Arghun, Mongol King of Persia (thirteenth century), addressed to Philip le Bel.

April. We are enjoying London very much, but find that we are spending a great deal of money. *Being alive* is admittedly expensive, but *to enjoy being alive* is ruinous. At an excellent play, *The Palace of Puck*, we heard the now famous *bon mot*: 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but when we grow up we do the lying for ourselves!'

11 May. Lord Curzon was installed as Chancellor of Oxford University. He replied in Latin, saying among other things:

'Nonne mini, dum inter loca tanta religione augusta accingor ad negotia sedulo exsequenda, aliquid levamenti quamvis sensim et pedetentim vulneris irrepet inconsolabilis?'

('As I apply myself, in a place hallowed by sacred associations, to the diligent performance of business, will not some alleviation of an irreparable loss imperceptibly steal upon me?')

Though I had been in frequent correspondence with him, I had not seen Curzon since he left India. In the interval he had suffered the loss of his beautiful and gracious wife. In Uppingham, where we were staying with the head of West Deane House, Arnold Taylor, we dined one night with David, the music master, the son of the famous musician who taught Joachim. With him my wife played two Beethoven sonatas and a Brahms. A very great treat for us all, and especially for me, who love to see her great gifts as a player of chamber music appreciated.

We dined one night, and went to the theatre, with Colonel Harvey, who had come to England on Harper's behalf, as London editor of *The North American Review*, and met Gertrude Atherton, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Kitty Cheatham, the *diseuse*. I told Mrs. Wiggin that two passages in *Timothy's Quest* had pleased me so much, that I had copied them out, and could say them there and then by heart, though I hadn't been warned that I should meet the author. She was kind enough to send me an autographed copy of the book the next day.

During July and August we spent nearly every week-end in a different

E.D.R. WITH TWO NEPHEWS,
GEORGE (SEATED) AND ALICK

FURLOUGHs

house, one of them 'The Full Stop' at Studland near Poole. We were met by two carts, one drawn by two donkeys, the other by four. I drove in the four-donkey cart with our host, the drive ending in our finishing on foot, each leading two donkeys. At one moment we were nearly carried over the breakwater.

In September, archive-inspecting, we went to Holland, staying in the Hotel des Indes, then full of diplomats attending the Peace Conference. These 'plenipots', as I disrespectfully called them, included Mr. Choate, Edward Fry, Lord Reay, Ernest Satow, and Tornielli. Most of them talked the most atrocious French. Gibson Bowles and his son turned up, and the little M.P., always known as Tommy, was most interesting on the subject of floating mines, which the Conference thought to make illegal!

In October we stayed at Hackwood. My bag containing my dress suit having been lost at Reading, I wore at dinner a pair of Lord Curzon's trousers and a coat and waistcoat of his brother's. Curzon was a wonderful host *and* hostess. He would himself show the ladies to their rooms, and tell them the hours of the house, saying that he didn't like to think of women 'damning in bedrooms' because of not knowing the way about, etc.

3 October. We went to see Pauline Chase in a clever curtain-raiser called *The Little Japanese Girl*; a minute tragedy full of delicate charm; Maeterlinck *a la Japonaise*.

On the 9th of January we received a telegram from Lord Curzon, asking us to spend our last week-end at Hackwood. The house-party included Dr. Warre, Edward Lyttleton, the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Hugh and Lady Barnes, and Bamfylde Fuller. Sunday ended up with a regular sing-song in which everyone joined.

On the 17th of January we sailed from Marseilles, and disembarking at Port Said, spent a week in Cairo. I visited a number of primary Muslim schools, and was much struck by the scholars' proficiency in hand-writing, a subject carefully taught.

In 1909 I had six months' leave. Instead of following the usual practice of going straight to Europe, we decided to travel to China, and thence proceed to Europe by the Trans-Siberian. Sailing from Bombay in the *Macedonia*, we reached Hongkong on the 4th of March. We sat at the captain's table, as did also Lord Frederick Hamilton, whose wit and fun made us all look forward to meal times. We stayed for a few days in Shanghai, where the river-front was parcelled out among the European nations, so-that the uniforms of the policemen varied every few hundred yards. We visited the fine Country House Club at the back of the city, which then bore comparison with any similar institution in the world, with its handsome building and lovely gardens.

From there we steamed to Tientsin in a 300-ton boat. It was one of the

FURLOUGHS

worst voyages I have ever made. We ran into a blizzard, which in a short time blackened the whole sky, and covered the deck with snow and ice. For hours the little craft seemed to make no progress at all, and navigation was almost impossible. All but two passengers stayed in their bunks, the kind captain visiting each with words of comfort and champagne. The two exceptions were China missionaries, who all through the storm, as at other times, tapped out sheet after sheet on their typewriters. We were unable to make Wei-hai-wei that night, and, when we woke in the morning, it was to find ourselves at anchor, with hundreds of small craft, in the bay of Hai-yang to the south of the Shantung promontory.

The great walls of Pekin alone are enough to place the city outside all comparison with any other in the world; for when one enters first by the huge Water Gate (Chien-men), it is to be transported into a world of fantasy. I am speaking of Pekin before the republic, when the Chinese still wore their national dress, and motor cars were unknown. I find in my wife's diary this full account of our stay in Pekin:

'Certainly the thing that struck me most on arriving in this city was the general "blue" look of things. Most of the poor part of the population was dressed in Chinese blue linen or cloth, and sometimes the effect was of a mass of very rich blue clouds. The streets appeared to be always crowded with a happy mass of people all very industriously employed. The whole business of life (and death) seemed to be carried on out-of-doors, and one could only imagine that the Chinese use their houses only to sleep in. Every trade seemed to be followed in the open air, and every amusement too. We drifted one day into a large market-place, where various entertainments seemed to be going on at the same time. In the centre a huge stage was erected about 4 p.m. When we got there the play was just starting. There was a great deal of striding about the stage and gesticulating and some wrestling before the real business of the play began. The Chinese are born actors and natural comedians: as soon as the speaking began the audience became deeply interested, and from time to time sallies were greeted with shouts of laughter. Of course, we two didn't understand a word.

In the middle of the square were many little portable cooking stoves, with much frying, roasting, and boiling going on. At rough tables and benches relays of people sat down, to be regaled with choice morsels of roast pork and other meat, and odd-looking brown and savoury messes. Great chattering and lively talk went on all the time, and everyone appeared to be happy and interested in his own and other people's business. Then there were men and boys of all ages playing Diavolo with the greatest ease and grace. The Chinese can do anything with their hands, and have a special talent for all conjuring and juggling.

'It was rare to see a sad face among the people: even the old and decrepit seemed to take their troubles more easily and naturally than we do. We

often went to the real Chinese town, chiefly to search for rare books and manuscripts. The booksellers getting wind of this crowded round us on our excursions, offering their wares, and pressing us to come to their shops. When we entered one—it was usually very small and over-heated—we were instantly regaled with cups of tea. No milk or sugar was allowed to spoil the delicate flavour of the real Chinese tea. If one put one's cup down, even if after one sip, it was filled again to the brim. This was the Chinese etiquette. I didn't understand this at first, and tried to assure our kindly friends that I hadn't finished my first cup. The people pressed round in the shops, examining my clothes carefully, especially any furs I might be wearing, taking them up and sniffing them, no doubt to ascertain the quality. Dubious nods of the head implied that they weren't up to much. We spent hours in this way very agreeably, with never the feeling that the men would ever tire of showing us their wares.

'Once or twice we went out to dine in a Chinese house, but a house inhabited by a European, and found it an interesting and pleasant experience, the rooms all ranged round a courtyard, the roofs beautifully pointed and decorated.

'A thing which filled me with amazement was a temple service we were lucky enough to hear, when we visited the Yellow Temple. Visitors are not supposed to witness this, but we happened to be in the courtyard of the temple when the service began, and we hid behind pillars. It was held in a large hall, approached by a short flight of steps from the courtyard. There were no doors on this side, but screens were drawn, so that we could see only round one corner. But we heard the most wonderful crescendo in the world, rivalling even the opening bars of the *Rheingold*, beginning with the deep E flat. At first it was a sort of dull rumble of drums, but other sounds were added—gongs, trumpets, clarinets—and finally a large chorus of deep voices uttered or chanted some invocation. The sound grew and grew, until it culminated in a grand roar of splendid sound like the swell of an organ. We stood almost paralysed by the splendour and mystery. Some of the monks must have guessed we were listening, as after the ceremony was over, they came round us pressing for money. They were a very dirty, unshaven, ill-smelling lot, many of them looking the reverse of *holy*. The quietness and calm of the little temple of Confucius, with no-one to "celebrate" near it, was very impressive after all this.

The great walls of Peking, wide enough to admit a coach and four, were deeply impressive, and the square massive towers at intervals very imposing. Everywhere we had a feeling of solidness and stability: everything was rugged and grand rather than graceful and pleasing.

'Mr. Rockhill, the American Minister, was very kind to us, and his interest in Buddhistic studies made visits to him especially exciting.

'Certainly Peking is one of the wonderful cities of the world, to be classed

FURLOUGH'S

with Venice, Moscow, Rome, and Jerusalem as a unique place. Hong-Kong was too English, and Shanghai too commercial and cosmopolitan, to make any deep impression, but Pekin, with the pig-tail still in wear, and many of the palaces and sights still forbidden, was a city never to be forgotten.'

I had two special objects in view in Pekin: the one, to study the spoken language with a good teacher; the other, to buy Chinese books. Sir John Jordan, our Minister in China, very kindly found for me a Manchu of the name of Ta, who had a reputation for speaking pure Mandarin : but during the voyage from Shanghai I had caught a severe catarrh much affecting my hearing. Seeing that my first object was to learn the four tones in Pekinese Mandarin, this deafness was particularly unfortunate: it made me miss the only opportunity I ever had of learning to speak Chinese. However, I think I did learn something of the tones and sounds of this elusive form of speech. I discovered that, until you have learnt to make the sound yourself, you do not hear it properly when pronounced by another person.

I could not better my wife's account of the railway journey across Siberia, and I will give it; but first to recall a misadventure in Harbin. I found that my pocket had been picked, and that I had lost our tickets, our passport, and between £50 and £60 in gold. The pickpocket must have been a master of his art; for I was wearing a fur coat, and it was from a pocket in the *inner lining* of my waistcoat that he had taken my pocketbook. We had exactly two hours in which to make arrangements to continue our journey that day, and to have to wait for another *wagon-lit* express would have meant waiting a whole week. It was fortunate that I knew Russian; for I was able to explain to an official what had happened. The station-master was absent; so, leaving my wife seated on our luggage on the platform, I drove away in a tarantass to find him. By the time I brought him to the station my wife was under the supervision of a soldier with fixed bayonet.

It was agreed that, with a 'protocol' prepared in Harbin, we should be allowed to proceed as far as Manjuria on the European frontier of Siberia. If, before our arrival there, information was received by wire from Shanghai that we had taken tickets for that train, and that our passport had been in order, we were to proceed to Moscow; if not, we were to be brought back to Harbin. News of our *bona fides* had been sent to Manjuria; but it wasn't to be expected that we should be told *for nothing*, and we had to get up a small subscription among our fellow passengers. For so did responsible officialdom then work in that empire.

Let my wife now speak of the journey:

'The railway journey from Pekin to Harbin was very uncomfortable, the weather being bitterly cold, with deep snow on the ground; there being, too, no sleeping accommodation in the train. After a halt at Mukden, where we crowded round a dirty stove in a dismal little waiting-room, the Japanese

FURLOUGHS

train came in, a dining-car and a sleeping-car on the American plan. Both sexes sleep together in one long compartment, dressing or undressing in bunks like shelves behind little curtains that people draw or not as they please. With a hurling mass of humanity in the over-heated compartment, the thought of passing a night there was unbearable; so we asked to be allowed to sit up in the dining-car or in the corridor, but that was not allowed as against the regulations. A stranger, seeing my distress, told us of a vacant "drawing-room" car. We gladly paid the extra pound or so for it, and at any rate had a little privacy, and our own wash-up.

The journey from Harbin was pleasant enough, and though there was not much variety in the scenery, with the exception of the 150 miles or so round the beautifully wooded Lake Baikal, still all the various incidents in a fortnight's railway travelling were enough to keep us from boredom.

The compartment next door shared a wash-up with us: its occupant, a Canadian, a dandy, who changed into a new suit every day, so that we saw fourteen of them, spent from two to three hours daily in the wash-up. When we got in, after repeated rattlings of the door, and deep protestations, it was to find the place nearly knee-deep in water. Eventually the dandy was removed, and his place taken by a charming and affable Austrian. Addressing me in perfect French he said: "You need not disturb yourself, madame; I hardly wash at all!"

'We passed through miles and miles of pine forest and large tracts of bare country very thinly populated, the snow deep on the ground everywhere. That was all to the good; for it meant a complete absence of the dust and dirt of railway travelling elsewhere. We felt comparatively clean all the time, though the bath being in use as a storing-place for eggs, we mightn't use it! We passed many Siberian towns, picturesque in the distance, with their many towers and their churches with gilded spires and domes glistening in the winter sun. Mostly two or three miles from the stations, they looked like the picturesque cities one sees in the drawings of Bilbin, or the design of a Russian ballet background. Tomsk, Omsk, and Cheliabinski were very large towns, where there were signs of much life and activity. The arrival of the "train de luxe" was the signal for the population to turn out, and made quite an event. The young bloods and maidens promenaded the platform, anxiously scrutinizing the passengers, and many peasants brought milk, eggs, butter, to sell to us.

'Amongst our travelling companions was Graf Heinrich Luxburg, an officer in a crack Bavarian regiment, who had been in Japan and India, and who came to our rescue nobly when we were robbed and nearly left behind in Harbin, sharing with us what money he had, and going on very short rations all the way to Berlin. We had spirited snowball matches at intervals, when, at the larger places, we stopped for about half an hour.

'As we neared Moscow, a wealthy lady, travelling with her husband from

FURLOUGHES

Japan, had a severe heart attack. Her husband was a doctor actually; but he was much distressed, and seemed unable to help her. We got into Moscow about 8 p.m., when our disagreeable and inhuman "chef du train", coming in, ordered everybody off the train, including the poor lady lying helplessly in her berth. All the light and heating (it was still mid-winter to all intents and purposes) was turned off, and man and wife were in despair. It was left to D. to attack the station-master, and get his grudging consent for the two to remain the night in the train, and buy a candle or two and a little food for the poor husband, keeping watch by his wife's side. The next day D. got an ambulance and a doctor, and the patient was removed to an hotel, where she slowly recovered. We met the beastly "chef du train" at the Opera one night, where he was arrogantly promenading the *foyer* with a smartly-dressed young woman on his arm. I hope his end was dismissal. Our couple were very grateful for all we had done for them, and, when we met again in St. Petersburg, they took us round sight-seeing in the car they had hired.

The first droschky drive over the cobbles of the Moscow streets was amusing enough; but we had hours of weary waiting, being without our passport, before we could establish ourselves in an hotel. It took D. about three hours to convince the British Consul that we were English and genuine, not rogues and vagabonds, and it was only when we discovered the man had been an Indian cavalry officer, and we mentioned half-a-dozen names of people known to us, that he began to take us seriously. The joy of the good Russian dinner in a first-class restaurant, and a gay hour or two in a Gypsy Cabaret, can hardly be described. In the next few days I did all the sights of Moscow with Graf L.; D., having been there before, and no sight-seer, didn't always join us. We drove out to the Sparrow Hills, the place from which Napoleon gazed at the city, and saw all the churches in the Kremlin and elsewhere. Many times to the theatre, where we saw lovely ballet, and a first-class performance of *La Dame de Pique*.

⁴We arrived in Berlin, still penniless and owing considerable sums to Graf L.'

In 1912 we came home on a year's leave, and this perhaps was the most delightful year of our lives. Whether it was in London, where I began to frequent restaurants, or in country houses, or on the Continent, all this year seemed to pass like a fairy tale. The contrast between the two modes of life (in India at work; the other, furlough in Europe) cannot possibly be realized by those who have never come home on leave. What are the charms and delights of this temporary paradise, which those who live in London do not always appreciate? I will confine myself to a few of them: they are, to go to bed without a mosquito net, or an electric fan whizzing over one's head; to get up feeling less tired than when one went to bed; to be able to take one's food on trust, and to drink without thought of the grave; to move

FURLLOUGHS

about in the open air without fear of the sun; to have Bond Street to walk in; to meet old friends; to lie on the grass; to keep cool.

I made this year a quick trip to Berlin, to visit Von Le Coq, and heard *Salome*, with Destinn in the title role (but not in the dance), and Strauss conducting. I never enjoyed an opera more. The dramatic quality of the treatment so far exceeded the tragic, that one hardly felt the intense horror which the subject would otherwise have provoked. New as the music of Strauss was to me, it never offended me. 'The Dance of the Seven Veils' is one of the most exciting bits of music I have ever heard.

I also went to Paris, and lived again the life of a student, attending all the lectures that were being delivered on the subjects connected with my studies. I spent many hours with various professors; some of them men I had studied under in my early student days. It gave me a thrill always to be recognized by an old acquaintance in the colleges or restaurants. Great was my pleasure, one day, as I was trying to find a seat for a performance of Cesar Franck's Mass in the secularized church of the Sorbonne, when a voice said: 'Void, M. Ross, j'ai une petite place pour vous,' and, looking round, I found it was a beadle, in a long black robe, who had been a *concierge* in the College de France. I had a long talk with him afterwards: he remembered correctly whose courses I had followed in the old days.

Here are some diary notes of those days spent in Paris :

3 December. Saw my mother off from the Gare de Lyon: took a taxi to the College de France; lecture by Chavannes on Chinese ceremonial buildings : met there Vladimirstov, the Russian Mongolian scholar. In the evening went to Olympia and saw *La Revue de VAnnee*—beautiful dresses and a good dancer, Regine Fleury. (This remarkable artist was one of the greatest dancers I have ever seen. Some years later she had a great success at the Palace Theatre in London; but during the war or soon after she shot herself in the Savoy Hotel. She was rather plain than beautiful, but she had a lovely figure, and danced like an angel.)

4 December. Attended four lectures, and in the evening wandered on the Boulevards.

5 December. Worked all the morning with Pelliot; spent the afternoon with my old friend Miss Power, the miniaturist, at the Hotel de Nice.

7 December. Three hours Tibetan with Sylvain Levi: dined with Miss Power and a charming Norwegian girl. After dinner went with the Norwegian to the *Revue de VAnnee*, which I enjoyed seeing a second time under more favourable conditions. Then to Ciro's, where we stayed till 2.30 a.m. Great fun with streamers and celluloid balls. Then to Maxim's till 4.30 a.m.

8 December. (Sunday.) A quiet morning working and walking in the Luxembourg Gardens. This is one of my favourite spots in Paris, and I like to stand by the big fountain and recall that delightful passage in *Les*

FURLOUGHS

Miscrahles, where the little girl with her smaller brother rescues a piece of bread thrown to the swans, and gives it to her brother, saying: 'Colle-toi ca dans le fusil.' Lunched alone at Foyot's, always one of the best, but by no means one of the cheapest, restaurants in Paris. Went to a matinee at the Casino de Montparnasse. 8 p.m.: met Frank Otter and Ida at the Chatham; went to the Tour d'Argent, where we ate a 'canard d'Aylesbury numerote'. Then the Folies Bcrgeres: then to Giro's for supper.

10 December. Morning with Pelliot. 1.45 p.m., a most interesting lecture by Chavannes on the shrines to the living good who are absent. Afternoon with the Gettys. Indian musicians. Dined alone at a Duval.

11 December. Lecture by Halevy, who tried to explain the Kudatku Bilik, a famous classic of the Central Asian Turks, twelfth century, which he did not understand at all; only amusing when he left the text and began to read to us his latest theory on the Sumcrian language, which he declared to be Accadian, and therefore Semitic, written in an ideographic manner!

Lecture by Chavannes on Sung philosophers.

Lecture by Pelliot on the Uighur-Chinese inscription relating to the descendants of Chaghatai Khan, a grandson of Chingiz Khan; exceedingly interesting; I can imagine nothing that could give me more entertainment.

Evening with Robert Gauthiot.

12 December. Three hours with Pelliot at a Uighur version of a Chinese work on psychology.

In the afternoon drove with Miss Getty to the Musee Guimet; shown over the museum by its founder Mons. Guimet and Mons. Hackin, who knows a great deal about Tibetan Buddhism (he later became Director of the Museum).

I suppose no singer has ever surpassed Chaliapin in opera. To see and hear him in *Boris* was the most satisfying enjoyment I ever had in the theatre. What an opera season it was at Drury Lane in 1912! First of all there was *Boris*, with Chaliapin and a first-class cast and choir, conducted by Beecham. This, in my view, is the greatest opera ever composed, because it is never ridiculous, and every note is in accord with the action of the drama. Next I would place the *Coq d'Or*, with its mock heroics, its delicious fantasy, and its lovely ballet. It should not be forgotten that, for these performances at Drury Lane, the *decor* and the costumes were actually Russian, and I doubt if we shall ever see the like of them again.

I have omitted to mention that during all our furloughs a certain time was spent with my mother in Upper Westbourne Terrace. She was naturally delighted to have intervals of companionship in her long solitude, and was always keenly interested in hearing what we had seen and done. She herself was never idle, always being busy with her emigration work, always interested in the latest books. During one vacation she became enamoured with Bergson, by whose philosophy she was enormously attracted.

XVI

The Great War: The School of Oriental Studies

When I joined the British Museum on returning from India in 1914 my whole time was taken up by the Chinese and Uighur documents in the Aurel Stein Collection, and it was then my ambition to devote the rest of my life to these Central Asian studies. Before I had been four months at work the Great War broke out, and from then until in October of 1916 I became Director of the newly founded School of Oriental Studies I was busy all day and half the night in the War Office, my services having been accepted in the Postal Censorship Department. The war thus, in its earlier stages, brought everything to an end that was personal to myself. One's life became pointless, without the expenditure of every effort to do one's job, if only because so many men were facing dreadful odds. The odds that one faced oneself were so small in comparison. If the Zeppelins, to bring this in here, did not really frighten me, I sustained a kind of shell-shock sheltering in the doorway of the Monaco Restaurant, when the terrible explosion occurred in Piccadilly Circus in the Silent Raid, when glass was scattered over the whole Circus like water from an immense hose. I watched from Coombe, Lady Pager's house, the Zeppelin that was brought down on the 1st of October 1916 at Cuffley. We all stood in the garden, watching its flight, and from Kingston Hill we distinctly saw it descend in flames. The house-party included Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador. We drove over to Cuffley next morning, when I stood with him looking at the charred bodies of the German crew in a shed. Theretofore the Zeppelins had come and gone undamaged by the defences of London.

Let me begin my account of the war generally by describing my Saturday night of the 15th of August 1914. All was reported as going well with the French and our army in France, but in the War Office we had had orders to hold up all letters from our soldiers, as the news was bad. At the box office of a theatre, as I was getting a ticket, I was addressed by the manager, who said:

'There is a rumour that the B.E.F. have suffered a severe reverse. Miss Lily Brayton is so much upset, that she can't go on. If there's nothing in the rumour, will you kindly go round to Mr. Asche's dressing-room, and give him an assurance, so that he may comfort Miss Brayton.'

I went behind, and did the demanded lying; but it was a queer interview,

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

for Oscar Asche, dressed in a towel round his waist, was being blackened all over with burnt cork. Asche himself was unconcerned, and, without an apology for his *neglige*, asked me what had really happened. No news, I assured him, had come through of special moment, and, this information having been conveyed to his wife and the rest of the cast, the performance was proceeded with. A Sunday edition of *The Times* came out the next day with an account of the retreat from Mons, casting a gloom over the whole country, and cannot have improved my reputation as an informant.

What is hard to recall, and, having recalled, still to believe in the light of later history, is that during the first weeks none of us took the war quite seriously, or thought it could last long. After Mons things assumed a different aspect, and the Postal Censorship began to grow. To begin with, a proper system of recruitment was adopted. Then, too, when it was realized that Kitchener was right, and everybody else wrong, and that the war would last for years, men better equipped for the work were brought in, and the Censorship ultimately became an efficient organization.

When the personnel of the Censorship was transferred from the War Office, I remained behind to deal with such matters as the Translation Bureau, the publication of propaganda newspapers in the East, and other side-shows. My connection with the censorship proper was now confined to the examination of letters with which no-one in the Department had been able to cope. Whenever the censors (these were the orders) could not decipher a letter, the document was sent to me. A certain number came every day, and I deciphered those I could, and reported on their contents. In order to test the system, I used from time to time to write letters to fictitious persons in rare scripts or little-known languages. Never once did such a letter fail to come back to me.

A pathetic document that passed through my hands was a postcard addressed by a little girl to 'The Kaiser, Berlin', reading: 'Dear Mr. Kaiser, My daddy has gone to the war, please do not shoot him' The writer may possibly read this page; so I will not reveal her name, but only express the hope that the Kaiser didn't shoot her father. Hundreds of abusive letters and cards were addressed to the Kaiser. One, in Greek, was from a bishop.

As for the Translation Bureau, my duty was to supervise the translation of the captions in a number of large illustrated papers disseminated in various Eastern countries. The pictures were supplied with English captions by the Ministry of Information. There was no other letterpress. The first paper we got out was called *Haqiqat* or *The Truth*. The captions appeared in the four languages, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Urdu. I was successful in getting men to help me with the translations; but there was a difficulty in finding someone able to write out the captions for the photographer, and for the first number I had to do that myself. Later on we were able to print them. Sir Ronald Storrs, in his *Orientations*, bears witness to the propaganda

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

value of *Haqiqat* in Palestine during Allenby's campaign. *Haqiqat* was followed by a similar paper in Chinese and Japanese; by a third in Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, and Tamil, and by a fourth in Malay and other Far Eastern languages.

Another job was the preparation of short grammars and vocabularies, to form parts of Admiralty handbooks on various countries in the Near and Middle East. I prepared about twenty vocabularies; but it was no easy matter to discover experts in all those languages. I had great difficulty in finding Albanians in England who knew the three dialects of Albanian: Gheg, Tosk, and Chimariot.

My wife and I both went to France during the war. My wife, attached for a time to the Secret Service at the Headquarters of the General Staff, was engaged in translating intercepted German messages. The conditions were as bad as could be, the quarters she shared with others being constantly bombed. Fortunately she has no sense of fear, and when she eventually resigned her post, it was on purely personal grounds. She wrote one long letter to me from the Front, describing the lack of organization, and the bad treatment they were all receiving; but never since have I heard her refer to the episode, and I don't believe her most intimate friends know that she was for a time on service abroad.

Great need for interpreters in Turkish having arisen, I was ordered to Boulogne to test men in Turkish brought back from the Front. I was accompanied by Mr. Robin Page, then working in M.I.5. We crossed in a steamer absolutely packed with men returning from leave. The Channel had been netted against submarine attack; but even so going to sea during war offered excitement to a novice. The scene at Boulogne was the most moving I have ever witnessed. Page and I had to stay on board till the troops had disembarked. We hung over the tar-trail, watching the men being sorted into groups on the unlit quay, to be then marched off, unit by unit, into still deeper darkness. We didn't reach our appointed lodgings till very late, there being some trouble about our leaving the quay; for the officer deputed to meet us had been detained elsewhere, and no-one else knew who we were. We were even confined in a hut pending the receipt of orders from the town commandant. That night we had a first-class bombardment from the air, but I did not mind such a happening there half as much as I should have done in England. Next day I tested about fifty officers. The majority of those who passed came from the Seventh Fusiliers, that regiment having received a large number of recruits from among mercantile families in the Levant. It can be imagined with what relief those passed received the order to proceed to England instead of to return to the trenches. Many of them, one fears, went out of the frying-pan of France into the fire of Gallipoli.

War propaganda is a necessary evil, an unavoidable evil. It consists in saying all the nasty things you can about the enemy. If you do not hate your

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

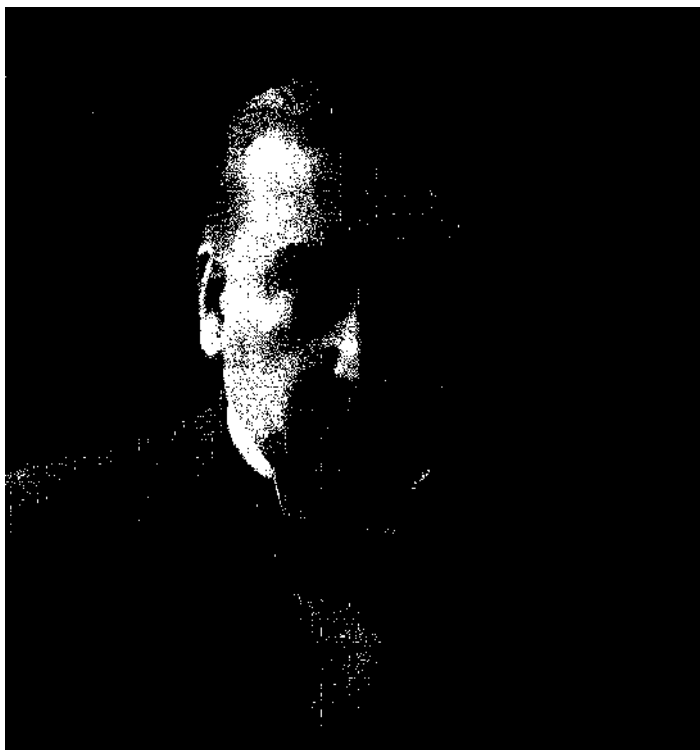
enemy, you are disloyal, unless you are a soldier engaged in his destruction, when you are allowed to feel that he is possibly not a bad fellow. There should be some other word for propaganda in war, or, if not that, then another name for propaganda in peace. The best use of the word is as a name for the advocacy of something that you wish to recommend, as your country, your religion, or your wares. We need a different word to describe the spreading of information derogatory to another country or another party. England proved efficient at war propaganda: it is a pity she takes so little trouble about peace propaganda.

In the middle of the war, as I have mentioned, I became Director of the School of Oriental Studies, and thus realized an ambition even earlier than my desire to be associated with the Stein Collections in the British Museum, an ambition, nevertheless, that England, slow in such matters as the promotion of oriental study, had long looked like denying me. I had had conversations on the subject with Lord Curzon as early as the middle of his viceroyalty. I believe the post was offered to Sir Charles Eliot by cablegram, but he refused it.

On the 1st of November 1916 I entered on my new duties, but without giving up all my war work. It was a difficult moment to start the institution, more particularly regarding the recruitment of a staff. All the younger men with a knowledge of oriental languages were with the forces. But the value of the School was emphasized by the need for interpreters for the war in the East. By the beginning of 1917 we were holding large classes of men from the Admiralty and the War Office.

Towards the end of December of that year the War Office inquired whether we could provide teaching in Amharic. Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia, had at that time been studied only by one or two Englishmen. One of these, namely Armbruster, had written an admirable grammar, and the War Office had published a short handbook on the language. Amharic bears about the same relationship to Ethiopic, the biblical and classical language of Abyssinia, as Rumanian does to Latin. I had not myself ever studied the language, if I had done a little Ethiopic. I took the risk of saying, in reply to the War Office, that we would be prepared to receive a class of ten officers by the end of January. Having committed myself, the duties that lay before me were, first, to find someone able to teach the language; secondly, to learn enough of it myself to take a beginners' course, should I fail to find a teacher. I was about to have, at Eastbourne, my first holiday since August 1914, and to make it a real busman's holiday I bought all the grammars and dictionaries of Amharic I could find.

By the time the class was due to begin I had learnt a good deal of the language, but had failed to find an expert. It was all very well to keep a class going for a short time with a knowledge only one month ahead of its own, but I foresaw that with my duties of administration, and of teaching other



ROSS AS DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL
OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

subjects in the School, I should not have time to retain my lead. By the greatest good fortune before February was out exactly the man needed turned up in the person of the Rev. Father Coulbeaux: he had spent twenty years in Abyssinia, and was now living in a confraternity in Isleworth. He took on the work with alacrity, and when the next year he was obliged to leave England three classes had passed through his hands. I found a substitute for him in Herbert Weld, a well-known traveller and patron of archaeological research, whose name is associated also with the tragic destruction by fire of Lulworth Castle, of which he was the owner.

We engaged a small administrative staff of women, and a still smaller library staff. The next task was the building up of an adequate library. The great library of the London Institution, housed in one of the most beautiful reading-rooms in London, consisted of a collection of some fifty thousand volumes, but with naturally a very small percentage of books on oriental subjects. The library included a First and Third Folio of Shakespeare that, on the transfer of the building to the School, were presented to the Guildhall. Another treasure was a large case, shaped like a sarcophagus with glass doors on one side, containing a complete set of the volumes which represent the results of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, and include the early researches of Champollion into the study of hieroglyphs. The case and its contents were a gift to the London Institution from Sir Thomas Baring, the first Lord Cromer's grandfather. It was a coincidence that not only should Cromer have made his great name in Egypt, but that he should have been the chairman of the committee that submitted, in 1911, the first interim report on oriental studies, and that the School's first home should have been the building in which Sir Thomas Baring's gift was housed.

We exchanged with University and King's Colleges the books on English literature, etc., that they desired in return for such oriental works as they had. The most important contribution thus made to our library was the famous Morrison collection of Chinese books: it came from University College. We were luckier in the matter of Chinese literature than in any other; for we received, through a member of our governing body, the gift of four thousand dollars to make up as far as the money would go the deficiencies in the Morrison collection. And the China Association presented a nearly complete copy of the encyclopedia entitled *Vu-Shu*. By the end of two years the library had assumed quite imposing proportions, and there remained no books on the shelves extraneous to our studies.

I do not propose to say much of the School, but I must speak of my colleague, the late Thomas Arnold. I made his acquaintance in India, when he was a professor of the Lahore University. He was a very remarkable man, unlike other men: he was, too, a careful and precise scholar. He also had a highly developed artistic sense, and a great feeling for style. One of his earliest works was an exquisite translation of *The Little Flowers of St.*

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

Francis. His most important work as an orientalist was *The Preaching of Islam*, an account of the manner in which Islamic propaganda was conducted. This book is a classic.

When the vogue for Persian and Indian miniatures spread throughout Europe, Arnold, with his sure foundation of Islamic culture and his love of art, was caught up, thenceforward to devote all the time that he did not give to the teaching of Arabic in the School to the study of those miniatures, and the history attaching to them. The subject was a new and fascinating one. Practically nothing had been published on the subject, and very few miniatures had been reproduced. The public now devoured books on the subject, and connoisseurs began to pay fabulous sums for fine originals. Arnold's work received immediate recognition, and during the remainder of his life he published a large number of books dealing with Islamic art.

It was a tragic circumstance that Arnold did not live (he died in April 1930) to take part in and enjoy the Persian Exhibition held in Burlington House in 1931, for it was he who made the original suggestion that an exhibition should be held, if he contemplated one only on a limited scale in connection with the Congress on Persian Art. Personally, Arnold was a strange mixture. He was at one and the same time both timid and bold. Standing firmly by his opinions, he had a way, when disagreeing with you, of announcing his disagreement with such words as 'Oh, but please!' Of his innermost feelings it was difficult to learn anything, though he always made very clear his views on general subjects. I believe he had a religion of his own, but I don't think anyone ever discovered what it was. He was slow to bestow friendship, but having bestowed it was as true as steel. The death of this gentle scholar deprived us of a devoted colleague.

The most characteristic letter Arnold wrote to me arose out of a correspondence that I had with Arthur Tilley, the French scholar at Cambridge. Tilley had to write a chapter on French education and learning, and, though he had consulted E. G. B. and others regarding French orientalists, still, as he put it, he wished me 'to hold the scales even', lest his perspective should not be right. I called in Arnold to help, and he replied with this:

'Unless Mr. Tilley wishes to confine his attention to modern times, there are earlier annals of oriental learning in France which should be referred to. Oriental studies there began with the professorships established in the University of Paris, in accordance with a decree of the Council of Vienne in 1312. Francis I gave a fresh impulse to oriental studies when he founded the College de France in 1530; and to this period belongs the activity of Guillaume Postel (1505-81) who wrote an Arabic grammar and knew a number of other oriental languages. Henry III founded a chair of Arabic in the College de France in 1587. Some mention might be made of the seventeenth century scholars, F. Petis de la Croix (1653-1713) and B. d'Herbelot (1625-95). The pioneer of Chinese studies in France was not

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

Abel Remusat, but Etienne Fourmont (1683-1745). In the later period, the following ought not to be omitted: J. de Guignes (1721-1810); L. A. Sedillot (1808-95), whose writings on the astronomy and science of the Arabs are still of great value; Comte J. A. de Gobineau (1816-82), whose writings are classics (e.g. *Les religions et les philosophies dans l'Asie centrale* (1865), and *Trois ans en Asie* (1859)).

In passing I mentioned Professor Rhys Davids as one of the men I met at the Plimmers' in St. John's Wood. At that time he was secretary to the Asiatic Society. He encouraged me in my studies, making me join the Society. He was full of wisdom and fun, and I had a deep affection for him. When years later he was put on the governing body of the School, the presence of that old friend at its sombre and austere meetings brought me comfort. Dr. Caroline Rhys Davids, who survived her husband, is one of the most versatile and gifted women I have known. Able, as a younger woman, to beat most others at tennis and billiards, she has for years been a Pali scholar in the first rank, knowing as much about Buddhism as any Indian. As Reader in Pali she was one of the ornaments of the School, attracting students from many countries. She suffered a terrible bereavement in the loss of her brilliant son, one of our flying aces and a V.C.

My life in the School has always been intensely interesting, and I feel that I have justified the selection of myself for the post by certain qualities I possess. Among these, if I may speak out, are (1) the capacity for taking in several matters simultaneously; for example, to dictate a letter, and at the same moment to answer some question suddenly asked, and to be making notes about a third matter; (2) the possession of a bowing acquaintance with a great many languages and cultures, enabling me to show sympathy to all types of inquirer; (3) enthusiasm for every branch of oriental study and work.

My retirement from the directorship, which did not, however, completely sever my connection with the School, was the occasion of public and private tributes that I greatly valued, as my appointment to the post in 1916 had also been, when E. G. Browne, Binyon, Levenson Gower, Waley, William Foster, Barnett, Minns, Rhys Davids, Grierson, Rouse, and Henry Sharp of the Indian Educational Service were amongst those who sent me congratulations. Among the tributes of 1937 were two dinners at Grosvenor House, given, the first by the School and its friends, and presided over by Sir Harcourt Butler of the Governing Body; the other by the Oriental Society, with Lord Zetland in the Chair, and having as its sponsors the Chinese and Egyptian Ambassadors, the Ministers of Iran and 'Iraq, the Turkish Charge d'Affaires, H.H. the Agha Khan, Sir Abdul Qadir, Professor Varma, Syed G. Bokhary, and Dr. Abdul Aziz Puri. At the School dinner my portrait by Frank Beresford was unveiled; the toast of myself having been proposed by Harcourt Butler and seconded by Professor Turner, Lord

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

Macmillan, whose name had not been on the programme as a speaker, made a witty speech of, as he called them, 'uncovenanted' remarks in 'thirthing' the toast. Of the subscribers to the portrait, numbering over a hundred and fifty, thirteen, I noticed, were professors. I greatly valued the letters that the next few days brought, either from friends who had been unable to attend the dinner, or who had, but wished to add something written to the tribute of their presence. Among the former were Sir Bernard Pares, S. H. Taqizadeh, Dr. Eileen Power, and Professor Giles. Let me give two or three of the letters, and among them, as from one whom I had found in Calcutta on my joining my post there in 1901, S. K. Ratcliffe's; for there is something added to a tribute, when the writer's affection has survived what one may call the 'undress' of a long association.

My dear Denison Ross,

On your leaving the Directorship of the School of Oriental Studies, after your memorable term of twenty years, I must write you a line of gratitude and farewell.

The many tributes, public and private, which have been paid to your work during the past months, leave little for me to add, but I should, on behalf of the Governing Body, like to say that we do appreciate what you have done for the School in making it what it has become, a first class institution of scholarship and research. You have every right to be proud of your work, and we of you. To me personally, it is a real sorrow to sever a connection which has been close and co-operative for some thirty years.

With every kind wish to Lady Ross and yourself, and best thanks.

HARCOURT BUTLER

Dear Denison,

I am deeply grieved at your leaving the Directorship and the Board of Faculties, where I missed you and your support at the last meeting. I could not possibly come to the Dinner without putting out a lot of people on a long-standing engagement. I was most sorry to miss it.

How absurd this all is! Does growing knowledge suddenly become null at some imaginary date fixed for the incompetent who have never been alive at all? Absolutely you must be available because you are one of the national treasures, and always increasing at compound interest. Do let me conspire a little with you for that purpose.

And meanwhile, unbounded thanks for your wholehearted help in everything that is worth doing and very best wishes to you both.

BERNARD PARES

Dear Denison Ross,

Not having had the chance of seeing you before term ended, I do not want to leave London without adding my own very genuine regrets to those

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

of the rest of your colleagues at the thought that you are leaving your post at the S.O.S. I can only associate myself with the words of the *Times* leader, and also remember all the help and sympathy you have given for years past to that troublesome younger sister the S.S.S.¹

With all good wishes for the future.

R. W. SETON WATSON

My dear Ross,

Until I saw the report of the dinner I did not know you were retiring; yet I might have remembered that thirty-five years ago in Calcutta we were not so far apart in age.

Well, that is half a modern lifetime, and you are to be congratulated. You knew your work from the beginning, and were able to enter upon it. A noble field was before you, wonderful for inspiration, and, very largely because of your own vision and effort, near to the broad main stream of contemporary thought and purpose; and you have been victoriously engaged all through. As I think of others among my gifted and fortunate friends, I do not see anyone who, so far as we can judge, is more fully justified than you are to-day in looking back upon the road with satisfaction and the deepest thankfulness for what life and work have brought over this long period.

The last time we met, I think, was at the opening of the first Round Table Conference. You did not then look so much older than on the morning in the hot weather of 1902 when I paid a first call upon you at the Madrasah.

We both send you our best wishes for a long and happy evening, and are most glad to know that you look forward to that blessed time with your life companion. Please remember me to Lady Ross.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

My dear Ross,

Before I go to bed let me say that I have enjoyed my S.O.S. dinner very much indeed. I ate and drank every thing I got.

The speeches were all admirable. I say nothing of yours; but Turner's was most encouraging. You had a pretty mess of difficulties to begin with, and got over them. You hand over a pretty bunch to him, but he will get over them partly because he is what he is, but chiefly because the school is what you made it.

On looking back at the world as I have known it, I find that my connection with the S.O.S. has been a source of unmingled pleasure; and I hope it will be so with you.

I was particularly glad to meet A. B. C. and others, only I did not quite know who they all were.

H. L. STEPHEN

¹ School of Slavonic Studies.—J. A. C.

THE GREAT WAR: THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES

My dear Ross,

As an old and admiring friend I was delighted to have a share last week in doing honour to you. I have made the dinner the subject of my article in the Educational Supplement to-day, and have the pleasure to send a cutting. I hope that later on *The Times* will make further reference to your retirement.

FRANK BROWN

My dear Ross,

I have been reading Bull. S.O.S. IX. 1. It seems to me one of the best numbers.

Amongst the many things that we have all wanted to say about you and your work, I think that not enough attention has been given to what is certainly one of your major gifts to oriental studies, the foundation of a journal which is certainly the best in England and America, and the equal of any anywhere.

The S.O.S. is known all over the world to foreign scholars as the home of the editor of Bull. S.O.S.

R. L. TURNER

Now as to the Bulletin, of which Professor Turner wrote, there are the eight volumes published during my editorship. Amongst the earlier contributors were Arthur Waley, L. D. Barnett, Lionel Giles, A. Yusuf Ali, Arnold, Grierson, Margoliouth, Alice Werner, De la Vallee-Poussin, Sushil Kumar De, Berriedale Keith, Bronislaw Malinowski, and others too many to enumerate.

Of the many distinguished companies that have gathered within the four walls of the School I propose to say a word or two of only the first. On the 5th of September 1919, there being then in England many French, American, and Italian orientalists, all invited to our country by the Royal Asiatic Society, a meeting was held in the School, when I reviewed the work of the School up to that time, my audience including Sir Charles Lyall, Senart, then President of the Société Asiatique, Professor Paul Boyer, and Professor Sylvain Levi. I told them that the Arabic language was the one most studied; so that, while we ordinarily had a man whose mother-tongue it was to teach a language, besides an Englishman, for Arabic we had four Arabs and an Englishman. We had twenty-eight teachers on the permanent staff, and twenty names on an additional list; names of experts in languages the demand for tuition in which had only rarely to be met, and of members of the staff in retirement, whose names we were allowed to retain in case of emergency.



E.D.R. AFTER RECEIVING HIS KNIGHTHOOD, 1918

XVII

Social Life in London During and After the War

To those fortunate ones, if anyone could be regarded as fortunate at such a terrible time, who served their country, not by going to the front, but by work in London, a unique opportunity was given of adding to their acquaintances. For with nearly all the young manhood of England in the trenches, presentable civilians were in great demand among the society ladies, whose distractions were of necessity limited to dinner parties and week-ends. Being in contact with men on the General Staff in the War Office, I soon found myself included in many house- and dinner-parties. I received a great deal of kindness, and this I tried to repay by cheering up those who needed cheering, if no more than I needed it myself. This state continued while the war lasted, and for some time after; for there was a shortage of men, while the new generation was growing up. I was bound to make more acquaintances than friends. Although, during this period, I became acquainted with many people whom I might never have met, I did not dine or week-end solely with newly made acquaintances; for among my hosts then were such old friends as Lord Curzon, Sir John Cowans and Sefton Brancker.

The most interesting house-parties in which I was included were given by Lady Paget, the wife of Sir Arthur Paget, then in command of the Southern District. Lady Paget was one of the last of a race of great London hostesses, as she had been one of the first of American women to take the lead in London society. She once related to me the circumstances in which she first met her husband. At her first ball at Buckingham Palace, she who was then engaged to a member of the French aristocracy attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. He found her standing near Arthur Paget, a stranger to her. The Prince, saying, 'I wish you to marry the handsomest officer in the Guards,' took one of the arms she was wearing, and stuck it in Arthur Paget's tunic, thus introducing them. They apparently loved each other at first sight, but the girl felt it her duty to explain to the Prince that she was engaged. The Prince said she must break it off, and finally, after much exchanging of telegrams, his wish was realized. It is seldom that I ever make a note of what I have seen or heard; but that night I wrote Lady Paget's story down as nearly as I could remember in her own words.

SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

At Warren House I spent many delightful week-ends, meeting a great number of interesting men and women. I used to drive down with General Cowans in time for dinner on Saturday. Cowans, whom I had known in Darjeeling, was one of the most charming of men. So full was he of high spirits and banter, so fond of the lighter side of life, that it was hard to realize that he, like some others before him, had earned the reputation of being 'the finest quartermaster-general since Moses', as Sir Edward Ward had been called by Lord Roberts 'the best supply officer since Moses'. Cowans never made 'heavy weather' of his work even at times of crisis: his brain worked fast, and he made quick decisions. He commanded both respect and affection from all who worked under him. The ladies all loved him; his charm was irresistible; the compliments he paid them were outrageous. One of his most devoted friends was Princess Christian, who wrote to him by every mail whilst he was in India.

Cowans did much to ruin his constitution by taking no care of himself. The wonder is that he was able to stand the strain of the war as well as he did, and he broke down as soon as his work was over, dying on the Riviera. He called me Napoleon and my wife Mrs. Napoleon. In Darjeeling we had a suite next to his in the hotel, and saw a great deal of him. We often sat up half the night playing roulette for small stakes, and one night, his favourite number, 17, having failed him repeatedly, when he had lost all his money he took his coat off, threatening to stake each of his articles of attire in turn. I enjoyed the drives with him to Warren House at the end of the heavy weeks, his news from the front always supplementing, and not seldom contradicting, the information in the newspapers.

Among the most frequent guests in these house-parties were Arthur Balfour, Winston Churchill, Lord D'Abernon, and Paul Cambon. It was an immense privilege to hear these men discussing freely the progress of the war, and intimate matters connected therewith. After America entered the war Paul Cravath was often at Coombe, and I vividly recall the day he told us that there were one million American bayonets in France. That seemed the turning-point in the war, when doubt of the issue was changed to certainty of victory; for it was still man-power, the numbers in the field, that must determine the result.

In addition to the house-party people used to come over to tea in the lovely grounds. At one of these parties I met Queen Amelia of Portugal, and with her I had a long talk on the political aspect of the war, and the difficult position in which Portugal had found herself before she joined the Allies. The Queen was a very gracious lady, and it was sad to think what tragedies had come her way.

I do not think I ever saw her son, King Manoel, at Coombe, but I did make his acquaintance, and in a peculiar way. One day I received a letter from Count Soveral, asking me to call at his house. He received me alone,

and said he had a special favour to ask. He knew that I had written and lectured on the Portuguese in India, and he was anxious that King Manoel should take up the subject as a hobby, and he wondered if I would take an interest in this, and help the King in his researches. I accepted the proposal with genuine pleasure, and we then went into another room, where we found King Manoel. This adventure led to my spending several Sundays at Fulwell Lodge, where the King and his charming wife had made their home. After lunch we would go into the study, and there examine a rich collection of early Portuguese books dealing with the voyages of Vasco da Gama, Cabral and Albuquerque, and the establishment of the Portuguese factories in India. King Manoel was a real bibliophile, and had such a love for the adventures of his great countrymen that it made one unhappy to think what he might have done for this branch of study, as one dispensing royal patronage in Lisbon. One result of his researches was the publication of a magnificent catalogue of his Portuguese books, to which King Manoel contributed a learned preface. He read this preface aloud to me, in March 1927, in an hotel apartment in Cannes. I had read a great deal of Portuguese for purposes of research, but had seldom heard it spoken. I valued hearing him read highly. In addition to his love of books King Manoel was an enthusiastic musician. On an organ installed in the hall of his Twickenham house he delighted to play Bach and Handel.

One of the most interesting week-end parties I remember was given at Trent by Mrs. Duggan. It included Lord Curzon, Mr. Asquith, Balfour and George Moore. Lady Paget was also there, and to her, on account of her lameness, was given the only bedroom on the ground floor. It happened that Moore had come down on Thursday, and had occupied this room. On Lady Paget's arrival he was asked to move into a room upstairs. When the guests began to find each other on Sunday after breakfast, it was noticed that there was no Moore. A note found in his room said that he had had so bad a night 'on account of the pigeons', that he was leaving by the first train. During the afternoon there was table-turning, when the spirits of Disraeli and Gladstone were invoked, in the hope that they might furnish Balfour, Curzon and Asquith with prognostications.

I have known many London hostesses, Lady Cunard and Lady Colefax standing out most prominently among them. To Lady Cunard I owe a deep debt of gratitude. During the war I was a constant visitor at her house in Carlton House Terrace. Never do I remember the company to have been less than interesting, while oftener than not it was enthralling. It would take long to enumerate the men she gathered round her. When the air was full of electricity, and men of anxiety, Lady Cunard was a marvellous hostess. Everyone under her roof felt at his ease and at his best. The only embarrassment she ever caused was from a habit of advertising rather than of introducing strangers to one another. This was actually more pleasure-

SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

giving than not, however little the label might fit the person to whom it was attached. She had the habit of pretending ignorance where she was best informed. This might take you in once or twice, not oftener; for Lady Cunard knew everything that needed to be known about persons and events, and her little intentional 'gaffes' occasionally drew out an additional detail.

When first I knew Sir Arthur and Lady Sibyl Colefax, they had a town-house in Onslow Square and a country-house called Buckhurst. Subsequently they moved from Onslow Square to a lovely old house in the King's Road, and for many years all the most interesting men and women in London met in it. Lady Colefax made a fine art of entertaining. So well did she choose her guests, that they were all happy to be of the party. Her husband was an excellent host, a good talker. While taking an immense pride in his wife's social gifts, he played intentionally a secondary part in the proceedings. As a successful barrister he worked hard, but one imagines his chief joy in life was to find his house the mecca of good talk, and to watch the success of his wife.

One of the strangest friends I ever made was General Stronach. He had been in South Africa with Cecil Rhodes, whom he adored. While there he was shot in the throat, which obliged him to wear a silver tube there, and it caused him intense discomfort and anxiety. He was so determined to help me on in the world (with its goods), that he gave me an interest in an invention of his, but one that never succeeded. His idea was to have an engine both to run on rails and on the ground, one with a double set of wheels: when the flanged wheels came down, the road ones went up. Another idea of his was to speed up the supply of salmon from Scotland, I think by using the Caledonian Canal, and that led him to purchase a large property in Sutherland. I was on my way to visit him there when the news reached me of his sudden death. I often fished with him, the most delightful spot he took me to being the little keepers' lodge at Kingsworthy, situated between two streams of the Ichen about two miles above Winchester. His fishing ended where Earl Grey's began.

One of the most delightful times my wife and I ever spent was a ten days' holiday Stronach allowed us to pass in this little house, attended on by Keeper Clinker and his wife. We could fish all day and half the night: the greatest joy was going down to the night rise after some of the big fish lying in the still upper reaches of the water; fish we knew so well by their haunts and habits, that we even christened some of them.

Stronach, when I first knew him, lived in one of the most curious little houses in London. It was known as the Cottage, Mayfair, and is or was situated in (?) Little Stanhope Street. Actually it was a converted blacksmithy, but utterly charming with its oak panelling and its quaint staircase.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the hosts and hostesses who have been kind to us in England. There is one friend of whom I must make special



THE LONDON INSTITUTION IN FINSBURY CIRCUS

SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

mention, both on her own account, and because from her we have received more kindness than from anyone else. I refer to Mrs. Emile Mond, whose acquaintance I first made at the house of the Plimmors before I went to India. During the war this acquaintance was renewed, when Mrs. Mond's daughter May came to the School to study Persian. Both at Greyfriars, Storrington, and afterwards at the Cottage, Slaugham (Sussex), were we constant visitors. The greater part of this book was first written down in one or other of these houses.

Mrs. Mond is one of the most cultured women in England. A fine linguist, she knows all there is to know about European history and art. The extent of her reading knows no bounds, and her memory is prodigious. Her friendship and that of her husband has been one of the most precious things in our lives.

XVIII

Holidays on the Continent

On the 11th of September 1921 a party of five, Lady Ridley, Lady Belper, now Lady Rosebery, Oscar Guest, and my wife and I set out for Munich, there to attend the *Festspiel*. We went by Paris, Toul, Nancy, Strasburg, and the Vosges country. Miles and miles of that beautiful hill country had been laid waste in the war: the thousands of blackened tree stumps were scare-crows, holding out bare arms. The Black Forest was peaceful and unchanged, Freudenstadt, with holiday makers, was its old self. Thence we passed by Hort and Rothenburg to Tubingen, where we had meant to stop, but they did not seem to want us in the hotel, and on our asking if we might wash, a chamber-maid pointed to a tap in the wall. That was the one sign of hostility we encountered. Then through the Swabian Alps to Ulm; then to Augsburg, and so to Munich. As we drove up to the Regina Palast Hotel, who should be entering it but King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with his rather shabby escort of three persons. Rolling his 'r's' gutturally he exclaimed: Two Rolls Royces! they must be English! The king went to the Regina Palast for all his meals, but was staying in the cheaper Park Hotel opposite. On the way home we visited Rothenburg by way of Donauworth, staying the night there, and saw the Rathhaus, the Art Museum, and the city walls. After Mctz came the most thrilling part of the journey, when we drove through the battle area on the way to Verdun, passing through dozens of villages, some still devastated, but many already rebuilt. Then through miles of ruins to Rheims.

In the Easter recess of 1926 I had a holiday by myself on the Riviera. I kept a short diary, begun in Genoa. I reached that mountainous city about 9 p.m. I was following a porter to the Deposito when I was told that my luggage was overweight (I had had it in the carriage with me since Boulogne), and that I must pay excess tariff from the Italian frontier. I took a one-horse shay to drive to the Post Office, to telephone to my hotel in Alassio, but every line was broken down. So I returned to the station. The taximeter marked 5.75, but when I offered the man 8 lire, he said the fare was 11.25, *il doppio*. Voltaire, speaking of comparative philology, said that the consonants have very little value, and the vowels none at all. In this country of 120 lire to the £ the notes are of little value and the coins of none.

The journey to Alassio was interesting by nature and amusing by accident. I spent most of the time talking in the corridor with a lovely young Italian

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

girl. My companions, when I did sit down, were an old American Darby and Joan. A brooch, a gull with spread wings, conjured up recollections of my early Paris days, suggesting a plot for a short story, if only I could catch the inspiration. The point would be that at first I despised the dried-up features, contrasting them with the amazing coloration of the Italian girl. Then, the brooch recognized, the past is evoked—a gift—a quarrel—a parting, with the Atlantic between for forty years. A reconciliation, a look of regret, and then good-bye at the station.

Alassio comes very near to constituting its own type. The Italian Riviera, from Genoa to Bordighera, is a series of bays large and small; most of these are rocky, but Alassio has sands. There are three Alassios—the old, which is delightful, smelly, Italian; the patchwork, which is composed of nineteenth-century houses converted into hotels and lodging-houses; and the new suburbia of modern villas and flats. The *ensemble* is made up of 'selections' from Frinton, Sandgate, and Darjeeling.

The population, in its upper stratum, is mostly English (a strong element of Anglo-Indian), but partly Italian. The main street, Via Umberto I, is familiarly called 'the drain'. It is full of little shops selling everything one can think of, and many delightful things one has never thought of. The business part of the town is still purely Italian, never ceasing to charm and surprise.

I left Alassio, having made excursions to Castelveccchio and Quocarello; trained to Genoa, then *via* Recco to Rapallo; thence *via* Chiavari to Spezia. The next day in the morning to Pisa, where I saw the Duomo, the Battistero, and the Campo Santo before lunch. Then to Florence: it was most thrilling for me to see this wonderful town again after an interval of thirty-five years. Yoi Maraini dined with me in an underground cafe-restaurant, and I drove her home. I returned to Pisa, and the next day left for Paris and home.

In September of the same year, 1926, a Congress of Orientalists was held in Hamburg, and I attended it, paying a brief visit to Berlin before the Congress, and to Paris after it. I kept a diary, but a very rough one, writing it backwards, one day of a little leisure. I was met in Berlin, on the 23rd of September, by Ingram from the Embassy. The next day I visited the Stadtsbibliothek, saw Professor Weil, and brought back Von le Coq to lunch with Ingram. With Ingram, Wauchope, and Burton to the opera, and brought them back for supper. On the 25th I lunched with Lord d'Abernon, the Ambassador, and afterwards drove out to Potsdam and Sans-souci with the Press Attache, his wife, and Ingram. Dined with General Wauchope, and met the Polish Minister and his wife, and the Egyptian Minister's daughter, engaged to Hasanain. On the 26th I visited the Altes und Neues Museum, and saw the Nefretete, etc., lunching afterwards with Ingram and Von le Coq at Hiller's. In the afternoon to the Museum fur Volkerkunde, and dinner with Ingram at Horcher's. On the 27th, in the morning, Shafag

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

called: after some talk of books we drove out to see Kazimzada and his bookshop. I lunched with the Belgian Minister and his wife, and undertook to ask Benn Brothers about the Minister's Chinese ornaments; 150 examples of Han, T'ang, and Ming, which could possibly be reproduced in 100 plates; many of them rapidly perishing. From the Legation I went to the Kaviani printing-house, and saw the wonderful linotype machine for Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. He has type-setters who can read the roughest of writings with speed and accuracy. On no day have I ever spoken so much Persian. After tea I called on the Persian Minister, and met my old friend Husayn Quli Khan: his memory astounded me. He recalled half a dozen stories about myself that I had clean forgot. Especially my competing with young Leitner for the Ouseley scholarship. A commission I undertook for Shafag was to have the Gibb Trust *Masnavi* sent to him.

I lunched on the 28th at Wannsee with Wauchope, and met Kreisler and his wife: most interesting talk with him about China and Japan. In Japan he was at pains to discover how the Japanese audiences seemed to show such marked appreciation of the specially beautiful passages, their acquaintance with our music being but slight. Finally he noticed that the Japs were carefully watching the expression of the few Europeans present. The Japs gave him a great reception, because he could do something they could not do. This led him to inquire whether, if they had learnt to play the violin as he played it, they wouldn't have turned him out of the country!

In Hamburg, having changed into my tail coat, I drove to the Town Hall, only to find that the Reception by Seine Magnificenz was on the morrow. So I went to the Vierjahreszeiten to find Friedrich Rosen, who of course was at the Freundlichkeits Abend, which I didn't realize I was invited to. I went wandering about the streets, until I turned in to see a film bearing the strange title of *Die Elf SchilVschen Offizieren*. Though a fairly new film, I thought it inferior to any other I had seen. *Es handelt sich urn den Aufstand von Deutschland im Jahre 1808 gegen die Franzosen*. The crossword puzzles on the screen amused me far better.

At 10 a.m. the next day, at the university, the ceremonial opening of the Congress began. Speeches from Becker, Margoliouth, and Rosen; then a brilliant travel-talk by Meyer, dealing chiefly with the culture of Ancient Egypt, its *monumentalitat*. Rosen took me to lunch at his hotel. We were to be a delightful *partie carrie*, with Baron Max Oppenheim and Fraulein Lilly Molthan, but Rosen asked Margoliouth to join us, and *he* brought a scholar of Strassbourg, having promised to lunch with him. This greatest of bores ruined the party: Rosen was so bored that he did not talk at all. All the lectures I heard in the afternoon were boring beyond description. A Reception at the Rathhaus in the evening, I sat between Senator Carl Cahn and Edward Meyer. At 10.30 we *Islamisten* adjourned to the Vaterland, where we sat and talked until turned out at 1.30 a.m.

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

The next day were more boring lectures. At a lunch in the Ubersee Club with Cahn I was told I speak German with a Dutch accent. After lunch to Hagenbeck; the finest Zoo I've ever seen; camels, lions, and, finest of all, sea-elephants. At 8 p.m. Rosen's lecture on Nasir-i-Khusraw; 9.45, Kneipe; 10.30, sleeper to Cologne: seen off by Max Oppenheim, Arnold, and Fraulein Molthan. She was a student of Persian in the Seminar at Berlin, and a commission I undertook was to have my Rudaki article sent to her. In Paris there was a notice on the bedroom doors of my hotel, telling visitors not to put shoes or clothes outside their doors. 'La mentalite des gens a tout a fait change depuis la guerre,' explained the garcon.

The next day was a very busy one; in the course of it I met Mirza Muhammad Khan Qazvini, Miss Getty, the Buddhist scholar, Minorsky, Mukrimin Khalil, bibliothecaire de l'Institut d'Histoire Turc a Constantinople, who was in Paris copying all the texts he could find dealing with the Seljuqs. I had tea with Paul Boyer, and he drove me to 33 rue de Varenne, outside the door of which I found Pelliot and the just arrived Bacot. Pelliot, his wife, and I walked up the Boulevard Raspail to La Rotonde, where we dined, and afterwards he and I went to Les Deux Magots, and then he came to my hotel, to see my books, etc. from Germany.

On Sunday, the 3rd of October, I made a mistake in the time, not knowing that the clocks had been put back, and was ready for Mirza Muhammad Khan at 9 a.m. He came at ten, and shortly afterwards Mukrim, the Turk, and we read through all the difficult passages of Fakhr-ud-Din Mubarakshah. At 5 p.m. to the Cercle des Allies, where I talked to Boyer, Deny, Bacot, Przyluski, Grousset, the house-painter student of Chinese, the Bolshevik language man, who had been comparing Basque with Chirkiss (?Yakoblieff), and Minorsky, who walked with me to the Caf6 de la Paix, where we had a welcome cocktail. 12 p.m., finding myself passing Pelliot's lighted window, threw a stone at it: he let me in, and I stayed talking till 2 a.m. And so to bed, *und es war die hochste Zeit, puisque favais commence monjour une heme trop tot!* (so it is down in my diary).

My record of this time in Berlin, Hamburg, Paris, ends with: 'The best holiday I have ever had!'

An earlier Congress of Orientalists was held in Hamburg from 4th to 10th September 1902, when a special postcard was prepared for their use. It shows the roofs, chimney stacks, etc., of an industrial town below, and Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx above. One of the cards, signed by Th. Noldeke, Ch. Huart, Fr. Rosen, E.G.B., F. W. Thomas, and M. A. Stein, was sent to me in Calcutta. I still have it.

Again in 1928 I had a time on the Continent, when I visited Florence, Venice, Budapest, Vienna (I lectured in Budapest and Vienna), and Paris. During my travel I kept certain 'travel notes', and these I wish to give here, omitting the more trifling ones: it is perhaps to present myself too much in

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

my dressing gown and bedroom slippers, but have not all the more successful autobiographists so presented themselves?

I April. To Florence. An amusing train-load by the 4 p.m. from Victoria might almost have been a party by Maud Cunard, and she herself was of the party. A smooth crossing spent with her and Tommy B., going to conduct in Paris for the first time. At Calais, finding my seat was in a carriage with five old trout, transferred to *Wagon Lits*, and got a double berth to myself! At Basle had very good *cafe complet*. Here found the same old trout in my carriage; so transferred to the Express. Had a table all to myself; so was able to go through my lecture. After Zurich snow deeper and deeper; at entrance of St. Gothard two or three feet deep. Nothing provides a more delightful contrast than passing through the St. Gothard by day. I was terribly thrilled at seeing Lugano for the first time since 1880.

Florence. Have had a wonderful time here since my arrival at midnight on Monday. Yoi Maraini and I have been out to every meal. I almost forget with whom besides they were eaten.

What a treasure house Florence is! It seems almost sacrilege to use it as a town where you do your shopping: one ought to go elsewhere to shop.

Thursday, 5 April. Two years ago I spent a day in Florence, and two hours of it in the Uffizi: the pictures seemed to have lost their meaning for me. This time I have not seen a single picture, but Florence herself has never seemed so wonderful to me.

If you drive outside the town, they can charge what they can get. You say you wish to drive to such or such a Poggio (the hills on which the villas stand seem all Poggios), and the driver says: 'Quanto il prezzo?'

I have flowers in my bathroom.

Venezia. Am I not among the most fortunate of mortals? To be allowed at my time of life and story to have revealed to me afresh the whole wonder of Venice! The view from the train, as we crossed the lagoon in the evening, was something in colour belonging only to dreams or mirages. To step into a gondola and drift down the Grand Canal, and then through the little backways to the Schiavone—after an interval of twenty-two years! No, the world has no spectacle which can be compared to Venice. I am torn between sight-seeing and spending the whole time writing to my wife. We simply must come here together again. Italy is more and more wonderful.

12 April 1928. Budapest. After a horrible journey owing to lumbago, I was met by Felix de Pogranyni Nagy, Vice-Secretary, F.O., and by Balogh, Secretary to the Hungarian Academy.

Wien. As we steamed into Vienna, we were accompanied by the *Italia* with Nobile on board: it was going slowly.

Strasburg. While I was sending off two telegrams, a kind porter locked my coupe" door. Meanwhile so many first-class passengers **turned up, that**

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

they had to put on an extra carriage. Thus I am still alone, as I have been all the way from Budapest!

Paris. As ill-luck would have it, the Bibliotheque was shut; but by good chance I found Blochet in the Place Louvois.

Eve and Adam = East and West. Eve alone has eaten of the Tree of Good and Evil. Adam is less brilliant, and less amoral than Eve.

I have just mentioned Blochet, the author of *Musulman Painting, XHth-XVII Century*, a translation of which by Mrs. Binyon, with an introduction by myself, was published in 1929; the author also of the catalogues of the Persian and Turkish manuscripts in Paris; a scholar I was then and afterwards much concerned with, and with whom I corresponded. One of his letters, written just before leaving London, where he had been on a visit, is:

'Le 29 avril 1928. Cher Monsieur Ross, Je suis confus de n'avoir pu vous rencontrer au cours du tres court sejour que j'ai fait ici; je comptais aller a votre ecole samedi matin, mais je me suis attarde devant les primitifs italiens de la National Gallery et j'ai laisse passer Fheure; ces tableaux sont tres interessants, et comblent heureusement certaines lacunes de la collection du Louvre; e'est en dessinant certains details d'un Orcagna que j'ai oublie rOrientalisme, ce qui m'arrive souvent, et l'un de ses maitres a Londres.

'11 m'a ete impossible de trouver St. James Court 229; un taximan pris a Victoria m'a conduit successivement a St. James Street, puis a St. James Park, ou j'ai cherche en vain un 229; un policeman ne m'a pas mieux renseigne; bref je n'ai pu vous rendre les nombreuses visites que vous m'avez faites rue de Richelieu.

Tespere etre plus heureux la fois prochaine, car je pars ce matin.'

Another of M. Blochet's letters is:

'Paris, le 12 Janvier 1935. Cher Monsieur Ross, J'ai vu aujourd'hui Minorski, qui est passe a la Bibliotheque, et qui m'a dit que vous ne possedez dans la bibliotheque de votre ecole ni les tomes III et IV du catalogue persan . . . ni les deux volumes du catalogue turc....

'Le fait n'a rien qui me surprenne; pareille chose s'est produite en Allemagne; Babinger n'a connu la publication du catalogue turc que par un catalogue de Maisonneuve . . . dans lequel le dit Maisonneuve annoncait un exemplaire qu'il avait achete a une personne qui l'avait recu ou de l'editeur ou de la Bibliotheque (plutot du premier), et a un prix exagere.

'Babinger m'ayant ecrit a ce sujet, je lui ai fait savoir que non seulement le catalogue turc etait paru, mais que le catalogue persan etait termine, ce qu'il ne voulait pas croire, parce que, m'ecrivit-il, il n'avait vu ces quatre volumes annonces nulle part, pas plus que Minorski.

'Le conservateur du departement des manuscrits a fait tout ce qu'il a pu pour empecher la publication des deux derniers volumes du catalogue persan et du catalogue turc.

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

'Il a fallu, pour que j'en vienne a bout, que je m'entende directement avec l'Administrateur General et des hommes politiques, et quand le travail a ete termine, on l'a mis sous le boisseau, ce qui m'est parfaitement egal, parce que je ne l'avais fait que pour tuer le temps.

A chaque fois qu'un de ces volumes a paru j'ai prie. . . que Ton en envoyat des exemplaires a quelques personnes choisies; a vous en particulier. Je suis sur que Ton n'en a rien fait, parce que j'avais demande qu'on en envoyat un a Osuski, de Zagreb, qui, etant a Paris, m'avait donne quelques renseignements sur les poetes Serbo-turcs, et parce qu'Osuski, qui ne l'a pas recu, n'a pas les moyens de le payer avec une monnaie a 62% un livre cote 400 a Paris. . . .'

On hearing of E. G. Browne's fatal bereavement Blochet wrote:

Tai ete vivement peine d'apprendre le deuil qui frappe Browne, notre ancien dans nos etudes, d'une facon si cruelle, a la fin de sa vie, alors que lui-meme se trouve dans un etat de sante critique; je crains, comme cela arrive souvent, que la mort de la femme n'entraîne a courte echeance celle du mari; je n'oserai pas dire que ce soit la un malheur pour le second, car lorsque le premier est parti, qu'a encore a faire l'autre ici-bas dans le souvenir du passe?'

I have also mentioned Professor Paul Pelliot, an even greater friend; a man I engaged with in a brisker correspondence. Our letters concerned Pelliot's contributions to the S.O.S. Bulletin and other journals, his lectures at our School, and our researches, our common interests being riddles of Eastern languages, Marco Polo, the Prester John Legend, Hue and Gabet, the nineteenth-century French apostolic travellers in Tartary, Tibet and China, and so on. One of his letters is:

Paris, 2 Janvier 1926

Mon cher ami,

J'ai ete bien content de vous voir a Noel, et regrette seulement que vous ayez ete sans doute empeche de venir bavarder encore un peu dimanche matin comme j'y comptais. Ma femme est ravie de la 'poupee', et tous deux d'avoir passe la soiree du 24 avec vous et vos amis. . . .

Je viens d'envoyer a l'impression mon article sur Gabet et Hue; il est assez long.

P. P.

I wrote to him on the 2nd of June 1926:

My dear Pelliot,

I wonder when you are returning from America? We miss you very much from Paris.

I have a number of questions to ask you.

(1) How is your introduction to the Hue and Gabet getting on? And what is to be done about the spelling of the proper names? I have prepared a

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

complete alphabetical list of these, so that with the correct forms supplied the printer can make the necessary changes.

(2) Did you receive my Foreword to Volume V of *The Ocean of Story*? Since writing this I have found an interesting passage in Al Biruni's India, in which the writer says Ibn Muqatta' invented the Burzoe legend for motives of Manichaeian propaganda.

(3) My article on Prester John appeared in a recent volume called *Travel and Travellers of the Middle Ages* (Routledge). Unfortunately they have given me no tirages a part. Would you like a copy for *Toung Pao*? If so, I will ask the publishers to send it.

(4) I have just written a long memoir of E. G. Browne, which is to appear in the new edition of *A Year Amongst the Persians*.

(5) *Pero Tafur* and de Jarric's *Akbar and the Jesuits* and *Don Juan of Persia* are all nearly ready for the Broadway Travellers series.

Please let me have your news.

E. D. R.

Professor Pel Hot replied :

7juin 1926

Mon cher ami,

Je suis enfin de retour d'Amerique et me hate de repondre a votre lettre du 2juin.

1° Sur ce qui concerne l'Introduction de Hue et Gabet, les editeurs, en m'offrant de l'ecrire en francais, m'annoncaient une lettre de vous qui n'est jamais venue. Mais le mal n'est pas grand. Je vous envoie des epreuves (non corrigees) de mon article a paraître dans le prochain *Toung Pao*. Indiquez-moi ce qu'il vous paraîtrait interessant d'en retenir pour ma preface. Quant aux noms propres, envoyez-moi la liste, et je la mettrai en orthographe anglaise.

2° Je n'ai pas recu votre Foreword pour le v. V de l'*Ocean of Story*. Bravo pour la citation d'Albiruni.

3° Je serai enchante d'avoir un exemplaire de *Travel and Travellers* pour le *Toung Pao*; le Prester John est une de mes marottes.

4° Je serai enchante de lire votre notice sur le pauvre Browne.

5° Il me tarde de voir *Pero Tafur* et de Jarric sur Akbar et *Don Juan of Persia*.

J'ai eu un sejour tres agreable en Amerique, et j'ai tache d'y semer la bonne semence. Deux et peut-etre trois de mes auditeurs me suivront ici l'hiver prochain. Mais j'ai perdu trois mois pour mon travail personnel.

Massignon est norame au College, et je pense que Marçais y sera pour decembre. Ce sont d'excellentes recrues....

P.P.

In '32, in a letter to a London editor, I called attention, which I should like to do again, to a most interesting communication made by Professor

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

Pelliot to the Academic des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres in Paris regarding the ancient seal inscriptions found by Sir John Marshall at Mohenjo Daro and Harappa in India.

The purpose of another letter of Pelliot's was to introduce to me Mile Ella Maillart, who, because of her association with Peter Fleming, her *Turkestan Solo*, and her lecturing in London, has a place in my story independently of Pelliot: he did, however, introduce us. The letter, it will be seen, begins with an earlier traveller than either Mile Maillart or Peter Fleming:

6 avril 1934

Mon cher ami,

Le 'esca' de Marco Polo reste assez mysterieux; je me demande si, outre le sens d'"amadou", le mot n'a pas designe une 'loupe' du bois. Par ailleurs, la parente des legendes uigoures et (?)¹ ne me parait guere douteuse.

Une jeune Suisse, Mile Ella Maillart, hardie, sportive, jolie d'ailleurs, doit faire a la fin du mois a Londres une conference sur son precedent voyage, seule, a travers le Qizil Qum du Turkestan russe et jusqu'a la frontiere chinoise de IX?)¹ afin d'augmenter ses petites ressources pour un second voyage. Quelqu'un lui a dit que vous pourriez peut-etre lui organiser en meme temps une seconde conference, ce qui augmenterait un peu son viatique. J'ignore ce que vous pourrez faire. Je vous presenterai de toutes facons la jeune personne le 15 avril, mais, si vous pensez pouvoir lui arranger quelque chose, peut-etre y aurait-il lieu de le faire d'ici la. Un second voyage a Londres pour une seconde conference lui serait onereux.

P.P.

On April 15th I was to lecture at the Musee Guimet, and there, or in the rue de Varenne, where I was to have dejeuner with the Pelliot's, Mile Maillart and I must have met. We became friends at once, and Mile Maillart took greatly also to my wife, as my wife to her, when by and by they met in London. Of her letters to me I fear I have mislaid one, and the best one; one in which there was her phrase corresponding to Pelliot's 'petites ressources pour un second voyage'; but there is this letter, on paper having 'Gilgit, Kashmir' printed on it, but actually written in Paris after the second journey, the one in which she accompanied Fleming, and learnt, so she claims in another letter, to have known before Fleming knew himself whom he was destined to marry saying:

'As for Peter's marriage, I was probably the only one to guess something, as even he himself knew nothing about it; but I heard day after day what he thought of the girl. What sort of a lecture did he give at the Royal Geographical Society? I have to know, as I am also speaking there, and would like to do something different!!!'

¹ The blanks in this letter (i.e. in the copy for the printers) were to be filled in by E. D. R. but never were.—J. A. C.

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

The earlier letter is:

[undated; c. October 1935]

My dear friend,

Since Gilgit, where I wrote your address on one envelope, I intend to send you a letter, and now you are the first to write, with your nice welcome. Thank you, I need it, I rather hate life here, and it is good to think there are friends like you.

I need your help: you know that I am not specially learned, but I would like to know something about the places we so quickly went through with Peter. Can you help me to build a very small bibliography from Shensi and Kansou onwards through Tsaidam, giving history of migrations, religions, conquests, etc.; for instance, what edition of Aurel Stein's book might be short enough but complete? What about the Salars, Tangouten? Since when did the 'Chantos-Hue-Doungans' begin to be a nuisance to everybody? Are there, so to speak, three or four modern books resuming everything on the question, so that one has not to read everything printed for the last centuries?

Then I still think of speaking at the R.G.S., because it would be good for my book: in case Peter is asked to speak on the last trip, my T'ien Shan expedition can still amuse your public, as we spoke about it the last time I was in London; especially now that Sinkiang and neighbourhood are 'questions du jour'.

The question would be to book a date quickly enough for this winter,—as certainly the other winter, 36-37, will not see me in Europe. Next april would suit me well, after I would have spoken in Paris and Belgie. I do not want to write straight to the R.G.S., as I think it is better coming through you, who can say nicely that I am getting more and more 'cclebre!' Peter said he would tell you about me and the R.G.S., but according to his letter and yours, I guess that he did not have much time. R.G.S. must propose a date.

Could you even be nicer and get in touch with Denis Saurat, to whom I also promised a lecture a year ago; so that the two lectures could fit in the same week? I shall write to Saurat to-morrow to tell him that I am back; I shall be very grateful for your help, because I must concentrate all my efforts on England and the States; all my work and *reportage* here in France falls flat and through, and nobody has the slightest interest for Asia in general____

ELLA MAILLART

Another letter is:

Geneva. 5 November 1935.

Dear Sir Denison,

Yes, well, I think you will have to wait rather long to see me again: you see, I try my best to get fit again, to correct a special kink in the lower

HOLIDAYS ON THE CONTINENT

part of my back, which is consecutive to so many months of 'yurga' or 'trapatka' in my wooden saddle—all that in order to ski from December till March again.

Ski-ing with my feet, writing with my hands on the 'typer' the reports of my races, and thinking with my head what I shall have to write in my book,—will keep me very busy indeed, so that I shall have no time to come over to see you, and have a good laugh about the dessication of Asia, or whatever subject you choose to choose. . . .

Could you perhaps lend me a photograph of a dying tree with sand up to its neck? I don't know yet why, but mine are not as pathetic as I thought they would come out. (For a slide, please.)

ELLA MAILLART

From a note, dated Teheran, 16 July 37: 'I have now linked with the end of my previous journey, and am on my way to Europe across Iran and Turkey.'

From a letter from Austria a year later: 'I bring back what I believe to be the first colour-slides on Afghanistan and Herat, and the forbidden mosque of the 8th imam Reza at Meshed.'

XIX

Jerusalem, Damascus, Baghdad, Persia

1929

Although Iran and the Persian language had been my chief subject of *JL* study, no opportunity had offered of going to Iran since 1897, when my visit was cut short, as I have related. It may then be imagined with what alacrity I accepted an invitation from the Government of Iran to visit the country with my wife. Sir John (now Lord) Cadman suggested that I should visit Fields, in order to see what was being done for the education of the children of the English and Iranian employees of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. That we were able to undertake this journey was due in large measure to Lord Cadman, who arranged for every facility to be given us in Iran, and I cannot adequately express all that I owe to this great man's kindness and encouragement.

We left Victoria on the 5th of January 1929, seen off by a number of friends including Ja'far Pasha, then Minister for 'Iraq. M. Hevesy was at the station in Paris to greet us, and insisted on our dining with him at the Ritz Grill. We lunched the next day with the Tyrrells at the Embassy, and met the Mendels and Mme Maurois (Andre Maurois was not in Paris). I lectured on the Shirley brothers and their adventures in Persia; present were M. Meillet and other distinguished *savants*. In the evening we dined with the Meillets. On Monday we lunched with Mme Gulbenkian, and saw all her beautiful things. The Persian Minister, frank and amusing in very good English, was a fellow guest. Mme de la Grange had a reception in our honour, when I met Jusserand, and after it Mirza Muhammad and the Minorskis came to see us. So our time passed in Paris. We met M. and Mme Roy: M. Roy, Minister for Canada, and his wife were the only British subjects to remain in Paris after the Battle of the Marne, and they never left Paris during the war. When we left, Paul Boyer, the ever faithful, came to see us off, bringing lovely flowers. We trained to Genoa, and sailed thence. In Genoa we lunched with friends, *chez* Gambrinus, where I made the acquaintance of an excellent Piedmontese wine called Fresai. Our ship was the *Esperia*. In the aquarium at Naples the two remarkable features were the star fish and the algae. In the middle of one tank was what looked like a bush with fern-like leaves, most of them pale yellow, but others red. If one watched carefully, these 'ferns' were seen to move, and one then saw that they were multiple star-fish. When they are in motion the effect is that

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

of a miniature firework display. In the museum we had stood amazed before the colossi, especially Vespasian. In Syracuse we received a greeting from Sefton Brancker, who was in the neighbourhood on behalf of Imperial Airways.

We arrived in Cairo at 2 p.m. on Monday, 14th January, and then I learnt, from a newspaper, that I was to lecture on Wednesday at 6 p.m.: that was the first I heard of it! The subject of the lecture had apparently not been decided! There were in Cairo men who had studied in London in the School, and knew me as the Director, and the attentions of these men and their friends made Cairo seem like home. An old Venetian, who had lived in Cairo twenty-five years, drove us through the bazar. The Mashhad-i-Husayni was full of worshippers for *maghrib*¹: the shay-driver's way of speaking of Husayn was 'Muhammad—God—one girl—her son'.

On Tuesday, 15th January, we went to the museum to see the treasures taken from the tomb of Tutankhaman. A revelation of human skill and of amazing faith in something beyond this world, they surpass anything one could have imagined. How many of the people understood the meaning of committing such wealth and laboured art to the eternal darkness of the grave? How long did it take to build, to chisel, to set all these marvellous works of art? these countless portraits in a dozen different media? In the afternoon 'Azzam and Hasan took me to the Library, where we examined the manuscripts. Tsa, who took the Library Diploma from the School, showed me over the building. Between 6 and 8 p.m. received visits from about twenty persons, including Ta Sin (blind), Shaikh 'Abdar Raziq, 'Ali 'Abdar Raziq.

Wednesday, 16th, Muhammad Khalid Hassanayn Bey, of the Religious Institutions Department, took me over al-Azhar, and afterwards to a large secondary school (800 students) preparatory for al-Azhar. There are ultimately to be three Faculties in al-Azhar—(1) Letters; (2) Fiqh;² (3) Din.³ Lectured, at the American University, to La Lanterne Sourde (a branch of the P.E.N. in Brussels). 'Abdur Raziq made a charming speech of welcome, and seven Excellencies were present, including Lord Lloyd (and Eddie Marsh!). But the great event of the day was that at 4 p.m. I waited on King Fu'ad, and was closeted with him till at 5.15 I had to beg leave to withdraw, to keep the lecture engagement. His Majesty spoke of oriental history as one of his chief interests, and especially the history of Cairo; of his collection of documents, originals and translations, relating to Egypt in their own archives and in all the foreign chancelleries; of the reform of al-Azhar; of the appointment of a new Shaikh of Islam, a very enlightened man. He also spoke of the new buildings for al-Azhar. The students were no longer to sit, as in the mosques, in bunches of thirty or forty, a teacher in their midst, **and removed** from them by only fifty yards another bunch, with another

¹ The *maghrib* is the evening prayer.—J. A. C.

² Fiqh - Law.—J. A. C.

³ Din = Religion.—J. A. C.

teacher, all shouting each other down. There were also to be new dormitories. I was greatly interested, but expressed surprise that such reforms should prove so easy to carry out. To that King Fu'ad replied:

'It is realized that the old system is antiquated, out of date, with little now to commend it. I have also changed the bread wafer. A great many pious men in dying have left wafers of bread to be distributed amongst the teachers daily. I have transformed the bread ration into cash, divided amongst them and spent as they think fit.'

The Act making this legal had been passed the day before, or was to be passed the next day. His Majesty hoped ultimately to introduce the study of foreign languages, the only one not then followed in at-Azhar.

Having been once shot in the throat, His Majesty had a cough resembling a bark at intervals of a few minutes.

On the 17th I lectured at the university on the world's alphabets: about three hundred students were present and a few others, Ta Sin one of them: he spoke afterwards in Arabic. 'Azzam made a charming speech about his life at the School. In the afternoon to a tea-party in my honour given by the Persian colony: speeches in Arabic, Persian, English. As they were wondering why I should go to Persia merely to discuss the possibility of the Romanization of their alphabet, I assured them that that was the invention of the Press. In the evening visited a school in which night classes in calligraphy are held: the classes are voluntary, and the chief instructor is a Turk knowing no Arabic.

On Friday, the 18th, I made an early start for Saqqara: it was wonderful, especially under the guidance of the Curator, Mr. Firth. I, a boy then of six, had played with Mrs. Firth, she then Winifred Hansard: we recalled old days. She had since done drawing and printing for Flinders Petrie. The temple round the step-pyramid of King Zoser (2966 B.C.) is one of the oldest stone buildings found in Egypt. The origin of fluted columns, copied from Heliopolis by the Greeks in the ninth century B.C.—*On*, the old name for Heliopolis, equals *fluted column*. Noted false doors and hinges.

Lunched with Omar Bey of the Reservoir Department, and three other Egyptians in an Egyptian restaurant: interesting discussion on politics. They all hoped that Mahmud Pasha, during his three years of office, would introduce a new constitution; a single House of about 140 members, one-third nominated. They asserted that, if the British took a firm line, this would be done. Philby and many others to tea.

I recall that, some remarks having been made by King Fu'ad regarding the occupation of Egypt by the Persians, a chapter of history for which the only authorities appear to be the Greeks, I mentioned Hadi Hasan's *Persian Shipping*, afterwards writing out the title for His Majesty. His Majesty made the point that, because there are only the Greek historians, the statesmen of Europe, and he named Clemenceau and Poincare as his friends, all took the

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

Greek side against the Egyptians and the Persians. His Majesty wished **there** were a remedy.

On Saturday I had an interview with Mahmud Pasha, the Prime Minister, who had failed at Oxford, he told me, in Arabic at his first trial, having been given a passage from a book he had never seen. Passing to politics, he said in very much these words:

The crux of the whole situation in Egypt is the presence of British troops in Cairo. Marching through the town with their bands—think for yourself what that must mean for an Egyptian! The barracks occupy one of the finest sites in the town : we would give anything for that site, for the urgently needed extension of our public offices. Keep the same number of troops, but on the Canal. If this came as an act of grace from the British, the alliance of Britain and Egypt would be established on a permanent foundation. We would give you, if you wished, a splendid harbour in Abukir, etc., etc. I am convinced that British troops are no longer needed to preserve order in Cairo.'

Mahmud Pasha's personal plans for the future seemed to be, to carry on without a parliament for another year; then to form a new constitution composed of two Houses, the Upper nominated, the Lower, of about 150 members, elected. I had mentioned to Lord Lloyd the views of the Egyptian officials with whom I had had lunch on Friday, when his comment was that those views corresponded with his own, and that, if only he had the support of the Home Government, he would take action in that sense.

Mahmud Pasha spoke about Cromer, saying he was accessible to everybody, for he went about the town quite simply. The Egyptians', the Prime Minister added, 'do not care for pomp and show, but admire simplicity in great men.'

On Sunday, 20th January, in the evening, we took train for Jerusalem, having John Codrington, and Prior of the Indian Political, and Baldwin as fellow travellers, and got in at 9 a.m. on Monday morning. Called on Dr. Magnus at the Hebrew University: its site on Mount Scopus, overlooking the Dead Sea where the Jordan flows in, is one of the finest in the world. We also visited the Arabic Department, temporarily in another part of the city. Here we saw the Goldziher Library, the nucleus of a much greater library. The staff were engaged on the two big undertakings, of a Concordance to Arabic poetry down to the end of the Umayyad period, and an edition of the *Ansab al-Ashraf* of Baiadhuri. In 1936 Professor L. A. Mayer kindly sent me the first volume to be published of *Al-Baladhuri*, really a triumph of production and printing, the editing such as to receive the praise of all scholars; and in a later year President Magnes sent me the second volume, Vol. IVu, edited by Dr. Schloessinger. In the evening we met Dr. Roth, Professor of Modern Philosophy at Manchester, and discussed the rendering of technical terminology in Hebrew and Arabic. Dr. Roth maintained that one could render anything in Locke in pure Hebrew with no loss of import.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

On the 22nd visited the Masjid al-Haram, the site of Solomon's temple. The Mosque of Omar is certainly one of the most impressive interiors I have ever seen. The Masjid al-Aqsa, in the same enceinte, is a very fine specimen of cross-shaped basilica. The dome had been badly damaged by the recent earthquake, but (at enormous expense; much of the fund coming from India) was being tastefully restored. Rained all day: we lunched with Sir John and Lady Chancellor, meeting also Luke, the gifted Chief Secretary. At 3 p.m. loaded all our luggage on to a fine new Buick, and set out for Tiberias, passing through the remnants of Nablus, terribly damaged by the earthquake, and Nazareth, which we reached after dark. Rain, rain, rain. Very impressive view of the Sea of Galilee by the dusky light of a storm-swept moon. Our dinner in Tiberias included a Galilee fish called Peter's fish. It is all bones. It is said to carry its young in its mouth: I carried its bones in mine!

Showed our passports in the *douane* at the bridge over the Jordan (the scene of a great Saladin battle in 1178) to the Syrian officials. No sooner had we gone a few hundred feet up the opposite hills than the rain turned to snow. It lay thicker and thicker, as we advanced, till finally the road was indistinguishable, when our chauffeur turned back. On regaining the river, however, we saw another car coming from Damascus, and in its tracks, but after an hour of considerable anxiety, we made Kuneitra, and at 4 p.m. reached Damascus. We bummelled round the bazar for two hours. The fire of 1918 (accidental) and the bombardment of the Druze quarter by the French in 1925 had reduced the whole quarter to ruins; but the great Umayyad mosque was untouched. We got special amusement out of the cook-shops, where dishes containing a hundred ingredients were being mixed in full view. Gourmandise is to be found in Damascus as much as anywhere in the West. Parr, the Vice-Consul, dined with us.

Called on Thursday, 24th, on M. Sauvaget of the French Archaeological Mission, and found him living in a tiny room, containing table, bed, chair, and bookshelf. He took me round to the Bibliotheque Royale, actually the mosque and tomb of Sultan Baybara: it contains a very fine collection of manuscripts, including the only complete copy of Ibn al-'Asahis's History of Damascus. There is also a very good library of printed Arabic books. In 1933 Monsieur Sauvaget sent me a copy of his *Historic Monuments of Damascus*, which made me wish that my visit to Damascus had not been so short. In the afternoon Parr took us to the Umayyad mosque, which is most impressive: wonderful mosaics have been discovered under the plaster of the walls. Adjoining is the tomb of Saladin. The *mimbar*,¹ in various stones, is the most perfect I have seen: the *mihirabs*² are simple in style.

From Damascus we did the 550 miles of desert travelling between 7 a.m.

¹ *Mimbar*- pulpit.— J. A. C.

² The point (its direction is Mecca) the leader of the prayer faces.—J. A. C.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

on the 25th and 6 p.m. on the 26th, spending the intervening night at the 'post' called Rutbah: it was all a horrible discomfort in that six-wheeled bus, a vehicle I felt I never could face again. It carried emergency rations. In the customs we were greeted by two students of the School, Monk, customs officer, and Bishop, who was to have charge of us in South Persia. Sunday morning, feeling a wreck, I stayed indoors, but my wife drove to the bazar. A reception in the afternoon, attended by Bourdillon, Chief Secretary to the High Commissioner, Sydney Smith, Inspector of Schools, three 'Iraqis, and others. Baghdad, at that season, had the effect of an enormous oasis: the Euphrates is a fine river, and fine rivers make fine cities; but one could think of no other excuse for a city on that spot.

On the 28th I wrote my name in the King's book, and met an Afghan who had studied under Browne: to him I showed the Arabic letter E. G. B. wrote to me in 1903, which I was carrying as a mascot. In the afternoon we drove to the European cemetery, and laid some roses on the grave of Gertrude Bell. The Arabic inscription did not stand out as well as it should, and did not look as if it would be legible for long. I told Lady Bell of this visit, and in her letter in reply she mentioned that, once when Gertrude Bell was passing that cemetery with her cousin, she said: 'That is where I should like to lie.'

An evening reception given by Muzahim Beg Pachachi, attended by poets, historians, philosophers, journalists, etc., the guests grouped at tables of eight to ten persons, I passing from table to table. The entire intelligentsia of Baghdad seemed to be there, and a very fine set of brains they made. We discussed Latin letters for Arabic, Omar Khayyam, progress, poetry and inspiration, etc., etc., in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, with a little French and English thrown in.

On the 29th Sydney Smith, at the museum founded by Gertrude Bell, showed us the Kish and Ur finds, after which Bishop and I visited Pere Anaslase in his church, and were taken up to the roof, whence we had a wonderful view of the city. There is a minaret, covered originally with glazed tiles, which the researches of a young Baghdadi had seemed recently to prove to have been erected by Hulagu Khan: this view rests on a unique manuscript, a history of Mesopotamia, belonging to a certain Timur Beg in Cairo. Muzahim Beg called and took us to a tea-party in a house where we met a dozen 'Iraqi ladies, several of them very charming. They complained of the difficulty of taking exercise in the secluded life they lead. That night we dined where we met the Prime Minister, a most charming man. Our host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Drower: the dinner was given in honour of the School.

We intended to visit Ctesiphon on the 30th, but called that off because of a sandstorm. I spent the morning in Mackenzie's bookshop. The Bourdillons, with whom we dined, lived in an Arab house, which meant that the

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

drawing-room was upstairs, the dining-room downstairs, and the stairs outside in the courtyard. A sandstorm raged the following day also, but we drove to the bazar, and looked at the shops of the coppersmiths. Little boys do more than just blow the bellows. Our last dinner in Baghdad we ate with King Faisal and Sir Henry Dobbs: it was His Majesty's farewell to Sir Henry, and a very grand affair indeed. As the guests were leaving, the electricity failed, but the King, unperturbed, resumed his courtly adieux by candle light. In the train from Baghdad to Basra my wife and Bishop played bezique, whilst I read a borrowed *Wodehouse*. We reached Ur about 9 p.m.. Had we been 'good', we should have stayed here in a siding, and gone on the following day. I don't feel half the interest in ruins that I probably should. What interest me are the people, the life, the dress, the language, and in general the existing conditions. Speaking of dress, as during this train transit we saw more of Bedouin life than ever before, the Bedouin costume was a thing present to us. It is a long cloak, and that, one would say, is so unsuitable a garment in which to encounter a sandstorm; but no doubt they know best, and I expect a cloak makes a good tent at night. Its use is as much to keep out the cold as the heat; for during several months of the year the cold is terrible. The wind blows cold, and there is no shelter of any kind. If, too, one has to carry one's protection, it is well to wear it.

In Basra, in the Oil Company's premises, we found ourselves in a most comfortable house, with dogs and cats and a blazing fire. The view from our windows was the Shatt al-'Arab, and was lovely. Except for the steamers and launches, the shipping was as in the oldest illustrations—the gondola-like *bellam*, the sailing *muhayla*, and the *baghala*, a large boat with high poop and stern, reminding one of the Portuguese caraval. The opposite bank was densely covered with palm trees, the same that Ibn Battuta speaks of—'No-where in the world is there a town richer in palms.' Lunched with Mirza Muhammad Khan Bahadur; a whole lamb roasted on the table.

The Khan Bahadur wrote a letter to Sir Arnold Wilson after this luncheon, and Wilson, endorsing the letter, 'I think this account of your visit will interest you,' very kindly made me a present of it. For the high interest of it, apart from myself, I wish to give it here:

Basra, 3 February 1929

My dear Sir,

I am very glad to inform you that I have had the pleasure of meeting Sir Denison and Lady Ross to-day. It was a pity that they could not stay at Basrah for a couple of days, as I had intended to invite some 200 of my local friends to meet him and hear him lecture on Persian literature. However, I invited the Mutasarrif of Basrah, and the Administrative Inspector, Mr. Jardine, as well as some twelve other friends to lunch with him. I presented Lady Ross with a portrait of a Persian lady painted on the reverse

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

of a glass slab by a Persian artist, and I gave Sir Denison some four or five books on different subjects as well as two manuscripts which have not been printed as yet. He was very happy to receive these, and was much interested in an old manuscript, written some 432 years ago, of a book by Khwand Mir called *Dastur al-Wozara*. I had never come across this book by Khwand Mir, and I find that Professor Browne does not mention it in his *Literary History of Persia*. Sir Denison was delighted to see the book and studied it during the short time he was here. Another manuscript I showed him was a history of the Tatars by Abul Ghazi Muhammad bin Arab. He told me that this might have been translated into French, but he was not sure that it has ever been printed. He has kindly promised to make enquiries and let me know as regards both manuscripts.

Yours very sincerely,

M. MUHAMMAD

It was very cold in the morning in spite of the bright sunshine. I kept asking myself how the Arabs covered those huge distances with their armies, and how Omar should have thought of building a town on as remote a spot as Basra. What urge of conquest made them take possession of those vast desert expanses? Why have so many great civilizations been concentrated in Mesopotamia? Tabari explains that Omar ordered the mouth of the river to be fortified, to prevent the kings of Oman or of Hindustan coming to the aid of the Chosroe after the destruction of the Persian army at the battle of Qadisiya. This led to the foundation of a town at Basra, peopled by Arabs.

Nasiri Khusrau visited Basra in A.D. 1050. In 1534, when Sulayman conquered Baghdad and 'Iraq, Basra fell into the hands of the Turks.

On Monday, the 4th of February, in 'Abadan, I set foot again on Persian soil, having last seen it in 1897. There is, of course, nothing Persian about 'Abadan, an island that ten years ago was a mud swamp, and may now be called a super-mushroom. The river is full of vessels, mostly tankers. An Armenian named Gabriel, a man I read Turkish with in Calcutta, called. That was in Basra, before we left. In 'Abadan, after a garden party given by Lady Cadman, I lectured in the Club House on the Shirley brothers, to fill a gap made by the postponement of a concert there was to be in honour of Sir John Cadman. He had gone with a party to examine the port of Hormuzdan, and had been held up at the river bar on the way back. They had rather a rough time, but were men to make light of physical discomfort. I feel inferior in the presence of such men, being myself an *Unter-mensch*, and think too much of things of the sort.

I am reading volume ii of Gertrude Bell's Letters—the difference it makes to have seen Baghdad, and to have met many of the protagonists in the drama. What seemed dull and trivial to me as the reviewer of the book, is now of deep interest. A difficult thing to realize is the importance of the

tribes and the chiefs. One is prone to think power and influence go with towns and not with villages, making it difficult for one to imagine that the encampments scattered along the two rivers contain such powerful elements for good and evil. It is hard to associate Bedouins with political interests and ambitions. One is apt to class them with the ryots in India, caring for nothing but their paddy fields. The whole secret lies in the fact of the Arab tribal system, which has no equivalent in India, where only caste exists.

On Wednesday, the 6th of February, I visited a primary school, and was astonished at the brightness of the boys, sons of Persians working as artisans and labourers. I put questions on history to a little boy, and was answered without hesitation and with obvious interest. One of my questions was: What writing did the Persians use before the Arabs came? The lad answered: 'They "wrote" in *mikhi* (wedge) letters.' Then I asked: 'Was this used for books?' The lad answered: 'No; only for inscriptions like those of the Takht-i-Rustam.' In the fifth class they were reading English quite well> and in the sixth they were studying calligraphy in Persian, and here I had several poems recited to me, and afterwards very well paraphrased. I also visited the Apprentice Shops, called *try-khana*: that was most interesting.

'Abadan to Ahwaz (Nasriya) can be done by car in under four hours, but we, going from Muhammara in a stern-paddlewheeler by the Karun River, took thirty-six hours over it. It made a real live rest. My wife and Bishop played bezique again. In Ahwaz I visited the Shahpur Secondary School. The boys gave really intelligent answers to all my questions. Then called on the Deputy-Governor, my first purely Persian interview: I can only say I got on (the conversation was in Persian, of course) *tant bien que mal*: it is truly annoying to possess a big vocabulary, and yet to have to grope for words when engaged in serious discussion. We talked mainly of the progress made under the Pahlavi regime. I was amused to notice that *rah-i-a-um*¹ (railway) often becomes *rahcm*, a nice portmanteau word.

From Ahwaz to Fields, in a Dodge car sadly out of repair, by way of Dar-i-Khazina on the Karun, at the foot of the mountains containing the oil fields. Reached Fields after being six hours on the road. Dined with the Cadmans in their house about four miles away. The drive reminded one of an English watering-place, except that the flaming lights of the gas lit up mountains and sky like so many Vesuvii in eruption. I have been reading Curzon's *Persia*: it is amazing that the book, published in 1896, does not contain an allusion to oil, not even historical. Reading the book is now a great delight.

In the morning visited the larger of two primary schools established here by the Company. I was astonished at the amount these wild little boys, from homes which are but caves cut into the hillsides, had learnt in so short a space of time. One little fellow who could scarcely reach up to the black-

¹ *Rah-i-ahan* - road of Iron.—J. A. C.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

board, wrote a message of welcome in quite a neat hand. In another class the boys wrote a dictation, and the writing of some was so good that I brought away specimens. When the boys first come they are quite wild, having no idea of speaking correct Persian, or dressing properly, or of manners. After a month or two they become neat and disciplined, and behave as well as the boys in any primary school in England. What is to become of them, though, when their schooling is finished? Eventually the whole standard of living must improve, and the men must be provided for. This will give rise to serious economic questions, one fears.

On Friday, 15th February, to Shuster in a Chevrolet. Within some three miles we obtained a marvellous prospect of the old city, which we entered by two bridges. On a hillock by the second bridge is an old building, with a modern minaret stuck up against it. All the mosques have white steeples made in a sort of inverted honeycomb work, so that they often give the impression of village churches without windows. Driving through the narrow streets was uncomfortable in more ways than one; for Shuster is an intensely fanatical place, full of inimical-looking mullas. In front of the Governor's palace were three huge gibbets, said to be in constant use.

Thence we drove down to the river, where is the wonderful *band* built by Valerian about which so much has been written. To my mind far more wonderful were the water-mills. You obtain a clear view of them from a bridge. Below is a gorge with towering sandstone cliffs, and on either hand are dozens of little huts containing the grinding-stones: out of the cliffs on the left great volumes of water gush. It is a matter difficult to describe, and was difficult to make clear to one's mind even in the moments of watching.

Saturday, 16th February, was a red-letter day. All day long we glided slowly down the Shatayt and the Karun in the stern-wheeler *Bibiyan*, a vessel boasting the cook who served up the best lunch we had eaten since Paris, and a home-made cake for tea worthy of Rumpelmeyer. Just before reaching Band-i-Qir, in the high banks on the left, were remains of very ancient dwellings, including chimneys and fireplaces, which must have been cut through when the canal was made. I do not believe the site has been excavated. The bird life, including owls sitting in little holes in the banks, and the thousands of tortoises added greatly to the day's interest. The day went past like a wonderful dream.

At Ahwaz, on the way back to Baghdad, we were fellow guests at dinner with an old Dutchman named Peter, whose surname I cannot recall. He told us many interesting facts about Snouk Hurgronje, as a witness, in Jedda, of Snouk's famous pilgrimage. The original reason for that journey was to inquire into the secret societies in Java, societies with their headquarters in Makka. Hurgronje was therefore on a Government mission. After he had accomplished the pilgrimage, he was arrested, and sent out of the country, though then a professed Muslim.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

By noon on Sunday, the 17th, we were in Muhammiah, whence we motored across to 'Abadan. We were without plans, as the passes to Teheran were still snow-blocked. We wrote letters and re-packed, having reduced our baggage for Fields to eight pieces. We did nothing the next day but drive out for fresh air that in the event wasn't fresh. The next day blew a big-gun gale, and we didn't stir out. On Wednesday, the 20th, we left in a launch for Basra. The Inspector-General of Troops in Khuzistan, a very charming Persian, came to lunch: I didn't catch his name, but I know he was the son of the Zill us-Sultan. On the way from Basra to Baghdad we had good views of old Babylon, Alexander's palace, and the great Hinduja barrage, built for the Sultan, to whom there is an obelisk. The Bedouin life never palls on the observer. Yet one is more and more amazed at the utter pointlessness of this mode of life; its poverty, heat, and cold; Still the people have the appearance of being happy and jolly, and *joie de vivre* is a very real thing. We know, too, that the Bedouin looks down on all other modes of life. A race-meeting in Baghdad, spoiled by a sandstorm.

Baghdad to Teheran took the 24th to the 28th February. To Khaniqin in a saloon carriage, with breakfast on the train, was comfortable. By car from there onwards. We stopped *forjawaz*¹ at Qasr-i-Shirin, and soon after began to ascend the Paytak Pass, halting at the caravanserai at the foot. The way throughout was crowded with carts drawn by four and even five, horses abreast: passing these in the snow or slush was alarming. The fact that the pass had only just been opened accounted for there being so many caravans. We reached Kirmanshah at 5 p.m., and there, Ramazan preventing a morn-ing start the next day, we halted till 1 p.m. on the 26th. The conditions were intensely unpleasant. We had the worst of the three passes ahead of us, the Gardan-i-Asadabad:² on the way thither are the rock sculptures of Behistun. We made the pass between high banks of snow, without meeting a caravan, and reached Hamadan at 6.30 p.m.

The next day we set out at 10 a.m., and all went well (a delightful lunch in the courtyard of an inn) till some twenty miles from Qazwin a sudden bump pitched us both violently against the metal of the hood. My wife had three cuts round her right eye, but we stopped the bleeding with snow, and reaching Qazwin at 5 p.m. found there a Russian doctor, who dressed the wounds. He thought six stitches might be necessary in Teheran. I, sitting up alone for dinner that night, had a visit of an hour from the leader of the local Baha'is: he told me many interesting facts. From Qazwin we drove slowly to Teheran, where we arrived at 3.30 p.m. We were astounded by the hospitality that the Minister for Education had there prepared for us.

Let my wife now take up the running:

¹ *Jawaz* = a permit.—J. A. C.

² *Gardan* = neck.—J. A. C.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

'We are most wonderfully housed *chez* the Minister of Education, who belongs to one of the oldest and richest families of Persia, the Qaragozlu of Hamadan. We are installed in one of three houses enclosed in a spacious garden within high walls. I think our hostess may have vacated the house for us. It is a very handsome affair, sumptuously appointed, with beautiful carpets, divans, rich hangings, with embroideries and rugs on the walls, and many flowers, including lovely violets, arranged in French fashion in great *corbeilles*. Our host occupies a larger house on our left, and our hostess, who is Swiss, a pavilion at the bottom of the garden. She has been in Teheran six years, but seems to live in almost complete seclusion, having only Persian friends, and these her husband's relatives. She appeared some hours later than his first reception of us, but we then were startled by her beauty and charm. She is dressed *a la Europeenne*, of course, and has her hair, slightly henna'd, bobbed and waved in true modern fashion. In the evening, when they dine with us, she is in light summer toilettes, not d  col  tee, and seems to be delighted to have a little of our society. She has told D. and myself a lot of immensely interesting things about the life of the high-class Persians. She speaks Persian fluently. It is understood that we shall ask them to lunch or dine with us (in their own house!), which means to say, I suppose, that if we should have outsiders here, *she* would not come. This is difficult to explain; for the whole tendency of young female Persia is to abandon the veil, kicking over the old traces altogether. The recent Afghan disaster, however, has rather put the clock back.

'Her stories of her husband's estates in Hamadan are thrilling. He, the big landowner there, owns hundreds of villages. Passing them when they were all snowbound, they did not look as though they *could* produce a sou in the way of rents, but I suppose in the spring and summer hundreds of acres of wheat are produced, and she spoke of each village bringing in millions of bananas yearly. All the peasants owe a sort of feudal allegiance to him, and are employed by him in various capacities, on the estate, in the fields, house, stables, etc. On their arrival at their estate in summer all the peasants flock to meet them, and for the first three days are fed and clothed and paid in kind. Relays of parties of fifty are received in turn, and in this way hundreds are feasted. They come in, bringing their children, and all pay homage together.

'Hundreds of horses are kept in the stables, even in these days of automobiles. Our host rides about everywhere, *fait la chasse*, etc., but the Khanam¹ may indulge in none of these sports. She must devote herself to the life of the interior; cater for the poor and sick, and listen to all the cares and wants of her dependants. The women may not travel on horse-back, but are carried in a sort of litter, with a horse at the head and one at the foot, and with a train of servants in attendance. The long journey is taken in

¹ *Khanam* = d  titled lady, a woman of rank.—J. A. C.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

stages of twenty to twenty-five miles a day. In these Teheran houses only peasants from the villages owned by him are employed. They are changed constantly: after a year's service they are sent back to the country; for town life demoralizes them, and they become lazy and careless. But they are still retained in the service of the feudal lord, even when they marry, and their children and grandchildren receive provision in money, corn, bread.

'Great state and ceremonial are kept up, and once, when a son of the house married a daughter of the Shah, three months' feasting and feting took place, when thousands of pounds were spent. Treasures from all over the world were commandeered—carpets, stuffs, porcelain, silver. Kings and kings' representatives were invited, and housed in most lavish fashion. Before each person was placed a table laden with *argenterie*, fruits, meats, and spices in abundance heaped on all. Presents of superb horses, coats of honour, and so on, were freely distributed, and it would be safe to assume that two or three millions were expended on that occasion.

'Our host, the Minister of Education, seems to go into society rarely, and leads almost the life of a recluse. He is a very hard worker, and a lover of books, and is obviously not mixing much in European society. This is an outcome of the Nationalist Movement, which discourages mixing with foreigners on semi-political grounds.

I have forgotten to describe our *hammam*, a truly oriental affair, with an inner room into which I incautiously wandered the first time I used the *hammam*, nearly asphyxiating myself in consequence. The bath itself, square and very deep, is lined with real blue Persian tiles. A long way to get in and out of it, but very adequate when full. At the side are placed two large silver platters containing all sorts of sponges, loofahs, etc. The servants are all willing and faithful, if it is difficult to make them understand what one wants: being from Hamadan, they all talk Turki or a dialect thereof. One of them is very ancient, and gazes at me with bewildered eyes. They eye my wounds and criss-crosses of sticking-plaster curiously, and express a good deal of silent sympathy.

'Our hostess has taken to coming in a little before the dinner hour now. She appears about seven, and starts talking away, evidently enjoying the opportunity of telling us all about her interesting experiences. She is a Catholic, but evidently has been allowed to be in the *andarun*,¹ when a mulla came to tell the story of Hassan and Husain, during Muharram. She was not face to face with him, of course, but in an inner chamber, and when she described how all the women of the household and the servants wept bitterly and beat their breasts, when the sufferings and martyrdom of Husain were told, it was most graphic.

'Another custom, a curious one, she has told us of is that of young husband-seeking girls who rush about the streets begging a coin or two

¹ *Andarun* -the women's quarters.—J. A. C.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

from the passers-by. If they are successful, they buy cloth, and make a small shirt to carry about as a charm or mascot. The search for a husband proving successful, they make shirts, and distribute them to the poor and needy.

'After much arguing and many fors and againsts, at last our host has consented to go to a big dinner at Mr. Jacks', and to take his wife with him! This is really a great move, and in a way a triumph for us. Peaceful penetration I call it. The ice had already been broken in my taking her to tea *chez* Mme Timurtah, the wife of Timurtah Beg, the first Minister—the man of Persia; a sort of Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal combined, very attractive personally, and fully determined to make things "hum". He is much helped by his very pretty and attractive wife, an Armenian, who goes out freely amongst the European community, and is very *mondaine*. At her tea, in a house very luxuriously appointed, we met practically everybody in Teheran. At any rate, on Thursday, 7th March, the day of the dinner-party, I accomplished one boy scout action in revealing to the world M. le Ministre Karagozlu's very pretty Swiss wife.

'A visit to the American College proved interesting. The only fine modern building we saw in Persia, built in the old Sasanian style, it is most gloriously situated right in the centre of the magnificent amphitheatre of the snow mountains of Elburz, with Damavand, shaped like a sugar-loaf, the most impressive peak. There were about 500 students, and they seemed to be turning out a very good class of man, evidenced by the fact that the graduates are all able to find posts immediately on leaving. We watched a game of football. The Persians, like the Indians, take readily to games of this sort.

'The snow was beginning to melt a little, but at sunset, with that marvellously clear blue sky and changing tints, the effect was dazzling. Twilight was an affair of a few minutes, but those few minutes were some of the most beautiful in the day.

'March 9th was an interesting day, but it brought a disagreeable change in the weather to sultriness and airlessness. Mme Timurtah drove Lady Cadman and myself a few miles out to the foot of the hills, where there is a round, pagoda-like palace, the summer residence of the *prince héritier*. The view from its terraces was simply magnificent. The garden was pretty, but we were a little too early for the flowers. A walk we had, after dinner that day, in the garden of our host's house, a much older building, was one of the pleasantest things we had done. The garden very lovely, and a large lake, and the colour of the trees, ranging from a very pale beige through the most delicious soft pinks to the darker green of the pines, with the reflections in the water, made the place like fairyland. The moment just before the bursting of all the buds seems to be one of the most beautiful; but they told me that the full beauty of the spring is so marvellous that it passes all one's imagination. Lasting only forty days, the entire population gives itself up

to a sort of nature worship. Everything is green, almost in a night, and flowers and trees burst out together. The next day an almond tree was in full bloom just outside our dining-room window. It had happened in the night, and the sight of it, with the background of blue sky and snow mountains, was *inouï*.

'Mme Karagozlu spoke to me one day of her husband's work as Minister of Education, and how he had excited a great deal of opposition in the *Majlis* by advancing new views on the subject of education, and of the education of women in particular. He had been anxious to combat the tendency for the younger generation to learn French or English rather than their own language. He would make it imperative for all young women to learn Persian first *a fond*; to learn to sew, *a tenir le manage*, to cook, to do all the things necessary for the direction of a household and the bringing up of children. The rich ones would retort, saying they were not servants; why need they learn to cook, to sew, to darn, etc., when they had all that done for them? The opposite tendency—to go to Europe to learn the accomplishments that go with European civilization, jazz, tennis, bridge, etc.—he thought dangerous. The girl returned from her Paris boarding-school was apt to despise the old-fashioned ways of her family, to laugh at their primitive customs, to refuse to wear the *chadar* or veil herself in the streets.

'My hostess told me also a little about the *hammam*, where many ladies assemble to bathe, to be massaged, to dye their hair, and generally to beautify themselves. She remarked on my white hair, saying that no oriental woman, whatever her age, would appear in public with white hair. Even women of well over sixty dye their hair a wondrous black. A sort of paste is put on the hair; is left for half an hour to dry, when, lo and behold, a beautiful transformation. I thought of trying it!

'We visited the *Majlis* one night at 9 p.m. The business is conducted in a semi-circular building, with seats for the deputies arranged as in any council chamber. On a raised platform was the President's throne, and to each side of him sat a secretary, having the air of a judge on a bench. In front was a sort of tribune, which any deputy might mount and speak from. Not all did this, we noticed: some merely rose in their seats. Others spoke from the floor. About three hundred deputies were present, and it was interesting to note how very few mullas and mujtahids there were: we could see only four, all oldish men, wearing the turban and long robe.

'On March 11th I returned the call of the widow of Nasir-ul-Mulk, and met her son, the deputy for Hamadan. He told me about the *Majlis*; how the members are paid, though many of them are wealthy men; that there is a fine for non-attendance, but that most of the deputies prefer paying the fine to attending the sessions. There are no parties; the Government have practically everything in their hands: their majority is nearly always 98 per

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

cent, opposition in our sense being almost unknown. Mme Nasir-ul-Mulk remarked that she never mentioned politics in conversation with other Persians, regarding doing so as hopeless.'

In the palatial quarters we had been assigned we spent nearly three weeks, towards the end awaiting visas from Russia; for we had decided to return via Moscow. Of an evening we received visitors, mostly Persians, and many of them poets, and walked in the garden. It would be impossible to imagine greater hospitality than was shown to us, or a more delightful host than Yahya I'timad-ud-Daulah. Every day one or other of the young Persians attached to the Ministry of Education would call for me in the morning, and take me to see royal or private libraries. Teheran held for me two great surprises, both of which went to show how remote, compared with India, China, and Japan, Persia is from the radius of public vision, although her name is so often on our lips. The first was the number of cultivated men of the new Persian school of researches, and the other, the countless treasures of Arabic and Persian literature in the libraries.

The great event of our stay in Teheran was the interview I was privileged to have with His Majesty Reza Pahlavi, who, receiving me alone in his private study, discussed various matters connected with the encouragement of the study of Persian history and literature, and the establishment of a public library. His Majesty, standing six foot three, was a really fine figure of a man. His hair was grizzled, his eye keen, his chin firm; his manner simple and reserved, his voice soft and mellow. His personality left a very deep impression, and one could well believe that he was the guiding power in Persia, and the hardest worker in his kingdom.

The new regime in Persia was setting out to attain specific aims. One was the establishment of *nazm* or order, which*meant the introduction of official control where there had been none, and it involved as a preliminary, the learning by the people of the meaning of border. Another aim was the inculcation of a national spirit throughout the various races and tribes composing the Persians. To King Reza Pahlavi it seemed that a degree of uniformity in dress would contribute more to this end than anything. His Majesty devised the Pahlavi cap, which my wife has described, I see, as a 'not at all distinguished head-gear, singularly unbecoming to most'. It is the fact that it is true of this hat, as of all hats with the possible exception of the fez, that it suits some people much better than others; so that a man in Persia might be unbecomingly attired because of a king's wish. The cap had not been long introduced when we visited Persia; not long enough, in fact, to have stood the test of all four seasons, and men were to be seen who, in their reluctance to abandon the Arab style with its square cloth, yet anxious to please authority, just balanced their Pahlavi caps on the top of the others. The little boys in the schools looked charming in these caps, mostly

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

khaki-colour, with the school badge in front. The dress reform by law, I may add, did not stop short at the head.

One of the most picturesque costumes in the world was that of the old-time Persian peasant, consisting of trousers, a sort of frock-coat drawn in tight at the waist, with a full skirt, and a round felt cap-like dome, under which protruded his shingled black hair behind and at the sides. It is not for us, however, to *demand* that the East should be picturesque, and there is a feeling in Persia, just as there is in Turkey, that being picturesque in the eyes of the West is a political disadvantage. Perhaps this idea was at the back of the abolition of the fez as well as of the introduction of the Pahlavi cap, if the motives prompting these two almost contemporaneous hat-laws were quite distinct. Mustapha Kemal desired to remove the outward signs of Turkishness, bringing his people into line with the West as far as dress could, while King Reza Pahlavi desired a national dress that should make every Persian outwardly a Persian.

In Teheran I set up a lecturing record for myself to break, which I have not yet done; for I delivered three lectures on three different subjects, in three different languages. The subjects were: (1) the Persian language; (2) Persian poetry; (3) the encouragement of literary and historical research by Persians in their own country. The languages were English, French, Persian.

From Teheran we travelled to Moscow via Baku, and thence home. Afterwards I went to Paris, to lecture before the Societe Asiatique on our travels, and on the interesting manuscripts I had had the opportunity to examine.

In the winter of 1932 I revisited Egypt and Palestine, this time alone. In Cairo I was the guest of the Loraines, who were very kind to me. I spent Christmas Day in Luxor, when I drove to the Theban hills, where are the tombs of the kings and queens, the temple of Hatshepsut, the Ramesseum, the Medinet Habu, and the twin Colossi of Memnon, all of which I saw. That afternoon I walked to the Luxor temple, to spend two delightful hours, including sunset, in that building that recalls Amenophis III, Ramases II, and Alexander the Great. The temple was unlike anything I had ever seen. I was overwhelmed by the beauty of the Luxor landscape, which surpassed my wildest imaginings. The Nile, with the red hills beyond, made it indeed a country for Pharaohs. On Christmas Eve I had driven out to Karnak there to spend two hours with Chevrier, who, kindness itself, conducted me over the vast site. Karnak, perhaps the most impressive structure I have ever seen, passes beyond my power to describe. I was astonished to notice how much of the colouring has survived. The art of Egypt was pre-eminently polychrome. In the museum at Karnak are five large portrait heads of Akhnaton. On Boxing Day I went again to the Luxor temple, running into Bernard Shaw and his wife.

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

In Cairo I visited the Arab museum, the Theological College, where I listened to parts of lectures on the Traditions of the Prophet, Qu'ranic exegesis, and history, and the Coptic museum, to which I devoted two hours one morning, and had as my guide Markos Pasha, the wonderful man who had made the museum almost unaided. The Coptic wood carving I thought especially fine; some panels, with figures of men and animals, are equal to the best Sasanian work. There is also marvellous stone carving.

I had gone to Cairo to lecture, and during the ten days I spent there I delivered lectures on the East and West, Marco Polo, the Arabic influences in the Muslim world, the Shirley brothers in Persia in the reign of James I, and the collection of fables entitled *Kalila wa Dimna* (two jackals).

I had interviews with King Fu'ad, Sidhy Pasha, the Prime Minister, and Hilmi Isa Pasha, the Minister of Education. His Majesty gave me a very warm welcome, assuring me that what he wished to hear from me were criticisms. He did not want compliments, but I was too much a courtier to take his Majesty at his word. *Tai eu l'ambition, quand j'ai monte sur le trone,* he went on to say, *'d'etre parmi les cent meilleurs rois d'Egypte.'* His two great objects were: the independence of Egypt, with the help of England, and the African Institute. Provision would be made for a college of African studies, where all the students would live in comfort at the expense of his government. The university needed two more years of development before it could show signs of real progress. I remarked that it should have a whole-time vice-chancellor. The difficulty, His Majesty replied, was not to find *les hommes* but *un homme*. I laid before the King my project for an Academy dictionary. Something led His Majesty to remark that Ali Pasha was on good terms with all the Cairene communities, having as the leading surgeon *cut up most of the prominent representatives of each!*

The King was first and foremost an *Italian*. He had then, as comptroller of the royal public works, Yanucci, who exercised immense influence.

Points that came up in my interview with Sidhy Pasha, the Prime Minister, were the reform of the university, Lord Curzon's power of hard work and endurance, King Fu'ad, and his knowing everything; how he read all the newspapers, and often saw points missed by the ministers. Sidhy Pasha himself worked from 6 a.m. until dinner time.

Before leaving the Near East I paid a flying visit to Jerusalem, where in one day I visited the Hebrew University with Dr. Meyer, lectured, and dined with the Governor and all the leading Arabs in the city. His Excellency made a speech and so did I. I sat next the Qazi of the Appeal Court, who did not know a word of any European tongue. We discussed rare manuscripts, the Qazi telling me of many interesting ones he had seen, especially the autograph of *az-zaw'al Lami'* at Bayazid in Istanbul, a history by al-Bukhari, and one of Nishapur by Abd al-Ghaffar.

Visiting the Haram with Richmond I ran into the Grand Mufti and the

JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BAGHDAD, PERSIA

Shaikh ul-Haram, who were most polite, insisting on accompanying us. They even allowed us to wander about the Aqsa mosque, while the midday prayers were being said, and it Ramazan. Fine mosaics had recently been discovered in the mosque. Most charming were the many fountains at points in the rambling streets of the old city, decorated with fragments of crusader architecture.

On New Year's Day George Antonio drove me at seventy miles an hour in his Chrysler to Lydda: it was most enjoyable passing from the barren hills of Jerusalem to the orange groves in the Jaffa plain.

XX

The Persian Exhibition, A Persian Lecture Tour in America

The Exhibition of Persian Art, opened in Burlington House on the 5th of January 1931, was an event of great importance in the history of art-study in England, bringing into prominence, as it did, the idea of creating a Museum of Oriental Art in London. Never before, too, had so many examples of the art of Persia been brought together, and it is unlikely that so many will ever be collected again. The Persian Exhibition originated, as I have already mentioned, in a suggestion made by Thomas Arnold. That the exhibition he suggested eventually assumed the proportions of the great one England has known was due to Arthur Upham Pope, who had travelled much in Iran. He knew better than anybody else where Persian art treasures were to be found, and he had the insight and the courage to say that we could collect them all in London merely by asking for them. When he first laid his project before the small representative committee formed to create an exhibition, it sounded like a fairy-tale, but in the end we were lent nearly everything Pope had mentioned.

It is difficult to determine into how many periods one should divide the history of Persia, when considering the artistic output of that famous country. In a general way the history of the Persians may be divided into the pre-Islamic and the Islamic periods, the turning-point being the conquest and conversion of Persia by the Arabs preaching a new religion at the beginning of the seventh century. But that sub-division is not detailed enough for the student of Persian art. Ignoring the pre-Achaemenian art (it also was represented in Burlington House), the pre-Islamic period falls into the three distinct divisions of (1) the Achaemenid, from 560 B.C. to 330 B.C.; (2) the Greco-Parthian, from 323 B.C. to A.D. 220, including the century or so of Greek rule and the five centuries of Parthian, and (3) the Sasanian.

The most important feature of Achaemenid art was its architecture; but this, of course, could not be studied extensively in Burlington House. Of Persepolis, their chief capital, we had nothing to show; but from Susa we had some casts of the originals in the Louvre, kindly lent by the French Government. The most interesting of these was the capital composed of two half-bulls back to back, a type of purely Persian invention, **full** of strength and dignity. Achaemenid art was well represented by pottery, bronze vessels, jewellery, and engraved gems.

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

The only influence that the Greeks exercised was over the Parthians, and of Parthian art we still know but little. Indeed, the question of Parthian art is one of the most important problems occupying students of oriental art. The influence of the Greeks on the Parthians was well illustrated by the fine collection of Parthian coins shown in the exhibition.

After the overthrow of the Achaemenids a break occurred in the Iranian tradition, lasting down to the rise of the Sasanids in the third century A. D. There is very little by which we can connect Achaemenid with Sasanian art. The connection is cultural rather than artistic. On the other hand, Sasanian art produced certain characteristics that have passed down to the present day. Of course, it must be recognized that in the tenth century Muslim styles became predominant, and, as in the rare textiles of the Seljuq period (eleventh and twelfth centuries), there is a marked development of Islamic ornament, partly attributable to the substitution of symbolic figures for abstract and geometric designs, partly to the development of the Arabic alphabet for calligraphic ornament.

The four hundred years of Sasanian rule represent an epoch of greatness and splendour, and in nothing more remarkable than in the development of the fine arts. Architecture (of it, alas! all too little remains), pottery, metal-work, sculpture, mural painting, and textiles—all reached a point of perfection, and we were fortunate enough to be able to see and enjoy the finest examples of all these arts in Burlington House. Sasanian art has such very marked characteristics that the non-expert is able quickly to cultivate a consciousness of its outstanding motives and designs; for they are as distinctive as the music of Bach and Beethoven.

The Islamic period begins, historically, with the defeat of the last of the Sasanians in A. D. 641 by the Arabs: then for three centuries the Persians lost their identity as a nation. In dealing with the history of Persian art one is tempted, however, not to follow this chronology; for although Persia changed her religion from Magianism to Islam, the temple giving way to the mosque, the influence of the great artistic revival that took place with the rise of the Sasanians did not disappear during the long period of Arab domination, and when, in the tenth century, the Persians reasserted their independence, one of their ideals was the revival of Persia's pre-Islamic traditions both in art and letters. I should therefore be tempted to include in the third period of Persian art the early Islamic art down to the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century.

During the rule of the dynasties owing subjection to the Caliphs of Baghdad there were no intellectual or artistic frontiers in Islam. It was the fall of the Caliphate, the subjection of the Arabicized world to the Mongol yoke, and the consequent disappearance of the schools and studies of ^{the} Iraq, Syria, and Egypt, that gave the Persians back their independence, freeing them from the Mesopotamian technique of the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries.

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

Of course, one must never forget those elements of Sasanian art which have persisted throughout in the Muslim art of Persia, such as the angels in the spandrels of Taq-i-Bustan and the most familiar legends; but these do not amount to very much, important and obvious as they are. In the early pottery (ninth to twelfth centuries) I am myself disposed to find much in these Sasanian traditions that belongs really to Mesopotamian and Near Eastern art. We should also remember that Ctesiphon was a Persian city—indeed the capital of the Sasanians—and that it was situated opposite the Seleucid and Parthian Seleucia. Hence, before the arrival of the Arabs in Persia proper, the artistic traditions of Mesopotamia were before the eyes of Persian artists.

The powerful influence of Chinese art-forms on Persia, when she became part of the Mongol empire, is everywhere in evidence, and this influence became still more marked when the centre of royal patronage passed to Tamerlane and his successors (fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) in Transoxana and Khurasan, their close proximity to China making itself felt especially in painting and the other decorative arts. The fine carpets of the Safavid period are full of dragons, phoenixes, white cloud-bands, and other typically Chinese ornament.

In the days of the Persian Exhibition we still spoke of Persia. When the Shah determined that in future his country should be called Iran (as it always had been by the Persians themselves) I was so bold as to address a letter in Persian to His Majesty in support of the retention of the old name. Nothing, of course, could have come of this, and we are gradually getting used to the change. I may point out, though, that it is still correct to speak of the Persian language and the Persian Gulf. In ethnography and philology 'Iranian' has a far wider signification than 'Persian'. The following is a translation of my letter to His Majesty the Shah :

'May it please Your Majesty—As a life-long student of the Persian language, as a devoted friend and admirer of Persia, and as one who has had the privilege of being received by Your Majesty, I venture to offer a few observations on the subject of the names *Persia* and *Iran*. I have the firm impression that, if the European nations were to abandon the use of the name *Persia* and the adjective *Persian*, substituting for them *Iran* and *Iranian*, the glorious past and the universal prestige associated with the name *Persia* would undoubtedly suffer a partial eclipse, and all the many associations connected with such expressions as *Persian art*, *Persian poetry*, and *Persian history* would become a dead letter in our daily lives. That *Persia* should be called *Iran* by Your Majesty's subjects and by foreign residents and visitors to that country can call forth no objection; but I would most humbly entreat Your Majesty not to impose on foreign nations and languages the abandonment of *Persia* and *Persian*. That the name *Persia* is derived only from a small part of *Iran* finds an absolute parallel in the name

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

taken for England, which was so called after the Angles who formed only a small minority of the inhabitants of the country. Many countries in Europe are known to their inhabitants by a name that is not in use outside the country, as for instance Germany.

'My sole excuse for writing this letter is the grief I feel at the threatened disappearance of the words Persia and Persian from daily use.'

Another creation, a more permanent one, that the world owes to Arthur Upham Pope, not to speak also of the colossal *Survey of Persian Art* that owed so much to his devoted editing, is the American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology, founded in New York not long before the Persian Exhibition, with Myron B. Smith as its first secretary. One of his earliest activities was to promote a lecture tour for myself on Persian art and literature in America in the early winter of 1931, the year I reached the age of sixty. In these lectures I handled such topics as early Persian history, the Caliphate and the forces behind Islam, the Persian character, the Persians' love of metaphysical speculation, their love of poetry, the galaxy of Persian poets, the relation of Persian poetry to the miniatures, and the fables of Bidpai.

I went to America by myself, sailing in the *Europa*. Making twenty-six knots, one dark night she overtook and passed the *General von Steuben*, making only fourteen knots. As we passed her, they threw a strong search-light on her, producing one of the most wonderful effects I have ever seen.

In New York I put up in the Harvard Club, a building in 44th Street having five hundred rooms, all occupied by Harvard men, young or old. I liked my room very much, but often wished it was not in a monastery but in an hotel, with its bustle and its population of both sexes. A drawback was that the man in the kitchen never heard what I ordered on the telephone. If I asked for oatcake, he sent a poached egg; if I asked for rolls, toast came, and I never got hot milk for my coffee. The coffee itself was excellent, but they put only a little cream in it.

The tour ended in something like a triumph; but it began just as badly as possible. Gout declared itself in my right heel, and I strained a ligament badly in my right arm, trying to open a window. At my first lecture, a solitary one given in New York, I leant against a chair with my left hand, and stood on my left foot. Worse was to follow. Mr. Smith, by whom my schedule had been arranged, thinking only of enabling me to gather in as many dollars in the time as possible, had put me down for ten afternoon lectures in Princeton in a fortnight, and two seminars there after the lectures, and an evening lecture in Newark on one of the ten days. Meanwhile I must spend the mornings in New York; for the slides I should need were to be chosen, each morning those for that day's lecture, from the library of the Metropolitan Museum. I could not therefore betake myself to the inn in Princeton for five days of each week, and return to New York for the

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

week-ends. It was a programme for a box of slides, and I was a human being, gouty and lame. I had to be let off the two seminars; but I did deliver the eleven lectures, and then sent a cable to my wife, that she might know that I had survived the taxi drives to and from the stations, the train journeys, the long walks in the stations, and the many flights of stone stairs. The fortnight established for me that, as I had never before in my life been so put to it to get through engagements, so never again, in any country or circumstances whatever, could I have to live through such another racket. Without the devoted help of Mr. Smith and his secretary, Miss Dennis, who helped me to choose slides, and made lists of them for me, I should not have got through that fortnight.

Meanwhile, except that I could not get used to Prohibition, then in its eleventh year, it was absorbingly interesting to see America and New York; to visit the Morgan Library, a modern palace full of Old Masters and precious manuscripts; to be conducted over the Museum of Natural History, including the Fannthorpe-Vernay Gallery, by Roy Andrews of dinosaur fame; to be taken by night to the top of the Empire State Building to see the lay-out of New York in avenues and streets; to visit the Coffee House Club, the Colony Club, and the Knickerbocker Club, and to have showered on me "such hospitality as I had never imagined. It was November, and the weather was that of a fine English summer.

The time was a bad time to have chosen for a visit to America, because of the great severity of the trade depression, if there were effects of the depression itself which were an off-set. The people were gentler because of it, and prices were generally lower, and train fares, while even so there was more room for the traveller in trains and refreshment cars. Moreover, 1931 was psychologically an interesting time, certain peaks having just been reached, in literature for instance, and in politics, and in crime. It was not then realized in England how severe the depression was. No-one was spending anything, and the unemployment figures were appalling. All the rich people were organizing 'drives' to collect money for distribution among the poor during the winter months. People talked of nothing but the bad times, and all were anxious about the future, wondering what was going to happen next. It was very hard to squeeze any news, especially of England, out of the colossal dailies, which were about the size of six London dailies put together.

To add some details of my doings in New York: 29 October. The great bridges are most imposing. At 5.45 p.m. a short *bummel* round Washington Square. The sky-scrappers lit up are one of the world's marvellous sights. The greatest difference between New York and London is in the distances. The first thing I ate in New York was an oyster, which measured about four by two inches: nevertheless I ate half-a-dozen, for they tasted very good. One cannot, however, eat living organisms as big as that without feeling like a

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

cannibal. *1 November*, at 9 p.m. lectured on the Bahai's; a reception afterwards. *4 November*, an interesting dinner: met Finlay of the *New York Times*; also President of the American Geographical Society, Roy Andrews, and a lady, Mrs. Merrick, who once spent six months in Gyantse. *5 November*, lunched with Chester Aldridge at the Coffee House Club, a mixture of the Garrick and the Savage. Met a man who had travelled in Persia. *6 November*, among the guests at a perfect dinner were Rabbi Wise, and Schwartz, the German Consul-General. About forty people came in after dinner. Got home feeling none the worse, but I had had three lations of gin and soda. *8 November*, Lunched with Mr. Ochs, the owner, and with the editors of the *Times* at the invitation of Finlay: lunch marvellous, but only water and coffee. They turned me on to talk of India, China, Japan. Ochs most interested in my Chinese code scheme.¹ At midnight to the Hollywood Revels; dozens of dancing girls with next to nothing on: like sitting on the stage at a Folies Bergere revue. *9 November*, lunch with Colonel Gabriel. *10 November*, a comic lunch party in a house with no servants; red currant jelly, salted almonds, olives, tomatoes, and biscuits. With Hitti to the library in Princeton, where they have quite a collection of Arabic and Persian manuscripts. Met two of my student audience, and answered questions: nice boys; but I am out of touch altogether with my audience. *11 November*, dined with Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. Morgan, Roy Andrews, the Mordens of the Morden-Clark Expedition. Afterwards to the tail-end of the Burdwan dinner at the Waldorf: as I did not hear the call on me to speak, I got out of that! *14 November*, taken round the Museum of Natural History, the most wonderful of its kind, surely, in the world. It is thrilling to see the dinosaur nests as they were left ninety million years ago. There are complete sets of skeletons, from the embryo in the egg up to the full-grown dinosaur. A whole gallery is devoted to the Pleistocene Age, displaying all the animals with which earliest man was likely to come in contact. The Vernay-Fannthorpe Gallery is a dream of beauty.

I had dinner one night with a friend in a speak-easy: I had never in my life seen a smarter restaurant. There was one street full of speak-easies. There one could get anything one liked to eat and everything to drink. If Prohibition was a farce inside them, it was far from so outside: even rich people only gave one doubtful cocktails, which I never touched, and two small glasses of white wine. I lived chiefly on ginger ale, there called 'Canada Dry'. I tried, for long with no success, for a bottle of good brandy before setting out on my travels, and at last secured one for eight dollars.

I wrote home from New York on Sunday, 15 November: I did not write again till the 19th, from Burlington, Vermont. Meanwhile I had lectured in the college at Williamstown, in the art school, where they have three original bas-reliefs from Nineveh; had travelled to Boston, in bad visibility unfortunately, for there is fine mountainous country on the way,

¹ There is fuller mention of this code in the Appendix.

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

the Adirondaks; had met Ananda Coomaraswamy in the Boston Fine Arts Museum; had lectured, attending a reception afterwards in the English-speaking Union; had lectured a second time, after dinner, to a very appreciative audience in the Fogg Museum, and the next day had visited the Langdon Warner section of the Fogg Museum, where there were some small but real T'ang frescoes, and a number of other fine Chinese things, including the best horse and camel I had ever seen in a tomb set. Then back to Ananda Coomaraswamy in the Fine Arts Museum. The miniatures I thought very well arranged, and he has some good Demotte pages and automata; also a fine collection of Jain and Rajput miniatures. Then by train to Worcester, where I was driven to a pretty wooden house. The museum, with an endowment of four and a half million dollars, contains some astonishing pictures—Bellini, Perugino, Goya, Raeburn, Hogarth, etc. I lectured in a hall packed with women, young and old, and was entertained afterwards. By this time I had discovered that nothing bowled an audience over more than Persian poetry, read aloud or recited. I invariably fell back on that. In Boston the Langdon Warners were my hosts, their house reminding me more of my brother's household in Newcastle-on-Tyne than of anything else. They were most kind, and gave an interesting dinner-party for me after my return from Worcester.

As I have said, I did not write again until I reached Vermont: there from my hotel window I overlooked the lower end of Lake Champlain, and was within a few miles of British territory. There I had the great good fortune of three whole hours to myself. A time to go over in my mind, while writing my letter, my three weeks in America, and my few days out of New York. The three weeks felt like a life-time: none of the New England towns were in the least like New York: what struck me most was the old-worldness of everything domestic in them. I am sure I was finding America much more old-fashioned than Americans can ever find England.

In Williamstown, if I may go back for a minute, a charming undergraduate came up and 'interviewed' me, but not more that I 'interviewed' him. He told me a great deal about college life, and the fraternities, while I told him about India. That was a pleasant change for me after Princeton, where the timings of the trains gave me no breathing-time either before the lectures or after them, making me feel the course as so impersonal and inhuman that I might just as well have been the latest model of gramophone.

I have said nothing yet of railway travel: it is very different in America. The porters, all negroes, are called Red Caps after the caps they wear. There are no classes, but some trains have Pullman cars. When a man has seen your ticket in the train, he sticks a slip into your hat to show you have been checked. My own travelling was made disagreeable by the quantity of luggage that I had to have with me, as one living so long in suitcases, and being a lecturer. I returned from Vermont to New York with four suitcases,

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

a kitbag, a dispatch case, a book box, four boxes of slides, and two overcoats. I often tried to comfort myself, reflecting that a man lecturing on Persia is the last man to forget that a man is a polo ball, willy-nilly, hither-thither driven. True, it was the greatest experience of my life so far, and one must pay for experience. But to the heel and arm out of order on my setting out for Williamstown I had had the ill-luck to add a hoarseness due to a sudden drop in temperature and over-heated rooms.

From New York, where my stay was of the briefest, I made for Washington, where my kindest of hosts were the Michael Huxleys. On the journey I observed several eagles and large falcons. I did not immediately remember that the eagle is the national bird of the United States. In the train, though it was hot as in India, I prepared a lecture. I had Michael Huxley and the *Times* correspondent "among my audience in the Freer Gallery, where I delivered my first Washington lecture immediately on arriving in the city. The Huxleys, Ottilie the *belle* of the Diplomatic Corps, were very popular in Washington. That made my time just so much more delightful. Then, at the end of my second lecture, which was on Tamerlane and his successors, a lady came up and quietly told me her name. I said: 'Of Athens, Ohio?' It was a friend of my youngest manhood, whom I had not seen since 1893. By chance she had seen an announcement of my lecture in a newspaper, and had come, but not sure that the lecturer was the man she had known.

My wife meanwhile had been sent this letter by Ottilie Huxley:

27 November

Dear Lady Proff,

It has been too lovely having Proff with us this week. We will miss him very much when he leaves to-morrow. He has been the greatest success in Washington and everyone loves him, not just as a lion for 'social hostesses' but because he is so much nicer and so different from anyone they have known before.

If only you could have come too, and we could have kept you on with us. I think Proff ought to come again next year, and you with him. He read to us your description of going to tea at Buckingham Palace with Gandhi.

Proff arrived last Saturday very tired after his time in New York, with his strenuous programme of lectures at Princeton when he had to spend most of each day travelling between Princeton and New York. However I think he is really feeling more rested now, in spite of a very full week here. We have met several most interesting new people through him, amongst them Mr. George Myers, who owns the best textile museum in the world; it is semi-private, and very few people had even heard of it in Washington. Proff says a great number of the exhibits in the Persian Art Exhibition were lent by Mr. Myers.

I'm afraid I won't have time for more now. The lectures were excellent.

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

I enjoyed every minute of them. Prof! leaves for Philadelphia to-morrow, a lecture there, then on to Chicago, and through to Denver for a week.

Michael sends his love and so do I.

OTILIE HUXLEY

One day I lunched with Under-Secretary Castle, with Senator Root and his wife, Myers, President of the Federated Financial Board, and the Huxleys for fellow-guests. The talk was most interesting—of the colour problem, cinemas, England, and President Wilson's 'flop'. Dinner with Mrs. Bowen Merriman; one of the most curious ceremonies I ever attended: we sat, eight or ten persons to a table, at four tables squashed into a small room, and after dinner we became a *salon*. Senator Johnson asked me to tell them about India: being very tired and hotter still I did my best; but as soon as I could, I switched the discussion on to democracies and despotism. Wyndham Lewis made some pertinent remarks.

Of course, I visited the Library of Congress, where Dr. Putnam showed me so many departments that it would take a day to describe all I saw, and I saw the Mellon pictures and Myers's wonderful textiles and carpets. I should have been lecturing in Philadelphia that day; but under doctor's orders I had ca lied it oil. Another interest of the Washington time was a visit to a valuable collection of modern French paintings—Picasso, Cezanne, Renoir (*'Les Batellers'*), Bonnard; also El Greco, and I paid a second visit to Myers, to see more textiles. Finally I dined at the Embassy, and watched a football match between North Dakota and George Washington University; thrilling, and rough, and scientific.

In the Philadelphia Museum, feeling it a pleasant change not to be talking about Persian art, I gave an unrehearsed lecture on travel and adventure in Asia: it went far better than I could have hoped. In a club there I was able to rest for a bit before dinner, and at dinner there was Liebfrauenmilch 1906! At 9.30 there was a reception in my honour of all the intelligentsia, but men only, and there I met Dr. Rosenbach, the famous book-dealer, whom I was glad to get to know better. The host of that dinner, without warning me, announced that he was going to exhibit a selection of his Persian and Indian miniatures, 'when', he added, 'Sir Denison Ross will make a suitable observation on each.' The company of about forty then sat down on rows of chairs, while my host placed miniature after miniature on a stand, and I, seated in front, had to find something to say about each. The miniatures were actually of very poor quality. I had to catch a train about midnight, and Jayne, the Director of the Museum, drove me to the station, and saw me off.

In the train that night, travelling to Chicago, I had my first really restful night since landing in America. The next day, after breakfast in bed in an observation car (it had been one of the dreams of my life to travel in one), I

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

wrote home. I was to be met in Chicago by Henry Field, who was to take me to dine with John Carpenter, a friend of one of my London friends, and at 11 p.m. I was to go on to Denver. Seeing Chicago by night made me only the more eager to see it by day. I overheard a stationmaster speaking in Czech to some travellers.

At 7 a.m. on December 1st I woke in wonderful, snow-covered Denver, Colorado, and was transported to Paradise. The house of my hostess, Mrs. Grant, was six miles away. From my window I looked out at a white prairie leading up to rocky foothills surmounted by snowy mountains. A dear old Danish 'Biddy' looked after me like a nurse, carrying off all my suits to press, and daily my linen to wash. Also I had a bottle of whisky and soda-water in my room, and a colossal bathroom, with millions of towels and soaps all to myself. That is my notion of an earthly paradise.

Mrs. Grant gave a lunch party for me the first day, when I met a number of very nice people, including a lady who had often met an old flame of mine. After the party I was given a quiet time by myself, when I thought out the scheme for my four Denver lectures, and arranged the slides I should need. A grandson having arrived in Denver about the same hour as myself, we had lovely champagne in which to drink his health at dinner. The only drawback to Denver was the lecture hall: it was bad for sounds, but good for draughts. To jump from that to another topic, the Americans do give the impression, which so many people in England do not, of having worked for what they have got.

My excitements in Denver were such as driving home after the lectures, and what made that exciting was there being so many armed footpads about. My hostess always jumped the red lights, rather than pull up at lonely crossings. One day I was taken a wonderful three hours' drive—through red rocks, evergreens, hairpin bends, frozen snow, marvellous views, wild deer, buffalo, silver fox farms, blue jays, frozen trout streams. Another day a man and his wife, she a sculptor, drove in from a ranch fifty miles away, and drove me out to it and back again. The scenery was marvellous; the red rocks fantastic. My wife would have adored Denver, and I liked to imagine we might go there together one day. Up to now that has not come off. I hated leaving Denver, the more especially as my programme was: to Chicago, twenty-seven hours in the train; the next day to Detroit, and back the day after that to Chicago.

The time proved pleasanter in the fact than in anticipation. I spent the whole of December 7th in the Aristocrat train, bound for Chicago: never did I enjoy travelling so much. My compartment had every luxury, and next door was a restaurant in which I had a perfect breakfast. Two cars away was the observation lounge, with all the illustrated monthlies and weeklies, and the latest dailies. A radio programme continuously. The night before I sat up till 10 p.m., listening to excellent music. The trains gave me my one

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

opportunity of hearing good jazz played and sung. If I could only have come by decent pipe tobacco, life would have been complete. It wasn't kept in America, where they smoke mixtures: in that dry climate they turn to powder at once. How I longed for Player's Navy Cut Mild!

I slept the night of the 7th in the Chicago Club, which was quite the finest I'd seen in America. After visiting the Art Institute on the 8th, I trained to Detroit, dining before my lecture in a house in which there were dozens of Italian Primitives. 'God knows', I kept thinking, 'what Old Masters are left in Europe!' A reception after the lecture in the Art Museum, when we walked round the galleries, where the art of every country and age seemed represented. An especially fine Bellini and many Rembrandts. Then back to Chicago, where at seven I was driven out to dine. I longed for alcohol, but there was none; so, when at nine o'clock I rose to give a mixture of after-dinner speech and lantern lecture, and though it went *tant bien que mal*, I didn't rise to the occasion. Professor Breasted said charming things about me all the same, and everyone seemed quite pleased.

The next day I went to the Field Museum, and lunched with Laufer and Henry Field; most interesting discussions. Theodore Koch and another professor dined with us, after which they drove me out to Evanston, where I had a delightful audience. On, next, to a students' French Club, where I made a speech in French. On the 11th I lunched at the University Club, built on the model of Crosby Hall, with Kelley, second in command of the art museum. Watched squash racquets, and then to the museum, where we inspected the Chinese and Persian collections. Wonderful bronzes: Miss Buckingham's Sleeping Buddha is in a Han-tiled chamber.

The only drawback now was a lack of the roast beef of England, or a real American equivalent. My notes record a lunch consisting of a cup of thin soup, celery, and olives, crab on toast, *cœur cle laitue*, stewed plums, coffee, followed that day by a dinner consisting of thin soup, celery, and olives, a scrap of chicken, lettuce, bits of orange and grape fruit, coffee, nuts. I had a long cold drive after dinner that night to my lecture; a long walk, with frost on the top of sleet, to the building; a drive home in the warm car of some millionaire; a drink in my room, but to bed very hungry! Why not have asked him, the millionaire, for a steak, or a roasted elephant's foot? I ought to have done so. *Unberufen*, my gouty heel was a little better that day.

To return to my doings in Chicago: at the Caxton Club, on the 12th, I made a long speech on India. Professor Breasted also spoke. Everyone present seemed strongly in favour of British rule, as the only panacea for Asia. In the evening Henry Field took me all over the *Tribune* building, and I watched the Sunday edition being printed. Their skyscraper is far the most artistic I have seen. That Sunday I visited St. Chrysostom's Church, and heard an excellent anthem. Breasted then gave me two hours in his Oriental Institute. I had never seen any building for learning so luxuriously organized.

A PERSIAN LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

They had found traces of Stone Age man, I learnt, ninety feet below the present level of the Nile. I have brief notes of the visit; as, 'methods of producing absolutely accurate reproductions of texts and bas-reliefs; the bulls and figures from Khorsabad; the Assyrian cuneiform card-index—750,000 cards, and they aim at having two million.'

On December 16th, in the morning, I visited the Art Gallery with Kelley, and looked at the Indian and Persian miniatures. Suddenly I recognized a Goat, the miniature that I myself had once possessed, and that Luzac had sold for me in Paris long years before. Lunched with Kelley and Tyson, the chairman of the Oriental Department, more English-like than any American I had met. At a delightful club called the Tavern had my best dinner in America. Pheasant and 1911 hock. My lecture went off very well, and there was only one more!

Xmas begins early in the U.S.A.: all the streets were festooned by day and illuminated by night from December 6th, and the papers were full of Santa Claus. He has a much better press there than in England.

On the 17th I went to the university to lunch with Shapley; very interesting party: they wanted me to stay another day, and lecture on Marco Polo. The aquarium; a marvellous place about four times as big as the one in the Zoo; amazing variety of salt and freshwater fish. Then called on Rufus Dawes, in the administrative building of the Exhibition: most impressed by a scale model of a ninth-century Maya nunnery. My last lecture went off very well, and it was the last! To a theatrical night-club: all the well-known singers and actors were called on by name to come and do something before the microphone. I made a speech about 'Germerican', quoting *Tahiti*. The next day I helped Dawes to entertain an Armenian archbishop and bishop and other people. Then to the Field Museum, and went over several sections with Laufer and Henry Field. The next day I had three hours at the Niagara Falls: first the American falls; then to the Little Sister Islands, where we saw the most wonderful sunrise: my guide said he had never seen anything so fine. Then the Horse Shoe from the American side; then over the international bridge into Canada. The whirlpool, sinister and impressive: how could Captain Cook imagine he would get through? Then to the Horse Shoe from the Canadian side, the best view of all.

20 December, back in New York: lunched with Dr. Ackerman and Arthur Upham Pope; both very pro-Indian. Then to a Toscanini concert, he evidently in great pain in his right arm; but he didn't spare himself. Listened to stories about robbery under arms in New York in 1921: a grocer, behind the counter, was lifting a basket of eggs; a woman was standing on this side: a gunman entered; the woman held up her hands: the grocer, not wishing the eggs broken, and knowing there were only about ten dollars in the till, did not hold up his hands, and was promptly shot.

21 December, dined at a speak-easy, and then to*the *Band Waggon* at the

THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

New Amsterdam; some good tunes and pretty scenes. Fred Morgan, the Astaires, and Tilly Losch. Very risque in parts. We went round afterwards and saw Tilly Losch, who was sweet.

22 December. In the Pierpont Morgan Library with Belle Greene,¹ to look at *Munafi*. The Chicago page does not belong to the Pierpont Morgan copy; I think the handwriting is the same as that of the Freer Museum.

23 December. I have seen the Statue of Liberty, the entrance *canon* of Wall Street, and have found a shop at last where they sell *interwoven* socks. Took a taxi from the Central to 77 Park Avenue; i.e. the next block. Met Colonel House. At dinner met a man named Elliston on the *Monitor*, a Yorkshireman who has been much in China. Very good talk till late. Christmas Day, a wonderful *Bescherung* at the Richardsons; even I came in for three presents. Boxing Day, lunched with Ochs, the *New York Times* staff, and the head of Doubledays. Ochs is very keen that I should go on with my Universal Code.² Later to an exhibition, arranged by the lady who took me, of Diego Rivera's paintings and frescoes. Came back to the club at night, to find a group of men singing. They made me join in, and finally carried me off to a debutante party, a most amusing sight. The fashion of cutting in most curious. It can be done at any moment: you take three steps with your partner; a man stops you, and the girl goes off with him!

27 December. Syud Husain, whom I watched grow up in Calcutta with so much interest, spent two hours with me. He is a pure Gandhiite.

28 December. Dear old Williams Jackson, quite the most charming of all the scholars I have met in this country, spent half an hour with me.

29 December. A most successful farewell dinner; about 120 present. All my friends waited to see me off. Great fuss in finding my car at the Waldorf: thank God I made the steamer. I imagined the Fates had suddenly turned against me!

And in retrospect what of it alP.

Well, well; at any rate it was worth it, and I suppose on the whole I had a kind of success. I met many kind people and I have got to know something of one of the most interesting countries in the world. Yet I don't come away feeling pleased with myself. I had much good luck and some bad. At the moment I can conjure up only the failures and disappointments. Perhaps the other things will assume larger proportions as time goes on.

Apart from seeing my wife, what do I long for most on my return? English tobacco and lager beer!

¹ Director of the Pierpont Morgan Library.—J. A. C.

² See note on p. 215.

XXI

The Firdawsi Celebrations in Persia

1934

[E. D. R. did not live to write this chapter. There is a notebook, however, 'LONDON TO TEHERAN,' containing a record of his journey to Teheran, accompanied by John Drinkwater, in 1934, on the occasion of the celebration in Iran of the millenary of Firdawsi, the author of the famous epic, the *Shahnama*, or *Annals of the Kings*. From this material the chapter has been composed.—J. A. C]

LONDON TO TEHERAN

21 September. To see us off were: Ala, Horder, Barry Jackson, John Cumming, Arthur Pope, Lockhart, Rossetti, Angela and May Mond, Ottillie Huxley. Perfect crossing; telegram from Stella. Tea in train with a Swiss novelist; a good deal of bother with *douaniers*, in spite of *laissez-passer*; wrote draft of my small speech for Teheran.

22 September. 6 a.m. Marvellous sunrise in Simplon; the wonder of the Italian landscape; Lake Guarda, Verona, Padua, Venice; dashed down to Canal with John; reading Sohrab and Rustum in Persian.

23 September. Belgrade; Sofia; wonderful sunset.

24 September. 8 a.m., arrived Istanbul; met by Cook's man and a persistent young tout who wouldn't be got rid of. Drove to Pera Palas Otel (so it has it on its notepaper), and presently went to call on Morgan, the Charge d'affaires, and Colonel Woods, son of Woods Pasha, at the Embassy: Woods drove us across to Santa Sophia, where we had half an hour with Whittimore. Then to call on Aziz Beg at the Eski Saray, but we just missed him. John and I spent a short time in the museums, and saw the great sarcophagus of Alexander (so-called). Then back to Pera, and to lunch (lovely borstch) at the Regence, an excellent open-air cafe kept by Russian refugees. J. D. having gone off with the Woods, I set out by myself for the Evkaf and Bayazid (*Saha'if ul-Akbar*); a most delightful afternoon, ending up with a visit to the now dilapidated Valida Khan. Formerly the caravanserai in which the rich Persian merchants lived, it is now a tumble-down series of huts and houses inhabited by the poorest of the poor, mostly Azerbaijanians. Mahmud Kemal, the old man in charge of the Evkaf Museum, received me very kindly, but made no suggestion of showing me the museum, which was closed. I had an amusing conversation with his little girl, who said she was studying universal history. She knew a good many dates, and had heard of the Sumerians.

THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

25 *September*. I find it very hard to get into touch with the intelligentsia here. This morning, after visiting the Evkaf, where they have some fine illuminated manuscripts, and many old Qu'rans, including the autographs of Ali ibn Abi Talib and the Caliph Omar, neither of them, of course, genuine, I wandered all over the new university, without encountering a single person inclined to give me any help or information. No-one seemed to know where the scholars working on the language reform would be found. Thus I have failed in one of my main objects in spending three days in Istanbul.

What I have really enjoyed most is sitting in my comfortable bedroom, from whose window I can see Stamboul and some of its domes and minarets. I can quite well figure to myself that between 1893 and 1934 nothing has happened to me, and very little to Istanbul but the internal combustion engine. The return to ancient haunts can make one forget all between.

I had found the Gunthers at the Evkaf, and I lunched with them, Professor Whittimore, the well-known American Byzantine scholar, and others in an open air restaurant outside the Bayazid mosque. Dined with the Woods in the house I frequented forty-one years ago.

Whittimore had just begun to remove the plaster that, since the capture of Constantinople in 1453, has hidden the mosaics which adorned the walls of the great church of Santa Sophia. Great credit is due to Mustafa Kemal for his courageous liberalmindedness in allowing 'infidels' to undo the damage done in the past by the faithful. It has proved most fortunate for students of early Christian art that the destructive activities of the Muslims, in the case of mural paintings and mosaics, were confined to covering them over with plaster. Frescoes, it is true, have in cases suffered irreparable damage, but mosaics under skilful treatment can be restored almost to their pristine freshness. The mosaics in the great mosque in Damascus, dating from the eighth century, which thanks to the skill of French archaeologists have been purged of the plaster, are probably in a far better state of preservation than if they had never been concealed.

26 *September*. Sitting yesterday in a cold wind in a cafe, I caught a chill; so this morning felt too rotten to go out, yet plucked up enough courage after *cafe complet* with J. D. to sally forth to Santa Sophia, where I had a look at the library, and saw two interesting books. Then went up the winding passage to the galleries, where Whittimore is working. Saw the stone on which all the emperors from Constantine witnessed the two great ceremonies of the year. Whittimore allowed us to mount one of his scaffolds, where we watched a man at work picking off the three separate layers of plaster with which the frescoes had been covered. Then to lunch at Bayazid, where I met Khalid Beg Fuad and another deputy for Constantinople, who spoke Russian. My first contact with the Turkish intelligentsia—most interesting. Afterwards they drove me to Dolma Bahce, the most gorgeous

THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

and hideous palace in the world. It is where the Ghazi [Ata TURK] resides, when he comes to Stamboul.

27 September. Crossed by vedette to Haydar Pasha; the view looking back on the two cities is certainly the finest in the world, and the strange thing is that Pera makes as fine a show as Stamboul. Got off in our train very comfortably. J. D. and I had the only single compartments, and we don't know how this was managed. Of course, one sees nothing of famous cities like Konia. The bay of Smyrna (Ismir) very lovely; but the finest sight was the Taurus—twenty-five minutes passing through one tunnel.

28 September. Adana, an important trading town. A village called Jeyhan with a very fine old fortress in fair preservation. Many of the surrounding hills have forts on the top.

29 September. 8.30 a.m., arrive Tel Ziwan; hot wait in sun while luggage is being squashed into fourgon.

9 October. At this point my journal came to an abrupt end, and I can honestly say that from that moment to this I have not enjoyed a single period of comfort or ease. I have just moved from the palace of Sarun-ud-Dawlah to Mr. Jacks' wonderful house, and for the first time since I left home I am sitting in a comfortable bedroom, writing at a real desk. How shall I describe the days that are past?

29 September. A fairly good night at Mosul, in spite of cockroaches and serenading donkeys.

30 September. Set out from Mosul at 7 a.m.; the city seen from the other side of the Tigris is very lovely. We passed the mounds of Nineveh and a curious mosque on a hill called Nabi Yunus. About midday we lunched at the ferry across the Lesser Zab. Reached Kerkuk about 5 p.m., and much enjoyed lations of Alsopp's Lager well iced. We sat out in the open air till the train left at 8 p.m. Minorsky joined us here, having spent three days among his Kurdish friends.

J October. We had been told that we should start from Khaniqin at 8 a.m., and so, when we arrived at 6 a.m., we did not get up. The result was a terrible scramble, and had it not been for Mr. Robertson of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, I do not know how we should have fared. At the last moment I managed to get a cup of tea and two poached eggs. Then, in a new closed Chevrolette, with a first-class driver, at about 8.30 a.m., we set out over the Paytak Pass. At a newly built town called Shahabad we were received by the Governor, and given tea. Reached Kirmanshah 1.30 p.m., to meet the first of our hardships. The whole convoy drove up to the house of the Governor, whom I discovered to be my old friend, Dr. Ahmad Khan, and whom I embraced, not realizing he was the Governor. Up some steep steps to a stuffy room, where we sat in a complete circle against the wall, and said nothing. What we all wanted was a wash and a brush-up—but no such thing was provided. After half an hour we proceeded across the garden, and

THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

up three huge flights of stairs to the banqueting hall, where we found some things we could eat, and lots of Persian wines to drink. The Governor made a nice speech, to which I replied. We had trouble in finding suitable quarters for the night, though in the palace of the Mir-i-Kull, but at long last decided on a room with two beds and one tin basin which leaked! We promised ourselves a bath, but the hammam was so hot that one couldn't enter it. Before sunset we drove out to see Taq-i-Bustan, which is frankly rather disappointing, as it looks so much better in photographs. Then back to a long dinner, and the accompaniment of radio from Paris.

2 October. Set out early, as we were to make Qazwin the same evening. We stayed about an hour under the Behistun rocks. Many of the party clambered up as far as possible, but the best view of the Darius bas-reliefs and inscriptions is through good glasses from below. In Hamadan were received in the charming garden of the Shaikh-ul-Islam by the Governor; very good lunch, and a time in the garden round a big tank. Reached Qazwin at 9.30 p.m., and had a little dinner in the excellent room provided.

3 October. Reached Teheran at noon. The arrival disagreeable, as our chauffeur could not find the entrance to the house we were to stay in, and drove round and round the most impossible lanes, and when we did find our way in, there was nobody to receive us, as we were not expected till evening. It was a veritable palace, with huge sitting-rooms, but the bathroom (the only thing that ever matters) was most primitive, and the door could be shut only from the outside. A delightful 'retainer' did his best to look after us, but we had no real servant. So there was no question of having our things unpacked and brushed. We dared not open the windows for fear of sandflies, which did not prevent my being devoured as I had never been before. Hardly a spot on my body escaped during the five days we were there, and I seldom had more than four hours' sleep. Presently a charming little lady turned up, Mme Atabegi, the sister-in-law of Sarun-ud-Dawlah, whose house it was. Madame, who is Turkish, and whom I had known in London when her husband was First Secretary in the time of Nuri Isfendiyar, was most kind, and in the evening gave us a very good dinner, at which we were joined by Greenhouse, our guardian angel as before.

4 October, 9 a.m., opening of the Congress. I will not describe here how, that day and the following, we passed our time outside, this being a diary of the private lives we lived and not the public. The last sitting of the Congress was on the 8th.

9 October. Greenhouse has just given a delightful lunch for me, which included Fatih, Nafisi, Shafag, Minovi, and a number of A.-P.O. men. I had waked at 5 a.m., and had helped John to get ready to start. He was certainly much better than he had been for several days. I admired the pluck he showed in sticking to the Meshed plan, when so many others had turned tail. All the Majlis and many Ministers had gone to Meshed: they were to

THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

sleep that night in tents! Tea, at the Egyptian Legation, where there was everybody who hadn't gone to Meshed. Madame Nasir-ud-Din Qaragozlu, our hostess of 1929. The German Minister, Bliicher, is a Mechlenburger, and we had some talk about Fritz Reuter. Victor Malet, with whom we had lunched on the 6th, the day of the polo, asked about the Congress, and I think he was satisfied with the British contribution. Certainly nothing created so much interest as John's poem: it was published in a Teherani newspaper, of which I have secured a copy. With difficulty we got away from the tea-party to go to Nafisi's house, where I was shown some wonderful books, including a very old Sufi work called *Guzida*, of which I must remember to tell Nicholson, and a Sikandarnamah in a prose manuscript of the fourteenth century; also an extraordinary book on musical notation. The 'page' was filled with the 'notes', and in the margins were poems to be sung to the music. Something must be done about this! I also looked at a collection of Persian printed books from the time of Fath Ali Shah; lovely type worth reproducing. The earliest in date was a pamphlet called *Jihad-iyya*, dating from the Russo-Persian War. Had the Atabegs to dinner, when she told us all the preparations she had made for us in Sarun-ud-Dawlah's house, and how the two servants we were to have had, had fallen ill.

10 October. Left Teheran : in Qazwin lunched upstairs in the Royal Hotel, and renewed old memories: *nothing changed*. An amusing procession of three old men mounted on camels, the first in green playing a small drum, the second in white playing a clarinet, and the third in red playing kettle-drums with long switches. They were riding up and down the town collecting the children like Pied Pipers of Hamelin, and as we left we met them again with quite a large following: this was all in honour of Firdawsi. I had an interesting talk with a man in a shop and some young boys, and one of them asked me if it was true that there was an *anjuman* [society] in England for Omar Khayyam. I reached Hamadan at 5.30 p.m., late because of delays owing to leakage in the new car. Mr. and Mrs. Rezavi, my hosts, were most kind, and my quarters were delightful: they keep their own cow, and drink from their own spring. Hamadan lies 7,000 feet up, and I felt the altitude a little.

11 October. After a splendid breakfast of trout, poached eggs, and marmalade, I set off leisurely at 10.30 a.m. over the Asadabad Pass, which seems more dangerous every time one crosses it. Reached Behistun at 2.30 p.m. The rock, as one approached it from the north, which I had never done before, is like some magnificent animal, and one can quite understand Darius choosing it for his inscriptions. I ate my lunch in the shade of some trees, but immediately began to feel the effects of the sudden change from seven thousand to four thousand feet, and from cold to great heat, and on the drive to Kirmanshah I felt less well than I had felt since I started from England. Stopped half an hour at Taq-i-Bustan.

THE FIRDAWSI CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

12 October. Kirmanshah is very busy celebrating Firdawsi for a week. All the houses are hung with carpets (presumably borrowed), and the streets are full of men and women and children. In the evening there was a great display of fireworks and much noise and music. 3.30 p.m.: the foregoing note was written in bed, under a mosquito net. I set out this morning at 9.30, and arrived at Qasr-i-Shirin at 1.30, where I was met by Robertson, who gave me lunch in the rest-house, and then drove me to the Refinery at Khaniqin, where I now find myself in the most comfortable quarters. The Paytak Pass was to me more terrifying than ever. We passed a lorry that had just turned turtle. I have left Persian soil, on which I have just spent ten days. I have no desire ever to return, and as there is very little prospect of my being able to do so, this is just as well.

14 October. In the Taurus train. It is too awful to contemplate what might have happened to Conleneau and myself, if we had been delayed another half-hour on the road. The train started from Tel Ziwan at the scheduled hour of 7.20 p.m. The three hours' delay in arriving at Kerkuk was mainly due to the fact that our little engine had to drag twenty-five carriages and wagons, i.e. a passenger and a goods train. What Conteneau and I thought for eight hours, *but never said*, was: What will become of us if we miss the train?

Aleppo, a fine view of the citadel.

Adana. I descended from the train without a collar, sleeves turned up, when suddenly there approached a deputation of the local People's Party, Kemal Beg and Dr. Kasim Nctioghu. They had come to tell me that their President in Istanbul wished to receive and entertain us, if I were staying there. Nothing more gratifying has happened to me on this journey. On leaving Adana I was suddenly attacked by low fever, perhaps the after-effects of many sandfly bites, and for the next two hours was *en nage* as never before. I sat perfectly still, reading Marco Polo, and by dinner-time felt better.

Ismit, a large and prosperous-looking town. A wonderful sunset over the gulf. The refreshing sight of an expanse of water. 7.30 p.m., Haydar Pasha; met at station by Reuter's man. Pleasant trip across the Bosphorus in a vedette. Drinks at station. Thank God I am back in Europe.

16 October. In the train. I still find it hard to believe that I am safe back in Europe. Sofia; one hour's wait; for the third afternoon in succession I have a kind of low fever, which lasts about two hours; it does not make me feel ill, only unnatural perspiration. I have managed to do a good deal of Marco Polo reading during the day, when my friend Manshur, the advocate from Teheran, allowed me.

17 October, 5.30 a.m., Zagreb. It is wonderful to need bed-clothes again. Snow lying here. I am wearing my faithful 'woolly', having worn it only once before, at Hamadan. Manshur is a wonder. He beats even Minorsky at

THE FIRDAWST CELEBRATIONS IN PERSIA

talking. Anyway I am most grateful to him, for he has given me more opportunity of hearing Persian spoken than I have ever had before. He has also explained better than any one else the Persian attitude towards Firdawsi.

My attitude towards the Orient has undergone an entire change. I feel much more strongly than ever before the hopelessness of the climate of the Middle East. There is nothing to be made of Persia, and very little of 'Iraq or Syria, excepting only the coast towns. One has only to compare the landscape in Italy and in Persia. Did Persia or Babylon ever consist of anything more than a few large towns and an extravagant Central Court?

Paris. 8.30 a.m. Garc de Lyon. No Madame Minorsky. My two telegrams were evidently never sent oil from Venice, and I gave the *chef du train* a pound! I rang up Vivi, the Hotel de Londres, and Sylvain Levi: to the last I gave a rapid description of the Congress, and news of his colleagues. 10.20, Gare du Nord. Madame Minorsky and Vivi. Made the horrible discovery in the train to Boulogne that I had been given Conteneau's ticket from Khaniqin to Paris!! He, at the moment to be found in the Grand Hotel de Pera Palace, had my ticket. Had to pay to Boulogne, and will have to pay more to Victoria, but Cooks may recover for me.

My wife received this letter the following year from Ala :

Legation Imperiale de l'Iran. 9 July 1935

Dear Lady Ross,

I am requested by His Highness Faroughi, President of the Andjoman Athare Melli, to send you the warrant by virtue of which the Medal commemorating the Millenary of Firdausi has been conferred upon you. The medal, you will remember, was presented to you by me some time ago.

Pray believe me, dear Lady Ross,

Yours sincerely,

Al.A.

XXII

Scandinavia, Istanbul and the Turkish Language, Bonn, Oriental Congress

1936

[E. D. R. did not live to write this chapter either. The material for it is found in notebooks—J. A. C.]

SCANDINAVIA

Sunday, 22 April. Met in Hamburg by Eric Warburg and a young cousin, a girl. Having taken Eric to his office, the cousin (Elsie) took me a lovely drive along the Elbe. Called on the Swedish Mrs. Warburg, and finally Eric gave us an excellent dinner at the Vier Jahreszeiten, and then saw me off in my sleeper. While I could sleep all day in a train, I found I could not sleep at night. (Swings and roundabouts.) It was a rum feeling running on to the ferry-boat in a train, and still rummer when we got out into the open, as it was quite rough. At Malmo changed from the sleeper into a very luxurious first class: after a very pleasant day in that compartment, which I had to myself, arrived at Oslo, where I was met by the Secretary to the Legation and the officials of the Anglo-Norwegian Club. It was quite impossible to remember which of the three countries one was in; for, for the foreigner, it is hard to appreciate any difference in the people or the landscape. The language written up was the only guide. There could not well be a greater contrast than Scandinavia and the Near East, or even the Balkans. Here everything seemed *model*. The railway officials seemed like Cabinet Ministers, the station-masters like field-m Marshals.

I was driven to the Legation, where I was welcomed by Dormer and Lady Mary Dormer (not to mention the perfect butler): a lovely dinner (*mit Champagne und Schnapps*), the party including Sten Konow and the Rector of the university. Left Oslo at 10.30 p.m., and the next day, Wednesday, the 25th, pulled up the blind at 6 a.m. to behold the most marvellous scenery; snow-clad mountains and frozen fjords: as we neared Bergen the snow was less, and the fjord (Sorfjord) was unfrozen, and then I saw for the first time that marvellous reflection of the hills which one knows so well from photographs. Reached Bergen at 9 a.m., and was met by the British Consul; bummelled by myself (statue of Ole Bull playing the violin) till lunch, when I met Mr. Fege and the president of the Anglo-Norwegian Society. My lecture, at 7.30, dealt chiefly with medieval trade and intercourse between East

SCANDINAVIA, ISTANBUL AND THE TURKISH LANGUAGE

and West, with words concerning pepper and Vasco da Gama, mangelwurzels, and the glut of herrings caused in Norwegian harbours, when the fear of Attila, who had reached Poland, kept the merchants at home. After the lecture, to a party the president threw in my honour. Such parties apparently go on all night. I could sleep in the train to Oslo, which I was to catch, if I did, at 8 a.m. The Scandinavians are indeed lucky people. Prosperous, cheerful, clean, and free from all political cares: they can watch poor Europe tossing on its sea of trouble, and afford to take a purely academic interest in its fate.

Thursday, 26 March. Left Bergen at 8 a.m. for the most lovely railway journey I had ever taken, beginning with wonderful fjords and lakes, and continuing in snow-clad mountains. At Voss, after four hours by the edge of fjords and lakes, that day under a cloudless sky, the line began to mount rapidly to Fiske (only a station, with an hotel for winter sports: no village) at 4,000 feet, where I found myself in a land of snow-worshippers. The entire landscape was white, and I had to put on smoked glasses. I bought a pair from the guard, only that he would take no money, as I had given him half my lunch. The last came out of a box that someone, I did not know who, had sent me off with from Bergen: it held a half-bottle of Roderer 1923, a bottle of Hanso Bryggeri pilsener, a bottle of Evian, and sandwiches; chicken, beef, ham, and cheese. At every station crowds of people got in and out, all dressed in long plus-fours—even quite old women—and all carrying skis. Looking up my old Baedeker of 1882 I found not a single spot between Bergen and Oslo marked on the map: the ski had made the country, and the railway had made the ski possible; that is, for the English and American boys and girls who were everywhere, for the Norwegians themselves have always ski-ed. Reached Oslo at 8.10 p.m.; warm welcome at Legation, and kind ministrations of perfect butler. My only regret was that I was not at home to help in entertaining Ella Maillart, who was lecturing that day, I noted in my engagement book, at the Royal Central Asian Society. I had managed to pick up *The Times* of the 23rd and 24th in Bergen, and saw all about myself, not to mention quite a number of interesting articles! I was glad they had put in about my extension at the S.O.S. and Turner. A dinner party in my honour, including Sten Konow.

Friday, 27 March. Woke to brilliant sunshine and delicious air. At noon, after I had written down some ideas for my lecture, I was fetched to do some sight-seeing. Also the Dormers took me for a lovely drive up into the snow hills, when I saw the great ski-jump, but not the junpers! At my lecture, which was after dinner at the university, Sten Konow presided, and I spoke of the vanished civilizations of Asia, especially those of Central Asia. A most enjoyable little supper party afterwards at a night club, when I danced a little. I left Oslo the next morning at 10.55 a.m., and reached Stockholm at 9.2 p.m. In Oslo, during the sight-seeing in the forenoon, saw eighth-century

Viking ships, truly marvellous, and some old churches and houses. I was met in Stockholm by a charming young man on behalf of the Swedish-British Society: he drove me in the Legation car to the Grand Hotel, which was to be my home for four days, and which I thought the finest hotel I had ever seen. He gave me a perfect dinner, too, in the big restaurant (Royale) of the hotel, after which we sat up till nearly one o'clock, talking chiefly of fishing.

Monday, 30 March. Wrote my lecture, and went out to lunch with Admiral Lindberg, president of the Swedish-British Society, at the Operakallars: after lunch he took me a long drive round Stockholm. Tea-party given by Ellen von Platen;¹ a photograph of my mother on the wall. Gave my lecture, *Travels of an Orientalist*, in the hotel after dinner, the admiral in the chair, and the British, Turkish, and Persian Ministers present. A light supper followed; after it a short ballet was performed by five girls, members of the Royal Opera Corps de Ballet: I understood it was in my honour! Anyhow I danced a little with them. One was the daughter of a Finnish professor at Abo. Our hostess was Mrs. Odelberg.

Tuesday, 31 March. In the morning, at the Museum, was given two hours at Scandinavian antiquities by Dr. Arne (accent on the second syllable!); marvellous hoards of Oriental, Arabic and Byzantine gold and silver coins; amazingly delicate jewellery of the Vikings. At 12.30 called on the Crown Prince; had great difficulty in finding the entrance to the royal quarters; no-one could help me. T. R. H. kept me to lunch, at which we waited on ourselves, as at an English breakfast: he and she were very jolly, and we had a great talk about travelling in Persia. The Crown Prince showed me all his treasures, especially a marvellous Persian carpet, which has never been exhibited. I had intended leaving for Uppsala by the 3.10, but was only able to catch the 4.35. Met by a young *docent*, and taken to Zachrisson's flat, where his wife gave me tea. Then to an hotel, where they had kindly taken a room for me, and where I had an hour's rest before my lecture. I had great fun at it, chaffing Z., and I read them some Persian poetry and translations. Got back to Stockholm at midnight.

Wednesday, 1 April. Left for Goteborg, which I reached at 2.50 p.m. My lecture there the best run of them, chiefly owing to Nils Ohlin, the charming secretary of the society, Hellstrom, the president, and Karlgren, who took the chair: Morgensterne was also there. Very agreeable supper at Karlgren's house. I had had tea at 'Papyrus' with Mr. and Mrs. Hellstrom, where I was shown a splendid collection of Chinese antiquities.

¹ Ellen von Platen, who in 1911 had undertaken a journey to India, China and Japan for purposes of study, became more widely known as a visitor to hospitals and prison camps in Turkey, Bulgaria, Austria and Hungary during the Great War. She has since travelled extensively in Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, Spain and Portugal. Her book of war reminiscences, entitled *Ravaged and Salvaged (Harjat och Barjat)*, was published in 1916.—J. A. C.

BONN, ORIENTAL CONGRESS

Thursday, 2 April. Left Goteborg by *Bummelzug* for Malmo, when there was a chance of writing something in my diary, as we stopped at every bird's nest. The scenery most refreshing after the endless pine forests and melting snows of the north, the line following closely the sea border. At Malmo was met by the British Consul and a young von Platen, a nephew of Ellen von Platen; dined alone with the Consul; lecture afterwards; a smart audience with more pretty girls than I had seen elsewhere; a ridiculously small map, and the lecture was followed by Mickey Mouse and the Grand National 1935! Afterwards supper and a dance, which with the help of beer (I had dashed out of the *Bummelzug* at noon at a wayside station, and had hurriedly eaten something that made me feel poisoned) I managed to enjoy a good deal. I sat with an old friend of Uska's, who had come over from Lund, and danced with a lovely girl called Ingrid Smith.

Friday, 3 April. To Copenhagen for the seventh lecture; the British Minister there, and at supper afterwards; bitterly cold wind; interesting talk with Sloman.

Saturday, 4 April. Nowhere was my lecture more appreciated than at Aarhus—the eighth and last time! I gave one—though the audience was not, of course, big. There I met two men; one who had taught phonetics at the S.O.S., and another linguist who had lunched with me at the Staff lunch. I have forgotten both their names! They were terribly keen on a new branch of linguistics, which, however, they failed to explain to me; something to do with getting sounds and signs to the meaning of words.

Left Aarhus on April 5th; had just time with the Warburg family in Hamburg for sandwiches and champagne; had an hour and three-quarters in Cologne on the 6th; visited the Dom; as Mass was being celebrated I was unable to walk about, but I much enjoyed standing in that glorious spot. Aachen (Aix la Chapelle). I wonder whether anyone has ever called attention to the similarity of the churches in Aix with those of the city of London. Looking at Aix from the train, I had the impression of seeing all the Wren spires without the interrupting secular buildings that hide them in London.

Paris at 3.58 p.m. Drove to the Cafe de la Paix, and sat there an hour; then back to the Nord, where my wife and I were amazed to find each other on the arrival of the Fieche d'Or: drove to the Gare de Lyon, where we dined. We were to go for a cruise to Greece in the *Champollion*, sailing from Marseilles to Santorin, the Piraeus, Athens, Nauplia, Delos, Izbur, Patmos, Crete, and Syracuse. It was a very pleasant cruise, but uneventful. We dined in Athens at the Legation with the King of Greece and the Deodoch. That was very good fun: I sat on the King's left: the most memorable thing His Majesty said was that he sometimes felt like the Dalai Lama in Tibet. We shall long remember the interesting exhibits in the museum in Crete and the cathedral in Syracuse.

SCANDINAVIA, ISTANBUL AND THE TURKISH LANGUAGE,

ISIANBUL AND iHh TURKISH LANGUAGE

Istanbul, Tuesday, 18 August, 8.30 a.m. There is always a hitch somewhere; this time it has been an expensive one, as I had a new passport and *no visas*. The conductor of my train very cleverly and kindly managed to pay my visas through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria; but what is to happen about Turkey I still do not know. From Trieste onwards I had my meals with Deny, who told me much about modern Turkish. I expected to be met at the station, but not a soul was there. The situation was entirely saved by Alick,¹ who came with Tania and David. He had discovered that a room had been taken for me at the——, an awful hole: with infinite trouble he managed to arrange for me to stay at the club, where I have a really lovely sitting-bedroom, and a faithful servant, Joseph Kabul (!).

I have just received a visit from two charming Turks, one called Dilacar (linguist) and the other Mahmud. They had mistaken the hour of the train. They talked English far too well. I am beginning to wonder what opportunities I shall have of talking Turkish. The heat is Bengali in every sense, and of course there are no fans: there is, however, a nice sea breeze when one meets it.

Midnight. I have had the most wonderful day, but am far too tired to record it all even briefly. At ten o'clock Alick took me to the Embassy, where T had ten minutes with Loraine. Then lunch in Alick's flat. At 2.30 drove to Dolma Bahce, where I saw Professor Dilmen, the Secretary-General of the Turk Dil Kurultay. Afterwards drove along the Bosphorus beyond Therapia with my Austrian friend, whose name I do not remember, though I have corresponded with him. Back to the club, where many journalists awaited me. Then cocktails with somebody, when I met a number of pleasant men and women. Dined in the Park Hotel with the editor of *Tan (Dawn)* and his wife, and afterwards with them to the open-air music hall.

Wednesday, 19 August, 9 a.m. Visitors began to arrive before I had begun to dress, notably Ali Reza and Hussayn Darvish, both old friends of Edward Browne. 11.30, called on Mr. Tokugawa, the Japanese Ambassador, with my letter from Magda Luhasy.² He is a most charming man. Then to lunch at the Embassy. I sat next to Lady Loraine, who was most agreeable. Afterwards in the Embassy launch *Mukuk* to Prinkipo, where we anchored, while some bathed and all had tea. It was blowing half a gale. We returned at 8 p.m. The captain told me a lot about the mysterious tides of the Bosphorus. I had a long private talk with the ambassador, and did my best to amuse the ladies, one of them Mme Jevad, the daughter of Khalil Bey: her husband died while ambassador in Tokyo. Afterwards in a party of eight to the Russian open-air restaurant, and then to Taksim Gardens cabaret and

¹ Alick Ross, E. D. R.'s brother's eldest son.—J. A. C.

² A Hungarian girl who had been a student at King's College.—J. A. C.

some dancing. And so, at midnight, to bed. No mosquitoes so far, and so long as I keep out of the sun I don't mind the Meltschmerz! Have not yet found time to go across to Stamboul and see the mosaics, etc.

Le Kurultay. II paraît que je dois préparer un petit discours (*tez*) pour le Congrès, mais il est difficile de savoir sur quel sujet je puis parler. Je ne veux rien dire en fait de critique sur la nouvelle langue, mais plutôt sur les sources de la langue turque orientale.

Thursday, 20 August. (My journal has gone to pieces, and I don't suppose I can catch it up again. As I write it is actually Sunday.) At noon I saw H. E. by appointment, and had a most interesting and illuminating hour with him. We continued the long talk we had had on the launch, chiefly concerning the relations of Great Britain with the Near East. He would like to see an Anglo-Turkish Society started here. He told me of the large sums spent by France, Italy, and Germany on local propaganda, and of the poor support of any appeals he made to the F.O. At 8 p.m. I went round to the — hotel (where I was supposed to stay!) and took Nymeth and the Breslau professor across the road to drink beer, while I dined in the open air. We had a most interesting talk. Afterwards took a car to Toklatians at Therapia, where there was a big reception and ball given by the Afghans. I had the pleasure of running across Von Keller (he is Ambassador), his wife, and nineteen-year-old daughter.

Friday, 21 August. This morning was spent partly in Santa Sophia with Tania and David, Whittimorc being most kind to David. I naturally saw much more of this building than I had ever seen before. One very curious thing was the recently uncovered emplacement of the high altar, which is at an angle different from that of the huge prayer platform which for centuries has hidden it. Afterwards I went across to see Baxter at his dig by the Ahmadiya: he most kindly took me to the Yedi Kule and to the old church of St. John. (I have not referred, I find, to my first visit to Baxter's mosaics, in the fourth-century palace deep below the level of the mosque.) I brought Baxter and a charming young Turk back to the club for lunch.

Saturday, 22 August. A red-letter day. At noon I drove down to Dolma Bahce and handed over my 'tez' (written in French to be translated into Turkish). Then to Therapia, to lunch with the Iranian Ambassador. At four o'clock back to the Dolma Bahce to a tea-party given by Muzaffar Goke, the Minister of Education. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, in walked Ata Turk. I was thrilled to the core, as were the other foreign professors who had been invited. We moved out of the tea-room on to the huge verandah overlooking the Bosphorus. Ata Turk made me sit next him: the others present were Bayan Afat, Halil Bey, Samoeievich, Baxter, Arikan, Deny, an Austrian scholar and others. For two hours and a half we were put through the third degree in etymology. Ata Turk addressed most of his questions and remarks to me, and I replied in Turkish, or failing it in French.

SCANDINAVIA, ISTANBUL AND THE TURKISH LANGUAGE,

I was enormously impressed by Ata Turk, whose expression I watched most carefully the whole time. It was difficult to watch his marvellous eyes, which eat into you when he addresses you, but at times adopt quite a merry twinkle, or even wink. It would be with his left eye, and when making an especially astounding statement. The questions not addressed to myself he addressed to Deny or Somcilevich [*sic*], with Professor Dilmen as chorus and *claque*. During the whole time Ata Turk smoked cigarettes, having constant glasses of cold water to drink, and finally a cup of coffee. We in the front circle had as many cigarettes as we wanted, but nothing else. It was interesting to note the frequency with which Ata Turk used the word *efendim*: as a title this has been abolished, but it is used still for 'hallo!' 'do you understand?' etc., etc., and of course no-one else may use the expression in his presence.

We talked much about Tangri and the Uighurs. I mentioned *Burkan* for *Buddha* (Ata TURK made me write down this name for him) and Deny referred to *Fagpur*. I explained that the word *tan* (dawn) existed also in Chinese. We discussed the meaning of *Baghdad*: I told him the Mongols had taken the alphabet and much else from the Uighurs. I told him the meaning of *Khanbalig*: *balig*=town, not *fish*. I put in a special plea for the abolition of the 'i' without a dot, maintaining that this is only half a letter, otherwise we should have abandoned the dot in European languages. It is as essential to 'i' as the stroke to 't'. Bayan Affat [*sic*] reminded me of the expression 'dotting one's i's and crossing one's t's'. I pointed out that in writing most Turks put some sign or other over the dotless *i\ My suggested reform has been warmly taken up by the press. We did not break up till after 7 p.m.

Sunday, 23 August. Lunched with the Japanese Ambassador. There was only one other Japanese present, a student of Islamica *via* Turkish; a strange creature with a very heavy black moustache. Spent the afternoon at Therapia with the Von Kellers; a lovely garden and charming people. I caught some fish the size of sardines in the Bosphorus on a fly, with a reelless rod.

Monday, 24 August. Attended the first meeting of the Dil Kurultay, which was due to begin at 2 p.m., but by 1.30 every seat was taken: the heat was stifling, the only opening being the entrance, and all the candelabra blazing away. And to think that outside were the most lovely shaded gardens and a refreshing sea breeze. Very few races in the world have any idea of comfort. It does not occur to them to improve conditions, where this is possible, but they accept all that comes as inevitable. I had no seat reserved, and so I remained on the outskirts till the first interval, when I came away with a friend *en nage* as never before, and saved my life with cold lager and a state of nature. After dinner to a splendid Tyrolean party at the old Dutch Embassy (in the cellar of the Dutch East India Company). There I met Mme Abdul Haqq Hamid, a Belgian.

Tuesday, 25 August. To-day I went round to the Cercle de l'Orient and met again old Abdul Haqq Hamid. We talked much of old times, and parted



WITH MUSTAPHA KAMAL ATATURK AT THE TURK DIL KURULTAY
IN 1933

in tears. In the morning I had been to the Embassy, whence Colonel Woods drove me down to the Museum, where Aziz Bey was expecting us. He took me to the Library, where I was shown the famous album containing the fifteenth-century Italian engravings and many fine Arabic and Persian manuscripts. After lunch to Dolma Bahce: this time I found a good seat reserved for me, and I sat the whole ceremony out till 6 p.m. Ata Tiirk sat in his box at the side with Inonii and Fethi Okyar. Most of the afternoon was taken up by an elaborate exposition of the Gunes Dil theory by Dilmen. Never in my life have I listened to such undiluted rubbish. What does it all mean? Ata Tiirk is alone responsible, and he must have some very definite policy at the back of his mind. I cannot persuade myself that even the merest child can believe in these Gunes etymologies. To anyone with the slightest acquaintance with foreign languages the whole thing is insulting; it does not even amount to a 'leg-pull'. It is quite evident that the whole Kurultay, from the point of view of Turcology, has been ruined by this Gunes Dil theorizing. No-one dare talk of anything else. The newspapers are full of it, each editor vying with the others in praising it. One wonders what can be the end. The movement is primarily nationalist, and intended to make the people believe they are the greatest people in the world, and secondly it is, I think, anti-religious. The Turcologues have been brought here for purposes of propaganda, otherwise they would not have spent the money on our fares!

I had my Austrian friend, who talks every language, and Nymeth to dine with me at the club. N. holds the view that Ata Turk believes in his theory; K. has not yet made up his mind on the subject. I at present hold the view that he does not believe in it. It is all very pathetic, and almost tragic. I certainly could never work under such a regime, even if I liked the climate. I am enormously interested in the Turkish *Sprachgut*, and hoped the Kurultay would deal mainly with this subject, instead of which I hear nothing but etymologies which make me shudder.

Wednesday, 26 August. 2-6, Kurultay: gave Deny dinner at the club.

Thursday, 27 August. 2-6.15, Kurultay: met Miss Von Gabein, who professes Uighur and Chinese at Ankara. At seven, cocktails at Dixon's, and long private talk with H. E., who told me how he first met Ata Tiirk at Ankara, when Reza Pahlavi was here.

Friday, 28 August. Rested all day in my room. I find myself landed with a bottle of superb old brandy and 1,000 Saylar cigarettes, which I must leave behind!

Saturday, 29 August. Alhamdu lillah! It is all over. This morning I was in despair, not knowing how I could possibly manage lunch at the Rumanians and the Kurultay. I went, in drenching rain, to the Dolma Bahce; then to the Rumanians. Then in more drenching rain to the Kurultay, where I read my little speech, receiving afterwards many compliments on my pronunciation. Just as I was leaving Ata Tiirk sent for me, and thanked me for coming

SCANDINAVIA, ISTANBUL AND THE TURKISH LANGUAGE,

and wished me *bon voyage*. I got back to the club at 5.30, and with the help of the faithful Joseph Kabul quickly finished my packing.

The thing that moved me most of all that I saw and heard was the evening call to prayer from the minaret outside Alick's flat. It was a dark, cloudy night; the minaret was scarcely visible; the muezzin's voice rang out with all the melancholy of a dirge, above the clanging of tram-bells and hooting of motor-horns. It sounded like the last appeals of Islam to the Heavens; the last echoes of the Caliphate; the swan-song of the Faithful in Europe.

Yesterday I dined alone with Norman Roberts: a very pleasant dinner. He told me much about Shelley of the S.S.S., who lived here with him for eighteen months.

To-night I dined with Tania and Alick, Roberts, and Mr. and Mrs. Keney; then to the station, where we found Whittimore and Baxter, Ali Reza Bey, 'a gentleman on behalf of the Government,' etc. And so farewell to Istanbul! a rich historical album with half the pages torn; a city that is neither ancient nor modern, neither Eastern nor Western; where living is dear and comforts are rare. It is of those cities which make one feel that they have got a stranglehold on one, like Calcutta and Teheran. I am, of course, glad I made the effort, and it has all been a wonderful experience; but I don't want any more East.

Sofia, Sunday, 30 August. Met at the station by Bentinck's car, and given a charming welcome at the Legation. After a little talk he and Madame drove me out to a lovely little church perched at the foot of the hills called Baiana. This is a twelfth- and thirteenth-century Bulgarian church covered over all the wall space with frescoes in tempera and *a la fresca*, including a number of portraits of kings and queens of the thirteenth century. One of the most striking pictures was of the Child Christ refuting the doctors in the temple. We were fortunate enough to run into a real peasant wedding conducted on the upper floor of the church. We drove home by a perilous road, and there came to tea the chief priest of the Alexander Nevsky Church and Mr. X of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who entirely prevented my talking to the Bulgarian priest, who spoke perfect Russian and German. Dined alone with the Bentincks and Alick. Bentinck was three and a half years in Addis Ababa; then in Chile; now here, and is soon to go to Prague. What a rum roving kind of life. Alick has been transferred to Sofia.

Sofia, Monday, 31 August. Visited the Kram of Alexander Nevsky, a big fine church built by Ferdinand, and covered internally from floor to ceiling with terrible modern frescoes. Left Sofia at 2.30; found Major Harris in the train, and dined with him.

Budapest, Tuesday, 1 September, 7 a.m. First of all watched the work trains disgorge their crowds; then into the town, where I ran into Deny, not knowing he was on the train: lunched with him and Harris.

Vienna. Saw Selby on the platform: in the train made the acquaintance of

BONN, ORIENTAL CONGRESS

Godfrey Thomas, with whom I had much talk and dinner. He told me a number of anecdotes of the King's journey; I hope I shall remember some of his stories. And so to bed at 10 p.m. Thank God I am back again in the Occident!

BONN ORIENTAL CONGRESS

Wednesday, 2 September. Reached Cologne at 5.15, and caught a train to Bonn at 5.30. Everything like clockwork; taxi to hotel, where we were expected. Lunched with Herr and Frau Kahle; afternoon, Validi and Hiibner: dined with Thomas, and drove to Cologne to meet my wife. Delightful drive back with D.

Thursday, 3 September. Wedding day; spent part of the morning in the Beethovenhaus; lunched with Hiibner and Miss Hamilton (waited an hour for a dish that did not eventuate). 6 p.m. *Feierliche Eroffnungssitzung*; organ recital; speeches; lecture by Schader, *Die Orientforschung und das abendlandische Geschichtsbild* (a fine tribute to Edward Browne); after dinner attended Reception, when Fischer and Thomas made speeches.

Friday, 4 September. Lectures in Aula 9 from Thomas (on Chinese texts in Tibetan and other transcriptions) and from Haloun on Yueh Chi and the Scythians. In the afternoon my wife and I bummelled round poor little Bonn. Heard part of a curious Congregational service in the Dom. We dined overlooking Rhein, and were later joined by Bailey and Henning. Finally Versammlung in the Staatsgarten. I had a long talk with Ritter about Ata Tiirk and his slaves. He agreed with me that Gunes Dil will be allowed to drop, but he thought no harm would come to those who have preached it.

Saturday, 5 September. Almost in tears at the Dresdner Bank, trying to understand the 'Register Mark Theory*'. Lectures, Bailey very good; Glasenapp and Waldschmidt. Lunch at Lese, very good fun, coffee on the terrace. Hiibner called in the afternoon. Dinner with Gibb; Lenz and Fischer, 8 to 10.30 p.m.!

Monday, 7 September. Lunch to Bailey, Zeki Validi and Henning; restful afternoon; dined with D. at Ruland; lecture on Ancient Mesopotamia by Lenglu.

Tuesday, 8 September. Most interesting hour at the Real-Gymnasium. Direktor Schmidt talked frankly about the present status of the German schoolboy. He has to give two days a week to the Nazis: the result is that he is about one-fourth lower in standard than the pre-war boy. I took a class of *Ober Sekunderer*, and actually read with them a description of a Zeppelin raid over London. Their English reading is much devoted to English Imperialism; Seeley on the Empire, Kipling, etc. Back to the university: most interesting lecture on the decline of Coptic after the Babylonian invasions, and on the Berlin Manichaean documents. Lunch at Lese: I made a thank-you speech in German on behalf of the foreign orientalists. Hiibner and Miss Hamilton to tea.

XXI11

Lowell Lecturer at Harvard

1938

[E. D. R. did not live to write this chapter. The material for it consists of a very full record kept by Lady Ross from day to day.—J. A. C.]

In 1938 I again went lecturing in America, but this time at Harvard, where I was the Lowell Lecturer for the year. My wife accompanied me. We sailed in the *Queen Mary*, filled with admiration for her. Amongst our fellow voyagers were a number of refugees, released from or escaped from concentration camps, and having still a pitifully hunted look. I kept wondering what heroic deeds this or that one might not have done. We were not travelling in the same class with them, however. We lunched one day with Lord Duveen: it meant dressing up a little in what my wife called 'the Gulf Stream turned on in all its stickiness', although it was the 1st of November. The meal included caviare and vodka, the latter added at my particular request. We lunched the next day with Mrs. Lamont of Washington, the wife of a partner of J. P. Morgan. We owed the introduction (by telegram) to Sybil Colefax. Perhaps because a fellow luncher was Whitaker, a foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, the talk was political, and we had to begin to do what we should have to go on doing for several days—be very careful what we said. We paid a visit to the third class, enjoying that rather more than consorting with the millionaires! At the request of the purser I made a little speech at the end of the voyage on behalf of the seamen's charities, in the main lounge, and there and then about fifteen pounds was collected.

We rose the last morning at 5 a.m., as my wife wanted to see the Statue of Liberty and the view of the skyscrapers from the ship. It was foggy, but the sun came creeping up behind the Empire State Building, and it was a really remarkable and beautiful sight. The skyscrapers are terrifying, but really imposing, and they give New York an aspect entirely different from that of any other city. After lunch we bummelled in Fifth Avenue for a bit, looking into the shop windows. Then we went to the grand apartment of Dr. Ackerman and Arthur Upham Pope, next door to our hotel, and were shown precious Persian carpets, ceramics, and embroideries. But we nearly had a row over politics. They felt we were dishonoured, and had lost our last shred of prestige, and were sinking as a Power to the level of Holland. For two minutes my wife let fly, and the rest was silence.



SIR E. DENISON ROSS AND LADY ROSS
ON ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

At 5.30 Betty Hammond gave a charming little party for us in her apartment in Park Avenue, whither we walked, accosted on the way, in the half dark, by a Russian girl, who called out: 'Aren't you the Denison Rosses?' Dr. Trexler, Dr. Bevol, and a sprightly old woman made the rest of the party.

Saturday, 5 November. Visited the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art; a marvellous collection of the world's great treasures, purchased and given by the millionaire capitalists of America.

Sunday, 6 November. To Chappaqua to lunch with Lady Gabriel, and spend the afternoon. By train quickly out into the country, when pretty little low wooden houses made their appearance, and beautiful woods full of gorgeous yellows and reds, with a great deal of luxurious undergrowth. Lady Gabriel herself to meet us, and drive us out in a car. Miss Katharine Mayo and a friend came for tea.

7 November. A most exciting excursion to Wall Street, where we were received, in 40 Wall Street, by a broker, a friend of Geoffrey Hart, who took us over to see the old Treasury Office, on the steps of which it was that Washington made the Declaration. After lunch in a city club, we were taken to the Stock Exchange, which was a sight indeed. The floor was covered with crowds of buyers and sellers, with messengers running from booth to booth. Dined at Jack Lyons. My wife was served with a chop the size of a house, with trimmings galore, sausages, tomato, and something else, and a huge baked potato: off the last she eventually dined. I was served with a scallop, which I had to give up halfway through. J. L. was much concerned at our not doing better, and when we explained that we liked the food well enough, but not served in such a mass, he treated us to a brandy and Benedictine as a compensation, which was jolly nice of him. Then to Radio City, New York's newest and biggest cinema.

8 November. Rested most of the day, as my wife didn't feel well enough to face things, but we did manage to get to Mrs. Moore. She is one of the few persons left in New York with a whole house to live in. Upham Pope and Dr. Ackerman were there, and others, among them Clarke, the head of the Art Section of the university. Mrs. Moore has financed one doesn't know how many research and archaeological expeditions; keeps them all going, in fact; Pope, Herzfeld, etc. Her house is crowded with treasures from China, Persia, Babylon, Italy, everywhere.

9 November. To Boston; a great part of the line runs by the sea coast, and the sea runs in continuously, forming creeks and what sometimes look like inland seas. We passed through the scene of the terrific tornado of September 21st, where everything suggested a war-devastated area.

10 November. A few minutes before five we went over to the Library, conveniently near, and were received by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Ralph Lowell. The audience was like a Central Asian one in London; elderly

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

women rather badly dressed, men of the serious type, with a sprinkling of younger men and students; about two hundred in all. I didn't make the lecture too technical, and they seemed to like my light touch. It was an opportunity to speak of Mustapha Kemal, the news of whose death had just come through.

The next day, while I was gone, there was a military procession because of Armistice Day, and this my wife watched disband on Boston Common. The procession was followed by an afternoon dance in the hotel. Hundreds of young men and maidens came for it, in every sort of attire: the girls, my wife reported, were young, pretty, and well grown, and had all elaborately coiffured hair, and very short skirts. They came in couples, with linked hands or arm in arm, and all very 'matey'. No older people. Hundreds of other couples came in after dinner, the girls very smart, and all 'bunched' with sprays of orchid. The Grill Room at dinner was packed after the procession and a big football match.

12 November. Called on the Mr. Lowell: not finding him at home, we came straight back, and met him calling on us. He was oldish, very charming and cultured; a real Bostonian, quiet and distinguished-looking; too deaf, however, to attend his own foundation lectures. We were joined by a remarkable man, the representative in Congress of a ward in Boston for four and twenty years, who has endeared himself to the electorate, or so it appears, by never making speeches, being seldom seen, by making himself a myth, a legend, a romance.

Manners, my wife and I thought, were much better in New York than in Boston: we had the feeling sometimes that in Boston there is a certain prejudice against Englishmen.

14 November. Another lecture seemed to go off well: Mahmud anecdotage much amused a very appreciative audience. After the lecture I broadcast, and that night we dined luxuriously, our hostess Mrs. Schiaffi, in such a room as one sometimes sees in a Hollywood film. We had a good deal of music after dinner, when my wife made me sing.

15 November. Visited the Museum of Fine Arts; beautifully arranged, and not too crowded, so that one can really take in everything. We saw Ananda Coomaraswamy, who looked old and dejected, we thought. But no-one in Boston smiles.

16 November. Dined in Cambridge with Eric Schroder of the Persian Department of the Fogg Museum and his wife, driving across the Charles River, which was beautiful. It was too dark to make out the Harvard buildings. Fellow guests were Payne of the China Section of the Fine Arts Museum, and his wife.

17 November. The day of my third lecture; we dined with Mrs. Lovett, Lady Whyte's friend, the widow of a surgeon: in her house, where the dinner was perfect, we met at last the real, best of Boston. We were driven home by

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

Mr. H., a brilliant lawyer, who insisted on taking us into our own 'round-about', where we had Welsh rarebits, and talked till 1 a.m. This is what people come to Boston for.

18 November. Mrs. Lovett placed her car at our disposal for the day; so we drove to the Boston Athenaeum in Beacon Street, and met the librarian: it is a charming Boston old-style building, with a committee room, round, furnished in the old style, and a large barbican containing Washington's books. Then to the Boston City Club, where we had lunch with the British Consul-General. Then to Harvard, where we visited the Fogg Museum, spending two hours with Eric Schroder. Then to the Schroders' to tea, where we met some amusing people; a poet who was having a bath, an artist lady, another man; lots of fun and banter. We 'roundabouted' after dinner with Tinkham, the Congressman.

19 November. Had a long talk with a Persian in the hotel. The rest of the population in Newhaven witnessing the Harvard-Yale match (in drenching rain), which Harvard won by seven goals to nothing.

Sunday, 20 November. Had my boots cleaned for the first time since I left St. James's Court. At 2 p.m. Mrs. Lovett came in a car to drive us, through Cambridge, to Brattle, where we saw Longfellow's home. A charming suburb, with two-storied houses all in the same Colonial style, surrounded by small gardens. The white wood of the houses and the green shutters give it a pleasing appearance. Afterwards, through other small suburbs, to Concord, about twenty miles away. Charming houses again: Emerson's, and the manse where Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*: we walked to the bridge that the British defended, when the farmers left their ploughs, and came to fight them. We saw the original James Russell Lowell house. It was a day of soft colours and a blue sky. Very little sign of life, except for parties of schoolchildren brought on purpose that they might learn on the classic spot of the fight for liberty. All the animals shut up, and no bird life, but all still and seemingly dead. Home through Lincoln; again a charming place.

21 November. For my fourth lecture I had a still larger audience. In the roundabout, after dinner, whom should we find but Eugene Goossens and his wife; a warm greeting and much fun: Goossens had come to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he thought the best in the world, on Friday. He is conducting at Harvard on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, and we are to dine together then, and make it a regular beanfeasting holiday. E. G. does not seem too happy in America; he has had fifteen years in Cincinnati, and is paid well, but he has many encumbrances; so life with him isn't all skittles.

Tuesday, 22 November. Dined with the Constables, in their large and charming house in Cambridge. Constable told us many interesting things about the Americans: what had impressed him most were the good manners of the people of all classes.

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

23 November. Dined with President Lowell, and met Sidgwick, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Thursday, 24 November. Thanksgiving Day, a festival and general holiday. My wife was sent a box by Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz of the most exquisite gardenias ever seen; very big, growing on long stems. There was a sort of Lord Mayor's Show, with great dragons and turkeys, 20 ft. high, in a procession four miles long. There was besides a huge two-headed figure and a great big Mickey Mouse. Endless bands and comical figures. The Goossens gave us our Thanksgiving Day dinner; a fifth was made by the daughter of Mrs. Goossens's first husband by that man's first wife; so not a blood relation of anybody present. She was a student at Radcliff; and leftist, of course, and all for the Republican Party in Spain.

Friday, 25 November. My wife went with Mrs. Earle, Lord Maugham's daughter, to Goossens's symphony concert. They all drove back in the car of an old horn player, Max Hess, who was full of reminiscences and drollery. The snow was now lying thick on the ground. Booked by Mrs. Lovett to meet Dr. Briining, Germany's ex-Chancellor: we found him charming and very easy to talk to. We discussed the Germany of the older time, Strasburg, etc. He is visiting professor of political subjects here and at Yale, but he sounded terribly unhappy. Among the other guests was Mr. Bigelow.

Monday, 25 November. My lecture this Monday was on Tamerlane. A present of hot-house grapes. I went to Cambridge by myself; dined with Knock, and got back at 2 a.m.

Tuesday. The Gardner Museum is amazing. Imagine a three-storied Venetian palace transported to Boston, and filled with a life-time's collecting of Italian art. The great *patio*, with all the balconied rooms opening on to it, is kept filled with flowers according to the season: now it is decked out with banks of begonias and chrysanthemums, with a marvellous background of green nursery plants. The rooms are filled with tapestries, and masterpieces; examples of Botticelli, Bellini, Crivelli, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and the Primitives; carpets, velvets, furniture, porcelain, marvellously bound books, prie-Dieu's, altars. Also modern pictures; French, English, Italian; Sargent is represented by many pictures, and by dozens of his sketches; then heaps of Whistlers, etchings, and first impressions of Zorn. In one of the big rooms in the second storey was a portrait of Isabella Stewart Gardner, painted by Sargent in 1888: she looks forty to forty-five, dressed in black, with two ropes of pearls as a girdle round her slim waist. A curious face. There is a life of her that one ought to read, as she seems to have been an 'original': in any case the museum is unique.

Thursday, 1 December. My lecture was on Bayazid; tired after it.

Monday, 5 December. My seventh lecture to-day. On Babur. Most of what my wife called the old guard attended it.

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

Tuesday, 6 December. A perfect dinner-party, given by Mrs. John Coolidge in her lovely Commonwealth Avenue house, and good company, Boston's best.

Wednesday, 7 December. A lovely, sunny day. Young Eyres Monsell came to-lunch, and we had an interesting talk. It was difficult to put a name to what he is 'professing' in Harvard, where he has been for four years. It sounded like a fairy tale. The Westinghouse Brake people have engaged him to interview all the different grades of their employees, and find out what they like, what dislike, and wish changed; whether their domestic lives are conducive to content and happiness, etc.

Thursday, 8 December. My last lecture: it was exceptionally well attended. Met Mrs. Chandler, the sister of Marion Crawford; an old woman, but very cultivated and intelligent. Anthony Eden was to arrive, belated because of bad weather. He would have to be landed at Quarantine Station, and taken to Battery Point; a nice preparation for an important speech! We ourselves were to arrive in New York, coming from our different direction. We heard the finish of his speech to 4,000 people at the Waldorf Astoria: clearly spoken, if not exciting, and he must have been tired, taken off at Battery Point as late as 6.30 p.m.

Sunday, 11 December. Iris Barry, once on the staff of the School of Oriental Studies, now in films, and her husband, John Abbott, to tea. At 6.15 p.m. we left for Chicago. The North-Western Station was beautifully decorated for Christmas, and on a raised terrace was a girl playing Christmas selections on an organ. On the terrace were two Christmas trees and a small model church with a snow-covered roof. The dome of the church was open, and from within came the sound of beautifully sung carols, and sacred music, done on a loud speaker. At 3 p.m. we left by the famous '400' train: it does 400 miles in 390 minutes, and is the fastest train in America. At 10 p.m. reached Minneapolis, whither we were bound. Here I lectured to an audience of five hundred women, all cultivated and highly intelligent. After dinner we returned to Chicago: that is American hustle.

Wednesday, 14 December. Too tired to sight-see before lunch, but after it we visited the Institute of Fine Arts, another of the perfectly arranged American museums. An exquisite Buddha, some lovely printed textiles, good Persian pottery, etc.

Thursday, 15 December. Visited the Field Museum; wonderful. Saw the Chinese exhibits collected by poor old Laufer. Dr. Koch of Evanston, and the Herskoviches, to tea; great fun, though getting the tea served was a tussle. Left to ourselves, but we seldom were, we would think of what we missed in the country; as green grass, large trees, hills, no children playing in the streets, no animal life, no cats or dogs, no flocks of sheep, no herds of cattle: we had seen five cows in journeys covering 1,000 miles.

Friday, 16 December. Drove over to Evanston to lunch with the Hersko-

LOWELL LECTURER AT HARVARD

viches. At night I lectured on the language of this book (and better books) to an audience of 2,500 persons, after dining sumptuously in a room as hot as an oven, and being made to take the reputation of Mr. Chamberlain to pieces. William Montgomery McGovern, who went to Lhasa in disguise, and his wife were of my audience, and the Herskoviches.

Saturday, 17 December. Left for New York, after a morning with Dr. Koch and McGovern.

Sunday, 18 December. Lunched with Mrs. Murray Crane, and met Dr. Murray Butler; rather pompous, but a good talker and easy to get on with.

Monday, 19 December. My lecture in New York; the audience included a number of scholars, one of them Herzfeld, with whom my wife sat. The two compared notes on the subject of America. It was my last lecture.

Tuesday, 20 December. Bummelled in Fifth Avenue, looking into the shop windows. It was a delicious day; blue, clear sky, with a bite in the air. In the afternoon to see the most treasured pieces in the collection of Mrs. Christian Holmes; porcelain, bronzes, unique Luristans, Chinese gold belts, very rare jewellery from Peru, Tibet, China, Egypt, etc. The famous Lu, the Paris dealer, was there to do the honours, with his assistant, supplying dates and details of historical information. Then to dine with the Fletchers at Lafayette, one of the oldest eating-places in New York.

Wednesday, 21 December. Partook of the Round Table lunch of the editors of the *New York Times*, my wife present by request of John Finlay. Sir Richard Gregory a fellow guest. To Betty Hammond's at 5 p.m. for a cocktail, and once more met the two nice doctors, Bevol and Trexler. Dined with Iris Barry and her husband, in a charming old house at 221 East 49th Street, near the river.

We returned to England in the *Normandie*, after a flying visit to Washington, where we spent Christmas. Among others who sent us flowers in the *Normandie* was Katharine Mayo.

XXIV

Many Men

I have now to say something about a number of distinguished men: Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Laurence Binyon, Edmund Gosse, Walter Leaf, Edmund Dulac, E. J. W. Gibb, John Payne, Edward Heron Allen, Edward Marsh, Sir Arnold Wilson, Lawrence of Arabia, and Michael Arlen.

I do not remember when I became acquainted with Arnold Bennett, but I do remember that I got really to know him, when staying with Edward Knoblock at Worthing, in a wonderful house he had decorated in Empire style, as only he could have done it. From the first A. B. enjoyed teasing me, on account both of my garrulity and my proneness to lay down the law. He was one of the half-dozen men who called me by the ridiculous name of *Denny*, really my name as a little boy. Chaff or no chaff, I always felt I could talk better in front of A. B. than before anyone else I knew. He was not a great talker himself, if nearly everything he said was worth hearing. This reticence was partly due, one believed, to his self-consciousness as a stammerer. He stammered most over proper names: in the middle of a sentence running quite smoothly he would begin to spell out a name by its letters.

I suspect the firm foundation of our friendship was my wife's music. Of her he once wrote (not to me): 'As for her I have never struck anyone with her musical memory. She will not only play any classical piece she is asked to play, from memory, but she knows the accompaniments *and* words of all the classical songs, and she can play right through practically all operas. Very convenient.'

A. B. was devoted to music, and if he was never a skilled performer, he loved playing duets with a musical friend. He also had very fine taste in pictures, being himself a good water-colour artist. Probably his greatest artistic talent was his gift for handwriting. He took a sheer delight in calligraphy, and all his novels and his journal, which he wrote up every morning, were kept in that minute but legible writing immortalized in the facsimile of *The Old Wives' Tale*. His handwriting was not quite as small as Charlotte Bronte's, but it was legible and more beautiful. One other man who writes beautifully is Dulac, but he can do anything in the world with pen or brush.

We saw most of A. B. in the autumn of 1919, when we had the good fortune to spend a week with him on his 100-ton ketch, the *Marie Marguerite*.

The yacht had been decorated by Lovat Fraser of *Beggar's Opera* fame. The quarters in the stern allotted to us were as beautiful as they were comfortable. The other guests were Miss Harriet Cohen, the pianist, and a nephew of A. B. (it was to him that A. B. had written about my wife's musical memory). A. B. as host was as meticulous and precise as any handwriting expert might have judged from his script. A postscript in his letter to my wife about picking us up 'at Southampton or some other *abordable* Channel port such as Weymouth' read: 'I most particularly do not want you to bring *trunks*, because they won't stow into the hold. As much luggage as you like (you will have quantities of cupboards) but in manageable bags or smallish packages. And will you impress upon the Director that he will kindly wear India rubber soles and no heels on these sacred decks?' Nobody was allowed to skip more than ten times on the same spot.

The weather was so characteristically English that we never ventured outside Southampton Water, and even so we enjoyed a good deal of tossing. The chief distraction, when we were not talking, was tiddlywinks. In whatever else A. B. may have reached a high degree of perfection, it was in tiddlywinks that he excelled. His style graceful, his aim unerring, even when the table was counter-balancing the motion of the yacht, he was a master player.

I have a collection of seventeen letters and a postcard in A. B.'s handwriting. The longest letter was written because, at a time when I thought I must earn more, I consulted him. The letter is too long to give in full, but I may give these characteristic parts:

'You mentioned the idea of a bookshop. I don't think it is very practical. I suppose you would specialize in your own subjects. There are one or two booksellers firmly established in this line; it would take a long time to work up any competing business, even if you started with one already in being; and after you had worked it, I don't for a moment suppose that you would make out of it an income appreciably larger than your present one, if as large. ...

'Although I have never seen any of your writing, and although people who turn to literature only when they want money rarely succeed in getting the said money, I am fairly sure that you would make *some* money at literature. As I said, biography is the stuff to pay; next to this, something of a personal nature dealing with some large aspect of politics (using politics in the widest sense). You have both the skill to handle material and the extreme alertness of mind (not to mention your proverbial wit) which should make it very easy for you to be interesting and convincing too.

'Personally I don't think that you have yet fully exploited your committee. My belief is that if you reiterated your case for greatly improved conditions you would get something in about a year. Committees are always in the end influenced by the monotony of sober, mild iteration. The process is sub-



SIR E. DENISON ROSS WITH LORD HEWART

MANY MEN

conscious and has nothing to do with reasoning. Or, your improved conditions might consist in devolution, with increased spare time for yourself. You ought most positively to *insist* on being permitted to earn money for yourself. *All Government permanent officials are free to do this.* Assuming that you defied your Committee on this point, what do you suppose would happen? Nothing. The committee would think twice before attempting disciplinary measures. I don't agree with you that nothing can be done with your committee. A committee is an instrument to play on. Study the technique. You may think this letter rather cheeky. Mais que voulez-vous? Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin. I *greatly enjoyed* the Ross society. Mes hommages a Madame.

A. B.

On the 30th of March 1931 we attended the funeral of Arnold Bennett at St. Clement Danes. There were present many men of letters. Did anyone feel anything? I am more and more convinced that most people attending memorial services are about as indifferent to the occasion as the person who is being memoriated. So many of my acquaintance and contemporaries have lately died, that life has taken on rather the appearance of a war with its constant casualties. But it is really all so pointless and uncertain that there can be nothing to worry about.

A few days later, at Storrington on April 4th, one noticed the first spring day; birds and buds; the revival of Nature and for some of hope. It is a pity, I reflected, that we do not keep a New Year festival. It is the only festival in which all the world could join with understanding. It should be celebrated the same day throughout the world, though possibly the Antipodians might object. Surely this would be a good thing for the League of Nations to suggest? Even the Bolshies could not see any harm in that! And I would suggest April 1st, which would enable this day to recover its lost dignity.

I first made the acquaintance of H. G. Wells through a letter that he wrote to me; now one of my treasured possessions. I was giving a course of Central Asian lectures, in the light of recent discoveries, at the time when H. G. was working on his *Outline of History*. Unknown to me he attended one of the lectures, leading to his writing this to me:

East on Glebe, Dunmow.

11 May 1919

Dear Sir,

I have just seen a notice in the *Observer* of the work of the School of Oriental Studies. This brings me down upon you. I have been working for the better part of the year at a General Outline of History, which I began some time ago for the benefit of my boys and which has grown into a serious undertaking. My idea is that History is one, just as Chemistry is one,

MANY MEN

a story that has to be told as a whole before it can be dealt with in parts, and I have been trying to get the main masses of history at the right proportions to one another. Naturally I have discovered my endless deficiencies in such a task. I won't bother you with any particulars about the difficulty of getting the Ichthyosaurus, Julius Caesar, the Neanderthal man, Buddha and General French into one picture on something like the proper scale. One thing that does come out very surely and which does—if you will let it—concern you, is the vast importance of Central Asia and China in the story and the huge blank there is in our contemporary historical imagination in that respect. We get—I had—the Roman Empire perpetually out of drawing. It's only now that I begin to realize that the Tarim valley is of more importance than Jordan or the Rhine. But I find a lot of difficulty in getting any reasonably pre-digested source for such a big sketch of the whole of history as I am doing. I can't find a good general history of China at all and I have to patch together odd scraps of stuff from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and elsewhere to get any story of Central Asia and the European steppes between, say, Herodotus and A.D. 1200. I wish I could tap your knowledge in the matter of half an hour's talk . . . I don't know if you know anything of my work but we have, I believe, a mutual acquaintance in Sir H. H. Johnstone. I shall try if I can to get to some of these lectures of yours on Wednesdays. The *Observer* man, with the helpfulness of the literary ounalist, does not give the hour at which they begin.

H. G. WELLS

I was very proud to find my name among the few mentioned by H. G. in his introduction, and it has been a rare privilege to know him, as not to have seen him more frequently is a source of keen regret. Much as I enjoy his books, they are not to be compared with his conversation. His views and opinions carry conviction; for he speaks like a seer. No matter whether one agrees or differs, one feels his utterances are the outcome of more than experience matured by deep thinking. He certainly owes none of this impressiveness to his voice and mode of delivery; for his voice is pitched too high, and his delivery is the simplest of any man I know.

In Paris, in 1914, as I was coming home to work with others on the Stein Collections in the British Museum, I received the following friendly and helpful letter from Laurence Binyon:

*Department of Prints and Drawings,
British Museum.*

19 March 1914

My dear Ross,

Glad to hear you are back in Europe. I should have written at once, but am driven distracted all day.

MANY MEN

Yes, April 1st will suit me all right, or whatever date suits you; so if you would like to stay on a bit in Paris and work at the things there, please do. I have got the Stein show all planned and it is only waiting for the completion of the mounter's work. I shall finish the Guide in a few days, and then shall have to devote myself to the Morrison exhibition. So there is nothing that presses, if you would like to prolong your holiday—or work—for a week or two. The New Wing is to open on May 7th. I hope we shall be ready! It is the mounting, placing of cases, avoiding reflections, and all sorts of little unforeseen practical problems that take up one's time so much. But you won't be bothered with these.

You ought to have a really interesting time with the Stein paintings: there is years of work in them. You will no doubt have a good look at Pelliot's things in Paris, though I expect you know them pretty well already. And do look at the Tang pottery statues, which I think are at Worth's, 11 Rue Bleue. You know we have got a magnificent one, which will be shown in the Stein Gallery. Two others are being hawked about Germany. I forget if ours had come when you were here. I wish I could come over to Paris, and go round the places with you, but I can't get away (and have no money!). Bing and Vignier generally have some fine things, at still finer prices.

I should be glad if you could find out anything about F. R. Martin's 'Wu Tao-tzu' album of drawings (recently published), what he gave for it—it was bought in Paris, and whether he has succeeded in selling it. I offered him £150, and he said he wanted £5,000.

Well, I shall be glad to see you whenever you turn up. If you decide to stay on a bit in Paris, let me or Kenyon know. With very kind regards to Mrs. Ross.

LAURENCE BINYON

PS. Of course I am only showing about half the Stein paintings. If I don't hear from you, I shall look to welcome you on April 1.

When Binyon retired from the British Museum I wrote a paragraph, and I wish to give it here rather than write something now regarding the man I do not now know so well: whose present 'moment', I mean, I do not know so well:

'The resignation of Mr. Laurence Binyon from the curatorship of the Oriental Prints and Drawings in the British Museum will prove a serious loss to that department, of which he was practically the founder. Though Mr. Binyon's early training and experience were all in the domain of European art, he has made himself one of the leading experts on Chinese, Japanese, and Persian painting, and has published several important works on these subjects, in addition to the large output of poetry that has given

MANY MEN

him an established place in English Letters. He has done much lecturing, not only in England but also in America and Japan, and is shortly proceeding to take up the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard University; a much sought-after post, tenable for one academic year; a post held two years ago by Binyon's colleague, Mr. Arthur Hind.'

I had this letter from Binyon a month after the Great War broke out:

Polzeath, St. Minver, N. Cornwall.

4 September 1914

My dear Ross,

We are having superb weather and the place is perfect. But one can't really enjoy it, of course. I dream of the war at night, and it haunts me all day. Would you mind asking your friend at the War Office if there is any chance of the age for enlistment being raised to forty-five? If it is, I shall enlist. I am eager to do so. It is important for me to know because of cancelling my American tour. It seems as if England will want every man she can get.

Louvain makes me sick with rage. I have a great friend there, a monk. Shot, very likely.

Have you seen Lungdon Warner again?

Petrucci is in Paris.

LAURENCE BINYON

Talking of monks, Charles Kesteven would tell one that Binyon made him think of the Saint Sebastian full of arrows in the National gallery.

In the following letter Edmund Gosse offered me, and I was then a very young man, a piece of interesting literary work : I was unable, unfortunately, to undertake it:

29 Delamere Terrace, Westbourne Square.

26 November 1900

Dear Denison Ross,

I am pleased to be able to tell you that I am now free to ask you to write the volume on Persian Literature for my series of Short Histories. I am instructed to offer you £100.

If you are good enough to undertake this work, I anticipate one of the most interesting and valuable volumes of the series.

I must venture to impress upon you, as upon your predecessors, the absolute importance of keeping to the general scheme of the series. These are books, not directed to the specialist (although founded upon special knowledge) but to the general educated reader. It is therefore of value to keep always before your mind the broad lines of the subject, and not the peculiarities of scholarship, and to deal at length with the greatest and most characteristic writers, resisting the temptation to crowd the page with minor names.

MANY MEN

If you will look at Aston's Japanese Literature, you will see a book which is exactly the type of what I want.

It will be necessary, I think, to give a very large proportion of the volume to literal (but elegant) translation.

I am very sorry to hear from Philip that you are ill: I hope that it will not prove a bad attack of the horrid foe.

EDMUND GOSSE

PS. Please bear ever before you that *anecdote* is the very salt and pepper of literary history. I am not sure that it is not sometimes the meat as well.

Perhaps one of the most versatile of the men I have known was Walter Leaf, banker and Grecian; so much the scholar that it was hard to remember, when spending an evening with him, hearing him talk of every literature of the world and of most languages, that Leaf was a financier by profession. I spent many happy times with him in his beautiful house in Regent's Park, often discussing Persian with him. He had made some brilliant translations of the Odes of Hafiz; verse in which the metre and rhyme of the originals are preserved: some of these translations I often used, when late in life I became a lecturer on Persian poetry. Leaf had the gift of imparting information as if he were seeking it; of inspiring men with ideas while appearing to receive them. He was full of quiet humour, and one of the gentlest men I have known. The last time we were together was at a lunch in the head office of the Westminster Bank, of which he was chairman, and during the whole of the meal we discussed the Arabian Nights. He was specially interested in the use of the word *sesame* in the Tale of the Forty Thieves. As our discussion that day was cut short, we followed it up in a correspondence. One of Leaf's letters on the subject is:

6 Sussex Place, Regent's Park.
11 January 1927

Dear Ross,

By an odd coincidence I have just picked up the *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xlvii, 4 (Oct.-Dec, 1926) and find a full discussion of the phrase 'Open Sesame' by P. Haupt, p. 307. He evidently has an Arabic text before him, and says that it was 'heard' by Galland on 27 May 1709. But he makes no direct reference to it.

WALTER LEAF

Other letters of Leaf to me are:

16 May 1900

My dear Ross,

Maurice Hewlett wants a woman's name in Arabic meaning *Golden Rose*, something that will sound pretty in a story, I expect. Can you give him one? I don't even know the Arabic for *rose*, so I am no good. If Arabic

MANY MEN

does not provide a good name, he will put up with Persian. Could you combine Gulzann to make a name? If so, I should think that would do.

WALTER LEAF

5 March 1917

My dear Ross,

Thanks for your letter. I have talked about Sunnaiyat to my boy, who has been there; he always pronounces it with the stress on the second syllable; but then he knows no Arabic, and I gather from him that the army pronunciation varies. So that counts for little. I fear we shall have to wait till Miss Bell can tell us!

But in the meantime do write to *The Times* and at any rate put a stop to Sunna-i-Yat. They might as well write our noble city Lon d'On, on the ground that it is not so far from France! I call that rather a neat parallel. But it would be an unpardonable impertinence if I were to add my name to the letter, as though I were an authority. I think that a matter of this sort is just where the School of Oriental Studies might properly take a lead in instructing the public.

WALTER LEAF

I congratulate you on the success of the tamasha.

Edmund Dulac is a peculiarly gifted man. I am convinced that he possesses something like television, or rather telegnosis; for one who has not travelled in the East he conjures up pictures of China, India, and Persia which no amount of reading alone could give him. These countries, their civilizations and arts, are as real to him as to any man on the spot. Once at a lunch party he spoke to me across the table, pretending to recall a great adventure we had had in China. It was an exciting story of capture by brigands, of hairbreadth escapes, all evolved rapidly from his imagination. I did my best to fill in odd details, whenever he paused, drawing upon my knowledge of China. The company listened breathlessly, entirely taken in, and by the time our story was finished I nearly believed it myself.

I met Dulac first in 1914, when he offered his services in the Postal Censorship. Our interview was a short one. Three days later he sent me a wonderful picture in the Persian miniature style. I am represented as a sultan dictating to three houris holding long scrolls in their hands. A bottle of whisky and a tin of tobacco lie at my feet, while in my hand is a short briar pipe. So accurate is the way in which Dulac has caught the miniature style in subject and in colouring that all who see it take the caricature at first sight for a Persian miniature of the sixteenth century: only when they look close are they disillusioned. This picture is the frontispiece to this book. Another of Dulac's masterpieces in this mode is his Binyon as a Japanese. Dulac also made a brilliant caricature of George Moore in wax, fully

MANY MEN

dressed in minute clothes and boots. It would seem that there is nothing he cannot do with his hands, even to making a tiny oboe out of a bit of straw.

Dulac's gift to me of the picture was accompanied by a card (I treasure it also) in the most perfect calligraphy:

TEI. . PARK 532 8 7 LADBROKI ROAD,
HOLLAND PARK.W'

Fifty copies of the caricature-portrait, reproduced in colours, were distributed to subscribers, most of them my temporary colleagues in the War Office.

Three other letters of Dulac's follow, one to my wife:

To the Most August, Born-well-favoured, shining jade jewel of East

Central Lun-Tun, Exalted-beyond-compare Spiritual Father above all
Scholars in the Universe.

Respectfully beg to state:

The mean slave received letter from Mrs. Pe-Ting-Tun.

She likes insurpassably worthless portrait painted by worm.

She wants to purchase copy of it, and asked where to obtain it.

The unwholesome ant could give only inadequate reply.

Can the Transparent Face descend from Lofty Tripod and tell her?

Manifesting accumulated feelings of respect, the vulgar mongrel wishes
the Bright Pattern Wealth and Happiness.

Humbly bowing, considering his thoughts are known.

The 24th day of the 6th month

of the 4th year of the Great War.

15 June 1921

Dear Lady Ross,

Have you ever heard Walter Rummel play? Should you or any of your friends be dying to see a reincarnation of young Liszt smashing a Pleyel Grand will you get your tickets from me?

MANY MEN

Imagine me prostrate at your feet calling upon the Ancestors to shower innumerable blessings on the Jewel of Finsbury Circus and your Worthy Self.

EDMUND DULAC

The handwriting of that letter is even more beautiful. Why Finsbury Circus? Because the School, when the letter was written (15 June 1921), was there. Similarly, why I was 'of East Central Lun-Tun' was because Finsbury Circus is in London, E.C.

The third letter is:

9 February 1935

Father of Beacons (of Knowledge; no connection with Horeb. . . .).

The enclosed, in an African language that one might say was Ashanti from one of the words, is puzzling me. Can you or one of your slaves interpret it?

Tu seras bien ashanti,
and seven times I¹ hug thee
unto my manly bosom.

EDMUND DULAC

The poem, for it was verse, was found to speak of Ashanti porcupines, but perhaps not intending the fretful beasts but the men of Ashanti. All Dulac's letters are characteristic and amusing.

It was while my mother and I were living in Chepstow Villas that, with help from E. G. B., I got to know E. J. W. Gibb, who was also living there. Gibb, of well-to-do parents in Glasgow, was by some chance or another drawn to the study of Turkish literature. Though he had never been to Turkey (I don't know that he had ever crossed the Channel) he wrote as well as any Turk in their language. I possess a letter from him to myself in Turkish. Gibb devoted the best years of his life to that *History of Ottoman Poetry* that I have dwelt on when speaking of E. G. Browne. In the course of this history he translated many thousands of Turkish verses, always keeping the metre and rhyme of the Turkish. The renderings are sometimes quaint; for to find his rhyme Gibb might have recourse to Middle English, and introduce such an expression as 'blithe of blee' (*jolly*). Going often to spend an evening hour with him, I learnt much about Islamic poetry. He was a man of simple nature and exquisite taste. Of a limited range of reading, what he did read he knew and loved.

After Gibb's death in 1902, Browne, with the sum of £5,000 given by his mother, founded the E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Trust, for the publication of Islamic texts, thus preserving the memory of this gracious scholar. The original trustees were E. G. Browne, Guy le Strange, Jane Gibb, H. F.

Amedroz, A. G. Ellis, R. A. Nicholson, and myself. The first volume of the series was a facsimile of the Hyderabad codex of the Memoirs of the Emperor Babur, edited by Mrs. Annie Beveridge.

A memory of my early days in London was a visit to John Payne. It took a lot of arranging; for Payne hated strangers and visitors, but Arbuthnot, who took me, was one of his rare friends. Payne lived a hermit's life. In his bachelor house, downstairs, was a music room, and in it a cottage piano and piles of music, including the scores of many operas. He never went out, and hated travelling; but, such his devotion to music, he had just been, he told us, to Mainz, to hear Berlioz's rarely performed three-day opera, *Les Troyens*. His library, upstairs, contained a table, a chair, and rows of plain deal bookshelves.

Payne talked of many things; a good deal, of course, about the Arabian Nights, and Hafiz, and Omar Khayyam, whose works, both Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, he had translated, and the Villon Society had published; but his greatest enthusiasm of all was for the De Goncourts. For the brothers he had a special shelf. His one passion was for cats, and there seemed a beautiful Persian in every corner in the house.

A friend made in St. John's Wood was Edward Heron Allen. Meeting him first in March 1897, during the next six months I constantly went to help him in the revision of a literal translation he had prepared of the Bodleian manuscript of Omar Khayyam; the manuscript used by Fitzgerald. E. H. A., a remarkable man, had a curious career; his first beginnings full of experiment and adventure, and the rest full of experiment without adventure. In 1897 he was working as head of a firm of solicitors off Soho Square; the firm in which his father had worked before him. In his delightful house in Northwick Terrace he had half a dozen hobbies, doing whatever he did thoroughly. The first was cheiromancy (palmistry), a subject on which, all unworthy of so good a brain, he wrote as good a text book as was possible. Then came the violin, the history and the making of which he studied with his wonted thoroughness, even working for a time in Hill's famous shop in Bond Street. This hobby in its turn led to an admirable book on the violin. Allen's way was to combine routine with variety, leading to his study being full of gadgets peculiar to himself. He was, besides, meticulous in his every way, and thoughtful in all his friendships. He made almost a science of the giving of gifts. However slight the gift, it was always characteristic of the man, as the gift my wife found in her cabin in the *Mongolia*, the ship in which we sailed to India after our wedding.

E. H. A. married Marianna, the daughter of Rudolph Lehmann, the artist, the sister of Liza Lehmann, the composer of charming songs. She was a beautiful and warm-hearted hostess, and it may be imagined how much I looked forward to the work on the Omar Khayyam manuscript, which took me to the house. Without being a professed orientalist, to speak of that

MANY MEN

also, Allen rendered a very great service to all students of the ruba'iyyat; for by dint of hard work, making literal translations, he ran to earth nearly all the lines on which FitzGerald had based his translation, showing to the world that the English quatrains, while one of the most beautiful *single* poems in the language -although the Persian ruba'iyyat are so many *separate* poems (more, indeed, than one hundred and one; for FitzGerald has sometimes telescoped two ruba'iyyat)—although so modern in thought, and so intelligible to us all, are very close translations from the Persian. This is true.

E. H. A.'s next hobby concerned certain minute shells on the seabeach at Selsey, rejoicing in the name foraminifera; Selsey, in Sussex, being where he had built himself a house, called 'Nur-khana' (light-house); where his study was panelled in wood from old battleships. He devoted the best hours of the day to examining the shells, separating them into varieties, and giving these names. For this industry he received the coveted honour of election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. One of his letters to me speaks of his reading a paper on the shells. I trust he will not object to the publicity I cannot resist giving to one from whom I have learnt so much.

Mr. 'Eddie' Marsh is two distinct persons. There is the hard-worked civil servant, who has enjoyed the confidence of many of our statesmen, and there is the charming man of the world who is to be seen, smiling and care-free, at every first night and private view. He is well known as an amateur of the fine arts; not so well known as a poet. His versified translation of the *Fables* of La Fontaine is a *tour de force*; for, while faithful to the text of the French, Marsh has dressed the purely French humour of the Frenchman in English garb, even using modern slang where that helped the sense. On his Horace, of which one has heard as in preparation, one cannot yet speak.¹

Being in 1926 about to give a lecture into which I wished to work one or two of Marsh's translations, I was drawn into correspondence with him; hence this letter:

5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn.

23 November 1926

My dear Prof,

I enclose Walckenaer's list of La F. fables derived from Bidpay, and such of my versions as you haven't yet had. I am fairly pleased with all but *Le Berger et le Roi*, the end of which is bad, but I can't get it any better. 'Et, je pense, aussi sa musette' is, I think, one of the untranslatable things.

I see W. doesn't include *L'Enfant et le Maître d'Ecole*.

Of course Heinemann's are delighted that you should quote, it will be a great thing for the book.

EDDIE MAPSH

¹ *Horace's Odes*, translated by Edward Marsh, was published by Messrs. Macmillan in March 1942.—J. A. C.

MANY MEN

Bidpay is the reputed author of the fables in Sanskrit, the work from which 'Kalila wa Dimna' was derived (Kalila and Dimna are two jackals); for years a subject that I studied, and that I would lecture about. While on the subject of fables, I may mention that J. A. Chapman has tried his hand at verse translations, but of Aesop, not of La Fontaine.

Sir Arnold Wilson was a man of very remarkable mental and physical gifts. He belonged to the rare type of superman indifferent to heat, cold, and fatigue; his capacity for work was inexhaustible, his memory really remarkable. For some years Arnold held a responsible post in the London office of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; but his association with the concern went back to the day when, as a young officer in the Sikh Pioneers, he was sent on special duty to Masjid-i-Sulaiman, now known as Fields, whence the oil flows down through a hundred and fifty miles of pipe to Abadan. That established Arnold as a man 'known' in Iran and greatly trusted; so that people, as once Herzfeld, would write to him in their troubles, which in turn might become my troubles on Wilson's passing on the letters to me. Arnold, so established, and being of superabounding energy, was a natural choice as chairman of the committee that organized the great Exhibition of Persian Art in 1931.

On the eve of the departure of the Amir Abdalah from London (what year would that be? it was the year of the death of Lawrence of Arabia) I went to pay my respects to him. He was engaged, but I was asked to wait. Shortly afterwards I was invited to come and see the Amir. Entering the half-dark sitting-room I found the Amir in his Arab dress on the sofa, and by his side a private soldier; thin, clean-shaven, close-cropped. Not until the Amir told me did I recognize Colonel Lawrence, whom I hadn't seen for nearly twenty years. I passed a most interesting hour, while the two men recalled their exploits in the Great War. Lawrence had lost much of his Arabic through disuse, and, if he understood everything the Arab said, he had sometimes to appeal to me to help him out with a forgotten word. I walked away with him afterwards, when he told me it was his intention never to write another line.

To end the chapter with a letter from Michael Arlen.

Hotel St. George, Alger.

Friday

. . . Here I am very happy. My return becomes increasingly doubtful. Every morning, the writing of a novel. Coiling it out, coiling it round, trying to write well, durably, sensibly, trying very hard, and weeping childishly over the sacrifices that must be made in writing sensibly!

It is easy to say that London seems far away. But my life in London seems very far away, and I am so glad. But you and Sir Denison soar, pinnacles of my regret, above the snarls, the squabbles, and the shambles. You have been very sweet to me. . . .

MANY MEN

I am, of course, in complications here. We play tennis together every afternoon, on a tennis court especially erected for that purpose flat on top of a high hill; and thereon the temptation to make double-faults is almost more than I can bear, for as you serve from one end you look down on the curve of the sea, as blue as a doll's eyes, laced with white villages—and as you serve from the other, you face the long, the ever so long, line of the Atlas Mountains, and behind them there are white minarets, so that you say: 'Oh, look, the snow-capped peaks! My dear, how lovely!' And the line of hills gets bluer and bluer, until suddenly they are a deep purple, and by that you know that there is an end to all things, and you say 'Game set!' very swiftly, and lounge into the club-house to drink tea and to dance on a marble mosaic floor.

Oh, yes, yes, one does not grow old without fighting—one doesn't love without lying- one doesn't dance without a partner and one doesn't forever bore sweet friends!

I wonder if you will write to me again? I should be so pleased.

M. A.

XXV

Languages and Linguists

I find myself too frequently presented to strangers with a special label, saying that I speak such or such a number of languages. The number varies from half a dozen to all the languages in the world. This introduction is usually followed by the direct question: 'How many languages do you know?' I have never known what to say in reply. For, in the first place, it is necessary to determine what is meant by *knowing* a language. My own idea is that, when one can read, write, and speak a language accurately and fluently, one can be said to know it. Judged by that criterion, I may claim, besides English, to know French, German, and Italian, in a descending scale of proficiency. I can talk in French as fluently as in English, but certainly not without making mistakes in idiom now and then. I can lecture without any trouble, even extempore, in French; but I do not for a moment imagine it sounds like the lecturing of a Frenchman. Yet French, after English, is my strongest language. How, then, can I claim to *know* any other language?

With some other languages I have a degree of acquaintance, and to the study of all of these I have devoted much hard work. These other languages may be once and for all enumerated, as follows, according to the use to which I am able to put my knowledge of them: I know German sufficiently well to conduct a continued conversation in it, to lecture, and to read German books with appreciation; also Italian, Spanish, Russian, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, and Urdu. To read, without trouble, I know enough of Portuguese, Dutch, and the Scandinavian tongues. To read, but *with* trouble, I know Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Armenian, Sanskrit, and Tibetan. There remain a few languages that, judging by the number of hours [I have devoted to their study, I ought to know far better than is the case; namely, Chinese, Japanese, Hungarian, and Welsh.

Now, whatever may be my reputation as a linguist, and heaven alone knows how so exaggerated a one came into existence, I do not regard myself as a great linguist. Great linguists, however, are to be met with, and I have known at least half a dozen whose command of languages was so wide and so profound that I may feel positively ashamed of having a reputation in that kind of my own.

As regards spoken languages, the most gifted man I ever met was Dr. Harold Williams of *The Times*. The number and variety of languages he could speak fluently passed all belief. I was never able to discover which

language he did not know, and I can vouch for this, that he could talk really well in Russian and the more usual European languages; in Hungarian, Finnish, Esthonian, Georgian, Armenian, Turkish, Persian, and Arabic. He had made a special study, too, of the Polynesian languages, and spoke Maori. Of any man I ever met he had the greatest gift for learning quickly to speak a new language, and I doubt seriously whether Mezzofanti himself had half so wide a range as Harold Williams. Among the younger generation the most notable linguists I have known are Professor Jopson of Cambridge and Mr. Alan Ross of Leeds.

F. W. K. M tiller, known commonly as F. W. K., of the Ethnological Museum in Berlin, seemed in the domain of languages and religions to have attained to almost universal knowledge. There was no language that I ever discovered him unable to read with ease. It was thanks to his great store of learning that he was able to read and identify the writing on the scraps of paper brought back by Von le Coq from the buried cities of Central Asia. Some of these documents were written in that form of Turkish known as Uighur, already familiar to scholars: others, if written in the Uighur alphabet, were in a language until then unknown. It was F. W. K. who discovered them to be in a form of Persian somewhat resembling Pahlavi, and he proceeded to interpret their meaning. To do this he required an intimacy with both the Syriac New Testament and the Buddhist Chinese Canon. It was in this wise that the language now known as Soghdian was discovered. In spite of its having been the *lingua franca* from the Caspian to the Gulf of Pechih from the first to the eighth centuries of our era, it had so entirely ceased to be the speech of men that its very existence formerly was unknown.

I do not think I have ever met a more learned man than David Samuel Margohouth, Professor of Arabic at Oxford. Taken solely as an orientalist his knowledge was quite exceptional; as an Arabic scholar he was second to none, while he was equally at home in Hebrew and Syriac. It was yet as a classical scholar that he first made his name, and his knowledge of Greek literature was without limit. He seemed to know all the poetry of Greece by heart. It is of interest to recall that this great orientalist was *classical* tutor to Gilbert Murray and Fisher, the historian.

One doubts if any scholar has ever acquired so vast a knowledge of Islamic literature and bibliography as A. G. Ellis. During the many years he spent in the British Museum, cataloguing Arabic and Persian books, he stored in his memory the contents and history of every work that passed through his hands; so that one never put a question to him that he could not answer. A hundred scholars are indebted to him for information in their own fields of study. The strange thing is that Ellis would never commit his learning to writing, the only volumes bearing his name being catalogues, and not of manuscripts but of printed books.

As I have devoted most of my life to the study of languages, I ought to have something to say about the various forms of human speech. I have usually found people ready to listen to talk about languages, if it is not a topic I much delight to embark on. I am apt to be asked such questions as these: What is the most difficult language to learn? Which is the most beautiful to listen to? Which has the richest vocabulary? This is a fitting occasion to reply to such questions.

The most difficult language to learn really thoroughly is Japanese, the literary language of the Orient that I imagine has been mastered by the fewest Europeans, unless still fewer have mastered Tibetan, and Tibetan is not half so difficult. The difficulties of Japanese are manifold, both in the written and in the spoken language. First of all, in order to read Japanese, you must learn two different alphabets, and these not really alphabets but monosyllables ending in vowels; for in Japanese, as in Italian, all words end in vowels, except those that end in *n*. In addition to these syllabaries, one must learn all the commonest characters of Chinese, which means a minimum of 2,000 signs. When these characters and syllabaries are printed, they are at least legible, if not intelligible; but when they are written in cursive form, they are exceedingly difficult to decipher.

Colloquial Japanese, which differs altogether from the written language, takes many forms, according to the position of the person addressed, whether the equal, the superior, or the inferior in social or in official standing of the person speaking. The honorific and the familiar take different forms, the word 'O', which occurs in the well-known musical comedy name, 'O-Mimosa-san', being merely an honorific expression prefixed to names and nouns, when an inferior addresses his superior. A third difficulty in Japanese is the absence of number and person in the verb. It is so hard to describe these difficulties without examples, that I am strongly tempted to offer the gentle reader a sentence as it would be translated into (1) written Japanese, (2) spoken Japanese of the three forms mentioned above.

The most difficult script ever devised by man, curiously enough, was that employed over several millenniums by the most cultured nations of the world at that time; namely, the cuneiform or wedge-shaped writing which was used in turn by the Sumerians, who perhaps invented the system, the Assyrians, the Elamites, Babylonians, and Persians. Cuneiform began by being purely pictorial, as did Chinese and hieroglyphs, but whereas in these two systems the picture, though conventionalized, was never entirely lost sight of, in cuneiform the influence of the wedge was so powerful that hardly any of the signs in their perfected form recall the original picture or idea. One must have the deepest admiration for those scholars who master cuneiform-written languages; for I have spent enough time over them to realize that they are quite beyond my power of acquisition.

I do not regard any of the representatives of the three great language

groups of Europe, the Teutonic, Latin, and Slavonic, as really difficult for an Englishman, because in structure and in phraseology they resemble one another very closely. On the other hand the Celtic languages, though belonging to the same family, are exceedingly difficult, and I have made many fruitless attempts to teach myself Welsh. I always felt that Welshmen who speak their own language and also English come nearer to being bilingual than any other national can attain to. Welsh has, in my opinion, the most difficult of all grammars, not by reason of its complications, but because of its elusive subtlety. At Marlborough I had a Prayerbook in English and Welsh in parallel columns in which to follow the services in chapel. But, as Hungarian has too, Welsh 'has me beat'. Such time as I have been able to give to Hungarian has always led to despair. With the best of good will I have never succeeded in reading myself into this language; not what one ought to call reading. How, then, should I not blush, when I am charged with possessing a gift for languages? The fair question to ask me would be: 'How many languages have you tried to learn without success?' for to that question I could give a detailed and honest answer. To be perfectly candid I consider that in the matter of languages I have a good ear for pronunciation, an aptitude for quickly picking up colloquial idioms, a good visual memory for learning words, and a definite facility for acquiring certain languages in contradistinction to those others that defeat me. Whatever I have been able to learn I attribute in equal measure to enthusiasm and sheer hard work, plus a keen ear for sound and intonation, in the case of the spoken languages I have heard around me. There is no highroad, in my opinion, to learning a language, unless one is a waiter, and the *talent de garcon* is a totally different matter.

To pass now to linguists I have known, in whose lives something stood out beyond the narrower field of language study, as his accomplishing a work of genius in translation stands out in the life of FitzGerald above his study of Persian, Greek, Spanish, etc., and to begin with Arthur Waley, another translator of foreign poetry of great distinction. During my short period of working in the British Museum in 1914 I had him as a colleague. It is unnecessary to praise his fine scholarship in Chinese and Japanese. It is much to the credit of the public that they should have shown such appreciation of his fine work in fields of literature hitherto arousing but little interest. I am proud to think that the first translations Waley made of Chinese poetry were published in the *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies*.

Waley belongs, I believe, to what is, or was, known as the Bloomsbury Group—if it counts any more figures like him, it is a lucky group. He is not quite like anyone else I have known. With the gentlest manners, amounting almost to shyness, and modest, he yet always gives the impression of saying the final word on any subject. Though intolerant of humbug, he never says

a bitter thing, but allows you to draw your conclusions negatively. Since he resigned from the British Museum, owing to delicate health, he has never taken another post, though for the asking he could have had any one of our three professorships of Chinese. His contributions to our knowledge of its literature cannot be over-estimated. Latterly he has been engaged in reducing to readable and intelligible English the Chinese classics, hitherto almost as stiff reading in translation as in the original.

Now for Sir Charles Eliot. He was one of the strangest men I have ever known. By temper utterly unsociable, he could be most genial. He was a profoundly learned orientalist: also an accomplished naturalist. He was very tall and thick-set, with a mass of black hair. It was incongruous that a man with such a figure should be shy; yet when you spoke to him he looked as if for sixpence he'd run away. He began his career in the diplomatic service, where he soon revealed his gift for languages. While posted to St. Petersburg, Eliot spent a holiday in Finland, and having learnt Finnish, he composed the first grammar of that language, the work of an Englishman. In 1900, using the pseudonym of Odysseus, he published a masterpiece, *Turkey in Europe*, on the Turkish situation. It aroused the deepest interest.

Owing to a misunderstanding in the Foreign Office Eliot by and by left the diplomatic service; but during the war he was appointed High Commissioner for Manchuria, and that gave him an opportunity to pursue his study of Chinese Buddhism. After the war he became Vice-Chancellor, first of Sheffield University, and later at Hongkong. While in Hongkong he wrote his monumental work, *Hinduism and Buddhism* (three volumes). On his becoming Ambassador in Tokyo he re-entered the diplomatic service for the second time. His holding this position debarred Eliot from publishing the fourth volume of his work; for its subject was Buddhism in Japan. He completed that volume, *Japanese Buddhism*, but never saw it through the press; for he died on board the ship bringing him home.

The difference between Eliot's vice-chancellorships and my own is that, while he held his, I was only offered mine, merely to decline them. It is a story I may perhaps tell here, if it is to introduce matter into this chapter not really belonging to it. Eliot, appointed ambassador in Japan, and being in London, tried his utmost to persuade me to take over the Hongkong post that he had vacated. I considered the offer very carefully; for the terms offered were most generous, and included a pension at the end of by no means a long tenure of office. It meant an exceedingly uncomfortable fortnight, during which I had many talks with Eliot, before I came to a decision. My chief reasons for not going to Hongkong were that I did not relish the idea of breaking with London a second time; that the directorship of the School had always been my highest ambition; but still more that Hongkong is not the real China. One does not there hear Mandarin spoken. Had I been offered the directorship of a university in Peking, I should have thrown all

LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTS

other considerations to the winds, because residence in Pekin would have meant an opportunity to acquire a real knowledge of Chinese. Eliot wrote:

My dear Ross,

I don't know whether you have chosen well for yourself or not, but on behalf of the University of Hongkong I am sincerely sorry for your decision. However, you write as if it is irrevocable, so there is nothing more to be said about it.

You were kind enough to promise me a note on the *Abhidharma Kosa*, and I hope I may receive it by Friday, as I leave early on Saturday. My forthcoming book is an attempt at a historical study of the diffusion of Buddhism (and Hinduism) in Eastern Asia, and I have had occasion to mention this work several times without being able to give a very clear account of its contents. Anything about the *Mahavyutpatti* would also be thankfully received.

If I can be of any use to you in Japan in getting books or information, please command my services. I should be greatly obliged if you would let oriental students know that if they visit Japan while I am there, I shall be very glad to welcome them and give them all the assistance in my power. One reason why I regret your refusal of the Hongkong offer is that I had hoped to have you as my guest in Tokyo during some of the vacations.

C. ELIOT

Another letter, an official one, written to me by Sir Charles as Ambassador, reads:

Sir,

The enclosures in this communication will explain its object.

The first is a letter from the representative of the Chief Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji in Kyoto asking me to procure from you a translation of certain letters from the Dalai Lama, the precise meaning of which has, I understand, been the subject of some dispute.

In the second letter I expressed my readiness to use my good offices in asking for your assistance in this matter, but pointed out that I could not be responsible for the safety of such valuable documents.

The third letter transmits photographs instead of the originals, for your inspection. These photographs are, so far as I can judge, quite as clear and legible as the original documents, and should you be willing to undertake the task of making a translation, you will probably find no difficulty in reading them.

The letters were transmitted to the Abbot through the Indian Government, and knowing your interest in oriental questions and your great knowledge of Asiatic languages, I venture to hope that you may be willing to oblige him. I understand, however, that the real question at issue is the

ownership of certain books presented by the Grand Lama, and if the language of the letters is at all ambiguous, you will doubtless consider whether it is advisable to make too precise a statement as to his intentions.

C. ELIOT,
H.M. Ambassador

As I have said, I did not go: on my telling someone what I had decided, he said: 'Then the East doesn't call you?' My wife, writing to J. A. Chapman in India, told him of that question, and that my reply was: 'No, the East does not; neither the Near, the Middle, nor the Far!' We had ourselves forgotten this; but that old friend pays me the compliment of remembering things I say that I forget myself.

Three years later (this is to continue the digression), on Sir Michael Sadler's retiring from the vice-chancellorship at Leeds, I was invited to come and have a look round the university; to see and be seen by its officers, with a view to my being his successor. Most hospitably entertained by the Pro-Chancellor, Mr. Lupton, and Miss Lupton, I spent two days going over the buildings, learning what the activities of the university were, and what would be expected of me as Vice-Chancellor. I came away without a decision having been asked of me, or taken by me: I was to await a communication from the authorities. I sat down in the Athenaeum, on getting back, and wrote to myself a long, strong letter; one in which I set forth all the *pros* and *cons*, to find the *cons* easily had it. This is the letter (be it remembered that it wasn't written to be sent; that I didn't want to go to Leeds, and that, no doubt, I 'laid it on thick'):

'I had no idea of what a provincial town is really like till I came to contemplate residing in one; the idea of this fills me with sheer horror! It is exile in its worst form. The main impression I first received, which I retained to the last, was that Leeds was like a wardrobe without a peg for such a person as myself. No *point cTappui*. One could not possibly give oneself a *rendezvous*. The people that I met were charming, but like men and women of a different race. I could not, at my time of life, get used to them.

'As for the town, it is most unattractive. The country round is delightful; but what is the good of that to *me*? As for the office of Vice-Chancellor, I am utterly unfitted for it. The 'university', really only a college, is devoted almost entirely to science and technology. How could a man of my tastes put his heart into such a concern?

'The buildings are insignificant and hideous, and the Vice-Chancellor's office is a dungeon. I cannot blame myself for going to look at the place; for without seeing it I could not possibly know what it was like.

'I should say that nothing short of local patriotism could make a man successful in such a place.

'Better a hole in the suburbs than a castle in the Midlands! Trade and

industry interest me as little as science, and what interests me least of all is the latter applied to the former. Definite, I *don't want it*.

'Shall I tell them at once, or chance their (*d.v.*) not wanting me after all?'

On the strength of these small considerations (!) I wrote to my one-time fellow Anglo-Indian, Sir Theodore Morison, Principal of Armstrong College, who I believed had put my name forward, telling him what I felt about it all. He begged me not to come to a decision until I had been again to Leeds, and had met those members of the university whom I hadn't seen on my first visit. I did go again, and undertook to reconsider my adverse decision, if, a certain period having elapsed, no-one else had been found for the post. After some months, to my real relief, Sir James Baillie was appointed.

I very nearly succeeded Morison at Newcastle, but that, too, doesn't properly belong to this chapter.

It so happened that the Hongkong post was filled by an old friend, Sir William Hornell, who was often one of those present when my wife, Mr. Herford (now of Reading), and the late Alexander Ralli played their trios in Calcutta, and the Newcastle post by Sir William Marris, that most distinguished member of the I.C.S., under whom I had worked in Calcutta and Simla.

Another group of linguists with whom I have been closely associated have distinguished themselves as travellers in the less accessible parts of the globe; namely, William Montgomery McGovern, Bertram Thomas, Eldon Rutter, Freya Stark, Ella Maillart and William Woodville Rockhill. McGovern, for several years prior to 1923, was a lecturer in Japanese in our School. In 1931, as my papers show, when he was on his way to the Near and Middle East, I introduced him to Paul Pelliot. When last I wrote to him, he was at Evanston, Illinois. He has to his credit: *To Lhasa in Disguise: an account of a secret expedition through mysterious Tibet: The Early Empires of Central Asia: a study of the Scythians and the Huns and the part they played in world history; with special reference to Chinese sources*, and other writings, chiefly on Northern Buddhism. I wish to give two of his letters, the following, written in Lhasa on 17 February 1923, being the earlier in date:

Dear Dr. Ross,

I am writing this note under rather interesting conditions. There is a guard around the house supplied by His Excellency Tsarong Shape, the Comm. in Chief of the Tibetan Army, to protect me from the angry rabble of Lhasa, who are furious that I have been able to get through contrary to the orders of both Indian and Tibetan Governments.

You probably have already heard how our party was turned back from Gyantse, though only after we had been there long enough for me to get a

pretty fluent knowledge of the colloquial and the conditions of the country. I was bound by oath not to try any game from Gyantse, and so accompanied the four other members of our party back to Darjeeling.

After this my previous promise no longer held good, and I thought it a great pity to have come so far and not get to the objective, and so I decided to try to get through in disguise. Travelling in Tibet in midwinter and living *a la* native is not very pleasant but there was no help for it, and so I slipped away from Darjeeling and got over the 17,000 feet pass in the midst of a terrific storm with the snow breast high.

My native Babu I made act as a country gentleman going on pilgrimage to Lhasa and I, painted and dyed, and suitably dressed, acted as one of his servants. Any peculiarities in my accent, etc., were to be put down to my having come from Sikhim, where the dialect is vile.

We stayed each night in native rest houses and nearly all the way went in company with a band of Tibetan merchants, but we were never suspected, though I was greatly impeded by the fact that the Indian Government heard of my escape and informed the Tibetan Government of the fact, with the result that all the local officials had orders to keep a sharp look out and stop me. We were detained and questioned several times, but each time got through undetected—to my enormous surprise, may I add, considering I had to talk to them.

In this way I and my servants got from Kampa Dgong to Shigatse, where we stayed several days in disguise, and thence along the banks of the Brahmaputra and Kong rivers until we struck the main road again from Gyantse and so on to Lhasa, arriving in Lhasa on the Tibetan New Year. The first twenty-four hours I kept my disguise, though living in the very heart of the city, and then somewhat foolishly decided to reveal myself to the local authorities. The big officials after the first shock have decided to take the matter philosophically, but the New Year wine has gone to the heads of the people and they are making quite a commotion, so only the Blessed Buddhas and Bodhisattvas know what is going to happen. Nevertheless with their aid and a little judicious wangling I hope to get back safely.

Unfortunately, however, it takes two months from Lhasa to London, so I am afraid that it will be the end of the term before I arrive. I hope you will forgive my long absence and my overstaying my leave, but as my leave was without pay and as I have absorbed a good deal of information which should be useful to the School I trust that my sins will be overlooked.

In addition to my Tibetan work I have kept up both my Japanese and Chinese and have made several translations which I hope the Bulletin will publish.

With best wishes to all the staff, whom I look forward to remeeting, and especially to Lady Ross.

LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTS

The other letter is:

Evanston, Illinois.

8 January 1935

Dear Sir Denison,

I was very sorry indeed to miss you when you came through the United States but, as you know, the period of your journey was the time I was gallivanting in Persia. There I had news of you and was specially pleased to hear that you had actually given a lecture in Persian which was almost understood by the Persians. Congratulations! My book on the early empires of Central Asia is practically complete and should be out at the end of this year. I wish I had a chance to go over the manuscript with you, as I know it would be of the greatest assistance.

Is there any chance that you will ever bring out a new edition of your *Heart of Asia*? Naturally a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since that was written, and, as of course you yourself know, there are several points needing revision. I should be delighted to turn over some of the notes I have made on this book of yours, which I have gone through with great care several times, in case you do plan to write a new edition.

My real point in writing is to recommend to your kind attention Professor Lennox A. Mills of the Department of Political Science of the University of Minnesota. Professor Mills is one of our leading authorities on colonial government and the history of colonization, and is planning shortly to travel out to Ceylon, Singapore, and Hongkong, to collect fresh material. I shall be greatly pleased if you would and could give him a letter or two to some of the people in those god-forsaken parts of the world.

With best wishes to Lady Ross.

WILLIAM M. MCGOVKRN

McGovern, as one might certainly know from such letters, was always popular with his students.

Bertram Thomas's books are *Alarms and Excursions in Arabia* (1931), with a preface by Sir Arnold Wilson; *Arabia Felix: Across the Empty Quarter of Arabia* (1932), with foreword by Lawrence of Arabia; *The Arabs: the life story of a people who have left their deep impress on the world* (1937). Thomas studied Arabic in our School in 1924-5 and Amharic in 1941. I had a correspondence with him in 1933, when he wrote to say that the *Observer* had asked him to review Philby's book on Arabia, and that he assumed that I had been asked, but had not taken the reviewing on. That was not so, and I reviewed the book for the *Observer*, which left Thomas free to review it in the *Central Asian Journal*. He sent me his review before it was printed, that I might make some suggestions for its improvement, which I did. In his letter thanking me for this act Thomas says more than he cared to say in print: he thought Philby had rather confused the 'Rub'ul Khali issue', to the misleading of the general public, but comforted himself with the thought

LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTS

that I 'and A. T. W. and the experts generally knew how the journeys compared'. He thought the reviewers in *The Times* and *The Times Literary Supplement* belonged to that misled public. It is perhaps not time to publish the correspondence, my half of which, moreover, I do not possess. It is different with the letter he wrote, thanking my wife and myself for our symbolic wedding present: it reads:

My dear Sir Denison and Lady Ross,

How very charming of you to send us such a lovely book. I shall read Hafiz to my moon-faced bride with joy, and you must both come and see where the book lives as soon as we settle down.

We were both of us sorry that Lady Ross could not come to the Reception, but we received your joint telegram of congratulations which shows a mark of approval of a very cordial kind.

I am sorry in the bustle of the Reception that there wasn't much time for a chat, but I appreciated your presence there very much, as also did Bessie, who sends her love to you both.

Again our warmest thanks.

BERTRAM THOMAS

In a letter to my wife he wrote: 'Canada was great fun, my trophies including a moose, two caribou, a goat from the Rockies, and a scarlet gown from one of the universities.'

After Canada he and his wife, or Mrs. Thomas and her husband, house-hunted for a week in Cambridge, and then went to Spain, and from there *that* letter was written.

I wrote the following paragraph on the journeys described in Thomas's and Philby's books, meaning to send it in to some newspaper, but never did. I add it here for those who do not know about the Rub'ul Khali:

'It is a mere coincidence that the Rub'ul Khali, or Empty Quarter of Arabia, should have been crossed for the first time and in two different directions within the space of two years. The physical conditions attending such a journey were presumably no better and no worse than at any time during the last thousand years, and both these explorers were at the mercy of the unknown. Although Bertram Thomas had to rely solely on his own wits and resources, while Philby had the great advantage of travelling as a Muslim and with the blessing of the all-powerful Ibn Sa'ud, the risks they ran were very much the same. There can, of course, be no question of rivalry between these two Englishmen, who both accomplished what they set out to do, and have thereby greatly enhanced the prestige of their country in the eyes of the world. No-one need trouble any more about the Rub'ul Khali, which, it has now been found, fully deserves its descriptive name.'

In my possession is a rough map of part of Arabia, drawn for me by Thomas on the 25th of May 1932.¹ treasure it.

Eldon Rutter's book is *The Holy Cities of Arabia* (two volumes) (1928), in the preface to which is to be read: 'A short time before the day which I had appointed for leaving Cairo, I had followed to the grave-side the bier of one who had been in life a singularly amiable youth of a manly frankness of disposition somewhat unusual in town Arabs, one Nur ed-Din Shargawi, a native of Mekka, who was to have been my companion in my Arabian travels. I had never doubted that Nur ed-Din would be hard to replace, and I was not mistaken. As a result of his loss at a time so close to the date of my departure from Egypt, I was obliged to set out quite alone, and to travel alone save for chance acquaintance whom I met 'pn'the way.'

Let me give this, from a letter from Rutter dated 27 November 1928: 'Thank you for your kind and encouraging remarks about the book. The *Spectator* says that my book is marred by hardness. If they had not used the word 'marred' I should have taken this remark as a compliment. Generally speaking, *us you* know if anybody knows, life in Arabia is hard to brutality. Fatalism tinges the minds of the Arabs with a somewhat hard indifference to the present transitory world. The point is, can that fact be best demonstrated by boldly stating it, or by trying to identify oneself with the people and writing as an Arab thinks? There is no lack of interesting literature dealing with the romantic surface of Eastern life, for those who want that. If this reviewer had read both volumes of my book he would have felt better about it, perhaps. It is obvious that he only read the first volume.'

Part of Rutter's preparation for 'identifying himself with the people of Arabia', he once gave out to me, was to live in the Malay States and Java almost as a man of the country. He talked and read Malay and Arabic with Malays and Arabs, frequently going to the mosques. For nearly five years he worked like a galley slave at Arabic. Often at night he rowed out with the fishermen. Sometimes he took a candle with him, and seated on the frail platform read out of the Qu'ran to them, while they swam in the water below him. His boy held the candle. 'When rain fell,' Rutter ended this recital, 'every raindrop struck a spark of light on the black surface of the phosphorescent sea.' That is the kind of thing these *Obermensch* can do!

He wrote to me from Damascus in 1929: 'I thought you would be interested to hear that I am setting out for Hail tomorrow, in the company of two Beduins. I have been living in the house of an old Turk in the Muhajirin Quarter. There is a nice old gentleman from Gaza living next door. He says he wants to come with me into Arabia. He is seventy-one years old, and has an innumerable family, so he should be a wise man. By telling him of the awful effects of riding on camels for weeks on end, I have managed to choke him off. He is a learned man, and has been through the Azhar.'

Freya Stark's book is *The Valleys of the Assassins and Other Pnsian Travels* (1934), dedicated to W. P. Ker. I should not say 'her book' for there are three others, *The Southern Gates of Arabia*, *A Journey in the Hadhramaut*



A CUP OF TEA

(1936), *Baghdad Sketches*, and again a work treating of the Hadrhramaut. Miss Stark, if I may not say 'Freya', studied Arabic for four years in our School. She is now well known as an authority; so that *The Times* may turn to her, when they want the Near or the Middle East written up. Under the heading, 'The Home of the Assassins', I wrote the following for some journal: as it was rejected by my friend the editor, this is its first appearance in print:

'The Royal Central Asian Society renders a great public service in providing lectures by eminent experts on all parts of the East, and last Wednesday that intrepid traveller, Miss Freya Stark, gave a most interesting account of her visit to the impregnable fortress of Alamut, the main stronghold of the Old Man of the Mountain, the head of the so-called Assassins in Northern Persia. This fortress was destroyed in the thirteenth century, but the sect of Isma'ilis continued to survive in Persia down to the middle of last century, when they were driven out following their rebellion against the Shah. The then head of the sect was the grandfather of H. H. the Agha Khan, who, as all the world knows, is now at home in India. His genealogy, going back to the Prophet of Arabia, is one of the best attested in existence.'

Here is an account that I wrote of Ella Maillart:

'A young woman with good looks, iron constitution, and independence, having exhausted the thrills of winning ski-ing races, of touring the Mediterranean in a small sailing boat with three other girls, and of climbing peaks in the Alps and the Caucasus, feels she must taste the joys of nomad life among people who know nothing of the West. She must shut out all that has surrounded her civilized upbringing, and discover what life looks like to those who still live in tents and have no belongings that they cannot carry with them.

'The journey she made was possible only for one knowing Russian, and even with this advantage she had the greatest difficulty in finding in Moscow some party bound for Turkestan that she could join.

'She knew nothing of the East when she set out, and she gives us delightful impressions of her first meeting with the nomads, whom she compares to sailors who are at home everywhere and nowhere, and make one port only as a preparation for sailing to another. She is enraptured with the desert and the steppe, and finds in the hazy atmosphere, and the absence of vertical lines in the landscape, the explanation of the narrow slits which half hide the eyes of the Tatar.

'Her journey occupied from July 1932 to January 1933, and many thousands of miles were traversed in or on every variety of transport and beast. She wandered in the land of the Kirghiz, which lies between the Tien Shan, or Celestial Mountains, and the Qizil Qum, or Red Sands, which border the eastern shores of the Sea of Aral. One of the most trying of her experiences was a journey of fifteen days on camel back across this desert in

piercing cold, when she was dependent wholly on the food she was carrying with her. She was the first European to attempt these five hundred miles of waterless steppe.

'Taking advantage of her sex, she entered the women's quarters of Muslim households, and lets us into many secrets hidden from mere man. Samarkand and Bukhara, as they are to-day, are described, Mile Maillart proving herself as keen an observer of historical monuments as of her fellow creatures and of nature.

'Interwoven with her experiences as a traveller are thrilling tales of adventure told her by the strange friends made in out of the way places; so that one must add to the enumeration of the many gifts of her endowment that Mile Maillart is a first-class raconteuse.

The quality of her photographs is only equalled by the excellence of the subjects; many of the photographs were taken under conditions demanding secrecy.'

Another scholar traveller with whom I was associated was William Woodville Rockhill, the United States Ambassador in St. Petersburg at a date when he addressed to me a letter that I wish to give. A graduate of St. Cyr, having also been to school in Paris, Rockhill undertook scientific missions to China and Tibet in 1888 to 1892, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. His diplomatic work took him to China, Korea, Greece, Rumania, Serbia and Turkey as well as to Russia. China was most often his home, for besides having been Second Secretary of the American Legation at Peking for four years, and Minister to China for four years, he was the United States plenipotentiary to the Congress of Peking for the settlement of the Boxer troubles in 1901. His letter to me is as follows:

Embassy of the U.S.A., St. Petersburg
17 January 1911

My dear Ross,

Your letter of December 29th, also the copy of the *Mahavyutpatti* and the letter of the Dalai Lama, reached me a few days ago. Many thanks for your kindness. I am delighted that this most valuable work for all students of Tibetan Buddhist works should at last be made accessible. When I was a young man working in Paris I had frequently recourse to a splendid manuscript copy of this work in the Bibliotheque Nationale. It was made by my old master, Professor Foucaux, with all his usual care and thoroughness. Did you ever see it? There is also a manuscript copy here in the Musee Asiatique. It is just possible Foucaux copied his from the one here which was made, if I remember rightly, for Baron Schilling de Canstadt. Foucaux must, however, have added much to the Sanskrit part of it, as it was full of notes and variants.

My work in collaboration with Hirth is nearly through the press. The

LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTS

correcting of the proofs has been a teirible job! The indices have still to be printed, but it will be out in the spring, I have no doubt. I fancy I shall never undertake a big piece of oriental work again, for, in the absense of lamas, pandits and hsien shengs, it is entirely too much for me.

My poor friend the Dalai Lama is very pathetic; I am cordially sorry for him, I try to give him good advice, but I think he must be patient; time and the probability that the Chinese will not persevere in their too great activity in Tibet, will in all likelihood facilitate some day a settlement which will enable him to return to Lhasa. He, like all his people, is terribly impractical, unbusinesslike. Now that the three years' agreement between Great Britain and Russia concerning Tibet is at an end, I hope that an 'expedition' may go to Tibet, and have *its permanent* headquarters in Lhasa: it would do much to re-establish order, and restrain the Chinese, and put sense in the heads of the Tibetans.

Did you ever come across a copy of the *Depter mon-po* in Tibetan? I have been for years trying to get it. It ought to be an interesting historical work. I tried through the Kumar Raj of Sikhim and others, but, so far, without results. If you ever hear of a copy for sale, would you let me know?

My wife joins me in kind regards to Mrs. Ross.

W. W. ROCKHILL

There is no space for other letters; but it is a pity; for I have corresponded with E. G. B., Ellis, Nicholson, Guy Le Strange, H. A. R. Gibb, R. L. Turner, Grierson, Rieu, Cowell, Dr. Eileen Power, Miss Rachel Wingate, Paul Pelliot, and a hundred other Continental scholars, keeping all their letters. They would make a book.

XXVI

Books, Criticism, Reading, Reviewing

There come times when, in order to increase my happiness, I like to imagine myself a *revenant*, and as such to wander round my study, looking at the books, pretending to regret that I cannot actually take them down and read them. The return to reality always adds a fresh zest to life. Sometimes, when I go out into the world, and find myself in a large assembly of people I know, but to whom I feel I have nothing in particular to say, I wish I could be a *revenant* indeed, and wander invisible among all these people. I have often felt like this in the *foyer* of Covent Garden.

A good book is a book one wants to keep, on the off-chance of one's reading it again: otherwise how or why are libraries formed? The books collected represent the purchase of books, and their retention represents the desire to keep them. The alternative is to sell them at a loss to a second-hand bookseller. The curious thing is that one is reluctant to sell a book that one has bought; too conscientious to sell a book that one has received as a gift. Thus do books accumulate in private houses, that would feel less neglected in Charing Cross Road!

When I gave up my house in Upper Westbourne Terrace (the most foolish thing I ever did in my life) I sold half my library to a well-known bookseller for a quarter of its value. I should have parted with even more of the books had I not, by good fortune, been appointed then to a post with which there went an office capable of accommodating half of the books that remained.

As a general rule, to lend a book is merely an ungracious way of making the borrower a present of it. The ungraciousness, moreover, is two-edged; for the lender begins by noting whether the volume contains his name or bookplate, and ends by saying with what reluctance it is that he lends books at all, while the borrower, hypnotized into believing that he will return the book, carries it off with sentiments that are more closely related to grievance than gratitude. That is the last the owner sees or hears of *that* volume. I have only known one individual who lost no books by lending them. He always insisted on the borrower placing a sovereign in the gap left in the shelf from which the book was taken. His friends never forgot their sovereigns. In short, it is a tremendous favour one asks, when requesting the loan of a book, yet as a rule the request is made in much the same tone of casualness as for a cigarette or a match.

I cannot help thinking about postage stamps in this connection. It has

always seemed to me one of the strangest of country-house customs that a guest should be welcome to everything he requires, without thought of remuneration, excepting postage stamps, which he may require most of all. The same man who will fill his cigarette case from his host's stock without apology, would feel he had lost caste in his own eyes if he asked for a stamp without offering to pay for it. In the well-ordered houses of the rich one sometimes finds stamps with the stationery in one's room. I have never imagined that one is intended to keep an account of how many one uses.

The main difference between reviewing pure literature (novels, poetry, biography, essays) and scientific books lies in the fact that in the former case one is expected to tell the reader of the manner and quality; so that he may judge whether the book is one he ought to read, or will enjoy reading. In the latter case the responsibility of the reviewer is far greater; for he must know enough of the subject in question, to be able to say whether the work under review is original, and whether the presentment is accurate, which presupposes a thorough and up-to-date knowledge of all that has been written on the subject. Only in a lesser degree is he concerned with the style and presentment of the book as a whole. Good notices of a scientific work should as a rule add something to, or correct something in, it.

Art critics and musical critics are usually professionals, as are also many critics of belles-lettres: that is to say, they have gone through a special training for their task. The expert who from time to time reviews a book on his own subject, or one kindred to his own, has not the same equipment, and he approaches the book from a different angle. His business is to tell us whether the author is reliable and illuminating. Serious journals often find it difficult to know to whom a highly specialized book should be sent, and it is especially in the case of such books that the signed review is valuable. All serious reviewing is hard work; but the work is far harder in one way for the specialist than for the belles-lettrist.

I do not remember to have read anything on the subject of reviewing, though I cannot but believe that many professional reviewers must have expressed themselves more or less intimately on the *coulisses* of their work.

I should like here to express my views on the subject of critics and criticism of music and the fine arts. Men who take up criticism as a profession are seldom themselves performers of the first rank. Musical critics, one imagines, all play the piano or another instrument; but art critics need not be able to draw. What they must know is the past as well as the present. The knowledge required of the musical critic is, as to history, much less than is required of the art critic, who has, in his purview, to embrace the whole world. It was interesting to observe the hesitation and diffidence with which the best-known English critics approached the subject of the Persian Exhibition. This impressed me very strongly at the time; for the confession of one and all of inability to cope with a subject the background of which they had

not studied showed that aesthetics are only a contributory factor among many others in their work.

One of my chief privileges in life has been my membership of the Library Committee of the Athenaeum. Once a month we are called together to consider what books should be added to this greatest of club libraries. As far as possible, all the various branches of literary interest are represented. I take credit to myself for having introduced card-index cabinets in this library. In I forget what year I became chairman of the committee, in succession to Dr. J. W. Mackail.

I once had the pleasure of presiding at one of Foyle's lunches at the Holborn Restaurant. There were four hundred people present, and the speakers were Rosita Forbes, Nigel Playfair, and Philip Sassoon. Among my remarks I recall two: (1) that the 14,000 books produced annually in England serve the purpose of strengthening or repairing the Great Wall which divides the reading public from the classics; (2) it is the secondhand book-trade that makes most breaches in the wall!

Voltaire says: 'Les sots admirent tout dans un auteur estime. Je ne lis que pour moi; je n'aime que ce qui est à mon usage,' and expressing the same idea Dr. Johnson says that one derives infinitely greater benefit from reading by inclination than from any other form of reading. If one is disinclined, one devotes half one's energies to fixing one's attention.

Each man has, I believe, two kinds of reading memory; one purely transitory, sufficient to carry him on with the plot; the other, more permanent, which he tries to use when reading edifying books, such as histories and biographies. To return to the first kind of memory, it has sometimes amused me to try to read two or three 'shockers' at the same time, a chapter in each in turn. I have found no difficulty in keeping the threads of them all separate in my mind; but, the 'shockers' once read, I quickly forget all about them; so much so, that I have often picked up an Oppenheim in a country-house, and have only realized, when well on in the story, that I have read it before. If I happen to have no other book handy, I proceed to read that Oppenheim backwards, chapter by chapter, in order to see how much of the middle I have remembered.

There is no branch of literature which appeals to so diverse a public as the detective story; that is to say, novels dealing with the discovery of theft or murder, like those of Phillips Oppenheim and Edgar Wallace. This is mainly because they are so easy to read. From the frequency with which they are produced by the same authors, one concludes that they are nearly as easy to write; but no doubt you must have the initial gift. I remember being surprised when told, in my youth, that Arthur Sedgwick, the famous Cambridge professor, enjoyed nothing so much as a 'yellow-back' (the two-and-sixpenny 'shocker' of the time). Since then I have learned that almost all men of learning enjoy this type of literature.

BOOKS, CRITICISM, READING, REVIEWING

It is a pleasure to recognize one's obligations to writers, and to contemplate with real gratitude the work of those who have given one most enjoyment. Towards certain authors my feelings are identical with those one has for the friends who have helped one practically in life. As a boy I owed most to G. A. Henty and Whyte Melville, and I enjoyed the *Tale of Two Cities*. Possibly the first book to hold me fast was Max Muller's *Science of Language*. I had only one volume, the first. This aroused my interest in comparative language, leading me to dip into many strange tongues, and to spend much of my time in second-hand bookshops.

It would interest me to make out a debit-account against myself, which should show the relative sums I owe to various writers; something on these lines (omitting the money amounts):

O. Henry, for diverting my attention during the Great War.

Phillips Oppenheim and Edgar Wallace, for inducing sleep without thought.

Stephen Leacock and P. G. Wodehouse, for making me laugh aloud to myself.

Dr. Johnson, for giving me Boswell and endless good advice.

Heine, for incomparable lyrics, which set Schumann and Schubert writing beautiful songs, and for his prose works, notably *Das Buck Le Grand*, which I rank as high as any work I have read.

Carlyle, for *Sartor Resartus*, which has cheered my melancholy, tempered my self-satisfaction, and stimulated my courage.

Virgil, for writing a classic that I can read for pleasure, and for acting as my 'liaison officer' between Greece and Rome.

FitzGerald, for composing perfect English verse dealing with matters that are close to my everyday thought.

Also—Fritz Reuter, Sterne, Ibsen, Gibbon, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, E. M. Forster, Benjamin Constant, Dante (*La Vita Nuova*), Southey (*The Doctor*), Balzac, Anatole France, and Montaigne in Florio's translation.

To add an extract from my journal: 30th April 1903: 'I have just finished reading *Tom Jones* for the first time. It was a revelation to me. I had no idea Fielding was such a consummate wit, philosopher and *raconteur*. Was ever a plot better conceived, or better executed? The revelations at the end are of such a character, that no-one who has felt the power of the story can resist going back to the very beginning, to re-read, with full knowledge, the passages which charmed him, even when he was only half able to appreciate them. I enjoyed this gem *apropos* of Mrs. Bridget looking through the key-hole of Allworthy's study: "De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio—translation: When a woman is not seen to blush, she doth not blush at all." '

Of all modern writers I think the one who has given me most pleasure is E. M. Forster. He has the most delicious humour of any living author. I first

got to know his work by reading *The Celestial Omnibus*. I don't care so much for the first story, which gives the volume its title, but the second one, called 'Other Kingdom', satisfies me absolutely, and I am never tired of reading it. The imaginative girl, who peoples her world with her own creatures, and her matter-of-fact fiance, the blameless young squire, whose whole life is cut and dried, whose world is composed of all that is obvious and 'good form', are portrayed with so much smooth satire, and with such deep understanding, that one becomes a witness to what is passing, hesitating at the end between kicking the 'silly ass', and running into the wood to look for the girl.

The same author has given us two real gems of novel-writing in *A Room with a View* and *Howard's End*. I did not care very much for *A Passage to India*, although it contains some wonderful descriptions of Indian life, as for example the mixed garden-party, at which the Indian ladies are all huddled together in one corner. The hero does not, however, correspond to any type I had myself observed in India. But I have heard it said that the character was studied from life; indeed, that it is something of a portrait of the late Sir Syed Ross Masood. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Forster is so shy of appearing in print, but I am always hoping to hear that he is writing another novel.

To speak now more fully of the debt I owe to O. Henry. I have always wished I could write stories like his. They have a cachet all their own, and yet are devoid of clichés. Once I came near to acting in an O. Henry type of incident; but I have never had the courage to parody or plagiarize his style. Let me, however, relate the incident simply and briefly.

An American stranger once presented himself at the School of Oriental Studies, and presently began asking what books I should recommend on Buddhism in Japan. He had just been to Japan, where he had become interested in the subject. The interview ended in his inviting me to lunch with him at the Savoy, and to meet his wife, which I did on the following day. My host's very charming wife told me she came from North Carolina. Carolina made me think of O. Henry, and during lunch I learnt that Mrs. O. Henry was one of my hostess's dearest friends, and that she herself *adored* O. Henry's stories. This was the first opportunity I had had of talking to someone who knew anything of the writer, and so enthusiastic did she and I become that we talked of nothing else all lunch. I noticed that the husband did not join in the conversation, but this seemed natural, as there were no pauses. When lunch was over, as he was escorting me to the door my host said: 'I think I ought to tell you that my main idea in asking you to meet my wife was that you should tell her about Buddhism. I want to get her interested in that subject, in order that she may give up thinking so much about O. Henry!'

A somewhat similar incident had its scene in the Savoy grill-room—and how many volumes could be filled with what has taken place there! I was to

meet a young American girl who was planning an expedition into Central Asia, to tell her about books and languages. While we were deciding what we should eat, the conversation turned on shellfish, and especially on clams, of which I knew nothing. This led to more talk of food in America. When the time came for us to part, we found we had forgotten to mention Central Asia, and another meeting had to be arranged.

I have read somewhere, perhaps in *Tristram Shandy*, that a man's literary style is affected by the clothes he wears when writing. I have heard that Wagner liked to have lace frills round his wrists when he was composing.

Walt Whitman, speaking of his early reading, says: 'It makes such a difference *where* you read.' He tells us he read Dante in a wood, the Iliad by the sea, and so forth. Most of us poor mortals, however, cannot choose our reading rooms in this way, but have to try to rise to the heights of impassioned rhapsodies and hymns to Nature in the recesses of ill-lit chambers.

It occurs to me that some of my readers may be interested to know what books I have not read. I mean, of those I might be expected to have read. In attempting to make a list of them, I shall have to cast my mind forward from the days of my youth, because, as I grow older, I have done less and less reading for entertainment, having had to devote my reading hours rather to books of a technical character. This has been no hardship; in fact I prefer books of that kind. I mention it only to explain how there have come to be dozens of new 'classics' read by everybody except myself. Take *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Lady into Fox*, *The Forsyte Saga* as titles given at random.

My wife's favourite reading has often extended beyond my own. Books that have appealed specially to her have been all the volumes of Fitzgerald's Letters and *The Bostonians* of Henry James, the last read in a first edition that I bought for four annas on its being weeded out of the library of the Bengal Club. An acquaintance has given me this note, which he says he made the morning after the dinner it records :

'The Rosses returned from Darjeeling on Monday. I dined with them in the evening. They seem to have enjoyed themselves. The Doctor read the whole of Ibsen's plays, and Mrs. Ross had a charming General with a past to talk to. She, to whom I am glad—always glad—to return, is more of a Jacobean than I suspected. (It is worth mentioning that for years—so I believe—she led Americans about London.) The Doctor having objected that Henry James does make things too dark at times, Mrs. Ross replied: "That doesn't vex me. I shouldn't care if I never grasped a whole book. I like to read each sentence very slowly and enjoy it. They are so clever." She really, of course, does quite completely grasp the whole book.'

We live in an age when all knowledge and all the news is made readily accessible to everyone. The daily and especially the Sunday papers put us on terms of familiarity with a hundred subjects and topics which do not really interest us, with the result that we lose sight of what does interest us, or never

make the discovery. In particular the papers put us on terms of familiarity with the output of new books. People often declaim against the enormity of this output, especially the output of novels. There is nothing really to be said against the books unless one takes them too seriously, allowing the new books to make us forget the old ones. It is probable that all the best books in the world have already been written; but there is a universal tendency to turn to a book which has just appeared, and to leave the old books unread, just as one despises yesterday's newspaper or last week's *Punch*. I commend to you (these are words I spoke to an audience in Sheffield once upon a time) the standard classics of our language, which, swamped by what is new, lie so often neglected on our shelves.

In the matter of novels I think the case a different one. It is not easy for us to turn to the favourites of former days. Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray may still claim their devotees, but personally, as one who hardly ever finds time to read fiction, I prefer a novel of the present day. It seems to me that new fiction is history in the making, while the old novels have been ousted by history. That brings me to the historical novel. Its kind seems to me inferior always to history itself, and I have been amazed to note the popularity of *Jew Suss* among thousands of Englishmen who never read a word of German history.

One reads: (1) to study a special subject; (2) to acquaint oneself with a literary classic; (3) to forget troubles; (4) to pass the time; (5) to get to sleep; (6) to be amused; (7) to keep abreast of other folk.

Books may be submitted to the following tests: (1) Do they instruct? (2) Will they live? (3) Are they hard to put down? (4) Are they worth reading for their own sakes? (5) Is there a reason of another kind why one should read them?

In the 'eighties it was the fashion to make lists of the hundred best books, and finally Sir John Lubbock, the cultured banker, made his selection, and it was published. This selection contained a large number of books which, taken as 'read by most educated men', in fact are seldom opened.

I may be forgiven if I conclude this chapter, in which there has been word of reviewing, with two little reviewing stories. I have heard them both from a confrere in the line of reviewer; for as I have grown older I have done more and more reviewing myself.

This confrere, amusedly contemptuous of the practice of a one-time reviewer of poetry in *The Spectator* of discussing one volume of new verse at length, and of then giving, under the caption of 'Poems worthy of attention', a sentence or so to each of half a dozen or a dozen other books, perpetrated the quatrain:

*The dear 'Spectator' delightfully doth mention
One poet's work, grandmotherly at length;
Then giveth titles, having now no strength
For more, of poems worthy of attention'.*

BOOKS, CRITICISM, READING, REVIEWING

Immediately on the publication of these lines (they were composed abroad) the famous weekly dropped the caption!

This same confrere, in I forget what journal, read, in a review of the *Collected Poems of Edward Thomas*, the quoted statement of the editor, one of the Garnetts, that in the life-time of Thomas no line of his verse got into print. Not even in a periodical. The reviewer, admitting that the journal to which he contributed as a reviewer could not claim the honour of having published something of Thomas, claimed the credit of having *introduced* other poets to the British public; but, which was what amused my confrere, gave no names. So, having never had the honour of having had verse of his published in an English journal, he sent some of his pieces to the editor, saying: 'Now's your chance!' After some two years or so his manuscript found its way to him in some other quarter of the globe. Nothing in it had been published, and the manuscript by this time was decidedly grubby.

The most interesting letters I ever received myself, from an author whose book I had reviewed, came from Bertram Thomas. It is not yet time to publish them.

Nothing would make a more astonishing article than a string of the unfavourable, not to say damning, reviews of now famous books or poems upon their first publication; parallels to the view held on the first hearing of Beethoven's symphony, that he composed it in the state of intoxication.

XXVII

My Books and Other Publications

I would warn those who have done me the compliment of reading thus far, that this chapter is to be concerned with the books I have myself written; books for the most part technical and dull. I must write about them; for otherwise there would be nothing to show that I have at least tried to turn my clumsy education and my passion for study to practical account. The list of my books and articles is a long one, and while pleased to recall the endeavours they represent, I remember, when I see them, the Arab doctor who, passing the village churchyard, would pull his turban over his eyes.

My first work was an uninspired, but quite useful, description of the early years of Shah Isma'il of Persia, based on original sources. It was prepared partly in the British Museum and partly in Strasbourg, and was published in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society.

Mr. Ney Elias, who had retired from the Indian Political Service after a distinguished career, during which he gained a close knowledge of the geography of Afghanistan and Turkestan, desirous that the Ta'rikh-i-Rashidi of Mirza Haidar Dughlat, first cousin of the Emperor Babur, should be translated and annotated in the light of modern discoveries, addressed himself to Dr. Rieu; for, being unable to read Persian, he needed a translator as collaborator. Rieu recommended me to Elias, and soon I found myself occupied daily from ten to five (this was in 1894) in the work of translation. As it proceeded I would go to Elias in the evening, and discuss my translation page by page. If not a scholar, he had a most orderly mind, and was a charming man to work with. A habit of his, as a chain-smoker, was to stand his cigarette upright on the table.

Ever since my return, in 1897, from Bukhara and Samarqand I had been preparing a work on Russian Turkestan, from Arabic and Persian sources; for no such history had been written. I was worrying about the fate of the book, knowing I was insufficiently equipped to deal with the more recent period of Turkestan history, when I received from Methuens, for a reader's opinion, a manuscript work that contained a full account of Russian Turkestan from 1881 to the then present day, by F. H. Skrine. I wrote to A. M. M. Stedman of Methuens, whom I had got to know through Meredith Townsend, the author of *Asia and Europe*, one of the best books of the day on the East, saying that Skrine's work would make an excellent part to the book I was writing. It was thus there came into being *The Heart of Asia: A History*

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates from the Earliest Times. It was illustrated with sketches by the celebrated Russian painter, Verestchagin, and with photographs, some of them taken by myself. My portion of the book was not too well done, and I am certainly somewhat ashamed of it now; but there is this to be said, that *The Heart of Asia* was the first history of Turkestan in Muslim times to be compiled in any language from the original sources.

In St. Petersburg I got to know Professor Schukovsky, the Persian scholar. He had been working on the sources for the life of Omar Khayyam; trying to establish also which of the many hundred quatrains attributed to Omar are his; for the then oldest known copy of the ruba'iyyat dated back only to the fifteenth century, and Omar flourished in the twelfth. I soon realized that the English public would be interested to learn what biographical material the Russian had discovered. I therefore translated his memoir, and published it in the *J.R.A.S.* This aroused widespread interest, and I was encouraged to continue my association with the astronomer poet. Not long afterwards I wrote a life of Omar, which was published by Methuens, with a reprint of FitzGerald's fifth edition, and a running commentary by Mrs. Batson.

I thus came to have these letters written to me:

Red Barns, Coatham, Redcar.

December 1920

Dear Mr. Ross,

I came home yesterday and found your charming book awaiting me. My pleasure has been a little blunted by the reflection that you must have thought me extraordinarily casual for not thanking you weeks ago, but it's very considerable all the same. I read the book at once and came to the conclusion (may I say it?) that your part of it is far the most valuable. It's really delightful to have Omar Khayyam cleared from the mists of time and tradition and set before one as you have done. I look upon it as the best contribution to the otherwise rather foolish mass of literature about him and am duly grateful for it.

I had a Turk (supplied by Mr. Browne) to speak Arabic with me while I was in London, and found it an admirable plan.

GLRIRUDE BELL

Ilollingbourn, Kent.

22 August 1901

Dear Professor Ross,

You wrote: 'Among other things I am trying to construct from native sources a life of Omar Khayyam, and in so doing I have made several discoveries in a small way.' You add an expression of hope that you may publish a little note on this matter in the *Journal*'.

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Now I have seen and been much interested in your notice of Omar in one of the more recent volumes treating of the Rubaiyat. To this moment I cannot gather whether the editor is Mr. or Mrs. Batson; but the commentary certainly contains a good deal which is worth consideration.

Forgive me if I suggest that you yourself take up the question of Omar's inner life and thought as well as of his historical and material surroundings. Your summary might comprise a general appreciation of the work of the more learned of the Muslim writers in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, and the character of the teaching in the colleges of Baghdad and Central Asia. Could it be ascertained how, and in what form, the Greek and Latin writers found their way to the ken of the Arab or Persian or Turkish student? With this information might be included the missionary teaching of Nestorians and other Christian churches?

Before dismissing Omar, or relegating him to the shelf, I cannot help thinking that his readers and admirers should have set before them the actual books he studied—a result which could only be obtained by a knowledge of the books available (as translations or otherwise) for the instruction of Central Asian savants.

F. J. GOLDSMID

I have before me a prospectus, dated 1938, which reads as follows, and to quote which will save me an explanation; for it speaks for itself:

The Golden Cockerel Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam translated by Edward FitzGerald: the first edition reprinted together with FitzGerald's Monk Latin version now printed for the first time: translations of the Persian originals and a critical essay by Sir E. Denison Ross: Introduction by Charles Ganz: Line Engravings by John Buckland Wright.'

Another task of my earlier years was an introduction to *Vathek*. I was bent on discovering what truth lay behind the claim that it was written in three days and two nights, or even, for there is this other version of the legend, at a single sitting. I was also interested in the fact that *Vathek* was written and published in French, and only afterwards in an English translation, believed to be the work of Samuel Henley, but revised by Beckford. I proved, at any rate to my own satisfaction, that Beckford didn't write *Vathek* at one sitting, but collected his material during a long spell of reading in Gibbon's library in Geneva.

During twenty-six years I was much occupied in preparing an edition of the Arabic work on Indian history in the manuscript that I have spoken of, when describing my work in Calcutta. It has, I imagine, not infrequently fallen to the lot of a scholar to devote years to a work that will bring him neither fame nor recognition, and of that kind has been my own experience. The manuscript that I had laid my hands on had not attracted the attention of my predecessors; yet a few hours' study revealed that the history, written

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

during the last years of Akbar, was the work of an author, born in Makka of Indian parents, who on coming to Gujarat, while still a young man, found employment on account of his knowledge of Arabic; for that language was important in trade on the north-west coast of India, then much frequented by merchants from the Red Sea ports. During a long life, spent in the service of nobles of Gujarat, the author studied Indian history, and his book contains, besides an admirable account of the Muslim dynasties, a valuable history of Gujarat from the end of the fourteenth century to the dynasty's overthrow by Akbar in 1572.

The work of transcribing the long manuscript occupied several years, as I could give only a certain amount of time to it, and the correcting of the proofs was long drawn out. The history was published in the Indian Records Series in three volumes, each separately. Afterwards I set about making a complete analytical index, sometimes spoken of in this house as my 'Mughal grandfathers'. It occupies a hundred pages. It may interest some to know that the method I adopted was to interleave the text, and to enter in transcription, opposite the Arabic text, every name as it occurred, with a *precis* of the subject matter. The work of arranging these entries in alphabetical order, with the page numbers added, was done for me by Zita Jungmann, afterwards Mrs. Arthur James: she was in her 'teens at the time, but carried through her voluntary task with such efficiency as to earn my lasting gratitude.

This history led me into a number of interesting fields of inquiry; for it recorded the dealings of the Portuguese with the kings of Gujarat, as also their adventures in the Red Sea and Abyssinia. I embarked on studies of the Portuguese historians of the sixteenth century. I was specially drawn to the great adventures of the Portuguese in India, beginning with the arrival of Vasco da Gama in Cochin in 1498, and continuing with the astonishing careers of Alfonso de Albuquerque, Almeida, Da Castro, etc. I made careful comparisons of the accounts given by the Muslim historians with those of the Portuguese, usually to find remarkable confirmations. These studies, which I have continued ever since, brought me many interesting contacts, notably with King Manoel, and when the Portuguese professorship in King's College was established, I was invited to lecture there, and for many years I have been Honorary Lecturer in Portuguese History, a compliment I highly appreciate.

While he was working in the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, Korosi Csoma, of our visit to whose grave, in Darjeeling, I have spoken in its place, prepared a complete edition of the famous vocabulary of Buddhist terms, known as the *Mahavyutpatti*, in Sanskrit and Tibetan, to which he added renderings in English. This work had lain neglected for close on a century, and I determined to make amends for this neglect by publishing it. It required a good deal of correction, especially in the English portion,

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

but I was fortunate enough to enlist the services as co-editor of M.M. Satis Chandra Vidyabushan. Only two fasciculi have been published, as shortly after I left India the co-editor died, and no Sanskrit scholar has been found to take his place.

Another interesting find that I made in India was in the Nawwab Sahib's library at Rampur. In it I found a tiny volume containing the only text extant of the Turki diwan of the Emperor Babur. The manuscript was contemporary, and has, across the last page, a *ruba'i* in the handwriting of Babur, a fact vouched for in a note in the handwriting of Shahjahan. This little book I edited, with a photographic simile of the manuscript, in the *Journal* of the R.A.S.B. In the same journal I published an edition of the diwan of Bairam Khan, the Minister of both Humayun and Akbar.

For a time I was engrossed by the migration of the Indian fables that are best known under the Persian title of *Kalila wa Dimna*; i.e. the two jackals bearing those names. Mr. Penzer, who was reprinting *The Ocean of Story*, originally translated from the Sanskrit by Tawney, India Office Librarian, invited me to contribute an introduction to the fifth volume (each volume has its own introduction): that volume dealt with the legend of how Anushwiran, having heard of a book that had been of immense value to an Indian king, deputed Burzoe to go to India, and, should this be possible, bring home a copy. Not allowed, so runs the legend, to copy the book openly, Burzoe memorized it, hearing it read aloud; then wrote it down, and, returning to Persia, translated it into Pahlavi. This version was so carefully guarded that no-one ever saw it; but by and by it was translated into Arabic. No copy of the Pahlavi has ever been discovered; but the Arabic has always been well known and popular, its subsequent history, in the many translations made of it in the Middle Ages, being one of the most romantic in literature, its repercussions extending to the Second Series of La Fontaine, as is seen in his introduction, where he acknowledges his indebtedness to Bidpai.

A translation in verse, made from the Arabic in the tenth century by Rudaki, the father of Persian poetry, though it long enjoyed great fame, has disappeared. Part of my business, as writer of the introduction for Penzer, was to recover all the quotations from Rudaki in the writings of the historians and lexicographers. In one little dictionary, Asadi the Younger's *Lughat-i Furs*, I traced fifty-nine rhyming verses of Rudaki; not all, no doubt, from his version of *Kalila wa Dimna*.

The *Kalila wa Dimna* has not been the only work of Rudaki to disappear: only a few fragments of his diwan have survived. The loss must have taken place at an early date; for there appears suddenly a so-called diwan of Rudaki that until our own day nobody doubted was his. On the subject of this diwan I contributed an article to the *J.R.A.S.*, showing it to be the work of Qatran, who flourished a hundred years later than Rudaki. I established

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

this by pointing to the mistaken identities of the patrons to whom the panegyrics in the diwan are addressed, all men a century later than Rudaki.

In 1926 Professor Eileen Power and I planned the publication of travel books that either had never appeared in English, or had become scarce, or needed annotation in the light of research, the series to be entitled 'The Broadway Travellers'. The plan was welcomed with enthusiasm by Mr. Stallybrass, the scholar and head of the publishing house of Routledge. The series opened that same year with *Pero Tafur: Travels and Adventures, 1435-1439*, translated from the Italian by Malcolm Letts, and with my own *Life of Anthony Shirley* (1933) it was closed. I devoted much time and research to the history of the three Shirley brothers, especially to Anthony, who, arriving without credentials in 1599 at the court of Shah Abbas, so ingratiated himself with the Shah as to be sent as Persian ambassador to the Vatican and the King of Spain. His brother Robert remained behind as a hostage; but he in turn, some ten years later, was sent as envoy to the Christian princes of Europe. These missions had in view an alliance of Europe and Persia against the Turk. A third brother, Thomas, did not have quite so exciting a career, except that, while engaged in what closely resembled piracy, he was taken prisoner by the Turk, remaining in captivity, in Constantinople, until released at the request of James I. I not only discovered (in the Lambeth Library) the diary that Thomas kept in Constantinople, and on his return journey in 1605, but also, in Maggs' shop, found the letter addressed by James I to Sultan Ahmad, for the release of Thomas. I published this diary in the Camden Series.

Robert Shirley's death and burial in Qaswin are recorded in Thomas Herbert's *Relation of Some Years Travaile*, published in 1634. Another *Relation* had lain hidden in manuscript in the Bodleian, until I came across it almost by accident; a diary kept by Robert Stodart. This text, with the notes scribbled on the inner covers and fly-leaves, and, as illustrating the narrative, a section of De ITsle's Map of Persia (1724), Messrs. Luzac have published.

'On Three Muhammadan Dynasties in Northern Persia in the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries' is the title of a paper that I contributed to *Asia Minor* in 1925, the issue a *Festschrift* to F. W. K. Miiller. Concerning this I find I wrote to Von le Coq as follows: The subject is difficult and dull, being an attempt to reconstruct the genealogies of some dynasties in Northern Persia. . . . Its chief interest lies in the fact that many of the *data* regarding these little known dynasties have been derived from contemporary poets, particularly Qatran.

Only on two occasions subsequent to my translating Schukovsky's memoir of Omar Khayyam have I embarked on an English translation of a foreign book. The first time it was Senart's *Castes of India*, the work that Sir Herbert Risley, the author of *The People of India*, and one of the brilliant

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Indian civilians of his day, would assure one was never likely to be superseded. I had persuaded E. V. Lucas to publish the translation; but I had then no idea how difficult the task of the translator would prove, owing to Senart's peculiarities of style, his close reasoning, and the technical nature of the subject. My only justification for the venture was that I had lived for years amongst Hindus; my excuse was that nobody else seemed prepared to make a translation. I was able to get much help from that great scholar, Dr. L. D. Barnett, and I must not omit to mention that I received valuable help in the preliminary work of translation from my great friend, Miss Ivy Clegg, my amanuensis in 1900, when I was cataloguing Persian manuscripts in the India Office Library.

The other book I translated was *Islam* by Father Lammens, the well-known Arabic scholar of the University of Beyrout. This work, written in a style approaching that of a telegram, contains a marvellous and most accurate *resume* of the tenets and ritual of the Muslims, and of the sects that have arisen amongst the followers of the Prophet. For this task I was better equipped than for the other.

A somewhat curious story attaches to a Persian text, a *resume* of which I contributed to a volume of oriental studies, entitled 'Ajab-namah, presented to E. G. B. on his sixtieth birthday'. I happened, in 1912, to pick up a Quaritch catalogue in Paris, when I noticed that among the manuscripts for sale was a work, composed in A.D. 1206, containing a history of the early Turks. I telegraphed for it, but the reply informed me that it had already been sold. On my asking for the name of the purchaser, Quaritch told me that, if I were to address a letter c/o them to the purchaser of No.—of Catalogue No.—, they would forward it to its destination. I thus discovered that the manuscript had been bought by A. G. Ellis, and by him it was graciously lent to me. The work, if incomplete, lacking both the beginning and the end, proved most interesting. Its author was Fakhr-ud-Din Mubarak Shah; its nominal subject, the genealogies of the leading Muslim dynasties; but the most interesting portion had to do with the early history of the Turks, and contained a valuable list of sixty-four Turkish tribes.

A very curious detail was a table giving the letters of the Soghdian alphabet, with their Turkish equivalents. Unfortunately, the manuscript being only a copy, the letters had been greatly disfigured by the transcriber: the table, nevertheless, proved highly important. The Soghdian alphabet and language had been deciphered only a few years previously by F. W. K. Müller, the discovery of this important Iranian language creating a sensation among scholars. Robert Gauthiot, then engaged in preparing a Soghdian grammar, considered the table so important that he published it in the *Journal Asiatique*, with the remarks of the author on the Soghdian language, generously insisting on my name's appearing with his own at the foot of the article.

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

When the war broke out in August 1914 Gauthiot found himself in the Pamirs, where he was studying Iranian dialects. He immediately set out, *via* Russia, to join his artillery battery in France. On his way he spent a day with us in Upper Westbourne Terrace, and when he left I made him a present of my Zeiss glasses. He was badly wounded the day after he joined, and shortly afterwards died in hospital. He was not only a delightful friend, but one of the best Iranian scholars of his day.

In 1926 the Cambridge University asked me to write an introductory memoir for a reprint of E. G. Browne's *Year Amongst the Persians*. This book, when first published in 1893, for some extraordinary reason did not receive the attention it deserved. Actually it is one of the great classics of travel. I may be excused if I here quote from a review I wrote at the time for the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

'The main interest of the book lies in its portraiture of Persian society, chiefly of the Bohemian type. One might wish the notes of the author's personal adventures had been curtailed. Not so his wonderfully vivid reproductions of discussions with Persians on metaphysics and religion. These conversational portions of his work form a handbook to advanced modern Persian thought. What renders this work additionally attractive are the delightful quotations from the Persian poets that it contains. It was at Kirman, while suffering from an attack of ophthalmia, that Browne was induced to try the soothing effects of opium; and it is the description of the levees he held while under the influence of the poppy, his cheerful gatherings with other Ifyunis (opium smokers), that form the most entertaining portion of the book. In his garden he used to meet men of every sect, and subjects of every variety, from the indivisible atom to wine-bibbing, came under discussion. The book also contains amusing stories and exciting adventures, related to the author by his Persian acquaintances. Sheikh Ibrahim's narrative of how he narrowly escaped being strangled, while in prison with others of "the sect", is admirably reproduced. Of a lighter character is the story told of the mad Dervish, who with various accusations destroyed in succession four out of five little clay figures, calling them respectively Omar, Abu Bekr, 'Ali, Mohammed, and Allah, and was about to destroy this last when a poor man who had hidden himself in the tree under the shade of which all this had taken place, overcome by this blasphemy, called out to the Dervish to desist, and this latter, thunderstruck at hearing this voice apparently from the clouds, fell down dead. Almost incredible is the story of the Babi courier who was detained in prison, prior to his examination, and finding no means of hiding the letters he was bearing, ate them in order to escape detection, there being no other means of destroying them.'

In 1927, under the title of *A Persian Anthology*, I published a selection of E. G. Browne's verse translations, and to this J. B. Atkins contributed an introductory memoir, and I myself a note on Persian poetry. A good

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

example of Browne's delicate rendering is furnished by the ode of Farrukhi, the famous panegyrist of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna in the eleventh century. The poem may be read according to the Persian accentuation, as follows :

*Since the meadow—hides its face in—satin shot with—greens and blues,
And the mountains—wrap their brows in—silken veils of—se'ven hues....*

Or read in English style:

*Since the meadow hides its face in satin shot with greens and blues,
And the mountains wrap their brows in silken veils of seven hues.
Earth is teeming like the musk-pod with aromas rich and rare,
Foliage bright as parrot's plumage doth the graceful willow wear.
Yesterfen the midnight breezes brought the tidings of the spring;
Welcome, O ye northern gales, for this glad promise which ye bring!
On the gleaming plain this coat of many colours doth appear,
Like a robe of honour granted in the court of our Ameer.*

In 1928, at the request of Sir Hugh and Lady Bell, I wrote a Memoir of Gertrude Lowthian Bell for a reprint of her *Poems from the Diwan of Hafiz* and also for an edition of her *Persian Pictures*, which had been anonymously published by Bentley in 1894. Miss Bell's translations of Hafiz were regarded by no less an authority than Edward Browne as, with the single exception of FitzGerald's *Omar*, the finest and most truly poetical rendering of any Persian poet in the English language. They are rather paraphrases than literal renderings. The one I myself most admire is the following:

*I cease not from desire till my desire
Is satisfied; or let my mouth attain
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire,
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in vain.
Others may find another love as fair;
Upon her threshold I have laid my head,
The dust shall cover me, still lying there,
When from my body life and love have fled.*

*My soul is on my lips ready to fly,
But grief beats in my heart and will not cease,
Because not once, not once before I die,
Will her sweet lips give all my longing peace.
My breath is narrowed down to one long sigh
For a red mouth that burns my thoughts like fire;
When will that mouth draw near and make reply
To one whose life is straitened with desire?*

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

*When I am dead, open my grave and see
The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet:
In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee;
Yea, the smoke rises from my winding-sheet!
Ah, come, Beloved! for the meadows wait
Thy coming, and the thorn bears flowers instead
Of thorns, the cypress fruit, and desolate
Bare winter from before thy steps has fled.*

*Hoping within some garden ground to find
A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,
Through every meadow blows the western wind,
Through every garden he is Jain to seek.
Reveal thy face! that the whole world may be
Bewildered by thy radiant loveliness;
The cry of man and woman comes to thee,
Open thy lips and comfort their distress*

*Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair
Breaks into barbed hooks to catch my heart,
My broken heart is wounded everywhere
With countless wounds from which the red drops start.
Yet when sad lovers meet and tell their sighs,
Not without praise shall Hafiz' name be said,
Not without tears, in those pale companies
Where joy has been forgot and hope has fled.*

In connection with the Persian Exhibition I was responsible for two illustrated books: (1) *The Persians*, of which I was the author, and which contains a brief survey, historical, literary, topographical, and artistic; and (2) *Persian Art*, a work of which I was the editor, and to which I contributed an historical introduction. The other contributors were Roger Fry, C. J. Gadd, K. A. C. Creswell, Laurence Binyon, Bernard Rackham, Leigh Ashton, and C. E. C. Tattersall. I consider that *The Persians* is perhaps the best thing I have done. It was written in three months, and if the little book is an improvement on anything written before it, I may be so fortunate as one day to produce something better.

Having read, with Lama Lobzang in Darjeeling, the famous *namtar* or life story of a former Buddha, called in Sanskrit Visvantara, and in Tibetan Ti-mid-kundan, I published the text in the *Biblioteca Indica* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Other contributions to the apparatus of study were a chapter to each of three volumes of the *Cambridge History of India*.

A letter I had from E. V. Lucas (it was about the time when I might have gone to Leeds) began with: 'Thank you for the typescript. I think it a very

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

good book—for dolls.' The book in question, diminutive in size, and entitled (in imitation of Wells's *Outline of History*) *An Outline of Dollery*, was one of a number of miniature books written for the library of Her Majesty Queen Mary's dolls'-house. In it were recorded, from the point of view of a doll, the imaginary history of the doll throughout the ages. There were seven chapters; namely, Introductory; Authorities; Distribution of the Doll Race; History; the Past, from the Clay Period to the Wax Age; Decadence, The Rag Time; Renaissance; Ancient Ideals and Modern Tendencies; Conclusion. The text was beautifully copied for me by a skilful friend in two volumes not much larger than a postage stamp.

I am to give another letter from E. V. It was written about the time that Messrs. Hachette were issuing a series of booklets by prominent French authors, each in praise of some human frailty. They bore such titles as *Eloge de la Par esse*, *Eloge du Snobisme*, *Eloge du Desordre*. E. V., sending me some of the volumes, wrote:

I wish you would look at the accompanying volumes and tell me if you think there would be anything in a similar series for this country, and, if so, if you would care to be the general editor, selecting the best authors for the purpose. I am not proposing translation, but a conveyance, with due acknowledgements in your preface, of the idea. There would be no harm in your authors knowing about these French ones; they might even, now and then, pick a bone with them. This is for you to say. Also, there might be various subjects that occur to you. I can see, for example, a very good whimsical essay in praise of poverty.—

E.V.

I planned a series, my team to be Osbert Sitwell (Gossip), Philip Guedalla (Insincerity and Pose), Rose Macaulay (Credulity), Wyndham Lewis (Bad Taste), the Countess Russell (Poverty), Maurice Baring (Ugliness), Hilaire Belloc (Mediocrity), A. A. Milne (Idleness), E. V. Knox (Low-browism), Ronald Knox (Ignorance), Robert Lynd (Sentimentality), and A. P. Herbert (Selfishness). The scheme fell through, but it brought in a collection of amusing and instructive letters from the twelve; not to mention other letters from E. V. on the subject. One is:

Thank you for your list. When you come to add new subjects don't forget the possibilities of such writers as James Agate and St. John Irvine. I see that you have Wyndham Lewis down for one book only; I am sure that it would be worth while to get him for another at once. His fertility and industry are alike amazing.

The more I say over to myself Guedalla's revised title, the more I realize that we must go back to 'Insincerity', but if you stick to the revision, it is God's mercy that you did not select as its author——. Perhaps 'In praise of

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Posing' might be a compromise. This reminds me, what about compromise as a theme, or is it too much a part of daily life? I doubt if 'Highbrows' is very good; surely 'Lowbrows' would be more in our picture? Don't lose sight of greediness, drunkenness, or perhaps excess, incompetence, and failure. I think *Failure* might be a very good book.

E. V.

Rose "Macaulay wrote:

May I write in praise of Sloth? I don't think I understand clearly enough exactly what sentimentality means to praise it at length. If I can't have sloth (I see that Mr. Milne has Idleness after his name in your provisional list, but perhaps this is not the same), will you let me know and I will think of something else.

ROSE MACAULAY

Even if sloth and idleness are both being done, I feel that Mr. Milne and I would treat them quite differently.

It has occurred to me since writing this that Credulity would be a good thing to praise. May I praise it, if not Sloth? In fact, I think I will choose that in any case, so do not notice the beginning of my letter.

I have a very large number of reviews to my credit, and lectures, both scholarly and popular, and formal speeches, as on the presentation of medals to explorers of intrepidity, and obituaries, as of E. G. Browne, Margoliouth, Senart, Rhys Davids, De Stael Holstein, F. W. K. Muller, Meillet, Cordier, Barthold, and many others.

I have to my credit only one poem that I care to call mine. It is the subject of this letter that one day reached me from Vienna:

Sir,

You know nearly forty languages including Welsh, Hungarian and Thibetan which are among the most difficult to learn. It is a pity that I am unable to write correctly English, even this language so many people speak and understand!

I was thirty-seven when I begin to learn English two years ago. Curiously enough the first British paper I have ever read was the *Morning Post*, dated 10 December 1926, and I found there your verse 'Domino':

*His coat was partly black as ink,
And partly white as snow
When it was clean, and that is why
We called him 'Domino'.*

My 'discovery' in the London paper gave me very great pleasure. I am very fond of cats and this exquisite verse is due to a distinguished orientalist whose personality and work are known and much admired in my country.

MY BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

I can say I read almost every day your poem which should be placed at the beginning of every anthology of verses devoted to our domestic pets. It is always with deep feelings I read the following lines:

*He came from nowhere suddenly,
And claimed us all as friends. . . .
He's gone where all the kittens go
That are too good for earth,
The Paradise of little cats
And puppies drowned at birth.*

The last four lines broke my heart; I have seldom encountered a poem in which the emotion is so concentrated and so briefly expressed.

All orientalists and the learned men in the Near East know and appreciate your works on oriental subjects, both literary and historical. But until I have made my 'discovery' I was not aware you have written poetry. I will be glad to learn where I can find other verses you have published.

Do you permit me to tell you a wish I have since my 'discovery'? I own some beautiful pictures showing cats and kittens together with some verses devoted to these delightful pets; to enrich my little treasure with your poem's autographical copy will make me happiest cat-lover in the world.

MEHMED ALI

XXVIII

The Theatre, Art, Music, Pageants, Circuses

Only once or twice in my life have I been so carried away by a theatrical production as to have gone to see it night after night. Already, as a youth, I went many Saturdays in succession to see *Dorothy*. Had the opportunity offered itself, I would have gone as many times to see the Russian operas, *Le Cog cl'Or* and *Boris Godonov*. *Pelleas and Melisande*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine, also held me spellbound. It was, however, Rutland Boughton's opera, *The Immortal Hour*, produced at the Regent Theatre in 1923, that gave me more sheer delight than anything I have ever seen on the stage. I was not so deluded as to regard the opera as a work of art of the first magnitude, either as poem or musical composition. It is probably because, or partly because, it is not a very great work, that I was able to appreciate it so thoroughly. For me, as for many other enthusiasts who went night after night, the opera struck the purely romantic chords of the heart, while satisfying the mind with rare poetry, and the ear with sweet music. It was, moreover, acted to perfection (her part was that of Etain) by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. I am prepared to allow that the play is sentimental, and that the music at times is somewhat trivial and weak, and that one of the scenes comes dangerously near to being childish in its conventionality. No-one could pretend, either, that Miss Ffrangcon-Davies had a great voice. In spite of these admissions, I claim that the little work was beautifully staged, acted, and sung, and that much of the music is inspired. The opening scene in the dark forest, with its vista of tall pine trees disappearing into the background, the elusive and enthralling solo of Dalua, and the mocking chorus of the invisible spirits (surely no composer has ever conveyed laughter and raillery half so well as here), made on me an unforgettable impression. The moments I enjoyed most were those when Etain, in the midst of a perfect love-scene with Eochaidh, hears the music of the spirit-world, and forgets all earthly love, to the utter dismay of Eochaidh, who cannot hear that music. The manner in which Miss Ffrangcon-Davies changed from a passionate mortal to a pure immortal, was a triumph of acting the like of which I have never seen. I know I am no critic, and therefore what I write about the play is purely personal. In any case I am under a lasting obligation to Miss Ffrangcon-Davies for giving me such aesthetic and romantic pleasure.

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

Though gradually there formed a group of enthusiasts who were never tired of coming to the play, the theatre was not well attended, and it came to my knowledge that Barry Jackson was running the play at a heavy loss, and would soon be obliged to take it off. I could not understand why the public had failed to support so excellent a production, and felt that it would be a gracious gesture, if those to whom he had given so much pleasure by keeping the play going, were to present him with some sort of testimonial. Looking back, this seems a curious thing for me to have taken upon myself, more especially as I hardly knew Barry Jackson, and was in no way connected with the stage. However, I set to work to collect the signatures of all those who had frequented *The Immortal Hour*, circularizing them with a copy of the inscription I proposed to have engrossed in an album containing the signatures. This ran as follows:

'Presented to Mr. Barry V. Jackson by some lovers of *The Immortal Hour*, in recognition of the debt they owe to his generous patronage, which has alone made possible the long run of this beautiful music drama at the Regent Theatre.'

The list was thoroughly democratic, beginning as it did with H.H. The Princess Christian and her daughters, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria and H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and including, I remember, a young clerk who declared that he had seen the opera forty times—from the gallery. Lady Lansdowne, one of the enthusiasts, kindly gave me much help in collecting signatures, as did also the box-office manager. Having collected over two hundred signatures, I had them transferred to a finely bound album. It was presented on the stage to Barry Jackson by Their Highnesses Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, at the conclusion of the last performance but one. An account of the proceedings was contributed to *The Sunday Times* by the critic, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, beginning:

'I am used to stage enthusiasms; but Friday night's presentation of an album containing 226 names of well-known people to Barry V. Jackson, a tribute to his munificence in staging *The Immortal Hour* at the Regent Theatre, amazed me. The Rutland Boughton opera was withdrawn, last night, after 216 performances—a record run for British opera—and for the last four weeks the theatre, which only a year ago was a music-hall, has been crowded.'

A morsel of my own speech on the great occasion was: 'I have never met Mr. Jackson till to-night, and all I can say of the presentation is that I sent out 200 cards for signature, and 226 replies came back. That is pretty good for canvassing.'

When I joined the staff of the British Museum at the beginning of 1914 I ran across many old friends of whom I had lost sight while in India. Among them Arthur Weigall, who had retired from exploration work in Egypt, was turning his artistic gifts to account as a scenic artist. He sug-

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

gested that I should write an oriental play, of which he would do the *decor*. I set to work on an ambitious play, dealing with the life and times of Omar Khayyam and the Old Man of the Mountain, his traditional school-friend.

I had first got to know Arthur Weigall when he left Uppingham. A common friend sent him to me to see if I could advise him about a career. He had a gift for drawing and a taste for things Egyptian: it was on my advice that he took up Egyptology. While I was writing my play I gave Weigall my impression of each scene, and he set to work to make a model of it. He completed fourteen models in all, which he arranged around the walls of his large studio. They were brilliant in conception and execution, full of innovations worthy of Rheinhardt. In due course we got Beerbohm Tree to come and look at the models, and hear the play read. All was proceeding most satisfactorily, and Beerbohm Tree had begun to interest himself in it, when the Great War descended upon the world. All thought of producing the play was at once abandoned, and nothing more was ever done about it. It was the irony of fate that an oriental play—*Chu Chin Chow*—should have been, during the War, one of the best money-makers ever staged—and in Tree's theatre.

I suppose much that arrests our attention in literature and the drama does so as giving rise to the personal satisfaction of having escaped from the trials or the temptations of the actors in the play or novel. I do not know that I have ever felt jealous of the lucky prince in disguise in a musical comedy; but I have enjoyed his success—certain from the first though it was. (In what I have just written I was trying to say something that I have not succeeded in saying. I think the eggs were good, but the omelette has failed!)

How hard it is to cast one's mind back, and recall the pictures and sculptures which have given one the greatest thrills. As a young man, my list would have contained the names of Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, Donatello, Michelangelo, and Rembrandt. In aesthetics every man's taste is apt to change many times in the course of his life. This is especially noticeable in the critics. The best example is the way in which taste in female dress changes with the fashions. A back number of an illustrated paper is enough to make one incredulous.

My favourite musicians are Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, and Wagner. My chief interest, as a listener to great music, is to figure out the mental processes of the composer. This I am doing all the time that Wagner is being performed.

After attending two concerts in New York I wrote in my diary: 'I have been to two Toscanini concerts (New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra). All the critics declare that there never was, and certainly there is not, a greater conductor, nor a finer orchestra. To appreciate the great superiority of these performances over all others requires a very intimate knowledge of music and of orchestration. My own feeling was that the

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

renderings were perfect, and incidentally that the "wayward" instruments, as the horns and clarinets, were completely under control.'

Once upon a time I made this record: 'To be perfectly honest, I think the item which moved me most in the many concerts we have had this summer from foreign orchestras, was the playing of "God Save The King" and the Austrian National Anthem by Furtwangler, conducting the Berlin Philharmonic at the Albert Hall.'

In the course of a heated argument I once found myself alone in upholding the theory that whereas the writing of many men, especially young novelists, must be called inspiration, since it could not be the outcome of experience, the composing of music by youthful musicians does represent knowledge of life or inspired experience. I argued that the *Liebestod* is inspired music, and does not of necessity imply a great understanding of love; that we only know what Wagner is talking about as people who have been told; that music has adjectives but no substantives, and that the descriptions of everyday life in a novel, about which there can be no question, are not to be compared with the emotions described by the great composers.

Here I wish to give portions of a lecture which I delivered before the Royal Academy of Music, entitled *Music Throughout the World and Harmony as an Instinct*:

'There are certain problems which have troubled me ever since I began to think about things at all, such as why the art of symphony, polyphony or harmony, never made any headway in the orient, and how the feeling for harmony, which with all Western people who are not unmusical is so nearly an instinct, is actually a matter of ear-training and experience. I take this axiom to be the true explanation of the fact that this sense of harmony has not developed in the East.

'In the case of musical people there can be no doubt their feeling for harmony is the result of experience, the harmonies which we recognize and accept as good being those prescribed by the musicians on whose music we have been brought up. Thus it is that when new harmonies are introduced, we are at first shocked, but after a little experience accept them also as good. This process, by breaking down the old harmonic boundaries, develops in us new powers of appreciation. We should remember that aesthetic standards conform to no fixed laws, and that all taste is transitory. The musical gift varies in intensity. In the case of a first-class musician some sense seems to have been handed down which is independent of experience, and music seems to me to differ from all other forms of genius in that this gift comes to fruition at a far earlier stage than any other artistic or intellectual gift. The average musical person owes his taste to inheritance plus experience. The faculty for putting a part, when singing, to a *top line* is probably the unconscious result of church-going. It must not be assumed that a musical

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

genius, if he had been brought up without ever hearing European music, would have discovered harmonies for himself.

'I take it that the musical gift in our modern sense could only show itself in some country where European music prevailed. I do not know whether negroes, in their native Africa, have ever shown signs of a taste for harmony. No doubt the particular turn which their songs and music have taken owes something to the country of their origin.

'It is by understanding how harmony and orchestration came into being in Europe that we can best explain their absence in the East. As in the case of so many other Western institutions, their origin is to be found in the Christian religion; for all our music developed from the music of the early Christian Church, and this music in turn was borrowed from the Greeks. The Greeks regarded music only as an accompaniment to the dance, the dancer setting the rhythm both for the singer and for the poet. The Greek dance-music, on account of its rhythm, was regarded as somewhat frivolous by the early Christians, and it was by borrowing the melody and avoiding the rhythm that the sombre chorale came into being, the mixing of voices being introduced in order to compensate for what had been thus lost. Throughout the East, except among the Muslims, dancing and music have always been associated with religion, and there has thus been no reason for any similar process to take place. On the other hand, in the early days of Islam, Puritanism came very near to putting a stop to all music among the Arabs; but it continued to be indulged in despite the warnings attributed to the Prophet, just as did the art of painting living beings. Music among the Muslims being thus confined to the palace and the tavern, no necessity arose for any change in its form and presentment; and when in the ninth century, under the great Caliphs of Baghdad, the ancient Greek works on music came to be translated into Arabic, at a period when they had been entirely forgotten in Europe, Arabian music, which fitted perfectly into the Greek scheme, took a new lease of life. Music was now included in the curriculum of the universities, being classed with the mathematical arts.

'Harmony—that is, the combining of sounds of different pitch—though known to the Greeks, was not used, it seems, in musical compositions. Their scales, like those of other nations, including the whole East, were consequently only adapted to and used in the development of melody.

'The one-sided nature of their music has by no means prevented oriental peoples taking the liveliest interest in the theory and history of this art. Chinese and Arabic literature contains countless works about music and musicians. In China they have a fairly good method of indicating the melody, but no system of expressing time and rhythm. In the thirteenth century, on the other hand, the Arabs marked their notes with letters and their rhythms by numbers. But for the most part, throughout the East, melodies and songs have been handed down from father to son by pro-

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

fessional musicians, and, their knowledge being regarded as a secret, notation never found great favour with them.

'It has been my good fortune to hear the music of many Eastern countries. Chinese music leaves on me the impression of tinny, twanging, jerky sounds, with no particular beginning or end. One unkind critic described it as deliciously horrible, like cats trying to sing bass with sore throats! It is at any rate more curious to me than pleasing. The instruments they use are lutes, guitars, and violins: in the case of the last the bow sometimes passes between the strings. They also favour flutes and clarinets, and of course drums.

'In India we find both Hindu and Muslim music. It is hard at first to appreciate the subtle differences which distinguish them. The music of these countries lacks impressiveness. The songs and the dances are all on the quiet and emotionless side, except for the elaborate variation on a high pitch, and the straining of the voices; for throughout the East what we call the covered note is unknown, and it seems the aim of every singer to employ only white forcing notes produced by a hardening and stiffening of the muscles of the throat.

'Only in Tibetan temples have I been really impressed by music in the East. It is difficult to describe the effect produced by a full orchestra of Lamas, playing in a temple to no audience at all. The orchestra is composed of a number of thirty-two foot brass trumpets giving deep groans lower than any note one has ever dreamt of; of huge kettledrums, smaller trumpets, and shrill clarinets. The effect is never to be forgotten of the *crescendo* of one instrument after another joining in unison. It is unlike anything to be heard elsewhere, not excepting even Ravel's *Bolero* by massed bands.'

I concluded the lecture with an old oriental story. A certain musician gave a rich man great pleasure by his music. The rich man called his treasurer, and in the hearing of the musician said: 'Give him two thousand dinars.' On the musician's asking for the money, the treasurer, having an understanding with his master, refused to give it. The musician told the rich man this; but he said: 'What did you give me, that I should make you a return? By playing on the lyre you gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears. I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you a sum of money!'

One of the features of the Wembley Exhibition was a great historical pageant. I was invited to join the committee, and was thus a second time brought into contact with Frank Lascelles, the Pageant Master. I undertook to supervise a scene which should represent the arrival of Sir Thomas Roe at the Court of the Emperor Jahangir. It cost me a good deal of time and trouble, but would have been a great success, if only something could have been done about the climate, which ruined the show almost daily. Driving down to Wembley with Lady Ravensdale, who was gorgeously attired, as Queen Elizabeth, in a frock valued at eighty pounds, I had to escort her

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

through rain and mud to her place of entry. It was all too depressing; but she took it in real good humour, and we laughed all the way home at the funny sights of bedraggled costumes, most of them unfit to survive one heavy shower.

The Indian scene, for which I was jointly responsible with Mr. Lascelles, required elephants. In two days an advertisement in *The Times* brought offers of no less than a hundred animals. Paul Morand, to whom I mentioned the incident, was so much struck by it, that he introduced it into *Rien que la terre*. The crowds and dancing-girls for the scene I obtained from Messrs. Dickens & Jones in Regent Street, and the rehearsals were held in Hyde Park near the Bird Sanctuary. It was a most amusing experience, as well as a first-class beauty-show. The men and the women received nothing but their travelling expenses.

Circuses are another of my life-long passions. I have never missed visiting a circus, when the opportunity offered. Alas, London, which at one time had three regular circuses, cannot now find a public to support one! Only once a year do we have the Bertram Mills wonderful show at Olympia. It was a matter of much pride to us, when we came to be included in the huge luncheon always given before the first performance.

I have always been interested in conjuring and sleight of hand, and Houdini for many years was one of my heroes. I first saw him in London—I think it was at the Pavilion—when he was doing his trick of freeing himself from a churn locked and sealed, he himself handcuffed, shackled, and tied in a sack. He was not the only man who could do these escaping tricks; but he did them far better than anyone else, and he was always inventing fresh stunts. I once saw a man named Murray suspended by his feet from the chain of a huge crane on a high building in Piccadilly. Bound, handcuffed, and shackled, his task was to free himself while in that hanging position; then climb the chain, and come down the shaft of the crane. It was a terrifying sight. What I admire about these performers is their great courage. Houdini, as a young man, determined to put away all fear, and devote every effort to perfecting his body. He obtained such complete control over his muscles, that he could move his toes as easily as his fingers. His mastery of locks was little short of miraculous. No prison door could hold him, and only once was he near giving up. It was when he found he could do nothing with a cell door, try as he might. Suddenly, an accidental jerk, and the door opened. He had been trying to unlock a door that was not locked.

Houdini spent the last years of his life exposing the pseudo-spiritualists; but Mr. Hannen Swaffer, an ardent spiritualist, maintains that Houdini embarked on this enterprise for the sake of money, and not from a pure desire to expose fraud.

It was Quex, I think, who got me my first invitation to a dinner of the Magicians' Circle. These dinners end with demonstrations of the latest

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

tricks of well-known conjurers. In return, I imagine, for speeches I have made at their dinners I was elected a vice-president of the Magicians' Circle, an honour I greatly appreciate. One of those speeches was made at a Ladies' Night. A newspaper report of the proceedings contained the following passage:

'In his speech Sir Denison declared that he had spent years trying to find someone who had seen the famous Indian rope trick, in which a man throws a rope into the air and a boy climbs up it and disappears. He revealed, too, that the late Marquis Curzon, during his term of office as Viceroy of India, had offered seventy-five pounds to any Indian who could show him this trick, but nobody had ever satisfied him.'

Some little while afterwards a certain Khan Bahadur and Barrister-at-Law, the Government Public Prosecutor and Chief Vakil of Jamnagar State in Western India States Agency, Rajkot, by name Gulam Mohamed Munshi, who had read the newspaper report of my speech, addressed a letter to Mr. S. T. Sheppard, the editor of *The Times of India*, by whom it was forwarded to me. As in this letter Gulam Mohamed Munshi gave a brief description of the rope trick, which he claimed to have seen performed, Mr. Sheppard invited him to write a fuller description, and this he did in a second letter, as follows:

'You ask me to give a detailed account of my recollection of the "rope trick", which I do with pleasure.

'I was staying in the Great Western Hotel, Bombay, as a permanent boarder in the first half of the year, A. D. 1895. I had come to Bombay from Kathiawar with a view to practise at the High Court. I had then put in seven years' service in an Indian State as permanent Sessions Judge. I mention these two facts simply to show you that I was not then a young fellow without any experience in life.

'One day in the month of March or April 1895 I was sitting on the open verandah of the first floor of the hotel overlooking its small garden, at about 11 a.m. My room was on that verandah. An ordinary Musalman juggler gave a performance of his tricks in an open corner of the garden. He had no tent or covering for his performance; nor had he any chair or table. He had a boy and a companion with him to help him. The verandah on which I was sitting was about fifteen feet from the ground, and I was at a distance of about forty feet diagonally from the juggler. First he performed some ordinary tricks which I do not remember now. The last trick he performed was what is known as the "rope trick". I have a very clear recollection even now that I saw a thread (not a rope) like ordinary twine, hanging perpendicularly without any support from above. There was nobody there to hang it down, as the trick was performed in an open space, with only the sky above it.

'I remember seeing the thread for a short length of about thirty or forty feet

THE THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, PAGEANTS, CIRCUSES

from the ground. I could not see it above that height. Then I remember a boy of about ten or twelve years of age going up the thread unsupported. I believe he was talking as he went up. Then his voice was not heard for a few minutes. After that the juggler raised a cry and said his son was killed, and immediately after that there was some noise, and the juggler showed something and declared that it was a part of his (son's) body. There were a few such noises, as if something fell on the ground, at very short intervals, and every time he declared that it was some part of the body of the boy, and gave out the name of the part. All this time he (the juggler) was crying loudly. He put each part of the body in a basket near him, as it came down. Then after saying a few words in the usual manner of the jugglers, he told the boy to come out, and so he did, and *salaamed* in his usual manner.

I have most distinct recollection of the thread hanging perpendicularly without any support, the boy going up the thread, and his disappearing in the open space, and then his coming out of the basket.

There were not many spectators at the time, as the performance was given in the *inner* garden of the hotel, and people passing on the road could not see the garden.

I have some recollection (but am not absolutely certain) that I asked the juggler how the trick was performed; that is, what the secret of the trick was, and his reply was: "Yih nazar-bandi hai." *Nazar-bandi* is a very expressive Urdu phrase. Translating freely, it means that he had such power that he could make people see what he suggested to them.

'I am sending two typed copies of this letter, and request you to send one to Sir Denison Ross.'

XXIX

Clubs, Conversation, After-Dinner Speaking

Since I left India I have belonged to four London clubs, the Athenaeum, White's, the Garrick, and the Beefsteak. In the old days it was usual to have to wait anything between fifteen and twenty years for one's name to come up for election to the Athenaeum. My own name was put down by John Murray, the publisher, seconded, I think, by one of the Macmillans, in 1895, and I was not elected until 1913. Since the Great War this period of waiting has been reduced to as little as three years, and the result has been very much to lower the average age of the club's members on joining.

On my recruitment to the British Museum my chief was Binyon. He and I took to frequenting a neighbouring tavern, with one or two colleagues, to play billiards. When the war came I was transferred to the War Office, and not until after it did Binyon and I resume our billiards, but now it was at the Athenaeum. The billiard room there is a kind of club within a club, and the regular players, never a large number, get to know each other well. In no place is the disappearance of one's friends from the world more forcibly brought home to one than by the blanks created by death among billiard-players. Among the best players I remember in the old days was Humphry Ward, the art critic of *The Times*, the husband of his better-known wife, the novelist niece of Matthew Arnold.

I became a member of White's under the persuasion of one or two friends amongst the members, and there resulted an insight for me into a side of life very different from my own. Although only a professor, I was most kindly received by all, and made many new friends, for White's is one of the few social clubs in London. Between 6.30 p.m. and 7.30 members are wont to congregate, and exchange ideas and drinks. You seldom see men sitting alone at that hour, but in groups round the minute bar or in the writing-room.

The Beefsteak, apart from the offices and the kitchen, has only one room, containing a small table for newspapers and a long one for meals. It is frequented only for lunch and dinner. Each member on coming in takes the next vacant seat on this side of the table or that, the company varying between ten and twenty. The conversation is general, everyone saying just what he likes.

The Garrick Club has many charms of its own, not the least of them its

CLUBS, CONVERSATION, AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

famous dining-room, where there is one of the best portrait galleries in England. I possess a copy of *The Garrick Club: Notices of One Hundred and Thirty-five of its Former Members*, by the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, himself a member of the Garrick. Many of the notices are very short; the notice of Barham himself being among the shortest—'C'est moi': the notice of Samuel Rogers is as short—'The poet'; the notice of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is—'Son to Tom Sheridan. Ran away with Miss Grant, daughter of Sir Colquhoun Grant.' The most amusing notice is as follows: 'A man much liked and very popular, but being convicted of cheating at whist and marking the cards, got out of society. Lord Chesterfield saying after the trial that he had called upon him nevertheless and left his card, "Did he mark it?" asked Hook. "No!" said my Lord fiercely. "Of course not," said Poole, "he did not consider it an honour." ' All three speakers were members of the Garrick. Poole was the author of *Paul Pry*. The original of Paul Pry, Tom Hill, was also a member.

The Garrick dates back to 1831. Canon Barham, an original member, composed the following lines, which, set as a glee by William Hawcs, Almoner of St. Paul's and Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, were sung at the opening dinner:

*Let poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless Jame
The larceny of the Knave of Hearts,
Who spoiled his Royal Dame.*

*Alack! my timid Muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair QUEEN OF CLUBS!*

The men one meets at the Garrick are actors, High Court judges and other legal luminaries, with a sprinkling of men drawn from the arts and the learned professions. When I joined the leading lights were Sir Squire Bancroft, who was in a manner the uncrowned king of the club, and who lunched there every day, walking home to his rooms in the Albany almost up to the end, Johnston Forbes Robertson, Gerald du Maurier, and Harry Higgins, the man without a voice who told the best stories in the world, especially in connection with his great hobby, the opera.

It was from him that I heard the story of the Englishman in New York, who was taken to a box at the Metropolitan to hear *Lohengrin*, and of whom his hostess inquired, after carrying on a lively conversation with him throughout the three acts, whether he would like to come with her the following evening to hear *Tannhduser*. The young Englishman replied: 'I should love to—I haven't heard you in *Tannhduser*.'

CLUBS, CONVERSATION, AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

E. V. Lucas, Edwin Lutyens, Chartres Biron, Harry Lonsdale, Harry Graham—all these men were capable of providing the most brilliant talk, and it was indeed a privilege to sit with them at lunch. The Garrick has one big table in the middle of the dining-room, and the newcomer may take the first vacant seat he finds. The most interesting dinner I remember was one given in honour of John Barrymore, when he was playing Hamlet at the Haymarket Theatre to the Ophelia of Fay Compton. We sat down that evening about eighty strong, there being present several well-known Hamlets in addition to the guest of honour. Three of them were Johnston Forbes Robertson, Martin Harvey, and Benson.

So many good sayings, to pass now from talk at the Garrick to talk in general and after-dinner speaking, depend for their success and survival on the manner and place of their origin, as much as on their parenthood. Occasionally a *bon mot* of forgotten origin survives, and then a father has to be found for it. I am not thinking of what are known as 'good stories'. Much depends always on the actual or putative parenthood. Just so even quite bad plays and novels, which fail, may contain aphorisms, situations, plots, etc., which, had they only been born of successful parents, would have lived. The same is true of tunes. With regard to one's writing in the Press, far more of it is worth re-reading than re-printing.

So much has been written on the subject of conversation, and yet it is difficult to define what exactly it is. It seems that the better part of every so-called conversation is the *talk* of one particular person; and it is usually the close attention of the listeners that makes that talk so good. Yet how rarely does a host or hostess try to make the guests one party, giving all a chance of listening to the best talker or talkers! A party of six, divided into three conversational groups, is sheer waste of a party. No-one, unless he be in love, can talk half so well to his neighbour as he can to his neighbours, and, of course, if he is in love, he does not want any other neighbours to be there.

I notice, reading other people's reminiscences, that whenever they have met well-known authors, not only have the authors let drop pearls of wit and wisdom, but what they said has usually been remembered *verbatim*. I fear I cannot compete with other 'reminiscers' in this respect, partly because I do not seem to have found my authors often at the top of their form, and partly because I have a bad memory for what other people say (also for what I say myself), or I have never cultivated the habit of remembering, and it is now too late to begin such cultivation.

There are individuals who seem as clever in talk as in their writings, and I may cite as examples the two very different writers, H. G. Wells and E. V. Lucas. In both these men there was very little to choose between their conversation and their writing. Lucas had a brain which worked faster than that of any other man of my acquaintance. Harry Graham also **had a very**

CLUBS, CONVERSATION, AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

quick wit, enabling him to say on the instant what the average man would afterwards wish to have said. Once at the Garrick I told the well-known story of the Duchess of Marlborough's factor and the emu. The Duchess, long hoping that the emu would lay an egg, had been disappointed. However, while she was abroad, suddenly the emu did lay an egg. The factor, knowing well how greatly the news would interest Her Grace, sent the following telegram: 'Emu has laid egg. Pending Your Grace's absence have placed it under goose.' Harry Graham, sitting in the group of listeners, said without a moment's hesitation: 'If you had told that story to Queen Victoria, she would have said, "We are not *emused*"' The story reminds me of one of the best examples of mistranslation on record. The sentence to be translated was 'Le peuple emu repondit.' It was rendered by a man possessing just enough knowledge of French to be dangerous: 'The purple emu laid another egg.' And while on the subject of 'inspired' translations I may add another story. In the early days of the League of Nations it was reported of a well-known French interpreter that, hearing one English delegate say to another under his breath, when things were going badly: 'We *are* a happy family!' he took the remark seriously, saying to the President: 'Monsieur X constate que nous sommes une famille heureuse.'

One day, at a Garrick lunch, we discussed the dinosaur, and how it got about. Its wings were too small to be of any use, while its legs were of an enormous length. E. V. suddenly said: 'It probably lounged like a lizard.'

That my experiences as a public speaker began very late in life I attribute to the fact that I did not go to Oxford or Cambridge. There at any rate, I feel sure, I should have been tempted to try, though possibly not encouraged to continue. Without claiming to be a good speaker, still less to be an orator, I have a considerable facility for extempore speech; which being the case, it is a strange circumstance that I should have had no opportunity of discovering the gift till I was nearly forty years of age. Having, indeed, no suspicion of any latent facility, I had no 'urge'. It is only since the war that I have had much practice. The best compliment I ever receive on my speaking is an expression of regret on the part of my fellow guests, when I have *not* been called on to speak. I may presume, then, that I have been sufficiently successful when I have spoken to earn quite a good reputation for the speeches which I have not delivered.

I frankly confess that I enjoy being called on to speak, provided the occasion is a frivolous one, and provided also there is some other speaker, or a guest of honour, who can be suitably tilted at. Serious after-dinner speeches are, of course, most embarrassing to everyone except those who enjoy delivering them. I have never been quite reconciled to the place occupied by the Toast of the King and the Royal Family. It would be better to drink these loyal toasts at an early stage of the dinner, when they would serve the purpose of a general permit to smoke. I should prefer, too, that when dinner

CLUBS, CONVERSATION, AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

is over the chairman should rise and say what he has to say. Then again I think the alternation of speeches and music undesirable; for they do not mix. Seeing that the great City Companies are such warm supporters of the musical profession, it has always seemed strange to me that they should suffer music to be interrupted by speeches. If there is time for both, why not have them in separate parts of the programme?

One is inclined to believe that most men who can say boo to a goose love the temporary publicity offered by after-dinner speaking. Nevertheless, just as a song is wont to begin with a symphonic introduction, so do most speeches begin with one or more untruths referring to the speakers' dislike of talking in public, or to their surprise at having been called on, or to their consciousness of their unfitness for the task. My experience leads me to believe that men who do not like speaking in public never do so. I know several eminent men of letters who, though they talk as well as they write, resolutely refuse to make speeches. Those who do speak want to, as do a great number who are never asked to. I once had a long talk with Andre Maurois on the subject of the inspiration which comes to good speakers when they stand up before an audience. We agreed that it is something distinct from the inspiration which takes possession of the end of a pen. That is, of some pens.

XXX

The Occult

By nature I am opposed to all investigation of the unseen world, of the future. This opposition, I feel sure, is based mainly on fear. I regard man's ignorance of what is to become of him as one of the few certain and lasting benefits in his existence. Those who, whether by fortune-telling, table-turning, or communication with the spirits of the departed, try to discover what the future has in store are only doing what, if successful, would deprive their fellow creatures—so at least I feel myself—of a blessed ignorance where 'tis folly to be wise'. However, men are very variously constituted, and there will always be many naturally drawn to such investigations.

It is of interest to consider the all-important part played in history by astronomers and astrologers. In most oriental countries, and in Europe down to comparatively recent times, the court astrologer held a position second in importance only to that of the king himself; for had an army to be led into the field, it was the astrologer who determined the auspicious day and hour of the king's putting his foot in the stirrup; had a new town to be built, it was for the astrologer again, after consulting the stars, to define the exact site.

One of the most interesting of Persian astrologers' predictions is recorded of al-Biruni. Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna and he were together in a summer-house, when the Sultan asked the astrologer by which of the four doors he would go out, adding: 'Make a calculation and write the result on a piece of paper, and put it under my quilt.' The astrologer having done that, the Sultan caused a fifth door to be made on the eastern side, and through it he went out. On the paper, which was now examined, al-Biruni had written: 'He will go out through none of these four doors, but they will dig a fifth door in the eastern wall, by which door he will go forth.' Mahmud, angry that what had been written was the bare truth and not a matter to please him, ordered them to cast al-Biruni down in the midst of the palace; but, there being a net stretched from the middle floor, and the man falling on it, he sustained no injury. 'Bring him in,' said the Sultan, and to him he said: 'O Abu Rayhan' (that was his real name), 'thou didst not know about this event.' 'I knew it, sire,' he answered. 'Where is the proof?' he was asked. Al-Biruni, calling his servant, took the almanac containing the prognostications from him, and one of the predictions for that day was: 'To-day they will cast me down from a high place, but I shall reach the earth in safety,

and arise sound in body.' This not being in accordance with Mahmud's mind, he became still angrier, and ordered the astrologer to be confined in the citadel. And there he languished for six months.

Omar Khayyam's prediction that his grave would be where the trees would shed their blossoms on him twice a year is perhaps well known in outline, but not well known is the charm with which Nizami-i-'Aruzi has recorded the prediction, nor what he has added on the subject of Omar Khayyam's general attitude to astrology. The story is that, in the hearing of Nizami-i-'Aruzi, the prediction was uttered in a house, that of Amir Abu Sa'd Jarrah, in the street of the slave-sellers in the city of Balkh. Being in Nishapur twenty-four years later, four years after the death of Omar Khayyam, 'that Argument of Truth,' Nizami-i-'Aruzi, visited the grave on the eve of a Friday, taking a guide with him to point out the spot. The narrative continues:

'So he brought me out to the Hira Cemetery; I turned to the left, and found his tomb situated at the foot of a garden-wall, over which pear-trees and peach-trees thrust their heads, and on his grave had fallen so many flower-leaves that his dust was hidden beneath the flowers. Then I remembered that saying which I had heard from him in the city of Balkh, and I fell to weeping, because on the face of the earth, and in all the regions of the habitable globe, I nowhere saw one like unto him. May God (blessed and exalted is He!) have mercy upon him, by His Grace and His Favour! Yet although I witnessed this prognostication on the part of that Proof of the Truth 'Umar, I did not observe that he had any great belief in astrological predictions; nor have I seen or heard of any of the great [scientists] who had such belief.'

Anwari, regarded as one of the greatest astrologers of his time, once ventured a forecast which, owing to the notoriety which its nonfulfilment secured for it, considerably damaged his prestige. It happened (it was during the reign of Sultan Sanjar) that the seven planets were to be in conjunction in the sign of Libra. Anwari declared that at that time most of the buildings and old trees would be overthrown by a great wind, and the cities destroyed. The common people, dismayed at this dictum and full of fear, dug cellars into which they crept on the day of the conjunction. It happened that night that a man took a lamp to the top of the minaret of Merv, and lit it there, and there was not enough wind blowing to put it out. On the morrow Sultan Sanjar, summoning Anwari, reproached him, saying: 'Why do you make prognostications so false?' The poet began to excuse himself, saying that what planetary conjunctions are the signs of do not take place immediately, but appear by degrees. Yet it happened that during that year there was not wind enough for the winnowing of the harvest, which lay on the ground till the spring. Anwari, on account of this mistake, fled to Balkh, and resided there for a long time, occupying himself with the science of astrology.

THE OCCULT

Only on one occasion have I myself had anything to do with occultism. It came about in the following way. Some twenty-two years ago W. B. Yeats and Edmund Dulac were much interested in a man living in St. Leonards, a scientist who claimed to have perfected a machine invented by Sir William Crookes, of whom he had been a pupil. With this machine it was proposed to test the hypothesis put forward at the beginning of the last century by Baron Von Reichenbach on the subject of the 'odylic' force, a mysterious fluid that, among other things, was supposed to account for a number of phenomena, such as mesmerism, the transmission of thought, telepathy, etc. In the machine certain substances, emitting coloured rays, were combined in suitable proportions to produce 'odylic' light, and this, properly controlled, enabled one to communicate with spiritual entities. Knowing that in all such matters I was an avowed sceptic, Yeats and Dulac persuaded me to accompany them on a journey to St. Leonards, to visit this man, and investigate and test the invention. The idea of the expedition rather alarmed me, but my fears were negligible in comparison with the anticipated pleasure of making a journey with two such delightful companions.

On arrival at the address given we were shown into a small drawing-room on the first floor, where we were welcomed with some solemnity by Mr. X. In the middle of the room was a small table, and on it stood a square box, measuring about eighteen inches each way. On the top of the box was a tumbler of water containing a variety of coloured stones, possibly precious ones. The front of the box was open, revealing within some ends of wire and a telephone receiver.

Mr. X saying he was ready to begin, we all three sat on a sofa against the wall, facing the windows. Yeats, however, said he desired first to perform a small ceremony, and thereupon placed himself in the middle of the room, and, turning to each point of the compass in order, muttered certain cabalistic phrases, and then sat down again. The atmosphere thus created added very much to the solemnity of the occasion, and I confess that I was deeply impressed. The paper and pencil with which I was equipped for the making of notes were held in trembling hands.

Mr. X now seated himself at the little table, and began to manipulate the wire ends. From the box itself came no sound, but Mr. X, after a short interval, began to repeat what he himself claimed to hear from it. I took down all he said as rapidly as I was able, and these notes I still have in my possession. They contain nothing either interesting or illuminating, except that many of them are in a mixture of Arabic and Turkish, and seemed to bear on the campaign in Mesopotamia, which was then in progress.

Mr. X proceeded with other experiments, such as guessing a number of playing cards from a new pack which had been dealt out, face down, on the table, objects in envelopes, etc. His most curious experiment consisted in setting a photograph dish full of water on a small table, directing towards it,

THE OCCULT

from the other side of the room, a terminal of his machine. Every time the 'fluid' was switched on, the surface of the water was swept by a ripple of minute waves. We could not reproduce the phenomenon by blowing on the dish or by shaking the table.

The seance lasted for about three hours. When we came away we were all three thoroughly exhausted. I remember our going to the bar at the railway station, finishing off the sandwiches, and reducing the stock of whisky. We did not quite know what to make of it all. I had certainly been impressed while the experiments lasted, but was by no means converted. Yeats was full of conviction, and thought it all marvellous. Dulac hovered between the two views. On reaching London we all went to Dulac's house, and continued our discussion until far into the night, varying it with a little table-tapping. Not that that afforded any help. Yeats was most anxious that I should obtain something convincing out of my notes. I did my best, but after a few days had finally to report failure. Mr. X, of whose history we knew nothing, must, I think, have resided in the Near East, and, further, must have known that I had studied Arabic and Turkish. Otherwise it is certainly difficult to explain how he came to use so many words and expressions that, however disconnected and often incorrect, belong unmistakably to those languages.

The language test of a seance is a very sound one; for it is a test easy to check, especially when the words are recorded on a gramophone, as they sometimes are. I have in my possession a gramophone record, taken at a seance in New York, containing what purports to be a short speech by no less than Confucius in person. Great importance was attached to this seance by its organizers, and certain persons, claiming a knowledge of Chinese, have said that the speech sounds quite genuine. They should have known better than to delude people so; for the record, though reproducing sounds reminiscent of Chinese, does not contain a single intelligible phrase. This I can aver, after having submitted the record to Chinese from various parts of China. Moreover, no-one living has any idea how Confucius pronounced his mother tongue: all we can be sure of is more or less how he did *not* pronounce it.

Passing to the subject of the identification of spirit voices, I remember how, finding myself with my wife in Moscow without a passport (I had been robbed of all my money and papers in Siberia, as I have related), the British Consul, on my applying for a new passport, pointed out that, without my papers, he had no means of identifying me. At that time W. W. Stead was holding, and reporting in the press, conversations that he believed he was conducting with 'Julia'. The Consul, an ex-Indian army officer, referring to these conversations, remarked if he, meeting me in the flesh, was **not** able to make sure of my identity, how much less, was it to be presumed, could Stead identify his interlocutor by her spirit voice? Did Stead rely upon

THE OCCULT

nothing but the sound of that voice? That is a question that one might have addressed to the Consul.

I am quite prepared to agree that I am mistaken in my attitude to the occult. I am only concerned to point out that I dislike playing with the unseen, and would rather not consult either a fallible or an infallible astrologer.

XXXI

On Being Sixty-six

6 June 1937. Alas! I am to-day sixty-six years old. I do not feel a day older than I did at forty. *Anno domini* has only increased my zest for life and my power of work, as it has also improved my physique. I honestly cannot trace any intellectual falling-off; I am certainly better fitted for scholarly work than ever before. I am, indeed, only beginning to be a scholar, unless the love of study for its own sake came to me too late for me ever to be one. I resemble rather a shotgun than a rifle: I can scatter tiny pellets of knowledge, but cannot pierce a distant target. I can make a fair after-dinner speech, but I cannot write a great book. Now I am on the wrong side of the bridge of life, I am intensely industrious; but time is behind me instead of in front of me, and although I have not exactly wasted my life, and have not disgraced myself in any post, I have not produced anything of value, anything to bring me recognition in my lifetime, still less posthumous fame. Not that I understand any man's caring two hoots about that; Curzon certainly did, and one can cite Homer and Dante as to the spur to effort which lies in the desire for posthumous fame.

It should be a source of much thankfulness that a normal man can face his age, as he grows older; yet it is so tragic, really, that with the increase of wisdom there is the shortening of the days to come. One discusses what may happen in the future, so many years ahead that only young people can be alive then. Men, however, are reconciled to what is common to the lot of all. One resents illness, because others are well; but old age comes to all who do not die before their time; and all men must come to an end. We take the weather as it comes, because it comes alike to all. So even I, who grew up so late in life, am reconciled to being sixty-six. I am happy, too, if I have, for my most vital consideration, the fact that I can foresee no provision for the time, should it ever come, when I can no longer earn a salary: this is, undoubtedly, the obsessional thought underlying all my activities. Were it not for this I should declare myself contented with life, despite the poverty of my achievement.

For a man who belongs to the learned classes, who from the age of twenty-five has had to do with teaching and with writing, my career has been unexpected, unlikely, surprising. Knowledge has come but slowly, except in the picking up of modern languages; but still more slowly has come the power of speech, and slowest of all the power to express myself in writing. My small talents blossomed forth, not at twenty, but at fifty! It is about

ON BEING SIXTY-SIX

writing that I least understand this; for I began with some promise as a writer. I put this in a letter earlier in the year in which I was married:

'I have started a pretty little book in which I jot down all the ideas which occur to me, and which I regard as the manufactory of the "Little Book of Verses from the Corsican", and which I hope to give you one day. Last night I was re-reading some jottings I made about three weeks ago, and do you know, they quite took me by surprise, though I have no recollection of having been pleased by them when I wrote them. I think my new *Epipsychidion* must be in blank verse. I find that if I put it into rhyming lines, it always looks so much more like bad Pope than good Shelley, whereas some of the lines, by themselves, are quite equal to—well, why not say Shakespeare and have done with it?'

I should have done better, had I laid more to heart some advice that F. H. Skrine gave me in my youth:

My dear Mr. Ross,

. . . Now a word as to your own career. You said on Friday that you 'couldn't write'; and I remarked that it was as if I were to sit down and try to make a piano, or even a humble domestic appliance, without apprenticeship, and then complain of my ill success. The art of writing must be acquired painfully and at the cost of discouragements innumerable, by all but the favoured few in whose brain, through some malfunction (such it is), there lurks that which we style genius. We have Shakespeare writing *Hamlet* while a poor, despised player, and Balzac analysing the female heart as a raw youth in a garret on the Surrey side of Paris. But these are the exceptions, and for the great majority of us the art of stringing sentences together and attracting public attention is one to be acquired like any other. There are very many, indeed a majority of mankind, who can never master it. but you are certainly not amongst them, as your acquirements and enterprise clearly show. If I can be of any help to you in that noblest of careers, the literary calling, please remember that you may command me. . . .

F. H. SKRINE

The keynote to contentment has always seemed to me to be to live one's own life; for it is a common sight to see men around one absolutely satisfied with an existence that would fill oneself with discontent. Sensible men are content with fairly little; but it must be the little of their own choosing. I am quite happy, reading and writing, when another man would be going for a walk. I like the country on a warm day, but, in spite of the noise and the traffic, I prefer towns, and I like them in all weathers. Only the chance of fishing draws me easily from a town.

I am (or I was) a really keen fisherman, who cannot throw a straight line, **nor** do I know how or when to strike. All the fish I have caught have been caught by accident. I am an entirely different being when I am fishing: when

I sit back in a chair, and picture myself hooking a big trout, the thrill is so great (in prospect or retrospect) that I cannot believe I have ever done such a thing.

Only once, when fishing at Kedleston, did I definitely strike a trout. It was in deep clear water. I was fishing from behind a bush with a wet Greenwell. I saw a fat trout come up and take the fly very slowly; I just jabbed the line, and had him fast. Of course, I put him back. I should not care so much for fishing, if it were always like that.

My best sport has been on the Itchen at Kingsworthy above Winchester, where I have spent some of the happiest week-ends of my life. The keeper's name was Clinker, and his wife was a wonderful housekeeper. General Stronach it was who introduced me to the place.

Twelve years in India cut me off from fishing altogether; but for twelve summers there was the Chantry Mill pond at Storrington, with odd days on the Avon and the Test.

Certain topics make conversation easier than others, most of them connected with sport. Nothing makes a man happier than telling an interested listener where and how he caught a particular fish, or a basketful, and then letting the other talk about his fish. It is amazing how incidents in fishing remain engraved on the memory. I, who have rather a bad memory, feel I can recall in detail all the streams I have ever fished in, and exactly what happened at certain spots. This is mainly due to the fact that, when fishing, one puts the outside world altogether away, becoming engrossed in the business in hand and the surrounding scene. This is true even of places where one has fished only once. There are one or two such places in my experience; since I have seldom been invited a second time to fish on a good private fishing—through faults all my own! For I must confess that, while no man could be keener on trout-fishing with a dry fly than myself, I have never been able to throw a good straight line in the orthodox manner. This is due, not so much to natural stupidity, as to bad habits acquired in youth, when, fishing alone, with no-one to reprove me, I got into careless ways, trusting less to skill than to kick, and fishing wet with three flies. During my student days and my sojourn in India I never fished at all, and thus I began with dry fly only during the war.

I have watched with envy other men throwing gentle lines straight as pokers, but have never had the courage to ask how it is done, and what I do wrong. I can throw a very long line, it is true, but somehow it is never right. Once I took my courage in both hands, and, sinking pride, I asked the keeper who had been sent out with me to tell me the real secret of a straight line. Imagine my disappointment when he confessed that he never fished himself: he was the gamekeeper.

I should like to write at some length on the subject of flies. I will confine myself to expressing the view that the trout is a bit of a fool, and as often as

CARTOON FROM *Punch*, JULY 1929
BY GEORGE BELCHER

not gets caught by a hardly disguised hook that cannot resemble any article of his normal diet. Once I caught a big trout in a pond with a fly that began as a March Brown, but by then had lost its wings and most of its hackle.

I sometimes wonder whether I shall not one day turn against fishing. Already I hate killing a trout, and, whenever possible, I put the fish back, irrespective of their size. I don't think I could now shoot any animal, except in self-defence. And then only if I were brave enough! I have a deep affection for most animals, especially the young of dogs, cats, and donkeys.

It is strange that so few of my London friends take any interest in cricket: I am sure the majority of them dislike watching a cricket match. My friendship with my wife (I have said as much elsewhere) began with our common delight in going to Lord's. To this day there is nothing we enjoy more than watching a good match on a fine day. In a large circle of acquaintances and friends, I don't suppose there are more than half a dozen who share this pleasure, and they are all men and all past middle-age. The only drawback to cricket is that it cannot be played in the rain. I find watching any game of cricket intensely interesting. If the scoring is slow, it generally means the bowling is good. For a bowler to send down ball after ball to a great batsman without a run scored is a performance demanding great skill and concentration. No ball bowled is ever dull to me, though of course there is no sight comparable to that of a fine batsman who is set, making runs with nearly every stroke. To see Jessop, in the old days, knock up fifty in half as many minutes was a sight for the gods. More recently there was no greater treat than to see Woolley at his best. His batting was the most delightful I ever watched, and it was a tragedy to see him dismissed. In short, a good match at Lord's on a fine day is the most enjoyable entertainment I can think of.

The older I have grown, the more I have enjoyed the sight of feminine beauty. That beauty has given me more delight than pictures, poetry, or music, if the last has this advantage over other aesthetic delights, that one can re-live and re-experience it in retrospect. I have derived intense pleasure from singing to myself as much as I could remember of orchestral works like the Siegfried Idyll or the overture to the Meistersinger. Curiously enough, my delight in lovely faces and figures is not accompanied by the desire for acquaintance, still less for intimacy. I am satisfied with objectivity. I don't mean to pretend that I have not loved my friends for beauty, when they have possessed it, or that I haven't on many occasions sought to know better someone whom I have met and admired. One of the great charms of London is its abundance of pretty women: all the beauty of England seems to drift to London, leaving the average of looks in the provinces rather low.

How can one explain the charm of girlish youth as such? I suppose it has to do, not with reason, but with instinct and nature; for the more one tries, **the** more difficult it is to define beauty of line, feature, and colour. There is a kind of wireless message sent from the object to the brain which short-

circuits the intermediate stage of the why and the wherefore; an unaccountable something made up of convention, training, experience, taste, passion, and so forth. The message arrives as an obvious truth, just as if certain shapes, forms, and colours were themselves the only activators of our senses. Nevertheless this is obviously not the case; for ideals of beauty vary with every age and country, except possibly the ideal of youthfulness, the bud that has just opened into the rose. I am deeply thankful, slightly ridiculous as it may appear, for the possession of so keen a faculty for enjoying the passing sight of pretty women, and trust never to lose it.

I am ignorant of many facts that are common knowledge to every school-boy, such as the generation of electricity, the internal combustion engine, wireless. I think every schoolboy should be taught how to renew a washer in a tap; how to boil a potato; how to repair a fuse; how to stop a car. I am by no means proud of my ignorance, but I do not regret it much, there being so many people's knowledge to rely on. Had I possessed a motor-car, I think I should have learnt to drive it averagely well: as it is, I don't know the first principles of driving one. No amount of explanation can make me understand electricity. In short, nothing scientific ever becomes reality to me. Another great deficiency in my mental equipment is in connection with flowers and vegetables, and their seasons. The oyster season is the only one I know, and I know it only because the V in the months is so easy to remember. I have no memory for useful tips, as how to remove a stain, but I can the better appreciate the absentmindedness of the gentleman who, having upset the salt-cellar, poured his wine over it to save the tablecloth.

London, for a man of sixty-six, is a land of regrets. This is not because familiar sights are disappearing, because whole streets have been rebuilt, but because sources of pleasure and diversion have been taken away. In some cases this was inevitable; for example, carriage driving in Hyde Park, killed, like other admirable institutions, by the motor-car. There was no excuse for not replacing the Cafe Royal by something on Continental lines, when the sad time came for pulling down old Regent Street. The Cafe Royal was unique in many ways, its only rival its close neighbour, Gambrinus, which has gone too: only Oddenino's has made the effort to provide for open-air refreshment, and that on a small scale. There is, apparently, an evil genius militating against the setting up in London of cafés where a man can enjoy a drink to the accompaniment of fresh air. One has always imagined the beer trade to be responsible for our uncomfortable public drinking habits; but in spite of this, or whatever the reason may have been, the old Cafe Royal achieved the impossible.

I don't regret the hansom cab; for its chief merit was no more than its great superiority over the four-wheeler. True, it was smart, and, as a boy, one felt rather grand in it; but its drawbacks were manifold. It was awkward to enter and leave: it exposed one to the weather, or, with the glass down, one

couldn't breathe. One wonders, in something of the same way as about the fly in the amber, how anyone came to invent the hansom; still more its rise in popularity. It was never adopted on the Continent. Had its popularity with us anything to do with a wheel tax? To pass on, one used to carry one's bicycle, when one wasn't riding it, as when going to a station with some luggage, between the hansom's folding doors and the splash-board.

I witnessed the change in omnibuses from the 'knifeboard' on the roof (one ascended by a ladder), with the coveted seats that were difficult to reach, one on either side of the driver. The buses were horse-drawn, of course. When one was to get down, the driver hit with his whip the longitudinal advertisement board, calling out to the conductor 'off side down' or 'near side down'.

I have always liked the story of the passenger on the 'knifeboard' who, having been hit accidentally by the whip, avenged himself, as he got down, by pinching the leg of the conductor.

There was a huge bus, drawn by three horses, which plied between Portland Road and Waterloo, and was further remarkable as having a red umbrella over the driver's head, wet or fine. The stairway and the garden-seat on the roof came in long before the motor-bus, till finally the only bad feature of the horse-bus was the overworking of the horses. Only on a few routes was there an extra horse for a bad hill. The first I remember was between St. Mary Abbot's and Notting Hill Gate.

There can be no doubt that London, before the introduction of the motor-car, was a far pleasanter place to live in. During my exile in India what I missed most was a walk in Bond Street: that certainly offered the greatest contrast to all that India could provide in that kind. I don't think I should again regret the inaccessibility of Bond Street; for it has been utterly spoiled for me by the traffic and the absence of smart carriages. A Rolls-Royce is a very fine carriage; but when moving it is simply a machine, and the lovely ladies in it are scarcely visible.

What I most regret in theatres is the pit. I used to love to drop in at the London Pavilion, and stand and watch part of the music-hall performance. Before the war one could stand for a shilling, I believe. Then the promenades at the Empire and the Alhambra represented something which can never be replaced. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Everything pertaining to the theatre has become so formal. I dislike seat-booking either for theatres or trains, and find it more difficult *not* to take my chance than do anything so cold-blooded as book in advance.

The world is too full, where it is amusing; too dull where it is not full. Taine says somewhere: 'Il y a trop d'hommes dans le monde, trop de compression, trop d'efforts.' With the introduction of the cinema a vast new population wishing to be entertained emerged from nowhere. One wonders what they all did before that introduction. The only relief from congestion,

in this new world, is in a first-class railway carriage, as those who can afford to travel first-class now mostly travel in private cars. I am sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer a long journey by train to one in a car. Indeed, to me a long journey in a first-class carriage is a pleasant form of rest and recreation. To be able to read and sleep by turns, with no fear of interruption; to have no concern with driver or traffic; to have the view from the window; to have only to press a button for food to be brought; to be independent of the weather; such delights are for those in trains and not in cars. Not all train journeys, though, are equally comfortable: nothing can be worse than to share a sleeping compartment on the Continent on a cold night, with the heating full on and the windows shut.

It is hard to recall the miserable conditions of Continental travel prior to the invention of the corridor train. The ticket inspectors used to pass along the foot-board, and their opening of the door to enter or leave always looked a perilous undertaking, when the train was going fast. The accommodation then on the cross-channel steamers was poor indeed for those who couldn't afford special cabins, and *mal de mer* was a public disaster.

Every time I pass St. Paul's I see some new beauty in its design and decoration; whenever I am inside I am filled with amazement. I have seen most of the great buildings of the world, as St. Peter's in Rome, the Temple of Heaven in Pekin, the Taj and Fort in Agra, the mosques of old Cairo, the Mosque of Kairowan, the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, and others, but I feel deep down that I admire St. Paul's, London, the most of all. Of course, it suffers from its position, and one can form an idea of its true proportions only from the top of a bus opposite Bouverie Street. Viewed from the streets surrounding it, the cathedral is overpowering, and yet so perfect is the exterior decoration that one can derive intense pleasure from examining single patches of its walls, the whole structure only subconsciously realized.

The interior of St. Paul's is full of surprises, gaining much by having fewer chapels than Catholic churches of similar design. An article by Lord Castlerosse first called my attention to the statue of Sir William Jones, the founder of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, the parent of all the other Asiatic societies; the translator of the Hindu Code known as the Laws of Manu. In connection with Lord Castlerosse's article I fell into error. I wrote to him, pointing out that the title on the large stone volume that Sir William Jones holds in one hand contains one of the largest 'misprints' (in carving on stone) in the world; for it reads, The Laws of Menu.' Not till my letter had been printed in a later article did I remember that Jones called the legendary lawgiver Menu, while the spelling according to modern usage is Manu.

The crypt of St. Paul's is not, I imagine, often visited by Londoners. It contains, among other tombs, those of all the Presidents of the Royal Academy. What interests one most is the huge hearse on which the coffin of the

Duke of Wellington was borne in procession (Carlyle, who witnessed the funeral, records that at one point of the route the hearse broke through the street of its own weight). I never realized till lately how elaborate is the workmanship of this hearse, or how beautiful the carving. This care and time spent on a carriage that, after one journey, was to be placed in a vault, reminds one of nothing so much as the Egyptian custom of burying priceless works of art with their mighty dead. I saw the preparations, in Pekin in 1909, for the funeral cortege of the Dowager Empress; but there the objects that were to accompany the funeral carriage, such as models of horses, were of paper.

It was the practice of the Chinese to give special names to years or groups of years. The name is a Nien Hao or Year Name. It has long seemed to me a matter of regret that no precise record has been kept, at any rate not one published, of the popular tunes and catch-phrases which spring up suddenly, hold their own for six months or so, and then die away.

The propagating of tunes was carried on in my youth by the three agencies of German bands, barrel-organs, and street-whistling. All of these have more or less disappeared, their place taken by the far more powerful agencies of the gramophone, the wireless, and the restaurant dance bands.

Almost the last tune I associate with barrel-organs, when these were heard in every street, was Chopin's funeral march, which had a great vogue with the Italian grinders after the death of Queen Victoria. As for street-whistling, it is not observed as a general practice in any country but England, and one has the suspicion that this health-giving manner of displaying one's *joie de vivre* is dying out, having received a death-blow from the 'gasper'. A good deal might be said on this subject. I have noticed that persons who have no ear for music derive more pleasure from whistling and humming than the musical do; that one never hears classical tunes whistled in the street, from which it is deducible that musicians don't whistle; that the practice of whistling is connected with the temperament of the English boy, who finds it a means of telling himself, without too openly giving himself away, that he is feeling 'fine'.

Epilogue

EXTRACTS FROM E. D. R.'s LAST DIARY

The outbreak of war in 1939 found E. D. R. at work on his autobiography, but he immediately put it aside, feeling that at a time so fateful he must be doing more to serve his country. The call on him was delayed. Meanwhile his mind was busy, and from time to time he made an entry in the journal that now lies before me. One of these is dated 5th October: it is:

5 October 1939. The war has been on a whole month and still I am not wanted by any department. We hate being in London without any work to do; but we have tried Brighton and even Penrose's house in Somerset, but find very little comfort from being out of London, to which I am in consequence far more reconciled.

Another, dated 7th October, is:

The most humiliating fact for those like myself is that personal danger looms larger as a problem than the fate of the world as a whole. Considering one's own person one realizes that one counts not at all. As for the world it does not seem to be worth saving. All that could possibly be worth saving are the products of literature and the arts. Works of art inevitably perish with time; but books that can be repeated *ad infinitum* may remain till this so-called civilization comes to an end. Certain advances in medical science and in healing and preventive medicine will probably endure as long as the immortal in literature.

Alas! everything seems to have lost its old meaning: music has gone; books are dumb; hospitality is at an end; all that has gone before, all one's interests, one's efforts, one's acquirements, all have been blacked out, and one dare not hope that the light will be lit again. Looking back I am grateful for a full and happy life, above all for the rarest of good gifts, a happy married life. I have held interesting posts, and have not been unsuccessful.

Before they left for Istanbul, where Ross was to be a Counsellor at our Embassy, and, with his knowledge of the Turks and their language and literature, was to endeavour to counter German propaganda in Turkey, Ross remarked—This is the biggest thing in my life; bigger than being Keeper of the Records or Director of the School of Oriental Studies.'

EPILOGUE

Another journal entry is:

There must be a parallel in Aesop for the situation that has arisen between Hitler and Stalin. Possibly Sa'adi's couplet in the *Gulistan* :

None e'er learnt the art of the bow from me, who did not in the end make me his target.

No one learnt rhetoric from me, who did not make me the subject of a satire.

Though it was not until a lunch party on November 3rd that Ross learnt that the Government might wish him to go to Istanbul, he had been steadily reading Turkish from the beginning of the war, and on the 9th October he wrote in his journal:

Personally the only thing I find I can do is to read Turkish all day; nothing else distracts me.

His entry on November 4th is :

Yesterday was an exciting day. I lunched at the Marlborough Club with Rushbrook-Williams and Harold Bowen, and to my very great surprise I learnt that the Government might wish to send me to Istanbul. I replied at once that, provided I could take my wife with me, I was ready to go at any moment. In a few days I shall know our fate. It was a strange fatality or coincidence or *tasaduf* that drew me to the study of Turkish ever since the war began. I cannot account for it in any natural way. It will be fine to be doing something really useful instead of loafing round London or hiding in the country.

A complication was that one Sunday in October Lady Ross slipped on a parquet flooring and broke her right wrist. She had never really got over this before they left for Istanbul. Letters from them told of the lovely fortnight they spent with the British Ambassador and Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen in Ankara, when old Ankara reminded them of the Calcutta bazaars; but the East proved fatal to them, and first Lady Ross died and was buried in the Crimea cemetery across the Bosphorus, and then Ross himself, visiting her grave, the trees of which were in view from his hotel window, caught a chill, and died after a short illness. Lady Ross awoke very ill in the night of April 1st, and she died on the 16th. This is her husband's record of those last days:

D. had long complained of pains in the region of the shoulder blades. She was not well when we went to Ankara, but seemed to pick up with the change of air and lovely bright weather. It was the visit to Robert College on Monday, when a full Black Sea gale was blowing, that put the finishing touch. She had never been the same since her bad fall in October when she broke her wrist.

EPILOGUE

15 April. D. has had a very bad night; the doctors have not given up all hope. Mrs. Oakley was with her all night. I am an arrant coward and cannot bear to see her, knowing her intense mental suffering, and her despair.

What a wonderful life we have had together. Thirty-seven years without a cloud to mar our perfect companionship.

I am in tears; but the young doctor has scolded me, and told me to go on hoping.

Life has suddenly ceased to have any meaning, still less any purpose. It is terrible to see those wonderful hands helpless and to think what that brain of hers contains in sheer genius: and that heart of gold which beats so feebly.

Alick and Tania arrived this morning. D. lay dying all day. I could never bear to be with her more than a few moments. But at about 5 o'clock I had with her the most wonderful moments of my life. I knelt by her side, and while I pressed my lips to her right hand she stroked quite firmly with her left hand my head and kept repeating, 'My poor boy, my poor boy.' I could only say, 'All has been so perfect,' and she smiled. She had often repeated:

*Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.*

16 April. D. was conscious and bright at 5 a.m. At 9.30 she fell asleep and never woke again.

Having Alick and Tania here made the whole difference to her last hours. Last night Alick was humming a Bach fugue to her and she tried to beat time and smiled.

They have given me the little ring we bought on the Rialto bridge so many long years ago.

The kindness of everyone has passed imagining.

All day long her body has lain in the next room to mine, in the room overlooking Scutari and St. Sophia. How often she would say in fun that she would be buried in Uskudar. She had always known she would be buried in Asia, and used to pray that it might not be in the melancholy Park Street cemetery in Calcutta.

She was so fond of watching the little steamers plying between the Golden Horn and the ports on either side of the Bosphorus. But how little we were destined to see of the great buildings of Constantinople. No Prinkipo and no Brusa. Those things can mean nothing to me without her. I will work for her sake, but I have no-one to please but her memory.

I am glad I have kept the love letters she wrote me when we were engaged, and I hope I may live to read them again.

Good-bye, my sweet, and forgive me for my failings.

I cannot realize that it is no longer possible to tell her anything.

My mind is a confused whirl of all the things that made our lives such fun and so beautiful and happy. The lovely music; the songs she taught me; our

EPILOGUE

comic little toy animals; our funny animal language, which I could never pronounce properly; the books we loved together; the cross-word puzzles at which she was so wonderful; her scoldings when I dropped my cigarette ash on my waistcoat; her strangely assorted friends; her kindness to those who were poor; her hatred of being praised or photographed; her astounding memory of who's who, quite apart from her musical repertoire; how we loved Scott's and lobsters, Lord's and cricket, cats.

Appendix

WHAT I WOULD DO WITH THE WORLD

A BROADCAST DELIVERED BY SIR E. DENISON ROSS
IN OCTOBER 1931

Surely the time has come for all of us, but more especially for those who are entrusted with the affairs of state, to think universally as well as patriotically. There is no reason why patriotism should stand in the way of a larger outlook on the future of the world; for the problems of the present day must be solved not by looking backwards but by looking ahead, and it is quite possible that the best advice may to-day be offered by those who know least about the theories which have guided men in the past. The old garments of tradition are worn out, and politicians are engaged in patchwork when they ought to be making new clothes. It is not a new civilization they are dealing with, but a very old one, all out at elbows.

What we call the ancient world was in its day a very new world indeed, but we in Europe have been wearing its clothes ever since, in the shape of Greek thought, Roman legislation and English parliaments. The only experiment in making a new suit which we have seen in our time is Sovietism. At present it looks a very uncomfortable form of dress. I cannot pretend that I have any proposals to make in regard to Russia, but I should be inclined to treat Russia in Europe and Asia as a separate unit, entirely distinct from the rest of Europe, and I should take steps to prevent Soviet propaganda in Asiatic countries. Europe should be able to look after herself, and if the idea of world peace is rooted in men's minds other ideals may be given free play.

We should remember that there is no such thing as a fixed standard of civilization or of prosperity at any given time for every country. I honestly believe that there are few happier races than the Tibetan, who for the most part do not conform to any single standard of our own, either in manners, laws, religion or morals. Riches are almost unknown among them and they have very few public distractions and very few secular books. They fall far below our modern English standards: they are unwashed, unclean, very superstitious, and uneducated. But who shall say they are not a happy and contented people? I do not mean that what we call civilization should be discouraged, but only that we should not force the pace where people appear to be contented.

Now to get down to business. The nucleus of the machinery with which I

APPENDIX

would set about my task of World Dictator would be the League of Nations as at present constituted, with far wider powers and comprising representatives of all the states in the world, whose arbitrament on international problems would be accepted as final. My dictatorship would take the form of Presidency over the League. The reforms and innovations of which I shall speak are such as could be dealt with by an ideal League of Nations.

I should make it my first business to abolish the fear of war and concurrently to induce the whole world to accept the brotherhood of man as a practical reality. The abolition of war, which is certainly the most desirable goal we have to consider, is essentially a universal question; but before suggesting how this ideal is to be realized a definite change must be brought about in the minds of all men. We must all learn to think universally and to subordinate nationalism and patriotism in their narrowest forms to the far higher ideal of world co-operation. Commonplace as such a suggestion may sound, it is undoubtedly the fact that the world as a whole to-day is following on the old lines only, and is fearful of entertaining the wider view advocated by so many thoughtful men, mainly because it feels that this would mean the abandonment of national ideals and the elimination of healthy competition and rivalry.

The system I am about to propose, though universal in aim, would not involve the disappearance of these factors, for I should leave almost all the frontiers between countries as they are to-day and would allow all independent nations to choose their own form of government, provided any changes they wished to make were carried out peacefully. Fundamentally what men most desire is security rather than liberty, but the word 'Liberty' is so sacrosanct that any means adopted to provide security must be made to resemble liberty as far as possible.

Though my powers would be sufficient to enable me to disarm the world, I must also attempt to provide against all future recurrence of war. To this end I must institute a world-wide peace propaganda whereby a radical change may be brought about in the minds of men as well as in their behaviour. I should, of course, make the fullest use of the wireless all over the world for this end. I should have a special department to deal with this propaganda. It is generally agreed that war hurts everybody and settles nothing, and that there is no security in armaments. Yet to-day, so I am informed, a sum of £800 millions is being spent in the world on preparations for war, and most of the national debts go to pay for past wars. To reduce armaments and pray for peace is not enough. Mr. Lloyd George once said that to do so was 'like a man who takes the pledge and then proceeds immediately to fill his cellar with the choicest wines and the most potent spirits on the market'.

The greatest source of danger to peace is the traditional enmity existing between certain nations which has led to an exaggerated nationalism and bellicose patriotism. These sentiments are only remotely connected with the

APPENDIX

spirit which inspires the defence of hearth and home, and the worst thing that can be said of such patriotism is that it is only fully realized in times of war. With the abolition of national armies I should hope to see the end of these futile rivalries. The disbandment of national armies cannot, however, be brought about till some sort of international police force has been established. I therefore envisage a strong standing military, naval and air force entirely at the disposal of the League. This force would be recruited by means of compulsory military service in every country. Every man would be called on to serve for two years, and a small proportion would be allowed to engage in the profession of arms. The conscripts would spend one year of their service in a foreign land. Service with a force such as this would offer employment, and a healthy and active life to many thousands of young men, who would be taught that the peace and order of the world depended on their efficiency and devotion to duty. In course of time this would prove a far greater inspiration to young men of every nationality than patriotism only. Service in an international force, and the opportunity of living in a foreign country, would do much to foster the universal spirit among the younger generation.

Care would have to be exercised in the actual constitution of this force, so as to avoid the danger of international dissensions. It would probably be found necessary to group the regiments nationally as far as the men were concerned, but to select the officers of a regiment from different nations. The army and navy would have to be distributed in places where they would be most likely to be needed. As regards Europe, supposing general disarmament to have taken place, I should locate the military and the flying services in the neighbourhood of the largest towns and on turbulent frontiers, while the navy would be distributed very much as the big fleets are distributed to-day.

I would put an end altogether to submarines and the use of gas. I would strictly limit each fleet, and each would, of course, be international. No troops would be asked to fire on their own compatriots.

The fundamental inequality of men, and the inequality of rewards is a fact beyond all dispute. Nothing could be more absurd than to pretend that the members of any group of men are equally strong, brave, clever or happy. Dr. Johnson remarked that 'no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other'. The equal distribution of wealth can never mean the equal distribution of health and happiness. I should not attempt to distribute the wealth of the world equally, but I should deduct a certain amount from incomes over a certain figure to be used for the improvement of conditions under which the very poor live. I should pay special attention to old age pensions, grading them in accordance with the past standard of living of the recipients.

We in the West are always making advances in certain directions; we give

APPENDIX

higher education to more and more children; we move about faster and faster from place to place; we communicate with each other more rapidly; and all for what? Very often it is a question only of competition. We must keep pace with one another; that is to say, we have to try and do whatever our neighbours do. It is a race among nations to break records of every kind, irrespective of whether any advantages are to be gained by this spread of advanced education and increased speed in locomotion. It seems, therefore, that, during my tenure of office, I should have to apply the brakes to several vehicles which are, in certain countries, running to the public danger. Among the most notable of these is education.

I should make primary education compulsory for all. But secondary education would be voluntary, and I should 'ration' the Universities, which are to-day too full. I should check indiscriminate higher education after a certain age in order to fit men and women for their careers. I should make ample provision for practical instruction in science, art, trade and industry so that all may enter life with some definite equipment. There is no reason why early specialization should stand in the way of general education. I should not interfere with the school-system of any country, but I should like to improve the status of the teachers. The ideal behind the provision of schools for the poorer classes is to give every child whose parents cannot afford to pay for it an education for which the well-to-do have to pay large sums. Ideally the teachers in all schools should be of one standard, for it is as important for the poor child as for the rich that he should have good teachers—one may even assert that it is *more* important because he usually has less opportunity of gaining knowledge in his home, though this is not always the case.

In connection with the curriculum of schools I have a proposal which I am well aware will appear fantastic to most of my readers. I would ask you, however, to consider the general principle seriously, as I am convinced that something of the sort will one day have to be devised. I should gradually introduce into every school throughout the world the learning of an international or universal script. My reasons are as follows. Ideally the world should possess a common language as a means of communication between one country and another. Nothing separates men more than the barriers of language. It is, however, quite evident that at the present time no amount of legislation could compel all the races of the world to make exclusive use of one particular spoken language; moreover, it would be quite contrary to my policy to interfere in any way with the traditional culture of any people. French has come very near to the position of a *lingua franca* in diplomacy, but the proceedings at Geneva have shown that it has not quite succeeded. Ultimately I think English, in spite of its difficulties, must become the universal language. Frequent attempts have been made to introduce an international language artificially constructed on the model of European

APPENDIX

languages. The most successful of these has been Esperanto, which for the Latin and Germanic peoples is very simple to acquire. But as a spoken language it has never become popular in Europe, while as a written language it makes no appeal whatever to Asia. I allow that Esperanto has very great advantages—notably simplicity of grammar and ease of pronunciation. I think it might be of great value for scholars and scientists, and I would encourage its use for learned publications. I do not believe men will ever come to *think* in an artificial language. If a universal language at present is out of the question, not so a universal code of signs which would convey the same idea to all who knew it, but could be interpreted by each in his own language.

If a collection of, say, one thousand signs representing words and grammatical forms could be devised, such a code would suffice for most correspondence, whether social, commercial or diplomatic. It is well known with how limited a vocabulary most common ideas can be expressed. Basic English, that interesting attempt to express every idea with a minimum of words, showed that the requisite number was less than nine hundred. One thousand signs, allowing for a percentage of grammatical forms, would therefore be an ample provision for this code. To invent so large a number of signs would, however, demand a great deal of time and ingenuity, and one of the difficulties would be to devise signs which did not require a gift for drawing to reproduce them accurately. The Egyptians had such a system, but only an artist could do justice to it in writing. There does, however, already exist in the world a system which is neither hard to learn nor difficult to draw; a code which was originally purely pictorial and has since been reduced to the combination of simple strokes without losing all resemblance to the original picture. I refer, of course, to the ideographic script of the Chinese.

No hardship would be imposed on the school-children or adults of the world if the mastery of one thousand Chinese characters were made compulsory. Everyone who has heard of the Chinese language has been led to suppose that it is the most difficult in the world. This is probably true, but the main difficulty does not lie so much in the memorizing of the characters as in the Chinese pronunciation of these characters and in the construction of the Chinese sentence. I maintain that to learn the shape and meaning of the Chinese signs is a relatively simple matter. Quite fifty of them bear so close a resemblance to the pictures from which they are derived that they can be easily memorized, and nearly all the others can be explained logically. Now, with the aid of a few Chinese signs to differentiate between the tenses, moods and relations of word with word, a very simple grammar, quite as simple as that of Esperanto, could be composed.

Apart from the international value of such a script there could be no better training for the mind, hand and eye of school-children than the learning of Chinese characters. I have often taught children a number of these

APPENDIX

人	人	person
刀	刀	knife
口	口	mouth
土	土	earth, soil
子	子	son, child
女	女	woman
山	山	hill
川	川	river
上	上	up, above
中	中	middle
下	下	down, below
木	木	tree, wood
田	田	field
日	日	sun, day
月	月	moon, month
井	井	well, cistern
目	目	eye
羊	羊	ram, sheep
車	車	cart, chariot
門	門	door, gate
本	本	root, origin (<i>treepenetrating ground</i>)
旦	旦	sunrise (<i>sun just above horizon</i>)
好	好	love (<i>mother and son</i>)
坐	坐	sit (<i>two men seated upon the ground</i>)
言	言	speech (<i>symbolizes words issuing from the mouth</i>)
林	林	grove (<i>two trees</i>)
明	明	bright (<i>sun and moon</i>)
東	東	east (<i>sun rising behind a tree</i>)
軍	軍	army (<i>chariot in camp</i>)
信	信	honest (<i>man and his word</i>)

A SCRIPT THAT ALL CAN UNDERSTAND

APPENDIX

characters, and have always found not only that they learned them quickly, but that also they think it great fun.

To begin with I should introduce a limited number of characters for universal use in connection with public notices in towns, roads, railway-stations, etc. In every land such notices would be posted in the language of the country but in the Universal Script. This would gradually accustom people to the use of this code, and its full possibilities would soon be realized. Each character would have its own number and these numbers would serve as they already do in China for cables and telegrams.

I should insist on the provision of every facility for adult education, more especially for courses on the history and geography of the world. Some knowledge of the whole modern world should be taken for granted in every educated person, and I should like to see the West at least as well informed about the East as the East is about the West. It is essential to the spread of the doctrine of World Brotherhood that men should be acquainted with the manners and customs of foreign countries. Ignorance of these matters has been at the root of much misunderstanding in the past.

I should insist on religious instruction in all primary schools throughout the world, that is to say, instruction in the religion of the child's parents, but I should in addition to this inculcate into the minds of all secondary school-children and of students the ideals of toleration and universal fellowship and world service. I should prepare a simple manual pointing out (1) that the change that has come over the world during the twentieth century should lead men to recognize the brotherhood of all nations; (2) the futility of wars; (3) the necessity for universal co-operation to the advantage of all nations; (4) the respect due to the great men of every land; and (5) the need for toleration of every race and creed side by side with the legitimate pride in one's own traditions and motherland—not the pride that leads one to hate or despise other nations. Furthermore, the whole trend of past history with all its successes and its tragedy, culminating in the World War, would be shown to have led to this new era of Universal Peace; that this War was indeed 'the War which ended War'.

I should have to leave the older generation to their own convictions, being no autocrat over men's minds; but I should set my hopes on the younger generation. It is not always recognized how great is the influence of what is taught in schools on the parents—through the children. So much for education.

I should interfere as little as possible with the customs and traditions of any race, but wherever suitable I should inculcate the modern methods of biology, hygiene and birth control. I should attempt to reform the marriage and divorce laws in Christian countries, and I should like to see child marriage and enforced child widowhood in India gradually abolished. I should certainly continue the existing English practice of forbidding the publication

APPENDIX

of details of divorce cases. I should gradually enforce compulsory sterilization of diseased individuals, or in cases where there was danger of hereditary insanity.

I would have a daily Universal Gazette printed in the Universal Script, as well as in the language of each country, which would contain the attested news of the world and would be devoid of stunts or rumours. I would give free scope to national newspaper enterprise, but I would forbid the publication of criminal cases as well as of divorce proceedings.

I must now deal with the very real problems that face us with regard to the relations between East and West. It is important to realize how fundamentally different are the feelings that the European and the Oriental have entertained towards each other. The feelings of the former have usually been tinged with superiority, those of the latter with resentment. But while the attitude of the West, owing to the reawakening of the East, is undergoing a rapid modification, the resentment of the East, accompanied by traditional dislike and perhaps accentuated by a grudging admiration for the West, is on the increase. For as we in the West advance towards reconciliation and the *amende honorable*, so the Eastern peoples seem to recede. The situation thus tends to become more difficult as time goes on. Climate, custom and space have been serious obstacles in the way of mutual understanding, and even the increased personal intercourse of recent years has not done much to improve matters. It would be my business to try and effect a real and extended understanding between the intellectuals of the East and West, by means of plain speaking and a better knowledge and appreciation of each other's points of view.

It is a time-worn truism that there is probably not a single nation in the world who would not rather govern itself anyhow than be ruled—even ideally—by an alien power. The only obstacle which stands in the way of self-government for many countries which are not already self-governing is the fact that while they have become a vital element in the politics and economics of the modern world they are at present unable to guard their frontiers and secure internal stability unaided. In some Eastern countries this external intervention has taken the form of definite occupation by an alien power. In others it has taken the form of commercial treaties. But whatever form the relationship took the Western power at once became interested and concerned in the good government of the country in question.

I will now refer to some of the countries in which this situation has arisen. Let me begin with Egypt. The Egyptians have set their hearts on complete independence, and since the Great War there has been only one reason why they have not had it, namely, the safety of the Suez Canal, through which almost all the trade between Asia and Europe passes. The preservation of good order in Egypt is indeed a vital factor in the whole economic system of the world. On the other hand, Egypt herself could do very well without the

APPENDIX

Suez Canal; and it is hard to make the Egyptian see why, for the sake of something he does not actually require himself, he should need foreign intervention and forgo the realization of his most natural aspiration. By way of furthering the solution of the Egyptian problem I should begin by placing an International force (in which Egyptians would be included) to guard the Canal.

As for Persia, she is to-day making good progress. She is very anxious to do without external aid and to stand on her own feet. In two matters, however, she is obliged, for the present, to enlist outside help; namely, in the building of railways and in the development of her natural resources. I do not think railways half so important for Persia as good and plentiful roads. I would see that they were developed and that Persia had no anxiety in respect of her frontiers.

For China I would like to find the best man in the country and place him at the head of affairs, and support him in every way so that this great country, whether under a President or an Emperor, could regain her ancient prestige and prosperity.

Japan is one of the few countries which could have found security in isolation, but the astonishing progress she has made has compelled her to become a most important factor in the modern world. I should attempt to help her in one of her greatest troubles, namely, that of over-population with no outlet—a difficult problem in spite of, or perhaps because of, the adaptability and efficiency of the Japanese.

It would appear that while part of the world is crowding itself out, another part is committing racial suicide. Emigration and immigration remain the most difficult of all problems, and it might be found necessary to allocate forcibly certain un-occupied areas to certain nations whose population had become too dense.

At this particular juncture it is both easy and difficult to talk of India; easy because the issues have been so clearly defined, and difficult because Indian history is writing itself so fast. Thanks to the successful rule of the British Raj a large number of thinking Indians from all parts of the country, educated intellectually on Western lines, have developed the ideal of making this great continent a self-governing unity. From the point of view of Indian politicians the ideal is, of course, attractive. It is far finer to be self-governing than dependent: it is far grander to represent all India than only a province. I should certainly take into account the ambitions of those who speak for India to-day, but as World Dictator I would take the view that the only way to secure justice for all in this country—containing as it does so many races and religions—is for the ultimate controlling power to remain in English hands. Parliamentary representation for the whole of India can only result in an overwhelming and unalterable majority for one party: the seventy-eight million Muslims must by any general electoral system be in the minor-

APPENDIX

ity in respect of the two hundred and fifty million Hindus. Such a representative system is very far removed from our own, which pre-supposes rule by parties whose numbers fluctuate to such an extent that no minority, however small, can feel it has no chance of ever getting into power, and no majority, however big, can look upon itself as lasting. Therefore, I should say to myself, no government by a communal electorate for all India can ever satisfy the Muslims or the other minorities. It is clear, then, that the interests of those minorities would have to be safeguarded by a supreme power. India, as its name implies, is primarily the land of the Hindus, but we must not forget that for many centuries it has also been the motherland of the Indian Musulmans, who are bound together not only by religion, but also, for many years past, by nationality. For this reason I should ignore the bogey of Pan-Islam which has been resuscitated in certain quarters.

I would put self-government to the test in the various provinces in the manner recommended by the Simon Report. The experiment would have more chance of success if the number of provinces were increased. Should these provincial governments have proved a success at the end of, let us say, ten years; and should the dream of a united India be still uppermost in men's minds, I should embark on the federation of the provinces and the native States under a central Indian legislature subordinate to the Viceroy and the British Parliament. Above all other goals in India I should aim at agreement between Hindus and Muslims, for without this no advance is possible.

In dealing with primitive races I would meet them halfway when introducing new legislation. I would try to improve conditions without running counter to local laws and customs. I would institute in some European city a central college devoted to the study of the anthropology of all such races, so that no measures, either judicial or educational, should be taken in ignorance of local custom or prejudice.

It is quite impossible to envisage a time when the inhabitants of the tropics and semi-tropics can compete physically with those of the cool or temperate climes. The latter can carry their cool blood into the hot countries and preserve their energy over a period of years, but there are few who do not feel the handicap severely, in spite of the great reduction of malaria and of the introduction of electric fans. The trouble with the settled population in the tropics is the tendency to physical exhaustion at an early age, which puts them at a disadvantage in comparison with the immigrant from cooler climes from the moment the two classes come into contact. The great value of the tropics from our Western viewpoint lies in their products; but the people who supply these products live according to very much lower standards than those who consume them, and certainly do not at present require an equivalent supply of Western goods. It would not be my policy to disturb the equanimity of the coolie working in the tea and rubber plantations by introducing

APPENDIX

Western ideals of comfort, though I would do everything possible to better his conditions of life.

What I have been saying, of course, only refers to a few among the many important problems with which I should have to deal, but they include those to which I attach the greatest importance. Many matters which affect the whole world, such as emigration and immigration, over-population, and—most important of all—finance and tariffs, would have to be dealt with in my twenty years' scheme. There are, moreover, a number of reforms, dealing some only with Europe and others again only with the British Isles, which I should be most anxious to bring about, especially in connection with the rationing of the population of large cities, town-planning, hygiene, education and recreation, but which seem to me too local for discussion in such a series as this.

It is essential for every Dictator to have a full belief in himself, but his success or otherwise must depend largely on Fate, and were my Twenty Years' Plan to result in a better and happier world I should feel somewhat in the position of the Russian Emperor, Alexander I, who, when Madame de Stael said to him: 'Sir, your character is a constitution for your country, and your conscience a guarantee,' replied: 'Even if it were so I should never be anything more than a *lucky accident*.'

Index

- Abadan, 198
 Abdalah, Emir of Transjordan, 259
 Abdul Muqtadir, 104, 118
 Abyssinia, 168-89
 Ackerman, Dr. Phyllis, 221, 240, 241
 Afrasiab, 79
 African studies, 208
 Agha Khan, H.H. the, 104, 132, 171, 273
 Agra, 135, 140, 322
 Akhnaton, 207
Alarms and Excursions in Arabia (Bertram Thomas), 270
 al-Azhar (University), 192-3
 Albanian, 167
 al-Biruni, 187, 311-12
 Alhambra, the, 57
 al-Mutanabbi, 59, 63
An Alphabetical List of the Titles of Works in the Chinese Buddhist Tripitaka (E.D.R.), 120
 America, 213-22, 240-6
 American College, Teheran, 204
 American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology, 213
 American University, Cairo, 192
 Amharic, 168-9, 270
 Ananda Coomaraswamy, 216, 242
 Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, 191, 197, 225-6, 259
 Ankara, 325
 Antonio, George, 209
 Arabia, 65-6, 270-73
Arabia Felix (Bertram Thomas), 270
Arabian Nights, 253, 257
 Arabic, 41-2, 44, 46-7, 50, 53-4, 59, 61, 90, 97-9, 103, 118-19, 170, 174, 194, 259, 261, 286-7, 301-2
An Arabic History of Gujarat (E.D.R.), 104, 286-7
The Arabs (Bertram Thomas), 270
 Archaeological Survey of India, 113
 Armenian, 42, 47, 72, 92, 261
 Arnold, Sir Thomas, 169-71, 174, 210
Asia and Europe (Meredith Townsend), 284
 Asiatic Society of Bengal, 100, 113-14, 147, 150-2
 Astrakhan, 48-9
 Asutosh Mukerjee, Sir, 137-8, 147
 Atkins, J. B., 54, 55, 291
 Babur, the Emperor, 244, 257, 284, 288
 Babinger, Professor Franz, 185
 Babisin, 54-60, 77, 81, 85, 201
 Babylon, 201, 229
 Baghdad, 196 8, 200, 286
Baghdad Sketches (Freya Stark), 273
 Bahais (*see* Babism)
 Ban-am Khan, 288
 Baku, 72, 82-3, 207
 Balfour, Lord, 143-4, 176, 177
 Balfour Declaration, 143
 Bankipur Catalogue, 99, 103-4
 Barnett, Dr. L. D., 50, 171, 174, 290
 Barthold, Professor W., 68, 295
 Basra, 197-8, 201
 Baxter, Professor J., 235, 238
 Bayazid, the Emperor, 244
 Beduins, 197-9, 201
 Behistun, 201, 226 7
 Bell, Gertrude Lowthian, 60, 64-5, 152, 196, 198, 254, 285, 292-3
 Bendall, Cecil, 46
 Bengal, 99, 103, 130-2, 141, 145
 Berlin, 63, 181-3, 262
Biblioteca Indica, 293
 Bidpay, 258-9
 Binyon, Laurence, 46, 116, 171, 247, 250-2, 254, 293, 306
 Binyon, Mrs. Laurence, 185
 Birdwood, Sir George, 89-90
 Blochet, Edmond, 185-6
 Bodleian Library, 289
 Bonn, 239
 Bosphorus, 325-6

- Boston, 215-16,241-5
 Bourdillon, Sir James, 102, 127, 196
 Boyce, Professor Paul, 174, 183, 191
 Breasted, Professor James, 220
 British Museum, 13, 34-5, 46, 50, 68-9, 87, 115-16, 165, 168, 251, 262, 264, 284, 298, 306
Broadway Travellers series, 58, 90, 187, 289
 Brown, Sir Frank, 174
 Browne, Professor Edward Granville, 12, 27, 33, 36, 41, 54-62, 65-70, 73, 85,87,89-92,95-6, 155, 183, 186, 187, 196, 198, 234, 239, 256, 274, 285, 290, 291,292,295
 Browne, Mrs. E. G., 56
 Brusa, 45-6, 326
 Buddhism, 60-1, 113-14, 159, 265-8, 274-5, 280, 287, 293
 Budge, Sir E. Walhs, 35
 Buhar Library, 118
 Bukhara, 45, 72-5, 80-2, 275, 284
Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies, 14, 174, 186,264,269
 Butler, Sir Harcourt, 101, 116, 171, 172

 Cadman, Sir John and Lady, 191, 198-9, 204
 Cairo, 157, 192-4, 207-8, 322
 Calcutta, Calcutta Madrasah, Calcutta University, 13, 64, 92, 94, 97-105, 110, 119-29, 137-8, 141, 147-9, 152, 153, 173,268,325,326
 Cambridge University, 16, 27, 54-6, 62, 64,66,69,103,262,291
Cambridge History of India, 293
Camden Series, 289
 Caspian Sea, 72, 81
Castes of India (Senart), 289-90
 Caucasus, 71-2
 Celtic languages, 264
 Central Asia, 48, 72-82, 104-11, 231, 249-50, 262, 270, 273-4, 280, 284-6
 Chapman, J. A., 5, 104, 149-53, 259, 267
 Chavannes, Edouard, 108, 163-4
 Chicago, 218-21,245-6
 China, Chinese, 25, 105, 127, 157-60, 165, 167, 169, 215, 250, 261, 263-6, 268-9,274-5,301-2
 China Association, 169
Chu Chin Chow, 299
 Claughton, Harold, 102-3
 College de France, 39-40,41 -2, 163
 Coptic, 208
 Coidier, Henri, 295
 C'oulbeaux, Rev. Father, 169
 Co well, Professor Edward, 36, 60-4, 275
 Crete, 233
 Cromer, Earl of, 169,194
 Csoma de Korocs, 106, 113-14, 150, 287-8
 Cuneiform, 263
 Curzon, of Kedleston, Viscount, 13, 100-1, 104, 117, 126-8, 129, 131, 136 46, 156-7, 168, 175, 177, 199,208, 304,316
 Curzon, Viscountess, 128,129-31,136

 Damascus, 195
 Darjceling, 105, 113-15, 120, 127, 131, 176,281,287
 Darmesteter, Professor P., 39, 60-1
 De la Vallec Poussin, Louis, 111, 174
 De Landberg, Comte, 65-6
 De Meynard, Barbier, 60, 66
 De Stael Holstein, 295
 Delhi, 133-4, 137
 Denver, 219
 Deny, Professor, 183, 234-7
Dialogues in the Eastern Turki Dialect (E.D.R.), 118
 Dilmen, Professor, 234, 236, 237
Don Juan of Persia (ed. Guy Le Strange), 187
 Drinkwater, John, 223-8
 Dufi'crin and Ava, Marquess of, 44, 53
 Durand, Sir Mortimer, 85, 87

 Earle, Sir Archdale, 102, 119,152
The Early Empires of Cent i alAsia (W. M. McGovern), 268, 270
The Early Years of Shah Ismcfil (E.D.R.), 284
 Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes, 41-2,44
 Egypt, Egyptology, 31, 35, 169, 182, 192-4,207-8,299
 Egypt Exploration Fund, 35
 Elburz Mountains, 204-5
 Elias, Ney, 284
 Eliot, Sir Charles, 168, 265-7

INDEX

- Ellis, A. G., 66, 111, 257, 262, 274, 290
Ethiopia, 168-9
- Faisal, H. M. King, 197
Fakhr-ud-Din Mubarak Shah, 183, 290
Farukhi, 292
Fielding, Henry, 279
Fields (Masjid-i-Sulaiman), 191, 199, 201, 259
Finnish language, 265
Firdavsi, 223-9
FitzGerald, Edwaid, 54, 64, 257-8, 264, 279, 281, 285, 286
Fleming, Peter, 188-9
Florence, 38, 181, 183-4
Forster, E. M., 279, 80
Foster, Sir William, 89, 90, 171
France, French, 26, 30, 33, 34, 38-9, 40, 261
French Archaeological Mission, Damascus, 195
Fuad, H. M. King, 192-4, 208
- Galilee, 194
Gauthiot, Robert, 66, 106, 110, 12, 164, 290-1
George V, H. M. King, 102, 131, 133, 4
Georgia, Georgian, 72
Germany, German, 33, 40-1, 49, 180-3, 239, 261, 324
Getty, Miss A., 164, 183
Gibb, E. J. W., 54
Gibb, Professor H. A. R., 239, 247, 256-7, 275
Gibb Memorial Trust, 54, 68, 182, 256-7
Giles, Professor L., 172, 174
Gitanjali (Rabindranath Tagore), 142
Goldsmid, F. J., 285-6
Goldziher, Professor Ignaz, 45, 99, 104, 194
Gosse, Edmund, 53, 92, 247, 252-3
Grahame, George, 87
Greece, Greek, 25, 33, 35, 50, 72, 233, 261, 301
Grierson, Sir George A., 171, 174, 275
Grousset, Rene, 183
Gujarat, 104, 286-7
- Hackin, Professor Jules, 164
Hafiz, 253, 257, 292-3
Hailey, Lord, 102
Hakluyt Society, 90
Hamadan, 201-3, 226, 227
Hamburg, 181-4, 230, 233
Haidprasad Shastri, 152
Harding of Peshurst, Viscount, 85, 87
Harrinath De, 104, 105
Harvard University, 240, 243
Headley, Lord, 18, 19
The Hcalt of Asia (E. D. R.), 58, 74, 270, 284-5
Hebrew, 12, 25, 42, 194, 261
Hebrew University, Jerusalem, 194, 208
Hedayat Husayn, 104, 118
Hedin, Sven, 105, 132-3
Herat, 77
Herbert, Sir Thomas, 90, 289
Heron Allen, Edward, 247, 257-8
Herzfeld, Professor Ernst, 241, 246, 259
Hieroglyphs, 35, 263
Hinduism and Buddhism (Sir Charles Eliot), 265
Hindus, Hindustani, 73, 99, 115, 265-6
History of Ottoman Poetry (E. J. W. Gibb), 54, 256
History of Persian Literature (E. G. Browne), 54, 59, 198
Holland, Dutch, 33, 157, 261
The Holy Cities of Arabia (Eldon Rutter), 272
Hongkong University, 265-8
Home, Eric Arthur, 104
Hornell, Sir William, 152, 268
Hoven, Baron, 81
Hu'oschmann, Professor, 47
Hungary, Hungarian, 106, 107, 114, 184, 261, 264
Husayn Quli Khan, 182
Husein Ala, 223, 229
- Ibbotson, Sir Denzil and Lady, 102, 104, 130
Imperial Library, Calcutta, 118, 138-9, 149
India, 13, 14, 50-1, 62, 87, 88-90, 92, 94, 97-105, 170, 286, 8, 302, 304-5
India Office Library, 60, 61, 89, 90, 288, 290
Indian Art Exhibition, Delhi, 139-40
Indian Records series, 287
Inonu, President Ismet, 237
Islam, Muslims, 19, 98-9, 170, 262, 290
Islam (Lammens), 290
Isma'il, Shah of Persia, 47, 284

INDEX

- Isma'ilis, 60, 273
 Istanbul, 12,14,45, 59,223-5, 228,234-8, 289, 324-7
 Italy, Italian, 19, 33-4, 38,223, 261
 Japan, Japanese, 106-7,261,263-6,268-9
 Jerusalem, 160, 194-5, 208-9, 322
 Jopson, Professor, 262
 Jordan, river, 195,250
Journal Asiatique, 290
Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 63, 109-10,284,285,288-89
Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, 288
A Journey in the Hadhramaut (Frcya Stark), 272-3
 Kairowan, 58-9, 322
Kalila wa Dimna, 208, 259, 288
 Kalmucks, 49, 105
 Kang Yu Wei, 127
 Kara MSS, 108-9
 Karagozlu, Monsieur and Madame Nasir-ud-Din, 202-6, 227
 Karnak, 207
 Karun, river, 199,200
 Kashghar, 118
 Kaviani printing-house, Berlin, 182
 Kazan, 48
 Keith, Berriedale, 174
 Kemal Atatiirk, 207, 224, 225, 235-6, 237, 239, 242
 Ker, Professor W. P., 51,52,92,95,96,272
 Kesteven, Sir Charles, 147-8,252
 Khaniqin, 225, 228
 Khuda Baksh Library. *See* Bankipur
 KhyberPass, 134
 Kinchenjunga, Mount, 127
 King's College, London, 169, 287
 Kirghiz, 49, 80, 273
 Kirmanshah, 225, 227-8
 Kish, 196
 Kitchener, Field-Marshal Larl, 126, 129-30, 145,166
 Koch, Dr. Theodore, 220, 245,246
 Konow,Sten,230,231
 Krishna Gokale, 137-8
 Kufic, 59
 La Fontaine, 258-9, 288
 Lambeth Library, 289
 Lammens, Father, 290
 Lanchester, H. V., 38
 Latin, 25, 35, 50, 261,264
 Laufer, Barthold, 220, 221, 245
 Lawrence, Colonel T. E., 247,259,270
 Le Strange, Guy, 67-8, 256, 275
 Leaf, Walter, 247, 253-4
 Leeds University, 262, 267-8, 293
 Lchmann, Liza, 257
Letters from High Latitudes (Lord Dufferin), 53
 Levi, Professor Sylvain, 108, 111, 163, 174,229
 Lhasa, 105,268-9
Life of Anthony Shirley (E.D.R.), 289
 Lloyd, of Dolobran, Lord, 192, 194
 Lobzang Mingyur, Lama, 105, 114-15, 117,293
 London University, 12, 13, 30-5, 50-3, 87,90,103,172
 Lowell, Lawrence and Ralph, 241, 242
 Lowell Library, Lectures, 240-6
 Luxor, 207
 Lyall, Sir Charles, 89, 90, 174
 Lynch, Harry, 62, 92, 95
 McGovern, William Montgomery, 246, 268-70
 Magnus, Dr., 194
Mahavyutpatti, 113-14, 266, 274, 287-8
 Mahenjo-daro, 113, 188
 Mahmud of Ghazna, Sultan, 242, 292, 311-12
 Mahmud Pasha, 193-4
 Maillart, Ella, 188-90, 231, 268,273-4
 Majlis, 205-6
 Mandarin Chinese, 160,265
 Manichaeism, 239
 Manoel of Portugal, H. M. King, 176-7, 287
 Marco Polo, 186, 188,208, 228
 Margoliouth, Professor D. S., 174, 182, 262, 295
 Markos Pasha, 208
 Marlborough College, 11, 20-8,264
 Marris, Sir William, 268
 Marshall, Sir John, 113, 188
 Mary, H. M. Queen, 131,133-4, 294
 Maspero, Henri, 39
 Mayer, Professor L. A., 194, 208
 Meillet, A., 111,191,295
 Minns, Professor, 171
 Minorsky, Professor Vladimir, 183, 185, 191,225,228-9

INDEX

- Mirza Haidar Dughlat, 80, 284
 Mirza Muhammad Khan Bahadur, 197-8
 Mirza Muhammad Khan Qasvini, 183, 191
 Mond, Angela, 179,223
 Mongols, Mongolian, 105, 107, 163, 211
 Morgan, J. Pierpont, 214,222,240
 Morison, Sir Theodore, 104, 119, 152, 268
 Mosul, 225
 Mudania, 45
 Muhammad Khalid Hassanayn Bey, 192
 Muhammad Sadiq Khan, 84
 Miiller, F. W. K., 105, 107-8, 112, 262, 289, 290, 295
 Miiller, Professor Max, 33, 279
 MuseeGuimet, Paris, 164,188
 Music, 21, 47,88-9, 91, 120-1, 126, 130-2, 134-5, 142, 156, 159, 163-4, 177, 182, 227, 243, 247, 257, 268, 297, 299-302,319,326-7
 Nablus, 195
 Nazareth, 194
 New York, 213-17, 221-2, 240-1, 246, 299-300
 Newcastle, Newcastle University, 28-9, 33,59,61,268
 Nicholson, Professor R. A., 227, 257, 275
 Nineveh, 225
 Nizami-i-'Arusi, 312
 Noldeke, Professor Theodor, 36, 46-7, 50,61,65,99,183
 Norway, 230-1
The Ocean of Story, 288
 Old Man of the Mountain, 273, 299
 Omar Khayyam, 53-5, 58, 63-4, 196, 227, 257-8, 285-6, 289, 292, 299, 312
 Oriental Institute, Chicago, 220-1
 Oriental Society, 171
 Ouseley Scholarship, 46, 182
Outline of History (H. G. Wells), 249-50, 294
 Oxford University, 262
 Pahlavi,60,61,288
 Pahlavi caps, 206-7
 Palestine, 194 5, 207, 208-9
 Pali, 171
 Pares, Sir Bernard, 172
 Paris, 12, 38-44, 155-6, 163-4, 183, 185, 188,191,207,233,251
A Passage to India (E. M. Forster), 280
 Payne, John, 247, 257
 Paytak Pass, 201,228
 Peking, 158-60,322-3
 Pelliot, Professor Paul, 108, 163, 164, 183,186-8,251,268,275
 Pembroke College, Cambridge, 27, 33, 54-6
 Persepolis, 210
 Persia, Persian, 12, 13, 26, 41-7, 50-1, 53-5, 59-64, 69, 78, 79, 81, 83-7, 97-8, 132, 170, 182, 191, 198-207, 210-13, 223-9, 232, 240, 252, 253, 257-8,261,263,289,291-3
Persia and the Persian Question (Curzon), 199
A Persian Anthology (E.D.R.), 54-5, 291-2
Persian Art (ed. E.D.R.), 293
 Persian Art Exhibition, Burlington House, 11, 170, 210-22, 259, 277-8, 293
Persian Pictures (Gertrude Bell), 292
The Persians (E.D.R.), 293
 Petrie, Sir Flinders, 193
 Philadelphia, 218
 Philby, St. John, 193,270-1
 Piatt, Professor Arthur, 51-3, 92,95-6
Poems from the Diwan of Hafiz (Gertrude Bell), 292
A Polyglot List of Birds in Chinese, Turki, and Manchu (E.D.R.)114, 120
 Poole, Reginald Stuart, 34
 Pope, Arthur Upham, 210, 212, 221, 223,240,241
 Portugal, Portuguese, 177, 261, 287
 Postal Censorship Department, War Office, 165-7,254-5
 Power, Dr. Eileen, 58, 172, 275, 289
 Prester John, 186-7
 Princeton University, 217
 Pulitzer, Joseph, 44-5
 Qazwin, 84, 86, 201, 226, 227, 289
 Rampur library, 138,288
 Ratchliff S. K., 172, 173
I Records of the Government of India, 13, 100-4, 116

- A Relation of Some Years Travaile* (Sir Thomas Herbert), 289
- Renan, Ernest, 12, 39, 40, 60
- Reza Pahlavi, Shah, 206-7, 211-12, 237
- Rhys Davids, Professor T.W., 91, 171, 295
- Rhys Davids, Mrs. Caroline, 171
- Rieu, Professor Charles, 36, 62, 63, 65, 66, 92, 275, 284
- Risley, Sir Herbert, 102, 289-90
- Rockhill, W. W., 159, 268, 274-5
- Rome, 56, 91, 160, 322
- Rosen, Dr. Friedrich, 53, 182-3
- Rosen, Baron Victor, 48, 50, 61, 68
- Ross, A. Denison, 5
- Ross, Professor Alan S. C., 262
- Ross, Mrs. Alexander Johnstone, 16, 23, 25, 30-3, 35-8, 40, 41, 45, 256
- Ross, the Rev. Alexander Johnstone, 16, 20, 22-5, 32
- Ross, Alick, 234-5, 238, 326
- Ross, Sir Archibald, 23, 28-9, 45, 47-8, 71
- Ross, Dora (Lady Ross), *Passim*
- Royal Asiatic Society, 108, 171, 174
- Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, 287, 288, 293
- Royal Central Asian Society, 231, 241, 272
- Royal Geographical Society, 188-9
- Rub'ul Khali, 270-1
- Rudaki, 288-9
- Rudbar Valley, 84
- Rumania, Rumanian, 35
- Russell, Charles, 145-6, 152
- Russia, Russian, 12, 47, 9, 50, 69, 71-80, 261
- Rutter, Etdon, 268, 272
- Sa'adat Husayn, 98
- Sa'adi, 325
- St. Petersburg, 28, 47-9, 61, 68, 285
- Saladin, 195
- Salemann, Professoir, 61, 73-4
- Samarqand, 45, 74-81, 86, 274, 284
- Sanskrit, 33, 46, 106, 107, 109, 113-14, 152-3, 259, 261, 288
- Saqqara, 193
- Sarts, 75, 77-8
- Satischandra Vidyabushan, 152-3, 288
- Scandinavia, 5, 230-3, 261
- Schefer, Professor Chailles, 42, 60, 66
- ScholfieId, A.F., 103-4
- School of Oriental Studies, London Institution, 12, 13, 14, 103, 165, 168-74, 192, 196, 231, 249, 254, 256, 265, 269, 270, 273, 280, 324
- School of Slavonic Studies, 173
- Schukovsky, Professor, 61, 63, 285, 289
- Science of Language* (Max Muller), 279
- Senart, 174, 289-90, 295
- Seville, 57**
- Shahnama* of Firdawsi, 223
- Shanghai, 157, 160
- Shattal-'Arab, 197
- Shirley Brothers, 90, 191, 198, 208, 289
- Shuster, 200
- Simla, 105, 120, 129-30, 134, 146
- Skrine, F.H., 74, 284, 317
- Slavonic languages, 264
- Smith, Professor Robertson, 36, 50, 65
- Smith, Sydney, 196
- Smyrna, 225, 228
- Societe Asiatique, Paris, 60, 111, 174, 207
- Soghidian, 107, 110-12, 262, 290
- Sorabji, Cornelia, 153
- Sorbonne, 39
- The Southern Gales of Arabia* (Freya Stark), 272
- Spain, Spanish, 56-7, 261
- Stanley, H. M., 25, 92
- Stark, Freya, 268, 272-3
- Stcherbatsky, Professor, 109, 152-3
- Stein, Sir Aurel, 13, 106, 109-10, 115, 165, 168, 183, 189, 250-1
- Stockholm, 232
- Stodart, Robert, 289
- Strasbourg, Strasbourg University, 12, 46-7, 61, 155-6, 284
- Strong, Arthur, 50
- Sulayman the Magnificent, Sultan, 198
- Survey of Persian Ait* (cd. A. U. Pope), 213
- Sushil Kumar De, 174
- Sweden, 232-3
- Sweden, H. R. H. the Crown Prince of, 232
- Syracuse, 233
- Syria, Syriac, 30, 42, 195
- Syud Husain, 222
- Tagore, Rabindranath, 131-2, 142-3
- Taj Mahal, 135, 140
- Taklamakan Desert, 106
- Tamerlane, 74, 6, 82, 211, 217, 244

- Taq-i-Bustan, 211, 226, 227
 Taqizadeh, S. H., 62, 172
Tarikh-i-Guzida, 66 8
Tarikh-i-Rashidi, 68, 80, 284
 Taurus, 225, 228
 Taxila, 113
 Teheran, 81, 83-7, 201-7, 223, 226, 227, 229
 Teutonic languages, 264
 Thomas, Bertram, 268, 270-1, 283
 Tiberias, 194
 Tibet, Tibetan, 105, 114-15, 117, 163, 261, 263, 268-9, 274-5, 302
 Tiflis, 71-2, 86
 Tigris, river, 225
Ti-mid-kundan, 293
 Timurtah Beg, 204
To Lhasa in Disguise (W. M. McGovern), 268
 Toledo, 56-7
T'oungPao, 187
 Translation Bureau, War Office, 16, 166-9
 Tsaritzin, 49
 Tun-huang, 106
 Tunis, 58
 Turfan, 105-8
 Turkestan, 81, 87, 104-12, 188-9, 273-4, 284-5
Turkestan Solo (Ella Maillart), 188
 Turkey, Turkish, 12, 42, 45, 54, 59, 61, 62, 69, 105-6, 167, 234-8, 256, 261, 265, 289, 290, 324-6
Turkey in Europe (Sir Charles Eliot), 265
 Turki, 104-11, 118, 203, 288
 Turner, Professor R. L., 14, 171, 173, 174, 231, 275
 Tutankhamen, 192
 Uighur, 164, 262
 Ur, 196
 Urdu, 261
The Vallex of the Assassins (Freya Stark), 272-3
 Vambéry, Arminius, 12, 45, 114
Vathek, 286
 Venice, 154, 160, 184, 223
 Victoria, H. M. Queen, 21, 92
 Victoria Memorial Collection, Calcutta, 100-1, 116-17, 138, 141-2, 146
 Vilayat 'Husayn, 98, 104
 Virgil, 279
Visvantara, 293
 Von le Coq, Alexander, 105-9, 111, 163, 181, 262, 289
 Waley, Arthur, 171, 174, 264-5
 Warburg, Eric, 230
 Washington, 217-18, 246
 Wauchope, Sir Arthur, 181-2
 Weigall, Sir Arthur, 298-9
 Weld, Herbert, 169
 Wells, H. G., 247, 249-50, 308
 Welsh, 261, 264
 Werner, Alice, 174
 Whittimore, Professor, 223-4, 235, 238
 Williams, Dr. Harold, 261-2
 Williams Jackson, A. V. Professor, 222
 Wilson, Sir Arnold, 197, 247, 259, 270
 Wingate, Rachel, 118, 275
 Wodchouse, P. G., 279
 Woods, Colonel, 223, 237
 Woods Pasha, 45, 223
A Year Amongst the Persians (E. G. Browne), 54, 187, 291
 Yusuf Ali, A., 174
 Zetland, Marquis of, 141, 171

